

that the presence of God is not confined to an appointed and that wherever He is sincerely invoked, He bestows His abundance of penitence and prayer for which Samuel assembled the people of the tribe of Benjamin, after he had put down idolatry, became Jehovah, who acknowledged the prayer of His prophet, and their enemies, and the beginning of their deliverance (ch. henceforth judge of the whole nation; and the prophetic office time to develop its agency, on which account the history of P. speaking, dates from Samuel (Acts iii. 24).

(1) 1 Sam. xiv. 18, where, moreover, the LXX assume a difference of an exception, which is alluded to as such.

(2) Samuel was, according to 1 Chron. vi. 13, 18, of the tribe of Benjamin, whose father is called מִיכְנִיָּהּ, in the same sense as the Levite in Jer. 1 to be of the family of Judah. The frequent occurrence of the name of the father Elkanah among the Levitical proper names, especially in the Pentateuch, Ex. vi. 24, 1 Chron. vi. 7 sq., xii. 6, 9, xv. 23, is remarkable. See Berg, *Genuineness of the Pentateuch*, ii. p. 50 f. This name, like Mikneiah, 1 Chron. xv. 18, 21, points to the office of the prophet, that Samuel was devoted to the service of the sanctuary by a vow, nothing against his Levitical descent [although this is maintained because without this vow such service was not binding on him until he was twenty-five years of age; and even Levites were not obliged to enter at the sanctuary (art. "Levi, Leviten"). [Comp. Richm's art. *Handwörterbuch*, and Kohler, ii. p. 95.]

### § 161.

#### *Nature, Importance, and first Beginnings of the Prophetic Office*

The position occupied by the *prophetic office* in the organization of the Israelite Church has already been generally referred to, § 97: we must now treat of its institution and duties, in which respect also our point of view is determined by the fundamental passage Deut. xviii. 9-21. The character of the prophetic office differs entirely from that of the priestly office. It was not, like the priestly office, confined to one tribe and one family, nor, generally speaking, to an individual, although a certain external succession subsequently took place.

"the Lord will raise up (וְנִסְּאֵה) a prophet,"—an expression used in Deut. xviii. 15, 18, 19, 20, 21, and denoting the freeness of the call, and again, "from the midst of thee, of thy brethren" (comp. Deut. xviii. 18, 19, 20, 21) showing that the call to the office of prophet was to know no limitation other than that of being confined to the covenant people. This office was not to be severed from the historical connection of revelation, as in the case of Moses and to continue his testimony (vers. 15, 18). The prophet was to announce the Divine mission, not so much by signs and wonders—for the period of the law even a false prophet might receive power—as by his confession of the law, which he received from Israel and gave them the law (xiii. 2-6). Again,

"come to pass (וְהָיָה)"; that is, the prophetic word was to have its fulfilment. In the first respect, the prophetic office was distinct from the transmission of legal injunctions, by proclaiming to

*The Waverley Novels by*  
**Sir Walter Scott**

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1993

Waverley  
The Monastery



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To  
THE KING'S  
MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY

SIRE,

The Author of this Collection of Works of Fiction would not have presumed to solicit for them your Majesty's August Patronage, were it not that the perusal has been supposed in some instances, to have succeeded in amusing hours of relaxation, or relieving those of languor, pain, or anxiety; and therefore must have so far aided the warmest wish of your Majesty's heart, by contributing in however small a degree to the happiness of your people.

They are therefore humbly dedicated to your Majesty, agreeably to your gracious permission, by

Your Majesty's

Dutiful Subject.

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD

1st January 1829



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## ADVERTISEMENT AND GENERAL PREFACE

TO THE

## WAVERLEY NOVELS

**I**T has been the occasional occupation of the Author of Waverley, for several years past, to revise and correct the voluminous series of Novels which pass under that name, in order that, if they should ever appear as his avowed productions, he might render them in some degree deserving of a continuance of the public favour with which they have been honoured ever since their first appearance. For a long period, however, it seemed likely that the improved and illustrated edition which he meditated would be a posthumous publication. But the course of the events which occasioned the disclosure of the Author's name having, in a great measure, restored to him a sort of parental control over these Works, he is naturally induced to give them to the press in a corrected, and, he hopes, an improved form, while life and health permit the task of revising and illustrating them. Such being his purpose, it is necessary to say a few words on the plan of the proposed Edition.

In stating it to be revised and corrected, it is not to be inferred that any attempt is made to alter the tenor of the stories, the character of the actors, or the spirit of the dialogue. There is no doubt ample room for emendation in all these points, — but where the tree falls it must lie. Any attempt to obviate criticism, however just, by altering a work already in the hands of the public is generally unsuccessful. In the most improbable fiction, the reader still desires some air of  *vraisemblance*, and does not relish that the incidents of a tale familiar to him should be altered to suit the taste of critics, or the caprice of the Author himself. This process of feeling is so natural, that it may be observed even in children, who

## GENERAL PREFACE TO

the same taste with myself, and alternately to recite to each other such wild adventures as we were able to devise. We told, each in turn, interminable tales of knight-errantry and battles and enchantments, which were continued from one day to another as opportunity offered, without our ever thinking of bringing them to a conclusion. As we observed a strict secrecy on the subject of this intercourse, it acquired all the character of a concealed pleasure, and we used to select for the scenes of our indulgence long walks through the solitary and romantic environs of Arthur's Seat, Salisbury Crags, Braid Hills, and similar places in the vicinity of Edinburgh; and the recollection of those holidays still forms an oasis in the pilgrimage which I have to look back upon. I have only to add, that my friend<sup>1</sup> still lives, a prosperous gentleman, but too much occupied with graver business to thank me for indicating him more plainly as a confidant of my childish mystery.

When boyhood advancing into youth required more serious studies and graver cares, a long illness threw me back on the kingdom of fiction, as if it were by a species of fatality. My indisposition arose, in part at least, from my having broken a blood-vessel; and motion and speech were for a long time pronounced positively dangerous. For several weeks I was confined strictly to my bed, during which time I was not allowed to speak above a whisper, to eat more than a spoonful or two of boiled rice, or to have more covering than one thin counterpane. When the reader is informed that I was at this time a growing youth, with the spirits, appetite, and impatience of fifteen, and suffered, of course, greatly under this severe regimen, which the repeated return of my disorder rendered indispensable, he will not be surprised that I was abandoned to my own discretion, so far as reading (my almost sole amusement) was concerned, and still less so, that I abused the indulgence which left my time so much at my own disposal.

There was at this time a circulating library in Edinburgh, founded, I believe, by the celebrated Allan Ramsay, which, besides containing a most respectable collection of books of every description, was, as might have been expected, peculiarly rich in works of fiction. It exhibited specimens of every kind, from the romances of chivalry and the ponderous folios of *Cyrus* and *Cassandra*, down to the most approved works of later times. I was plunged into this great ocean of reading without compass or pilot; and, unless when some one had the

<sup>1</sup> John Irving, Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, died 1850 (*Laing*).



charity to play at chess with me, I was allowed to do nothing save read from morning to night. I was, in kindness and pity, which was perhaps erroneous, however natural, permitted to select my subjects of study at my own pleasure, upon the same principle that the humours of children are indulged to keep them out of mischief. As my taste and appetite were gratified in nothing else, I indemnified myself by becoming a glutton of books. Accordingly, I believe I read almost all the romances, old plays, and epic poetry in that formidable collection, and no doubt was unconsciously amassing materials for the task in which it has been my lot to be so much employed.

At the same time I did not in all respects abuse the license permitted me. Familiar acquaintance with the specious miracles of fiction brought with it some degree of satiety, and I began by degrees to seek in histories, memoirs, voyages and travels, and the like, events nearly as wonderful as those which were the work of imagination, with the additional advantage that they were at least in a great measure true. The lapse of nearly two years, during which I was left to the exercise of my own free will, was followed by a temporary residence in the country, where I was again very lonely but for the amusement which I derived from a good though old-fashioned library. The vague and wild use which I made of this advantage I cannot describe better than by referring my reader to the desultory studies of Waverley in a similar situation, the passages concerning whose course of reading were imitated from recollections of my own. It must be understood that the resemblance extends no farther.

Time, as it glided on, brought the blessings of confirmed health and personal strength, to a degree which had never been expected or hoped for. The severe studies necessary to render me fit for my profession occupied the greater part of my time; and the society of my friends and companions, who were about to enter life along with me, filled up the interval with the usual amusements of young men. I was in a situation which rendered serious labour indispensable; for, neither possessing, on the one hand, any of those peculiar advantages which are supposed to favour a hasty advance in the profession of the law, nor being, on the other hand, exposed to unusual obstacles to interrupt my progress, I might reasonably expect to succeed according to the greater or less degree of trouble which I should take to qualify myself as a pleader.

It makes no part of the present story to detail how the

success of a few ballads had the effect of changing all the purpose and tenor of my life, and of converting a painstaking lawyer of some years' standing into a follower of literature. It is enough to say, that I had assumed the latter character for several years before I seriously thought of attempting a work of imagination in prose, although one or two of my poetical attempts did not differ from romances otherwise than by being written in verse. But yet I may observe, that about this time (now, alas! thirty years since) I had nourished the ambitious desire of composing a tale of chivalry, which was to be in the style of the *Castle of Otranto*, with plenty of Border characters and supernatural incident. Having found unexpectedly a chapter of this intended work among some old papers, I have subjoined it to this introductory essay, thinking some readers may account as curious the first attempts at romantic composition by an author who has since written so much in that department.<sup>1</sup> And those who complain, not unreasonably, of the profusion of the Tales which have followed *Waverley*, may bless their stars at the narrow escape they have made, by the commencement of the inundation, which had so nearly taken place in the first year of the century, being postponed for fifteen years later.

This particular subject was never resumed, but I did not abandon the idea of fictitious composition in prose, though I determined to give another turn to the style of the work.

My early recollections of the Highland scenery and customs made so favourable an impression in the poem called the *Lady of the Lake*, that I was induced to think of attempting something of the same kind in prose. I had been a good deal in the Highlands at a time when they were much less accessible and much less visited than they have been of late years, and was acquainted with many of the old warriors of 1745, who were, like most veterans, easily induced to fight their battles over again for the benefit of a willing listener like myself. It naturally occurred to me that the ancient traditions and high spirit of a people who, living in a civilised age and country, retained so strong a tincture of manners belonging to an early period of society, must afford a subject favourable for romance, if it should not prove a curious tale marred in the telling.

It was with some idea of this kind that, about the year 1805, I threw together about one-third part of the first volume of *Waverley*. It was advertised to be published by the late

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix No. I.

Mr. John Ballantyne, bookseller in Edinburgh, under the name of *Waverley*, or *'tis Fifty Years since*—a title afterwards altered to *'Tis Sixty Years since*, that the actual date of publication might be made to correspond with the period in which the scene was laid. Having proceeded as far, I think, as the seventh chapter, I showed my work to a critical friend, whose opinion was unfavourable; and having then some poetical reputation, I was unwilling to risk the loss of it by attempting a new style of composition. I therefore threw aside the work I had commenced, without either reluctance or remonstrance. I ought to add that, though my ingenious friend's sentence was afterwards reversed on an appeal to the public, it cannot be considered as any imputation on his good taste; for the specimen subjected to his criticism did not extend beyond the departure of the hero for Scotland, and consequently had not entered upon the part of the story which was finally found most interesting.

Be that as it may, this portion of the manuscript was laid aside in the drawers of an old writing-desk, which, on my first coming to reside at Abbotsford in 1811, was placed in a lumber garret and entirely forgotten. Thus, though I sometimes, among other literary avocations, turned my thoughts to the continuation of the romance which I had commenced, yet, as I could not find what I had already written, after searching such repositories as were within my reach, and was too indolent to attempt to write it anew from memory, I as often laid aside all thoughts of that nature.

Two circumstances in particular recalled my recollection of the mislaid manuscript. The first was the extended and well-merited fame of Miss Edgeworth, whose Irish characters have gone so far to make the English familiar with the character of their gay and kind-hearted neighbours of Ireland, that she may be truly said to have done more towards completing the Union than perhaps all the legislative enactments by which it has been followed up.

Without being so presumptuous as to hope to emulate the rich humour, pathetic tenderness, and admirable tact which pervade the works of my accomplished friend, I felt that something might be attempted for my own country, of the same kind with that which Miss Edgeworth so fortunately achieved for Ireland—something which might introduce her natives to those of the sister kingdom in a more favourable light than they had been placed hitherto, and tend to procure sympathy

for their virtues and indulgence for their foibles. I thought also, that much of what I wanted in talent might be made up by the intimate acquaintance with the subject which I could lay claim to possess, as having travelled through most parts of Scotland, both Highland and Lowland, having been familiar with the elder as well as more modern race, and having had from my infancy free and unrestrained communication with all ranks of my countrymen, from the Scottish peer to the Scottish ploughman. Such ideas often occurred to me, and constituted an ambitious branch of my theory, however far short I may have fallen of it in practice.

But it was not only the triumphs of Miss Edgeworth which waked in me emulation, and disturbed my indolence. I chanced actually to engage in a work which formed a sort of assay piece, and gave me hope that I might in time become free of the craft of romance-writing, and be esteemed a tolerable workman.

In the year 1807-8 I undertook, at the request of John Murray, Esq., of Albemarle Street, to arrange for publication some posthumous productions of the late Mr. Joseph Strutt, distinguished as an artist and an antiquary, amongst which was an unfinished romance, entitled *Queenhoo Hall*. The scene of the tale was laid in the reign of Henry VI., and the work was written to illustrate the manners, customs, and language of the people of England during that period. The extensive acquaintance which Mr. Strutt had acquired with such subjects in compiling his laborious *Horde Angel-Cynnan*, his *Regal and Ecclesiastical Antiquities*, and his *Essay on the Sports and Pastimes of the People of England* had rendered him familiar with all the antiquarian lore necessary for the purpose of composing the projected romance; and although the manuscript bore the marks of hurry and incoherence natural to the first rough draught of the author, it evinced (in my opinion) considerable powers of imagination.

As the work was unfinished, I deemed it my duty, as editor, to supply such a hasty and inartificial conclusion as could be shaped out from the story, of which Mr. Strutt had laid the foundation. This concluding chapter<sup>1</sup> is also added to the present Introduction, for the reason already mentioned regarding the preceding fragment. It was a step in my advance towards romantic composition; and to preserve the traces of these is in a great measure the object of his Essay.

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix No. II.

*Queenhoo Hall* was not, however, very successful. I thought I was aware of the reason, and supposed that, by rendering his language too ancient, and displaying his antiquarian knowledge too liberally, the ingenious author had raised up an obstacle to his own success. Every work designed for mere amusement must be expressed in language easily comprehended; and when, as is sometimes the case in *Queenhoo Hall*, the author addresses himself exclusively to the antiquary, he must be content to be dismissed by the general reader with the criticism of Mungo, in the *Padlock*, on the Mauritanian music, 'What signifies me hear, if me no understand?'

I conceived it possible to avoid this error; and, by rendering a similar work more light and obvious to general comprehension, to escape the rock on which my predecessor was shipwrecked. But I was, on the other hand, so far discouraged by the indifferent reception of Mr. Strutt's romance as to become satisfied that the manners of the middle ages did not possess the interest which I had conceived; and was led to form the opinion that a romance founded on a Highland story and more modern events would have a better chance of popularity than a tale of chivalry. My thoughts, therefore, returned more than once to the tale which I had actually commenced, and accident at length threw the lost sheets in my way.

I happened to want some fishing-tackle for the use of a guest, when it occurred to me to search the old writing-desk already mentioned, in which I used to keep articles of that nature. I got access to it with some difficulty; and, in looking for lines and flies, the long-lost manuscript presented itself. I immediately set to work to complete it according to my original purpose. And here I must frankly confess that the mode in which I conducted the story scarcely deserved the success which the romance afterwards attained. The tale of *Waverley* was put together with so little care that I cannot boast of having sketched any distinct plan of the work. The whole adventures of Waverley, in his movements up and down the country with the Highland cateran Bean Lean, are managed without much skill. It suited best, however, the road I wanted to travel, and permitted me to introduce some descriptions of scenery and manners, to which the reality gave an interest which the powers of the Author might have otherwise failed to attain for them. And though I have been in other instances a sinner in this sort, I do not recollect any of these novels in

which I have transgressed so widely as in the first of the series.

Among other unfounded reports, it has been said that the copyright of *Waverley* was, during the book's progress through the press, offered for sale to various booksellers in London at a very inconsiderable price. This was not the case. Messrs. Constable and Cadell, who published the work, were the only persons acquainted with the contents of the publication, and they offered a large sum for it while in the course of printing, which, however, was declined, the Author not choosing to part with the copyright.

The origin of the story of *Waverley*, and the particular facts on which it is founded, are given in the separate introduction prefixed to that romance in this edition, and require no notice in this place.

*Waverley* was published in 1814, and, as the title-page was without the name of the author, the work was left to win its way in the world without any of the usual recommendations. Its progress was for some time slow; but after the first two or three months its popularity had increased in a degree which must have satisfied the expectations of the Author, had these been far more sanguine than he ever entertained.

Great anxiety was expressed to learn the name of the author, but on this no authentic information could be attained. My original motive for publishing the work anonymously was the consciousness that it was an experiment on the public taste which might very probably fail, and therefore there was no occasion to take on myself the personal risk of discomfiture. For this purpose considerable precautions were used to preserve secrecy. My old friend and schoolfellow, Mr. James Ballantyne, who printed these Novels, had the exclusive task of corresponding with the Author, who thus had not only the advantage of his professional talents, but also of his critical abilities. The original manuscript, or, as it is technically called, copy, was transcribed under Mr. Ballantyne's eye by confidential persons; nor was there an instance of treachery during the many years in which these precautions were resorted to, although various individuals were employed at different times. Double proof-sheets were regularly printed off. One was forwarded to the Author by Mr. Ballantyne, and the alterations which it received were, by his own hand, copied upon the other proof-sheet for the use of the printers, so that even the corrected proofs of the Author were never seen in the printing office; and

thus the curiosity of such eager inquirers as made the most minute investigation was entirely at fault.

But although the cause of concealing the author's name in the first instance, when the reception of *Waverley* was doubtful, was natural enough, it is more difficult, it may be thought, to account for the same desire for secrecy during the subsequent editions, to the amount of betwixt eleven and twelve thousand copies, which followed each other close, and proved the success of the work. I am sorry I can give little satisfaction to queries on this subject. I have already stated elsewhere that I can render little better reason for choosing to remain anonymous than by saying with Shylock, that such was my humour. It will be observed that I had not the usual stimulus for desiring personal reputation, the desire, namely, to float amidst the conversation of men. Of literary fame, whether merited or undeserved, I had already as much as might have contented a mind more ambitious than mine; and in entering into this new contest for reputation I might be said rather to endanger what I had than to have any considerable chance of acquiring more. I was affected, too, by none of those motives which, at an earlier period of life, would doubtless have operated upon me. My friendships were formed, my place in society fixed, my life had attained its middle course. My condition in society was higher perhaps than I deserved, certainly as high as I wished, and there was scarce any degree of literary success which could have greatly altered or improved my personal condition.

I was not, therefore, touched by the spur of ambition, usually stimulating on such occasions; and yet I ought to stand exculpated from the charge of ungracious or unbecoming indifference to public applause. I did not the less feel gratitude for the public favour, although I did not proclaim it; as the lover who wears his mistress's favour in his bosom is as proud, though not so vain, of possessing it as another who displays the token of her grace upon his bonnet. Far from such an ungracious state of mind, I have seldom felt more satisfaction than when, returning from a pleasure voyage, I found *Waverley* in the zenith of popularity, and public curiosity in full cry after the name of the Author. The knowledge that I had the public approbation was like having the property of a hidden treasure, not less gratifying to the owner than if all the world knew that it was his own. Another advantage was connected with the secrecy which I observed. I could appear or retreat

from the stage at pleasure, without attracting any personal notice or attention, other than what might be founded on suspicion only. In my own person also, as a successful author in another department of literature, I might have been charged with too frequent intrusions on the public patience; but the Author of *Waverley* was in this respect as impassible to the critic as the Ghost of *Hamlet* to the partizan of Marcellus. Perhaps the curiosity of the public, irritated by the existence of a secret, and kept afloat by the discussions which took place on the subject from time to time, went a good way to maintain an unabated interest in these frequent publications. There was a mystery concerning the author which each new novel was expected to assist in unravelling, although it might in other respects rank lower than its predecessors.

I may perhaps be thought guilty of affectation, should I allege as one reason of my silence a secret dislike to enter on personal discussions concerning my own literary labours. It is in every case a dangerous intercourse for an author to be dwelling continually among those who make his writings a frequent and familiar subject of conversation, but who must necessarily be partial judges of works composed in their own society. The habits of self-importance which are thus acquired by authors are highly injurious to a well-regulated mind; for the cup of flattery, if it does not, like that of Circe, reduce men to the level of beasts, is sure, if eagerly drained, to bring the best and the ablest down to that of fools. This risk was in some degree prevented by the mask which I wore; and my own stores of self-conceit were left to their natural course, without being enhanced by the partiality of friends or adulation of flatterers.

If I am asked further reasons for the conduct I have long observed, I can only resort to the explanation supplied by a critic as friendly as he is intelligent; namely, that the mental organisation of the novelist must be characterised, to speak craniologically, by an extraordinary development of the passion for delitescency! I rather suspect some natural disposition of this kind; for, from the instant I perceived the extreme curiosity manifested on the subject, I felt a secret satisfaction in baffling it, for which, when its unimportance is considered, I do not well know how to account.

My desire to remain concealed, in the character of the author of these Novels, subjected me occasionally to awkward embarrassments, as it sometimes happened that those who



were sufficiently intimate with me would put the question in direct terms. In this case, only one of three courses could be followed. Either I must have surrendered my secret, or have returned an equivocating answer, or, finally, must have stoutly and boldly denied the fact. The first was a sacrifice which I conceive no one had a right to force from me, since I alone was concerned in the matter. The alternative of rendering a doubtful answer must have left me open to the degrading suspicion that I was not unwilling to assume the merit (if there was any) which I dared not absolutely lay claim to ; or those who might think more justly of me must have received such an equivocal answer as an indirect avowal. I therefore considered myself entitled, like an accused person put upon trial, to refuse giving my own evidence to my own conviction, and flatly to deny all that could not be proved against me. At the same time I usually qualified my denial by stating that, had I been the author of these works, I would have felt myself quite entitled to protect my secret by refusing my own evidence, when it was asked for to accomplish a discovery of what I desired to conceal.

The real truth is, that I never expected or hoped to disguise my connection with these Novels from any one who lived on terms of intimacy with me. The number of coincidences which necessarily existed between narratives recounted, modes of expression, and opinions broached in these Tales and such as were used by their Author in the intercourse of private life must have been far too great to permit any of my familiar acquaintances to doubt the identity betwixt their friend and the Author of *Waverley*; and I believe they were all morally convinced of it. But while I was myself silent, their belief could not weigh much more with the world than that of others; their opinions and reasoning were liable to be taxed with partiality, or confronted with opposing arguments and opinions; and the question was not so much whether I should be generally acknowledged to be the author, in spite of my own denial, as whether even my own avowal of the works, if such should be made, would be sufficient to put me in undisputed possession of that character.

I have been often asked concerning supposed cases, in which I was said to have been placed on the verge of discovery; but, as I maintained my point with the composure of a lawyer of thirty years' standing, I never recollect being in pain or confusion on the subject. In Captain Medwyn's *Conversations of*

*Lord Byron* the reporter states himself to have asked my noble and highly-gifted friend, 'If he was certain about these novels being Sir Walter Scott's?' To which *Lord Byron* replied, 'Scott as much as owned himself the Author of *Waverley* to me in Murray's shop. I was talking to him about that novel, and lamented that its author had not carried back the story nearer to the time of the Revolution. Scott, entirely off his guard, replied, "Ay, I might have done so; but——" there he stopped. It was in vain to attempt to correct himself; he looked confused, and relieved his embarrassment by a precipitate retreat.' I have no recollection whatever of this scene taking place, and I should have thought that I was more likely to have laughed than to appear confused, for I certainly never hoped to impose upon *Lord Byron* in a case of the kind; and from the manner in which he uniformly expressed himself, I knew his opinion was entirely formed, and that any disclamations of mine would only have savoured of affectation. I do not mean to insinuate that the incident did not happen, but only that it could hardly have occurred exactly under the circumstances narrated, without my recollecting something positive on the subject. In another part of the same volume *Lord Byron* is reported to have expressed a supposition that the cause of my not avowing myself the Author of *Waverley* may have been some surmise that the reigning family would have been displeased with the work. I can only say, it is the last apprehension I should have entertained, as indeed the inscription to these volumes sufficiently proves. The sufferers of that melancholy period have, during the last and present reign, been honoured both with the sympathy and protection of the reigning family, whose magnanimity can well pardon a sigh from others, and bestow one themselves, to the memory of brave opponents, who did nothing in hate, but all in honour.

While those who were in habitual intercourse with the real author had little hesitation in assigning the literary property to him, others, and those critics of no mean rank, employed themselves in investigating with persevering patience any characteristic features which might seem to betray the origin of these Novels. Amongst these, one gentleman, equally remarkable for the kind and liberal tone of his criticism, the acuteness of his reasoning, and the very gentlemanlike manner in which he conducted his inquiries, displayed not only powers of accurate investigation, but a temper of mind deserving to be employed on a subject of much greater importance; and I have

no doubt made converts to his opinion of almost all who thought the point worthy of consideration.<sup>1</sup> Of those letters, and other attempts of the same kind, the Author could not complain, though his incognito was endangered. He had challenged the public to a game at bo-peep, and if he was discovered in his 'hiding-hole,' he must submit to the shame of detection.

Various reports were of course circulated in various ways; some founded on an inaccurate rehearsal of what may have been partly real, some on circumstances having no concern whatever with the subject, and others on the invention of some impatient persons, who might perhaps imagine that the readiest mode of forcing the author to disclose himself was to assign some dishonourable and discreditable cause for his silence.

It may be easily supposed that this sort of inquisition was treated with contempt by the person whom it principally regarded; as, among all the rumours that were current, there was only one, and that as unfounded as the others, which had nevertheless some alliance to probability, and indeed might have proved in some degree true.

I allude to a report which ascribed a great part, or the whole, of these Novels to the late Thomas Scott, Esq., of the 70th Regiment, then stationed in Canada. Those who remember that gentleman will readily grant that, with general talents at least equal to those of his elder brother, he added a power of social humour and a deep insight into human character which rendered him an universally delightful member of society, and that the habit of composition alone was wanting to render him equally successful as a writer. The Author of *Waverley* was so persuaded of the truth of this, that he warmly pressed his brother to make such an experiment, and willingly undertook all the trouble of correcting and superintending the press. Mr. Thomas Scott seemed at first very well disposed to embrace the proposal, and had even fixed on a subject and a hero. The latter was a person well known to both of us in our boyish years, from having displayed some strong traits of character. Mr. T. Scott had determined to represent his youthful acquaintance as emigrating to America, and encountering the dangers and hardships of the New World, with the same dauntless spirit which he had displayed when a boy in his native country. Mr. Scott would probably have been highly successful, being familiarly acquainted with the manners of the native Indians,

<sup>1</sup> *Letters on the Author of Waverley*; Rodwell and Martin, London, 1822.

of the old French settlers in Canada, and of the Brulés or Woodsmen, and having the power of observing with accuracy what I have no doubt he could have sketched with force and expression. In short, the Author believes his brother would have made himself distinguished in that striking field in which, since that period, Mr. Cooper has achieved so many triumphs. But Mr. T. Scott was already affected by bad health, which wholly unfitted him for literary labour, even if he could have reconciled his patience to the task. He never, I believe, wrote a single line of the projected work; and I only have the melancholy pleasure of preserving in the Appendix<sup>1</sup> the simple anecdote on which he proposed to found it.

To this I may add, I can easily conceive that there may have been circumstances which gave a colour to the general report of my brother being interested in these works; and in particular that it might derive strength from my having occasion to remit to him, in consequence of certain family transactions, some considerable sums of money about that period. To which it is to be added that if any person chanced to evince particular curiosity on such a subject, my brother was likely enough to divert himself with practising on their credulity.

It may be mentioned that, while the paternity of these Novels was from time to time warmly disputed in Britain, the foreign booksellers expressed no hesitation on the matter, but affixed my name to the whole of the Novels, and to some besides to which I had no claim.

The volumes, therefore, to which the present pages form a Preface are entirely the composition of the author by whom they are now acknowledged, with the exception, always, of avowed quotations, and such unpremeditated and involuntary plagiarisms as can scarce be guarded against by any one who has read and written a great deal. The original manuscripts are all in existence, and entirely written (*horresco referens*) in the Author's own hand, excepting during the years 1818 and 1819, when, being affected with severe illness, he was obliged to employ the assistance of a friendly amanuensis.

The number of persons to whom the secret was necessarily entrusted, or communicated by chance, amounted, I should think, to twenty at least, to whom I am greatly obliged for the fidelity with which they observed their trust, until the derangement of the affairs of my publishers, Messrs. Constable and Co.,

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix No. III.

and the exposure of their account books, which was the necessary consequence, rendered secrecy no longer possible. The particulars attending the avowal have been laid before the public in the Introduction to the *Chronicles of the Canongate*.

The preliminary advertisement has given a sketch of the purpose of this edition. I have some reason to fear that the notes which accompany the tales, as now published, may be thought too miscellaneous and too egotistical. It may be some apology for this, that the publication was intended to be posthumous, and still more, that old men may be permitted to speak long, because they cannot in the course of nature have long time to speak. In preparing the present edition, I have done all that I can do to explain the nature of my materials, and the use I have made of them; nor is it probable that I shall again revise or even read these Tales. I was therefore desirous rather to exceed in the portion of new and explanatory matter which is added to this edition than that the reader should have reason to complain that the information communicated was of a general and merely nominal character. It remains to be tried whether the public (like a child to whom a watch is shown) will, after having been satiated with looking at the outside, acquire some new interest in the object when it is opened and the internal machinery displayed to them.

That *Waverley* and its successors have had their day of favour and popularity must be admitted with sincere gratitude; and the Author has studied (with the prudence of a beauty whose reign has been rather long) to supply, by the assistance of art, the charms which novelty no longer affords. The publishers have endeavoured to gratify the honourable partiality of the public for the encouragement of British art, by illustrating this edition with designs by the most eminent living artists.

To my distinguished countryman, David Wilkie, to Edwin Landseer, who has exercised his talents so much on Scottish subjects and scenery, to Messrs. Leslie and Newton, my thanks are due; from a friend as well as an author. Nor am I less obliged to Messrs. Cooper, Kidd, and other artists of distinction to whom I am less personally known, for the ready zeal with which they have devoted their talents to the same purpose.

Farther explanation respecting the Edition is the business of the publishers, not of the Author; and here, therefore, the

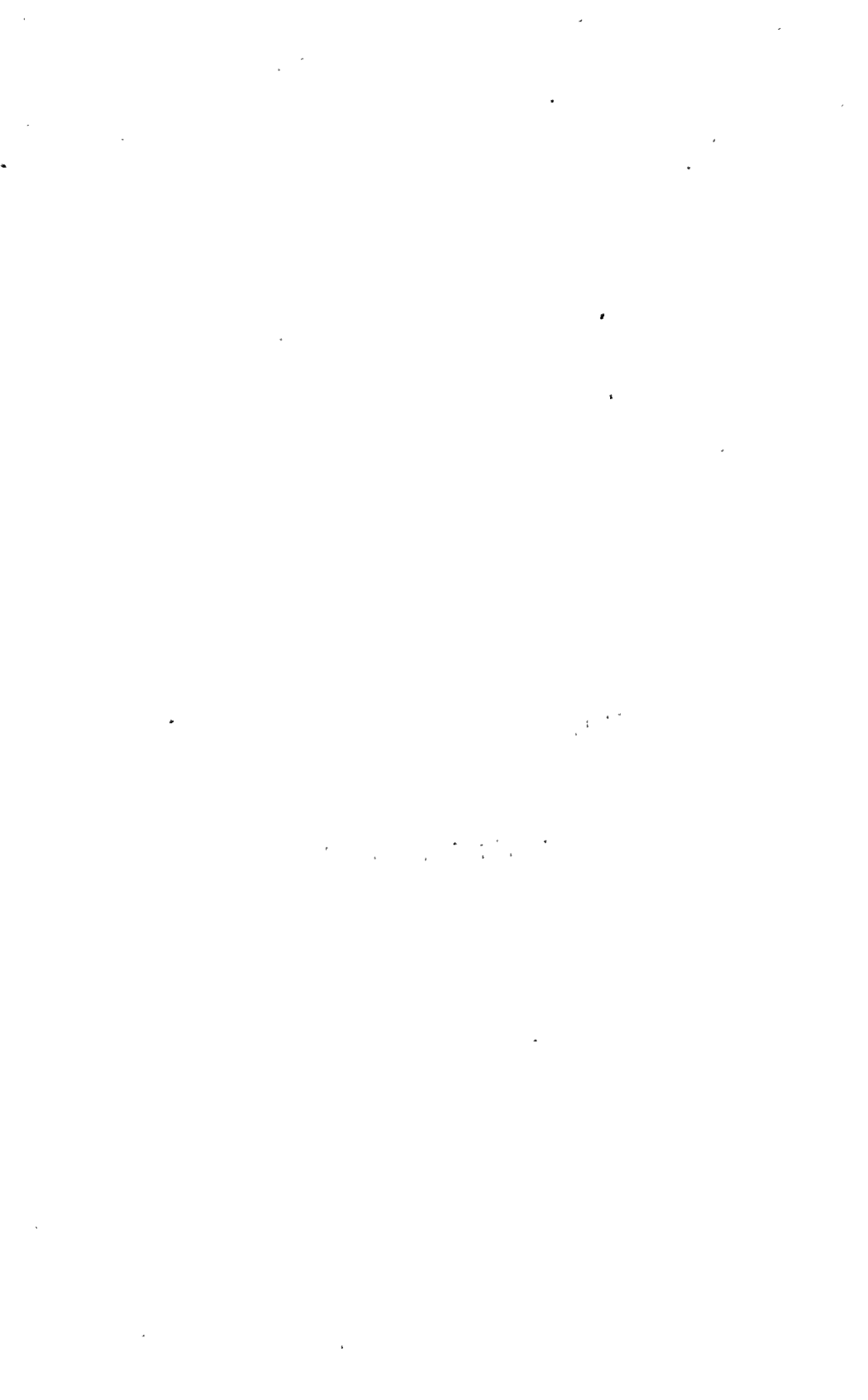
latter has accomplished his task of Introduction and explanation. If, like a spoiled child, he has sometimes abused or trifled with the indulgence of the public, he feels himself entitled to full belief when he exculpates himself from the charge of having been at any time insensible of their kindness.

ABBOTSFORD, 1st January 1829.

WAVERLEY

OR

'T IS SIXTY YEARS SINCE





## INTRODUCTION TO WAVERLEY

THE plan of this edition leads me to insert in this place some account of the incidents on which the Novel of *Waverley* is founded. They have been already given to the public by my late lamented friend, William Erskine, Esq. (afterwards Lord Kinneder), when reviewing the *Tales of my Landlord* for the *Quarterly Review* in 1817. The particulars were derived by the critic from the Author's information. Afterwards they were published in the Preface to the *Chronicles of the Canongate*. They are now inserted in their proper place.

The mutual protection afforded by Waverley and Talbot to each other, upon which the whole plot depends, is founded upon one of those anecdotes which soften the features even of civil war; and, as it is equally honourable to the memory of both parties, we have no hesitation to give their names at length. When the Highlanders, on the morning of the battle of Preston, 1745; made their memorable attack on Sir John Cope's army, a battery of four field-pieces was stormed and carried by the Camerons and the Stewarts of Appine. The late Alexander Stewart of Invernahyle was one of the foremost in the charge, and observing an officer of the King's forces, who, scorning to join the flight of all around, remained with his sword in his hand, as if determined to the very last to defend the post assigned to him, the Highland gentleman commanded him to surrender, and received for reply a thrust, which he caught in his target. The officer was now defenceless, and the battle-axe of a gigantic Highlander (the miller of Invernahyle's mill) was uplifted to dash his brains out, when Mr. Stewart with difficulty prevailed on him to yield. He took charge of his enemy's property, protected his person, and finally obtained him liberty on his parole. The officer proved to be Colonel Whiteford, an Ayrshire gentleman of high character and influence, and warmly attached to the House of Hanover; yet

such was the confidence existing between these two honourable men, though of different political principles, that, while the civil war was raging, and straggling officers from the Highland army were executed without mercy, Invernahyle hesitated not to pay his late captive a visit, as he returned to the Highlands to raise fresh recruits, on which occasion he spent a day or two in Ayrshire among Colonel Whitefoord's Whig friends, as pleasantly and as good-humouredly as if all had been at peace around him.

After the battle of Culloden had ruined the hopes of Charles Edward and dispersed his proscribed adherents, it was Colonel Whitefoord's turn to strain every nerve to obtain Mr. Stewart's pardon. He went to the Lord Justice Clerk, to the Lord Advocate, and to all the officers of state, and each application was answered by the production of a list in which Invernahyle (as the good old gentleman was wont to express it) appeared 'marked with the sign of the beast!' as a subject unfit for favour or pardon.

At length Colonel Whitefoord applied to the Duke of Cumberland in person. From him, also, he received a positive refusal. He then limited his request, for the present, to a protection for Stewart's house, wife, children, and property. This was also refused by the Duke; on which Colonel Whitefoord, taking his commission from his bosom, laid it on the table before his Royal Highness with much emotion, and asked permission to retire from the service of a sovereign who did not know how to spare a vanquished enemy. The Duke was struck, and even affected. He bade the Colonel take up his commission, and granted the protection he required. It was issued just in time to save the house, corn, and cattle at Invernahyle from the troops, who were engaged in laying waste what it was the fashion to call 'the country of the enemy.' A small encampment of soldiers was formed on Invernahyle's property, which they spared while plundering the country around, and searching in every direction for the leaders of the insurrection, and for Stewart in particular. He was much nearer them than they suspected; for, hidden in a cave (like the Baron of Bradwardine), he lay for many days so near the English sentinels that he could hear their muster-roll called. His food was brought to him by one of his daughters, a child of eight years old, whom Mrs. Stewart was under the necessity of entrusting with this commission; for her own motions, and those of all her elder inmates, were closely watched. With

ingenuity beyond her years; the child used to stray about among the soldiers, who were rather kind to her, and thus seize the moment when she was unobserved and steal into the thicket, when she deposited whatever small store of provisions she had in charge at some marked spot, where her father might find it. Invernahyle supported life for several weeks by means of these precarious supplies; and, as he had been wounded in the battle of Culloden, the hardships which he endured were aggravated by great bodily pain. After the soldiers had removed their quarters he had another remarkable escape.

As he now ventured to his own house at night and left it in the morning, he was espied during the dawn by a party of the enemy, who fired at and pursued him. The fugitive being fortunate enough to escape their search, they returned to the house and charged the family with harbouring one of the proscribed traitors. An old woman had presence of mind enough to maintain that the man they had seen was the shepherd. 'Why did he not stop when we called to him?' said the soldier. 'He is as deaf, poor man, as a peat-stack,' answered the ready-witted domestic. 'Let him be sent for directly.' The real shepherd accordingly was brought from the hill, and, as there was time to tutor him by the way, he was as deaf when he made his appearance as was necessary to sustain his character. Invernahyle was afterwards pardoned under the Act of Indemnity.

The Author knew him well, and has often heard these circumstances from his own mouth. He was a noble specimen of the old Highlander, far descended, gallant, courteous, and brave, even to chivalry. He had been out, I believe, in 1715 and 1745, was an active partaker in all the stirring scenes which passed in the Highlands betwixt these memorable eras; and, I have heard, was remarkable, among other exploits, for having fought a duel with the broadsword with the celebrated Rob Roy MacGregor at the clachan of Balquidder.

Invernahyle chanced to be in Edinburgh when Paul Jones came into the Firth of Forth, and though then an old man, I saw him in arms, and heard him exult (to use his own words) in the prospect of 'drawing his claymore once more before he died.' In fact, on that memorable occasion, when the capital of Scotland was menaced by three trifling sloops or brigs, scarce fit to have sacked a fishing village, he was the only man who seemed to propose a plan of resistance. He offered to the magistrates, if broadswords and dirks could be obtained, to find

as many Highlanders among the lower classes as would cut off any boat's crew who might be sent into a town full of narrow and winding passages, in which they were like to disperse in quest of plunder. I know not if his plan was attended to ; I rather think it seemed too hazardous to the constituted authorities, who might not, even at that time, desire to see arms in Highland hands. A steady and powerful west wind settled the matter by sweeping Paul Jones and his vessels out of the Firth.

If there is something degrading in this recollection, it is not unpleasant to compare it with those of the last war, when Edinburgh, besides regular forces and militia, furnished a volunteer brigade of cavalry, infantry, and artillery to the amount of six thousand men and upwards, which was in readiness to meet and repel a force of a far more formidable description than was commanded by the adventurous American. Time and circumstances change the character of nations and the fate of cities ; and it is some pride to a Scotchman to reflect that the independent and manly character of a country, willing to entrust its own protection to the arms of its children, after having been obscured for half a century, has, during the course of his own lifetime, recovered its lustre.

Other illustrations of *Waverley* will be found in the Notes at the foot of the pages to which they belong. Those which appeared too long to be so placed are given at the end of the chapters to which they severally relate.<sup>1</sup>

## PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION

TO this slight attempt at a sketch of ancient Scottish manners the public have been more favourable than the Author durst have hoped or expected. He has heard, with a mixture of satisfaction and humility, his work ascribed to more than one respectable name. Considerations, which seem weighty in his particular situation, prevent his releasing those gentlemen from suspicion by placing his own name in the title-page ; so that, for the present at least, it must remain uncertain

<sup>1</sup> In this edition at the end of the several volumes.

whether *Waverley* be the work of a poet or a critic, a lawyer or a clergyman, or whether the writer, to use Mrs. Malaprop's phrase, be, 'like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once.' The Author, as he is unconscious of anything in the work itself (except perhaps its frivolity) which prevents its finding an acknowledged father, leaves it to the candour of the public to choose among the many circumstances peculiar to different situations in life such as may induce him to suppress his name on the present occasion. He may be a writer new to publication, and unwilling to avow a character to which he is unaccustomed; or he may be a hackneyed author, who is ashamed of too frequent appearance, and employs this mystery, as the heroine of the old comedy used her mask, to attract the attention of those to whom her face had become too familiar. He may be a man of a grave profession, to whom the reputation of being a novel-writer might be prejudicial; or he may be a man of fashion, to whom writing of any kind might appear pedantic. He may be too young to assume the character of an author, or so old as to make it advisable to lay it aside.

The Author of *Waverley* has heard it objected to this novel, that, in the character of Callum Beg and in the account given by the Baron of Bradwardine of the petty trespasses of the Highlanders upon trifling articles of property, he has borne hard, and unjustly so, upon their national character. Nothing could be farther from his wish or intention. The character of Callum Beg is that of a spirit naturally turned to daring evil, and determined, by the circumstances of his situation, to a particular species of mischief. Those who have perused the curious *Letters from the Highlands*, published about 1726, will find instances of such atrocious characters which fell under the writer's own observation, though it would be most unjust to consider such villains as representatives of the Highlanders of that period, any more than the murderers of Marr and Williamson can be supposed to represent the English of the present day. As for the plunder supposed to have been picked up by some of the insurgents in 1745, it must be remembered that, although the way of that unfortunate little army was neither marked by devastation nor bloodshed, but, on the contrary, was orderly and quiet in a most wonderful degree, yet *no* army marches through a country in a hostile manner without committing some depredations; and several, to the extent and of the nature jocularly imputed to them by the Baron, were really laid to the charge of the Highland

insurgents; for which many traditions, and particularly one respecting the Knight of the Mirror, may be quoted as good evidence.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A homely metrical narrative of the events of the period, which contains some striking particulars, and is still a great favourite with the lower classes, gives a very correct statement of the behaviour of the mountaineers respecting this same military license; and, as the verses are little known, and contain some good sense, we venture to insert them.

#### THE AUTHOR'S ADDRESS TO ALL IN GENERAL

Now, gentle readers, I have let you ken  
My very thoughts, from heart and pen,  
'Tis needless now for to conten'  
Or yet controule,  
For there's not a word o't I can men';  
So ye must thole.

For on both sides some were not good;  
I saw them murd'ring in cold blood,  
Not the gentlemen, but wild and rude,  
The baser sort,  
Who to the wounded had no mood  
But murd'ring sport!

Ev'n both at Preston and Falkirk,  
That fatal night ere it grew mirk,  
Piercing the wounded with their durk,  
Caused many cry!  
Such pity's shown from savage and Turk  
As peace to die.

A woe be to such hot zeal,  
To smite the wounded on the fell!  
It's just they get such groats in kail,  
Who do the same.  
It only teaches crueltys real  
To them again.

I've seen the men call'd Highland rogues,  
With Lowland men make shangs a brogs,  
Sup kail and brose, and fling the cogs  
Out at the door,  
Take cocks, hens, sheep, and hogs,  
And pay nought for.

I saw a Highlander, 'twas right drole,  
With a string of puddings hung on a pole,  
Whip'd o'er his shoulder, skipped like a fole,  
Caus'd Maggy bann,  
Lap o'er the midden and midden-hole,  
And aff he ran.

When check'd for this, they'd often tell ye,  
'Indeed her nainsell's a tume belly;  
You'll no gie't wanting bought, nor sell me;  
Hersell will hae't;  
Go tell King Shorge, and Shordy's Willie,  
I'll hae a meat.'

I saw the soldiers at Linton-brig,  
Because the man was not a Whig,  
Of meat and drink leave not a skig,  
Within his door;  
They burnt his very hat and wig,  
And thump'd him sore.

And through the Highlands they were so rude,  
As leave them neither clothes nor food,  
Then burnt their houses to conclude ;

"Twas tit for tat.  
How can *her nainsell* e'er be good,  
To think on that?

And after all, O, shame and grief !  
To use some worse than murd'ring thief,  
Their very gentleman and chief,

Unhumanly !  
Like Popish tortures, I belief,  
Such cruelty.

Ev'n what was act on open stage  
At Carlisle, in the hottest rage,  
When mercy was clapt in a cage,  
And pity dead,  
Such cruelty approv'd by every age,  
I shook my head.

So many to curse, so few to pray,  
And some aloud huzza did cry ;  
They cursed the rebel Scots that day,  
As they'd been nowt  
Brought up for slaughter, as that way  
Too many rowt.

Therefore, alas ! dear countrymen,  
O never do the like again,  
To thirst for vengeance, never ben'  
Your gun nor pa',  
But with the English e'en borrow and len',  
Let anger fa'.

Their boasts and bullyings, not worth a louse,  
As our King's the best about the house.  
'Tis ay good to be sober and douce,  
To live in peace ;  
For many, I see, for being o'er crouse,  
Gets broken face.





# WAVERLEY

OR 'T IS SIXTY YEARS SINCE

## CHAPTER I

### *Introductory*

THE title of this work has not been chosen without the grave and solid deliberation which matters of importance demand from the prudent. Even its first, or general denomination, was the result of no common research or selection, although, according to the example of my predecessors, I had only to seize upon the most sounding and euphonic surname that English history or topography affords, and elect it at once as the title of my work and the name of my hero. But, alas! what could my readers have expected from the chivalrous epithets of Howard, Mordaunt, Mortimer, or Stanley, or from the softer and more sentimental sounds of Belmour, Belville, Belfield, and Belgrave, but pages of inanity, similar to those which have been so christened for half a century past? I must modestly admit I am too diffident of my own merit to place it in unnecessary opposition to preconceived associations; I have, therefore, like a maiden knight with his white shield, assumed for my hero, WAVERLEY, an uncontaminated name, bearing with its sound little of good or evil, excepting what the reader shall hereafter be pleased to affix to it. But my second or supplemental title was a matter of much more difficult election, since that, short as it is, may be held as pledging the author to some special mode of laying his scene, drawing his characters, and managing his adventures. Had I, for example,

announced in my frontispiece, 'Waverley, a Tale of other Days,' must not every novel-reader have anticipated a castle scarce less than that of Udolpho, of which the eastern wing had long been uninhabited, and the keys either lost, or consigned to the care of some aged butler or housekeeper, whose trembling steps, about the middle of the second volume, were doomed to guide the hero, or heroine, to the ruinous precincts? Would not the owl have shrieked and the cricket cried in my very title-page? and could it have been possible for me, with a moderate attention to decorum, to introduce any scene more lively than might be produced by the jocularly of a clownish but faithful valet, or the garrulous narrative of the heroine's *fille-de-chambre*, when rehearsing the stories of blood and horror which she had heard in the servants' hall? Again, had my title borne, 'Waverley, a Romance from the German,' what head so obtuse as not to image forth a profligate abbot, an oppressive duke, a secret and mysterious association of Rosycrucians and Illuminati, with all their properties of black cowls, caverns, daggers, electrical machines, trap-doors, and dark-lanterns? Or if I had rather chosen to call my work a 'Sentimental Tale,' would it not have been a sufficient presage of a heroine with a profusion of auburn hair, and a harp, the soft solace of her solitary hours, which she fortunately finds always the means of transporting from castle to cottage, although she herself be sometimes obliged to jump out of a two-pair-of-stairs window, and is more than once bewildered on her journey, alone and on foot, without any guide but a blowzy peasant girl, whose jargon she hardly can understand? Or again, if my Waverley had been entitled 'A Tale of the Times,' wouldst thou not, gentle reader, have demanded from me a dashing sketch of the fashionable world, a few anecdotes of private scandal thinly veiled, and if lusciously painted, so much the better? a heroine from Grosvenor Square, and a hero from the Barouche Club or the Four-in-Hand, with a set of subordinate characters from the *élégantes* of Queen Anne Street East, or the dashing heroes of the Bow-Street Office? I could proceed in proving the importance of a title-page, and displaying at the same time my own intimate knowledge of the particular ingredients necessary to the composition of romances and novels of various descriptions;—but it is enough, and I scorn to tyrannise longer over the impatience of my reader, who is doubtless already anxious to know the choice made by an author so profoundly versed in the different branches of his art.

By fixing, then, the date of my story Sixty Years before this present 1st November 1805, I would have my readers understand, that they will meet in the following pages neither a romance of chivalry nor a tale of modern manners; that my hero will neither have iron on his shoulders, as of yore, nor on the heels of his boots, as is the present fashion of Bond Street; and that my damsels will neither be clothed 'in purple and in pall,' like the Lady Alice of an old ballad, nor reduced to the primitive nakedness of a modern fashionable at a rout. From this my choice of an era the understanding critic may farther presage that the object of my tale is more a description of men than manners. A tale of manners, to be interesting, must either refer to antiquity so great as to have become venerable, or it must bear a vivid reflection of those scenes which are passing daily before our eyes, and are interesting from their novelty. Thus the coat-of-mail of our ancestors, and the triple-furred pelisse of our modern beaux, may, though for very different reasons, be equally fit for the array of a fictitious character; but who, meaning the costume of his hero to be impressive, would willingly attire him in the court dress of George the Second's reign, with its no collar, large sleeves, and low pocket-holes? The same may be urged, with equal truth, of the Gothic hall, which, with its darkened and tinted windows, its elevated and gloomy roof, and massive oaken table garnished with boar's-head and rosemary, pheasants and peacocks, cranes and cygnets, has an excellent effect in fictitious description. Much may also be gained by a lively display of a modern fête, such as we have daily recorded in that part of a newspaper entitled the *Mirror of Fashion*, if we contrast these, or either of them, with the splendid formality of an entertainment given Sixty Years since; and thus it will be readily seen how much the painter of antique or of fashionable manners gains over him who delineates those of the last generation.

Considering the disadvantages inseparable from this part of my subject, I must be understood to have resolved to avoid them as much as possible, by throwing the force of my narrative upon the characters and passions of the actors;—those passions common to men in all stages of society, and which have alike agitated the human heart, whether it throbbed under the steel corslet of the fifteenth century, the brocaded coat of the eighteenth, or the blue frock and white dimity

waistcoat of the present day.<sup>1</sup> Upon these passions it is no doubt true that the state of manners and laws casts a necessary colouring; but the bearings, to use the language of heraldry, remain the same, though the tincture may be not only different, but opposed in strong contradistinction. The wrath of our ancestors, for example, was coloured *gules*; it broke forth in acts of open and sanguinary violence against the objects of its fury. Our malignant feelings, which must seek gratification through more indirect channels, and undermine the obstacles which they cannot openly bear down, may be rather said to be tintured *sable*. But the deep-ruling impulse is the same in both cases; and the proud peer, who can now only ruin his neighbour according to law, by protracted suits, is the genuine descendant of the baron who wrapped the castle of his competitor in flames, and knocked him on the head as he endeavoured to escape from the conflagration. It is from the great book of Nature, the same through a thousand editions, whether of black-letter, or wire-wove and hot-pressed, that I have venturously essayed to read a chapter to the public. Some favourable opportunities of contrast have been afforded me by the state of society in the northern part of the island at the period of my history, and may serve at once to vary and to illustrate the moral lessons, which I would willingly consider as the most important part of my plan; although I am sensible how short these will fall of their aim if I shall be found unable to mix them with amusement—a task not quite so easy in this critical generation as it was ‘Sixty Years since.’

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<sup>1</sup> Alas! that attire, respectable and gentlemanlike in 1805, or thereabouts, is now as antiquated as the Author of Waverley has himself become since that period! The reader of fashion will please to fill up the costume with an embroidered waistcoat of purple velvet or silk, and a coat of whatever colour he pleases.

## CHAPTER II

### *Waverley-Honour — A Retrospect*

IT is, then, sixty years since<sup>1</sup> Edward Waverley, the hero of the following pages, took leave of his family, to join the regiment of dragoons in which he had lately obtained a commission. It was a melancholy day at Waverley-Honour when the young officer parted with Sir Everard, the affectionate old uncle to whose title and estate he was presumptive heir.

A difference in political opinions had early separated the Baronet from his younger brother Richard Waverley, the father of our hero. Sir Everard had inherited from his sires the whole train of Tory or High-Church predilections and prejudices which had distinguished the house of Waverley since the Great Civil War. Richard, on the contrary, who was ten years younger, beheld himself born to the fortune of a second brother, and anticipated neither dignity nor entertainment in sustaining the character of Will Wimble. He saw early that, to succeed in the race of life, it was necessary he should carry as little weight as possible. Painters talk of the difficulty of expressing the existence of compound passions in the same features at the same moment; it would be no less difficult for the moralist to analyse the mixed motives which unite to form the impulse of our actions. Richard Waverley read and satisfied himself from history and sound argument that, in the words of the old song,

Passive obedience was a jest,  
And pshaw! was non-resistance;

yet reason would have probably been unable to combat and remove hereditary prejudice could Richard have anticipated that his elder brother, Sir Everard, taking to heart an early dis-

<sup>1</sup> Since the year 1745, when this little romance was commenced. The precise date was withheld from the original edition, lest it should anticipate the nature of the tale by announcing so remarkable an era.

appointment, would have remained a bachelor at seventy-two. The prospect of succession, however remote, might in that case have led him to endure dragging through the greater part of his life as 'Master Richard at the Hall, the Baronet's brother,' in the hope that ere its conclusion he should be distinguished as Sir Richard Waverley of Waverley-Honour, successor to a princely estate, and to extended political connections as head of the county interest in the shire where it lay. But this was a consummation of things not to be expected at Richard's outset, when Sir Everard was in the prime of life, and certain to be an acceptable suitor in almost any family, whether wealth or beauty should be the object of his pursuit, and when, indeed, his speedy marriage was a report which regularly amused the neighbourhood once a-year. His younger brother saw no practicable road to independence save that of relying upon his own exertions, and adopting a political creed more consonant both to reason and his own interest than the hereditary faith of Sir Everard in High-Church and in the house of Stuart. He therefore read his recantation at the beginning of his career, and entered life as an avowed Whig and friend of the Hanover succession.

The ministry of George the First's time were prudently anxious to diminish the phalanx of opposition. The Tory nobility, depending for their reflected lustre upon the sunshine of a court, had for some time been gradually reconciling themselves to the new dynasty. But the wealthy country gentlemen of England, a rank which retained, with much of ancient manners and primitive integrity, a great proportion of obstinate and unyielding prejudice, stood aloof in haughty and sullen opposition, and cast many a look of mingled regret and hope to Bois le Duc, Avignon, and Italy.<sup>1</sup> The accession of the near relation of one of those steady and inflexible opponents was considered as a means of bringing over more converts, and therefore Richard Waverley met with a share of ministerial favour more than proportioned to his talents or his political importance. It was, however, discovered that he had respectable talents for public business, and the first admittance to the minister's levee being negotiated, his success became rapid. Sir Everard learned from the public News-Letter, first, that Richard Waverley, Esquire, was returned for the ministerial borough of Barter-faith; next, that Richard Waverley, Esquire, had taken a dis-

<sup>1</sup> Where the Chevallier Saint George, or, as he was termed, the Old Pretender, held his exiled court, as his situation compelled him to shift his place of residence.

tinguished part in the debate upon the Excise bill in the support of government; and, lastly, that Richard Waverley, Esquire, had been honoured with a seat at one of those boards where the pleasure of serving the country is combined with other important gratifications, which, to render them the more acceptable, occur regularly once a-quarter.

Although these events followed each other so closely that the sagacity of the editor of a modern newspaper would have presaged the two last even while he announced the first, yet they came upon Sir Everard gradually, and drop by drop, as it were, distilled through the cool and procrastinating alembic of Dyer's Weekly Letter.<sup>1</sup> For it may be observed in passing, that instead of those mail-coaches, by means of which every mechanic at his six-penny club may nightly learn from twenty contradictory channels the yesterday's news of the capital, a weekly post brought, in those days, to Waverley-Honour, a Weekly Intelligencer, which, after it had gratified Sir Everard's curiosity, his sister's, and that of his aged butler, was regularly transferred from the Hall to the Rectory, from the Rectory to Squire Stubbs's at the Grange, from the Squire to the Baronet's steward at his neat white house on the heath, from the steward to the bailiff, and from him through a huge circle of honest dames and gaffers, by whose hard and horny hands it was generally worn to pieces in about a month after its arrival.

This slow succession of intelligence was of some advantage to Richard Waverley in the case before us; for, had the sum total of his enormities reached the ears of Sir Everard at once, there can be no doubt that the new commissioner would have had little reason to pique himself on the success of his politics. The Baronet, although the mildest of human beings, was not without sensitive points in his character; his brother's conduct had wounded these deeply; the Waverley estate was fettered by no entail (for it had never entered into the head of any of its former possessors that one of their progeny could be guilty of the atrocities laid by Dyer's Letter to the door of Richard), and if it had, the marriage of the proprietor might have been fatal to a collateral heir. These various ideas floated through the brain of Sir Everard without, however, producing any determined conclusion.

He examined the tree of his genealogy, which, emblazoned with many an emblematic mark of honour and heroic achievement, hung upon the well-varnished wainscot of his hall. The

<sup>1</sup> See Dyer's Weekly Letter. Note 1.

nearest descendants of Sir Hildebrand Waverley, failing those of his eldest son Wilfred, of whom Sir Everard and his brother were the only representatives, were, as this honoured register informed him (and, indeed, as he himself well knew), the Waverleys of Highley Park, com. Hants; with whom the main branch, or rather stock, of the house had renounced all connection since the great law-suit in 1670.

This degenerate scion had committed a farther offence against the head and source of their gentility, by the intermarriage of their representative with Judith, heiress of Oliver Bradshawe, of Highley Park, whose arms, the same with those of Bradshawe the regicide, they had quartered with the ancient coat of Waverley. These offences, however, had vanished from Sir Everard's recollection in the heat of his resentment; and had Lawyer Clippurse, for whom his groom was despatched express, arrived but an hour earlier, he might have had the benefit of drawing a new settlement of the lordship and manor of Waverley-Honour, with all its dependencies. But an hour of cool reflection is a great matter when employed in weighing the comparative evil of two measures to neither of which we are internally partial. Lawyer Clippurse found his patron involved in a deep study, which he was too respectful to disturb, otherwise than by producing his paper and leathern ink-case, as prepared to minute his honour's commands. Even this slight manœuvre was embarrassing to Sir Everard, who felt it as a reproach to his indecision. He looked at the attorney with some desire to issue his fiat, when the sun, emerging from behind a cloud, poured at once its chequered light through the stained window of the gloomy cabinet in which they were seated. The Baronet's eye, as he raised it to the splendour, fell right upon the central scutcheon, impressed with the same device which his ancestor was said to have borne in the field of Hastings, — three ermines passant, argent, in a field azure, with its appropriate motto, *Sans tache*. 'May our name rather perish,' exclaimed Sir Everard, 'than that ancient and loyal symbol should be blended with the dishonoured insignia of a traitorous Roundhead!'

All this was the effect of the glimpse of a sunbeam, just sufficient to light Lawyer Clippurse to mend his pen. The pen was mended in vain. The attorney was dismissed, with directions to hold himself in readiness on the first summons.

The apparition of Lawyer Clippurse at the Hall occasioned much speculation in that portion of the world to which



Waverley-Honour formed the centre. But the more judicious politicians of this microcosm augured yet worse consequences to Richard Waverley from a movement which shortly followed his apostasy. This was no less than an excursion of the Baronet in his coach-and-six, with four attendants in rich liveries, to make a visit of some duration to a noble peer on the confines of the shire, of untainted descent, steady Tory principles, and the happy father of six unmarried and accomplished daughters.

Sir Everard's reception in this family was, as it may be easily conceived, sufficiently favourable; but of the six young ladies, his taste unfortunately determined him in favour of Lady Emily, the youngest, who received his attentions with an embarrassment which showed at once that she durst not decline them, and that they afforded her anything but pleasure.

Sir Everard could not but perceive something uncommon in the restrained emotions which the young lady testified at the advances he hazarded; but, assured by the prudent Countess that they were the natural effects of a retired education, the sacrifice might have been completed, as doubtless has happened in many similar instances, had it not been for the courage of an elder sister, who revealed to the wealthy suitor that Lady Emily's affections were fixed upon a young soldier of fortune, a near relation of her own. Sir Everard manifested great emotion on receiving this intelligence, which was confirmed to him, in a private interview, by the young lady herself, although under the most dreadful apprehensions of her father's indignation.

Honour and generosity were hereditary attributes of the house of Waverley. With a grace and delicacy worthy the hero of a romance, Sir Everard withdrew his claim to the hand of Lady Emily. He had even, before leaving Blandeville Castle, the address to extort from her father a consent to her union with the object of her choice. What arguments he used on this point cannot exactly be known, for Sir Everard was never supposed strong in the powers of persuasion; but the young officer, immediately after this transaction, rose in the army with a rapidity far surpassing the usual pace of unpatronised professional merit, although, to outward appearance, that was all he had to depend upon.

The shock which Sir Everard encountered upon this occasion, although diminished by the consciousness of having acted

virtuously and generously, had its effect upon his future life. His resolution of marriage had been adopted in a fit of indignation; the labour of courtship did not quite suit the dignified indolence of his habits; he had but just escaped the risk of marrying a woman who could never love him, and his pride could not be greatly flattered by the termination of his amour, even if his heart had not suffered. The result of the whole matter was his return to Waverley-Honour without any transfer of his affections, notwithstanding the sighs and languishments of the fair tell-tale, who had revealed, in mere sisterly affection, the secret of Lady Emily's attachment, and in despite of the nods, winks, and innuendoes of the officious lady mother, and the grave eulogiums which the Earl pronounced successively on the prudence, and good sense, and admirable dispositions, of his first, second, third, fourth, and fifth daughters. The memory of his unsuccessful amour was with Sir Everard, as with many more of his temper, at once shy, proud, sensitive, and indolent, a beacon against exposing himself to similar mortification, pain, and fruitless exertion for the time to come. He continued to live at Waverley-Honour in the style of an old English gentleman, of an ancient descent and opulent fortune. His sister, Miss Rachel Waverley, presided at his table; and they became, by degrees, an old bachelor and an ancient maiden lady, the gentlest and kindest of the votaries of celibacy.

The vehemence of Sir Everard's resentment against his brother was but short-lived; yet his dislike to the Whig and the placeman, though unable to stimulate him to resume any active measures prejudicial to Richard's interest, in the succession to the family estate, continued to maintain the coldness between them. Richard knew enough of the world, and of his brother's temper, to believe that by any ill-considered or precipitate advances on his part, he might turn passive dislike into a more active principle. It was accident, therefore, which at length occasioned a renewal of their intercourse. Richard had married a young woman of rank, by whose family interest and private fortune he hoped to advance his career. In her right he became possessor of a manor of some value, at the distance of a few miles from Waverley-Honour.

Little Edward, the hero of our tale, then in his fifth year, was their only child. It chanced that the infant with his maid had strayed one morning to a mile's distance from the avenue of Brere-wood Lodge, his father's seat. Their attention was

attracted by a carriage drawn by six stately long-tailed black horses, and with as much carving and gilding as would have done honour to my lord mayor's. It was waiting for the owner, who was at a little distance inspecting the progress of a half-built farm-house. I know not whether the boy's nurse had been a Welsh or a Scotch-woman, or in what manner he associated a shield emblazoned with three ermines with the idea of personal property, but he no sooner beheld this family emblem than he stoutly determined on vindicating his right to the splendid vehicle on which it was displayed. The Baronet arrived while the boy's maid was in vain endeavouring to make him desist from his determination to appropriate the gilded coach and six. The *rencontre* was at a happy moment for Edward, as his uncle had been just eyeing wistfully, with something of a feeling like envy, the chubby boys of the stout yeoman whose mansion was building by his direction. In the round-faced rosy cherub before him, bearing his eye and his name, and vindicating a hereditary title to his family, affection, and patronage, by means of a tie which Sir Everard held as sacred as either Garter or Blue-mantle, Providence seemed to have granted to him the very object best calculated to fill up the void in his hopes and affections. Sir Everard returned to Waverley-Hall upon a led horse, which was kept in readiness for him, while the child and his attendant were sent home in the carriage to Brere-wood Lodge, with such a message as opened to Richard Waverley a door of reconciliation with his elder brother.

Their intercourse, however, though thus renewed, continued to be rather formal and civil than partaking of brotherly cordiality; yet it was sufficient to the wishes of both parties. Sir Everard obtained, in the frequent society of his little nephew, something on which his hereditary pride might found the anticipated pleasure of a continuation of his lineage, and where his kind and gentle affections could at the same time fully exercise themselves. For Richard Waverley, he beheld in the growing attachment between the uncle and nephew the means of securing his son's, if not his own, succession to the hereditary estate, which he felt would be rather endangered than promoted by any attempt on his own part towards a closer intimacy with a man of Sir Everard's habits and opinions.

Thus, by a sort of tacit compromise, little Edward was permitted to pass the greater part of the year at the Hall, and

appeared to stand in the same intimate relation to both families, although their mutual intercourse was otherwise limited to formal messages and more formal visits. The education of the youth was regulated alternately by the taste and opinions of his uncle and of his father. But more of this in a subsequent chapter.

## CHAPTER III

### *Education*

THE education of our hero, Edward Waverley, was of a nature somewhat desultory. In infancy his health suffered, or was supposed to suffer (which is quite the same thing), by the air of London. As soon, therefore, as official duties, attendance on Parliament, or the prosecution of any of his plans of interest or ambition, called his father to town, which was his usual residence for eight months in the year, Edward was transferred to Waverley-Honour, and experienced a total change of instructors and of lessons, as well as of residence. This might have been remedied had his father placed him under the superintendence of a permanent tutor. But he considered that one of his choosing would probably have been unacceptable at Waverley-Honour, and that such a selection as Sir Everard might have made, were the matter left to him, would have burdened him with a disagreeable inmate, if not a political spy, in his family. He therefore prevailed upon his private secretary, a young man of taste and accomplishments, to bestow an hour or two on Edward's education while at Brerewood Lodge, and left his uncle answerable for his improvement in literature while an inmate at the Hall.

This was in some degree respectably provided for. Sir Everard's chaplain, an Oxonian, who had lost his fellowship for declining to take the oaths at the accession of George I., was not only an excellent classical scholar, but reasonably skilled in science, and master of most modern languages. He was, however, old and indulgent, and the recurring interregnum, during which Edward was entirely freed from his discipline, occasioned such a relaxation of authority, that the youth was permitted, in a great measure, to learn as he pleased, what he pleased, and when he pleased. This slackness of rule might have been ruinous to a boy of slow understanding, who, feeling

labour in the acquisition of knowledge, would have altogether neglected it, save for the command of a task-master; and it might have proved equally dangerous to a youth whose animal spirits were more powerful than his imagination or his feelings, and whom the irresistible influence of Alma would have engaged in field-sports from morning till night. But the character of Edward Waverley was remote from either of these. His powers of apprehension were so uncommonly quick as almost to resemble intuition, and the chief care of his preceptor was to prevent him, as a sportsman would phrase it, from overrunning his game—that is, from acquiring his knowledge in a slight, flimsy, and inadequate manner. And here the instructor had to combat another propensity too often united with brilliancy of fancy and vivacity of talent—that indolence, namely, of disposition, which can only be stirred by some strong motive of gratification, and which renounces study as soon as curiosity is gratified, the pleasure of conquering the first difficulties exhausted, and the novelty of pursuit at an end. Edward would throw himself with spirit upon any classical author of which his preceptor proposed the perusal, make himself master of the style so far as to understand the story, and, if that pleased or interested him, he finished the volume. But it was in vain to attempt fixing his attention on critical distinctions of philology, upon the difference of idiom, the beauty of felicitous expression, or the artificial combinations of syntax. ‘I can read and understand a Latin author,’ said young Edward, with the self-confidence and rash reasoning of fifteen, ‘and Scaliger or Bentley could not do much more.’ Alas! while he was thus permitted to read only for the gratification of his amusement, he foresaw not that he was losing for ever the opportunity of acquiring habits of firm and assiduous application, of gaining the art of controlling, directing, and concentrating the powers of his mind for earnest investigation—an art far more essential than even that intimate acquaintance with classical learning which is the primary object of study.

I am aware I may be here reminded of the necessity of rendering instruction agreeable to youth, and of Tasso’s infusion of honey into the medicine prepared for a child; but an age in which children are taught the driest doctrines by the insinuating method of instructive games, has little reason to dread the consequences of study being rendered too serious or severe. The history of England is now reduced to a game at cards, the problems of mathematics to puzzles and riddles, and the

doctrines of arithmetic may, we are assured, be sufficiently acquired by spending a few hours a-week at a new and complicated edition of the Royal Game of the Goose. There wants but one step further, and the Creed and Ten Commandments may be taught in the same manner, without the necessity of the grave face, deliberate tone of recital, and devout attention, hitherto exacted from the well-governed childhood of this realm. It may, in the meantime, be subject of serious consideration, whether those who are accustomed only to acquire instruction through the medium of amusement may not be brought to reject that which approaches under the aspect of study; whether those who learn history by the cards may not be led to prefer the means to the end; and whether, were we to teach religion in the way of sport, our pupils may not thereby be gradually induced to make sport of their religion. To our young hero, who was permitted to seek his instruction only according to the bent of his own mind, and who, of consequence, only sought it so long as it afforded him amusement, the indulgence of his tutors was attended with evil consequences, which long continued to influence his character, happiness, and utility.

Edward's power of imagination and love of literature, although the former was vivid and the latter ardent, were so far from affording a remedy to this peculiar evil, that they rather inflamed and increased its violence. The library at Waverley-Honour, a large Gothic room, with double arches and a gallery, contained such a miscellaneous and extensive collection of volumes as had been assembled together, during the course of two hundred years, by a family which had been always wealthy, and inclined, of course, as a mark of splendour, to furnish their shelves with the current literature of the day, without much scrutiny or nicety of discrimination. Throughout this ample realm Edward was permitted to roam at large. His tutor had his own studies; and church politics and controversial divinity, together with a love of learned ease, though they did not withdraw his attention at stated times from the progress of his patron's presumptive heir, induced him readily to grasp at any apology for not extending a strict and regulated survey towards his general studies. Sir Everard had never been himself a student, and, like his sister Miss Rachel Waverley, held the common doctrine, that idleness is incompatible with reading of any kind; and that the mere tracing the alphabetical characters with the eye is in itself a useful and meritorious task, without scrupulously considering what ideas or doctrines they may

happen to convey. With a desire of amusement, therefore, which better discipline might soon have converted into a thirst for knowledge, young Waverley drove through the sea of books like a vessel without a pilot or a rudder. Nothing perhaps increases by indulgence more than a desultory habit of reading, especially under such opportunities of gratifying it. I believe one reason why such numerous instances of erudition occur among the lower ranks is, that, with the same powers of mind, the poor student is limited to a narrow circle for indulging his passion for books, and must necessarily make himself master of the few he possesses ere he can acquire more. Edward, on the contrary, like the epicure who only deigned to take a single morsel from the sunny side of a peach, read no volume a moment after it ceased to excite his curiosity or interest; and it necessarily happened, that the habit of seeking only this sort of gratification rendered it daily more difficult of attainment, till the passion for reading, like other strong appetites, produced by indulgence a sort of satiety.

Ere he attained this indifference, however, he had read, and stored in a memory of uncommon tenacity, much curious, though ill-arranged and miscellaneous information. In English literature he was master of Shakspeare and Milton, of our earlier dramatic authors, of many picturesque and interesting passages from our old historical chronicles, and was particularly well acquainted with Spenser, Drayton, and other poets who have exercised themselves on romantic fiction, of all themes the most fascinating to a youthful imagination, before the passions have roused themselves and demand poetry of a more sentimental description. In this respect his acquaintance with Italian opened him yet a wider range. He had perused the numerous romantic poems, which, from the days of Pulci, have been a favourite exercise of the wits of Italy, and had sought gratification in the numerous collections of *novelle*, which were brought forth by the genius of that elegant though luxurious nation, in emulation of the Decameron. In classical literature, Waverley had made the usual progress, and read the usual authors; and the French had afforded him an almost exhaustless collection of memoirs, scarcely more faithful than romances, and of romances so well written as hardly to be distinguished from memoirs. The splendid pages of Froissart, with his heart-stirring and eye-dazzling descriptions of war and of tournaments, were among his chief favourites; and from those of Brantôme and De la Noue he learned to compare the wild and loose, yet superstitious,



character of the nobles of the League with the stern, rigid, and sometimes turbulent disposition of the Huguenot party. The Spanish had contributed to his stock of chivalrous and romantic lore. The earlier literature of the northern nations did not escape the study of one who read rather to awaken the imagination than to benefit the understanding. And yet, knowing much that is known but to few, Edward Waverley might justly be considered as ignorant, since he knew little of what adds dignity to man, and qualifies him to support and adorn an elevated situation in society.

The occasional attention of his parents might indeed have been of service to prevent the dissipation of mind incidental to such a desultory course of reading. But his mother died in the seventh year after the reconciliation between the brothers, and Richard Waverley himself, who, after this event, resided more constantly in London, was too much interested in his own plans of wealth and ambition to notice more respecting Edward than that he was of a very bookish turn, and probably destined to be a bishop. If he could have discovered and analysed his son's waking dreams, he would have formed a very different conclusion.

## CHAPTER IV

### *Castle-Building*

I HAVE already hinted that the dainty, squeamish, and fastidious taste acquired by a surfeit of idle reading had not only rendered our hero unfit for serious and sober study, but had even disgusted him in some degree with that in which he had hitherto indulged.

He was in his sixteenth year when his habits of abstraction and love of solitude became so much marked as to excite Sir Everard's affectionate apprehension. He tried to counterbalance these propensities by engaging his nephew in field-sports, which had been the chief pleasure of his own youthful days. But although Edward eagerly carried the gun for one season, yet when practice had given him some dexterity, the pastime ceased to afford him amusement.

In the succeeding spring, the perusal of old Isaac Walton's fascinating volume determined Edward to become 'a brother of the angle.' But of all diversions which ingenuity ever devised for the relief of idleness, fishing is the worst qualified to amuse a man who is at once indolent and impatient; and our hero's rod was speedily flung aside. Society and example, which, more than any other motives, master and sway the natural bent of our passions, might have had their usual effect upon the youthful visionary. But the neighbourhood was thinly inhabited, and the home-bred young squires whom it afforded were not of a class fit to form Edward's usual companions, far less to excite him to emulation in the practice of those pastimes which composed the serious business of their lives.

There were a few other youths of better education and a more liberal character, but from their society also our hero was in some degree excluded. Sir Everard had, upon the death of Queen Anne, resigned his seat in Parliament, and, as his age increased and the number of his contemporaries diminished,

had gradually withdrawn himself from society ; so that when, upon any particular occasion, Edward mingled with accomplished and well-educated young men of his own rank and expectations, he felt an inferiority in their company, not so much from deficiency of information, as from the want of the skill to command and to arrange that which he possessed. A deep and increasing sensibility added to this dislike of society. The idea of having committed the slightest solecism in politeness, whether real or imaginary, was agony to him ; for perhaps even guilt itself does not impose upon some minds so keen a sense of shame and remorse, as a modest, sensitive, and inexperienced youth feels from the consciousness of having neglected etiquette or excited ridicule. Where we are not at ease, we cannot be happy ; and therefore it is not surprising that Edward Waverley supposed that he disliked and was unfitted for society, merely because he had not yet acquired the habit of living in it with ease and comfort, and of reciprocally giving and receiving pleasure.

The hours he spent with his uncle and aunt were exhausted in listening to the oft-repeated tale of narrative old age. Yet even there his imagination, the predominant faculty of his mind, was frequently excited. Family tradition and genealogical history, upon which much of Sir Everard's discourse turned, is the very reverse of amber, which, itself a valuable substance, usually includes flies, straws, and other trifles ; whereas these studies, being themselves very insignificant and trifling, do nevertheless serve to perpetuate a great deal of what is rare and valuable in ancient manners, and to record many curious and minute facts which could have been preserved and conveyed through no other medium. If, therefore, Edward Waverley yawned at times over the dry deduction of his line of ancestors, with their various intermarriages, and inwardly deprecated the remorseless and protracted accuracy with which the worthy Sir Everard rehearsed the various degrees of propinquity between the house of Waverley-Honour and the doughty barons, knights, and squires to whom they stood allied ; if (notwithstanding his obligations to the three ermines passant) he sometimes cursed in his heart the jargon of heraldry, its griffins, its mold-warps, its wyverns, and its dragons, with all the bitterness of Hotspur himself, there were moments when these communications interested his fancy and rewarded his attention.

The deeds of Wilibert of Waverley in the Holy Land, his long absence and perilous adventures, his supposed death, and his return on the evening when the betrothed of his heart had

wedded the hero who had protected her from insult and oppression during his absence; the generosity with which the Crusader relinquished his claims, and sought in a neighbouring cloister that peace which passeth not away;<sup>1</sup> — to these and similar tales he would hearken till his heart glowed and his eye glistened. Nor was he less affected when his aunt, Mrs. Rachel, narrated the sufferings and fortitude of Lady Alice Waverley during the Great Civil War. The benevolent features of the venerable spinster kindled into more majestic expression as she told how Charles had, after the field of Worcester, found a day's refuge at Waverley-Honour, and how, when a troop of cavalry were approaching to search the mansion, Lady Alice dismissed her youngest son with a handful of domestics, charging them to make good with their lives an hour's diversion, that the king might have that space for escape. 'And, God help her,' would Mrs. Rachel continue, fixing her eyes upon the heroine's portrait as she spoke, 'full dearly did she purchase the safety of her prince with the life of her darling child. They brought him here a prisoner, mortally wounded; and you may trace the drops of his blood from the great hall door along the little gallery, and up to the saloon, where they laid him down to die at his mother's feet. But there was comfort exchanged between them; for he knew, from the glance of his mother's eye, that the purpose of his desperate defence was attained. Ah! I remember,' she continued, 'I remember well to have seen one that knew and loved him. Miss Lucy St. Aubin lived and died a maid for his sake, though one of the most beautiful and wealthy matches in this country; all the world ran after her, but she wore widow's mourning all her life for poor William, for they were betrothed though not married, and died in — I cannot think of the date; but I remember, in the November of that very year, when she found herself sinking, she desired to be brought to Waverley-Honour once more, and visited all the places where she had been with my grand-uncle, and caused the carpets to be raised that she might trace the impression of his blood, and if tears could have washed it out, it had not been there now; for there was not a dry eye in the house. You would have thought, Edward, that the very trees mourned for her, for their leaves dropt around her without a gust of wind; and, indeed, she looked like one that would never see them green again.'

From such legends our hero would steal away to indulge the

<sup>1</sup> See The Bradshaigh Legend. Note 2.

fancies they excited. In the corner of the large and sombre library, with no other light than was afforded by the decaying brands on its ponderous and ample hearth, he would exercise for hours that internal sorcery by which past or imaginary events are presented in action, as it were, to the eye of the muser. Then arose in long and fair array the splendour of the bridal feast at Waverley-Castle; the tall and emaciated form of its real lord, as he stood in his pilgrim's weeds, an unnoticed spectator of the festivities of his supposed heir and intended bride; the electrical shock occasioned by the discovery; the springing of the vassals to arms; the astonishment of the bridegroom; the terror and confusion of the bride; the agony with which Wilibert observed that her heart as well as consent was in these nuptials; the air of dignity, yet of deep feeling, with which he flung down the half-drawn sword, and turned away for ever from the house of his ancestors. Then would he change the scene, and fancy would at his wish represent Aunt Rachel's tragedy. He saw the Lady Waverley seated in her bower, her ear strained to every sound, her heart throbbing with double agony, now listening to the decaying echo of the hoofs of the king's horse, and when that had died away, hearing in every breeze that shook the trees of the park, the noise of the remote skirmish. A distant sound is heard like the rushing of a swoln stream; it comes nearer, and Edward can plainly distinguish the galloping of horses, the cries and shouts of men, with straggling pistol-shots between, rolling forwards to the Hall. The lady starts up — a terrified menial rushes in — but why pursue such a description?

As living in this ideal world became daily more delectable to our hero, interruption was disagreeable in proportion. The extensive domain that surrounded the Hall, which, far exceeding the dimensions of a park, was usually termed Waverley-Chase, had originally been forest ground, and still, though broken by extensive glades, in which the young deer were sporting, retained its pristine and savage character. It was traversed by broad avenues, in many places half grown up with brushwood, where the beauties of former days used to take their stand to see the stag coursed with greyhounds, or to gain an aim at him with the crossbow. In one spot, distinguished by a moss-grown Gothic monument, which retained the name of Queen's Standing, Elizabeth herself was said to have pierced seven bucks with her own arrows. This was a very favourite haunt of Waverley. At other times, with his gun and his spaniel, which served as

an apology to others, and with a book in his pocket, which perhaps served as an apology to himself, he used to pursue one of these long avenues, which, after an ascending sweep of four miles, gradually narrowed into a rude and contracted path through the clifly and woody pass called Mirkwood Dingle, and opened suddenly upon a deep, dark, and small lake, named, from the same cause, Mirkwood-Mere. There stood, in former times, a solitary tower upon a rock almost surrounded by the water, which had acquired the name of the Strength of Waverley, because in perilous times it had often been the refuge of the family. There, in the wars of York and Lancaster, the last adherents of the Red Rose who dared to maintain her cause carried on a harassing and predatory warfare, till the stronghold was reduced by the celebrated Richard of Gloucester. Here, too, a party of Cavaliers long maintained themselves under Nigel Waverley, elder brother of that William whose fate Aunt Rachel commemorated. Through these scenes it was that Edward loved to 'chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy,' and, like a child among his toys, culled and arranged, from the splendid yet useless imagery and emblems with which his imagination was stored, visions as brilliant and as fading as those of an evening sky. The effect of this indulgence upon his temper and character will appear in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER V

### *Choice of a Profession*

FROM the minuteness with which I have traced Waverley's pursuits, and the bias which these unavoidably communicated to his imagination, the reader may perhaps anticipate, in the following tale, an imitation of the romance of Cervantes. But he will do my prudence injustice in the supposition. My intention is not to follow the steps of that inimitable author, in describing such total perversion of intellect as misconstrues the objects actually presented to the senses, but that more common aberration from sound judgment, which apprehends occurrences indeed in their reality, but communicates to them a tincture of its own romantic tone and colouring. So far was Edward Waverley from expecting general sympathy with his own feelings, or concluding that the present state of things was calculated to exhibit the reality of those visions in which he loved to indulge, that he dreaded nothing more than the detection of such sentiments as were dictated by his musings. He neither had nor wished to have a confidant, with whom to communicate his reveries ; and so sensible was he of the ridicule attached to them, that, had he been to choose between any punishment short of ignominy, and the necessity of giving a cold and composed account of the ideal world in which he lived the better part of his days, I think he would not have hesitated to prefer the former infliction. This secrecy became doubly precious as he felt in advancing life the influence of the awakening passions. Female forms of exquisite grace and beauty began to mingle in his mental adventures ; nor was he long without looking abroad to compare the creatures of his own imagination with the females of actual life.

The list of the beauties who displayed their hebdomadal finery at the parish church of Waverley was neither numerous nor select. By far the most passable was Miss Sissly, or, as

she rather chose to be called, Miss Cecilia Stubbs, daughter of Squire Stubbs at the Grange. I know not whether it was by the 'merest accident in the world,' a phrase which, from female lips, does not always exclude malice prepense, or whether it was from a conformity of taste, that Miss Cecilia more than once crossed Edward in his favourite walks through Waverley-Chase. He had not as yet assumed courage to accost her on these occasions; but the meeting was not without its effect. A romantic lover is a strange idolater, who sometimes cares not out of what log he frames the object of his adoration; at least, if nature has given that object any passable proportion of personal charms, he can easily play the Jeweller and Dervise in the Oriental tale,<sup>1</sup> and supply her richly, out of the stores of his own imagination, with supernatural beauty, and all the properties of intellectual wealth.

But ere the charms of Miss Cecilia Stubbs had erected her into a positive goddess, or elevated her at least to a level with the saint her namesake, Mrs. Rachel Waverley gained some intimation which determined her to prevent the approaching apotheosis. Even the most simple and unsuspecting of the female sex have (God bless them!) an instinctive sharpness of perception in such matters, which sometimes goes the length of observing partialities that never existed, but rarely misses to detect such a pass actually under their observation. Mrs. Rachel applied herself with great prudence, not to combat, but to elude, the approaching danger, and suggested to her brother the necessity that the heir of his house should see something more of the world than was consistent with constant residence at Waverley-Honour.

Sir Everard would not at first listen to a proposal which went to separate his nephew from him. Edward was a little bookish, he admitted; but youth, he had always heard, was the season for learning, and, no doubt, when his rage for letters was abated, and his head fully stocked with knowledge, his nephew would take to field-sports and country business. He had often, he said, himself regretted that he had not spent some time in study during his youth: he would neither have shot nor hunted with less skill, and he might have made the roof of St. Stephen's echo to longer orations than were comprised in those zealous Noes, with which, when a member of the House during Godolphin's administration, he encountered every measure of government.

<sup>1</sup> See Hoppner's tale of *The Seven Lovers*.



Aunt Rachel's anxiety, however, lent her address to carry her point. Every representative of their house had visited foreign parts, or served his country in the army, before he settled for life at Waverley-Honour, and she appealed for the truth of her assertion to the genealogical pedigree, an authority which Sir Everard was never known to contradict. In short, a proposal was made to Mr. Richard Waverley, that his son should travel, under the direction of his present tutor, Mr. Pembroke, with a suitable allowance from the Baronet's liberality. The father himself saw no objection to this overture; but upon mentioning it casually at the table of the minister, the great man looked grave. The reason was explained in private. The unhappy turn of Sir Everard's politics, the minister observed, was such as would render it highly improper that a young gentleman of such hopeful prospects should travel on the Continent with a tutor doubtless of his uncle's choosing, and directing his course by his instructions. What might Mr. Edward Waverley's society be at Paris, what at Rome, where all manner of snares were spread by the Pretender and his sons — these were points for Mr. Waverley to consider. This he could himself say, that he knew his Majesty had such a just sense of Mr. Richard Waverley's merits, that, if his son adopted the army for a few years, a troop, he believed, might be reckoned upon in one of the dragoon regiments lately returned from Flanders.

A hint thus conveyed and enforced was not to be neglected with impunity; and Richard Waverley, though with great dread of shocking his brother's prejudices, deemed he could not avoid accepting the commission thus offered him for his son. The truth is, he calculated much, and justly, upon Sir Everard's fondness for Edward, which made him unlikely to resent any step that he might take in due submission to parental authority. Two letters announced this determination to the Baronet and his nephew. The latter barely communicated the fact, and pointed out the necessary preparations for joining his regiment. To his brother, Richard was more diffuse and circuitous. He coincided with him, in the most flattering manner, in the propriety of his son's seeing a little more of the world, and was even humble in expressions of gratitude for his proposed assistance; was, however, deeply concerned that it was now, unfortunately, not in Edward's power exactly to comply with the plan which had been chalked out by his best friend and benefactor. He himself had thought with pain on the boy's inactivity, at an age when all his ancestors had

borne arms ; even Royalty itself had deigned to inquire whether young Waverley was not now in Flanders, at an age when his grandfather was already bleeding for his king in the Great Civil War. This was accompanied by an offer of a troop of horse. What could he do ? There was no time to consult his brother's inclinations, even if he could have conceived there might be objections on his part to his nephew's following the glorious career of his predecessors. And, in short, that Edward was now (the intermediate steps of cornet and lieutenant being overleapt with great agility) Captain Waverley, of Gardiner's regiment of dragoons, which he must join in their quarters at Dundee in Scotland, in the course of a month.

Sir Everard Waverley received this intimation with a mixture of feelings. At the period of the Hanoverian succession he had withdrawn from parliament, and his conduct, in the memorable year 1715, had not been altogether unsuspected. There were reports of private musters of tenants and horses in Waverley-Chase by moonlight, and of cases of carbines and pistols purchased in Holland, and addressed to the Baronet, but intercepted by the vigilance of a riding officer of the excise, who was afterwards tossed in a blanket on a moonless night, by an association of stout yeomen, for his officiousness. Nay, it was even said, that at the arrest of Sir William Wyndham, the leader of the Tory party, a letter from Sir Everard was found in the pocket of his night-gown. But there was no overt act which an attainder could be founded on, and government, contented with suppressing the insurrection of 1715, felt it neither prudent nor safe to push their vengeance farther than against those unfortunate gentlemen who actually took up arms.

Nor did Sir Everard's apprehensions of personal consequences seem to correspond with the reports spread among his Whig neighbours. It was well known that he had supplied with money several of the distressed Northumbrians and Scotchmen, who, after being made prisoners at Preston in Lancashire, were imprisoned in Newgate and the Marshalsea, and it was his solicitor and ordinary counsel who conducted the defence of some of these unfortunate gentlemen at their trial. It was generally supposed, however, that, had ministers possessed any real proof of Sir Everard's accession to the rebellion, he either would not have ventured thus to brave the existing government, or at least would not have done so with impunity. The feelings which then dictated his proceedings were those of a young man, and at an agitating period. Since that time Sir

Everard's Jacobitism had been gradually decaying, like a fire which burns out for want of fuel. His Tory and High-Church principles were kept up by some occasional exercise at elections and quarter-sessions; but those respecting hereditary right were fallen into a sort of abeyance. Yet it jarred severely upon his feelings, that his nephew should go into the army under the Brunswick dynasty; and the more so, as, independent of his high and conscientious ideas of paternal authority, it was impossible, or at least highly imprudent, to interfere authoritatively to prevent it. This suppressed vexation gave rise to many poohs and pshaws, which were placed to the account of an incipient fit of gout, until, having sent for the Army List, the worthy Baronet consoled himself with reckoning the descendants of the houses of genuine loyalty, Mordaunts, Granvilles, and Stanleys, whose names were to be found in that military record; and, calling up all his feelings of family grandeur and warlike glory, he concluded, with logic something like Falstaff's, that when war was at hand, although it were shame to be on any side but one, it were worse shame to be idle than to be on the worst side, though blacker than usurpation could make it. As for Aunt Rachel, her scheme had not exactly terminated according to her wishes, but she was under the necessity of submitting to circumstances; and her mortification was diverted by the employment she found in fitting out her nephew for the campaign, and greatly consoled by the prospect of beholding him blaze in complete uniform.

Edward Waverley himself received with animated and undefined surprise this most unexpected intelligence. It was, as a fine old poem expresses it, 'like a fire to heather set,' that covers a solitary hill with smoke, and illumines it at the same time with dusky fire. His tutor, or, I should say, Mr. Pembroke, for he scarce assumed the name of tutor, picked up about Edward's room some fragments of irregular verse, which he appeared to have composed under the influence of the agitating feelings occasioned by this sudden page being turned up to him in the book of life. The doctor, who was a believer in all poetry which was composed by his friends, and written out in fair straight lines, with a capital at the beginning of each, communicated this treasure to Aunt Rachel, who, with her spectacles dimmed with tears, transferred them to her commonplace book, among choice receipts for cookery and medicine, favourite texts, and portions from High-Church divines, and a few songs, amatory and Jacobitical, which she

had carolled in her younger days, from whence her nephew's poetical *tentamina* were extracted when the volume itself, with other authentic records of the Waverley family, were exposed to the inspection of the unworthy editor of this memorable history. If they afford the reader no higher amusement, they will serve, at least, better than narrative of any kind, to acquaint him with the wild and irregular spirit of our hero :—

Late, when the Autumn evening fell  
On Mirkwood-Mere's romantic dell,  
The lake return'd, in chasten'd gleam,  
The purple cloud, the golden beam :  
Reflected in the crystal pool,  
Headland and bank lay fair and cool ;  
The weather-tinted rock and tower,  
Each drooping tree, each fairy flower,  
So true, so soft, the mirror gave,  
As if there lay beneath the wave,  
Secure from trouble, toil, and care,  
A world than earthly world more fair.

But distant winds began to wake,  
And roused the Genius of the Lake !  
He heard the groaning of the oak,  
And donn'd at once his sable cloak,  
As warrior, at the battle-ery,  
Invests him with his panoply :  
Then, as the whirlwind nearer press'd  
He 'gan to shake his foamy crest  
O'er furrow'd brow and blacken'd cheek,  
And bade his surge in thunder speak.  
In wild and broken eddies whirl'd  
Flitted that fond ideal world,  
And to the shore in tumult tost  
The realms of fairy bliss were lost.

Yet, with a stern delight and strange,  
I saw the spirit-stirring change.  
As warr'd the wind with wave and wood,  
Upon the ruin'd tower I stood,  
And felt my heart more strongly bound,  
Responsive to the lofty sound,  
While, joying in the mighty roar,  
I mourn'd that tranquil scene no more.

So, on the idle dreams of youth,  
Breaks the loud trumpet-call of truth,  
Bids each fair vision pass away,  
Like landscape on the lake that lay,  
As fair, as flitting, and as frail,  
As that which fled the Autumn gale —  
For ever dead to fancy's eye  
Be each gay form that glided by,  
While dreams of love and lady's charms  
Give place to honour and to arms !

In sober prose, as perhaps these verses intimate less decidedly, the transient idea of Miss Cecilia Stubbs passed from Captain Waverley's heart amid the turmoil which his new destinies excited. She appeared, indeed, in full splendour in her father's pew upon the Sunday when he attended service for the last time at the old parish church, upon which occasion, at the request of his uncle and Aunt Rachel, he was induced (nothing loth, if the truth must be told) to present himself in full uniform.

There is no better antidote against entertaining too high an opinion of others than having an excellent one of ourselves at the very same time. Miss Stubbs had indeed summoned up every assistance which art could afford to beauty; but, alas! hoop, patches, frizzled locks, and a new mantua of genuine French silk, were lost upon a young officer of dragoons who wore for the first time his gold-laced hat, jack-boots, and broadsword. I know not whether, like the champion of an old ballad,

His heart was all on honour bent,  
He could not stoop to love;  
No lady in the land had power  
His frozen heart to move;

or whether the deep and flaming bars of embroidered gold, which now fenced his breast, defied the artillery of Cecilia's eyes; but every arrow was launched at him in vain.

Yet did I mark where Cupid's shaft did light;  
It lighted not on little western flower,  
But on bold yeoman, flower of all the west,  
Hight Jonas Culbertfield, the steward's son.

Craving pardon for my heroics (which I am unable in certain cases to resist giving way to), it is a melancholy fact, that my history must here take leave of the fair Cecilia, who, like many a daughter of Eve, after the departure of Edward, and the dissipation of certain idle visions which she had adopted, quietly contented herself with a *pis-aller*, and gave her hand, at the distance of six months, to the aforesaid Jonas, son of the Baronet's steward, and heir (no unfertile prospect) to a steward's fortune, besides the snug probability of succeeding to his father's office. All these advantages moved Squire Stubbs, as much as the ruddy brow and manly form of the suitor influenced his daughter, to abate somewhat in the article of their gentry; and so the match was concluded. None

seemed more gratified than Aunt Rachel, who had hitherto looked rather askance upon the presumptuous damsel (as much so, peradventure, as her nature would permit), but who, on the first appearance of the new-married pair at church, honoured the bride with a smile and a profound courtesy, in presence of the rector, the curate, the clerk, and the whole congregation of the united parishes of Waverley *cum* Beverley.

I beg pardon, once and for all, of those readers who take up novels merely for amusement, for plaguing them so long with old-fashioned politics, and Whig and Tory, and Hanoverians and Jacobites. The truth is, I cannot promise them that this story shall be intelligible, not to say probable, without it. My plan requires that I should explain the motives on which its action proceeded; and these motives necessarily arose from the feelings, prejudices, and parties of the times. I do not invite my fair readers, whose sex and impatience give them the greatest right to complain of these circumstances, into a flying chariot drawn by hippogriffs, or moved by enchantment. Mine is a humble English post-chaise, drawn upon four wheels, and keeping his Majesty's highway. Such as dislike the vehicle may leave it at the next halt, and wait for the conveyance of Prince Hussein's tapestry, or Malek the Weaver's flying sentry-box. Those who are contented to remain with me will be occasionally exposed to the dulness inseparable from heavy roads, steep hills, sloughs, and other terrestrial retardations; but, with tolerable horses and a civil driver (as the advertisements have it), I engage to get as soon as possible into a more picturesque and romantic country, if my passengers incline to have some patience with me during my first stages.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> These Introductory Chapters have been a good deal censured as tedious and unnecessary. Yet there are circumstances recorded in them which the author has not been able to persuade himself to retrench or cancel.

## CHAPTER VI

### *The Adieus of Waverley*

IT was upon the evening of this memorable Sunday that Sir Everard entered the library, where he narrowly missed surprising our young hero as he went through the guards of the broadsword with the ancient weapon of old Sir Hildebrand, which, being preserved as an heirloom, usually hung over the chimney in the library, beneath a picture of the knight and his horse, where the features were almost entirely hidden by the knight's profusion of curled hair, and the Bucephalus which he bestrode concealed by the voluminous robes of the Bath with which he was decorated. Sir Everard entered, and after a glance at the picture and another at his nephew, began a little speech, which, however, soon dropt into the natural simplicity of his common manner, agitated upon the present occasion by no common feeling. 'Nephew,' he said; and then, as mending his phrase, 'My dear Edward, it is God's will, and also the will of your father, whom, under God, it is your duty to obey, that you should leave us to take up the profession of arms, in which so many of your ancestors have been distinguished. I have made such arrangements as will enable you to take the field as their descendant, and as the probable heir of the house of Waverley; and, sir, in the field of battle you will remember what name you bear. And, Edward, my dear boy, remember also that you are the last of that race, and the only hope of its revival depends upon you; therefore, as far as duty and honour will permit, avoid danger—I mean unnecessary danger—and keep no company with rakes, gamblers, and Whigs; of whom, it is to be feared, there are but too many in the service into which you are going. Your colonel, as I am informed, is an excellent man—for a Presbyterian; but you will remember your duty to God, the Church of England, and the'—— (this breach ought to have been supplied, according to the rubric,

with the word *king*; but as, unfortunately, that word conveyed a double and embarrassing sense, one meaning *de facto* and the other *de jure*, the knight filled up the blank otherwise) — ‘the Church of England, and all constituted authorities.’ Then, not trusting himself with any further oratory, he carried his nephew to his stables to see the horses destined for his campaign. Two were black (the regimental colour), superb chargers both; the other three were stout active hacks, designed for the road, or for his domestics, of whom two were to attend him from the Hall; an additional groom, if necessary, might be picked up in Scotland.

‘You will depart with but a small retinue,’ quoth the Baronet, ‘compared to Sir Hildebrand, when he mustered before the gate of the Hall a larger body of horse than your whole regiment consists of. I could have wished that these twenty young fellows from my estate, who have enlisted in your troop, had been to march with you on your journey to Scotland. It would have been something, at least; but I am told their attendance would be thought unusual in these days, when every new and foolish fashion is introduced to break the natural dependence of the people upon their landlords.’

Sir Everard had done his best to correct this unnatural disposition of the times; for he had brightened the chain of attachment between the recruits and their young captain, not only by a copious repast of beef and ale, by way of parting feast, but by such a pecuniary donation to each individual as tended rather to improve the conviviality than the discipline of their march. After inspecting the cavalry, Sir Everard again conducted his nephew to the library, where he produced a letter, carefully folded, surrounded by a little stripe of floss-silk, according to ancient form, and sealed with an accurate impression of the Waverley coat-of-arms. It was addressed, with great formality, ‘To Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine, Esq. of Bradwardine, at his principal mansion of Tully-Veolan, in Perthshire, North Britain. These — By the hands of Captain Edward Waverley, nephew of Sir Everard Waverley, of Waverley-Honour, Bart.’

The gentleman to whom this enormous greeting was addressed, of whom we shall have more to say in the sequel, had been in arms for the exiled family of Stuart in the year 1715, and was made prisoner at Preston in Lancashire. He was of a very ancient family, and somewhat embarrassed fortune; a scholar, according to the scholarship of Scotchmen,



that is, his learning was more diffuse than accurate, and he was rather a reader than a grammarian. Of his zeal for the classic authors he is said to have given an uncommon instance. On the road between Preston and London he made his escape from his guards; but being afterwards found loitering near the place where they had lodged the former night, he was recognized, and again arrested. His companions, and even his escort, were surprised at his infatuation, and could not help inquiring, why, being once at liberty, he had not made the best of his way to a place of safety; to which he replied, that he had intended to do so, but, in good faith, he had returned to seek his Titus Livius, which he had forgot in the hurry of his escape.<sup>1</sup> The simplicity of this anecdote struck the gentleman, who, as we before observed, had managed the defence of some of those unfortunate persons, at the expense of Sir Everard, and perhaps some others of the party. He was, besides, himself a special admirer of the old Patavinian, and though probably his own zeal might not have carried him such extravagant lengths, even to recover the edition of Sweynheim and Pannartz (supposed to be the *princeps*), he did not the less estimate the devotion of the North Britain, and in consequence exerted himself to so much purpose to remove and soften evidence, detect legal flaws, *et cetera*, that he accomplished the final discharge and deliverance of Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine from certain very awkward consequences of a plea before our sovereign lord the king in Westminster.

The Baron of Bradwardine, for he was generally so called in Scotland (although his intimates, from his place of residence, used to denominate him Tully-Veolan, or more familiarly, Tully), no sooner stood *rectus in curia* than he posted down to pay his respects and make his acknowledgments at Waverley-Honour. A congenial passion for field-sports, and a general coincidence in political opinions, cemented his friendship with Sir Everard, notwithstanding the difference of their habits and studies in other particulars; and, having spent several weeks at Waverley-Honour, the Baron departed with many expressions of regard, warmly pressing the Baronet to return his visit, and partake of the diversion of grouse-shooting upon his moors in Perthshire next season. Shortly after, Mr. Bradwardine remitted from Scotland a sum in reimbursement of expenses incurred in the King's High Court of Westminster, which, although not quite so formidable when reduced to the English denomination,

<sup>1</sup> Titus Livius. Note 3.

had, in its original form of Scotch pounds, shillings, and pence, such a formidable effect upon the frame of Duncan Macwheeble, the laird's confidential factor, baron-bailie, and man of resource, that he had a fit of the cholic, which lasted for five days, occasioned, he said, solely and utterly by becoming the unhappy instrument of conveying such a serious sum of money out of his native country into the hands of the false English. But patriotism, as it is the fairest, so it is often the most suspicious mask of other feelings ; and many who knew Bailie Macwheeble concluded that his professions of regret were not altogether disinterested, and that he would have grudged the moneys paid to the *loons* at Westminster much less had they not come from Bradwardine estate, a fund which he considered as more particularly his own. But the Bailie protested he was absolutely disinterested —

‘Woe, woe, for Scotland, not a whit for me !’

The laird was only rejoiced that his worthy friend, Sir Everard Waverley of Waverley-Honour, was reimbursed of the expenditure which he had outlaid on account of the house of Bradwardine. It concerned, he said, the credit of his own family, and of the kingdom of Scotland at large, that these disbursements should be repaid forthwith, and, if delayed, it would be a matter of national reproach. Sir Everard, accustomed to treat much larger sums with indifference, received the remittance of £294, 13s. 6d. without being aware that the payment was an international concern, and, indeed, would probably have forgot the circumstance altogether, if Bailie Macwheeble had thought of comforting his cholic by intercepting the subsidy. A yearly intercourse took place, of a short letter and a hamper or a cask or two, between Waverley-Honour and Tully-Veolan, the English exports consisting of mighty cheeses and mightier ale, pheasants, and venison, and the Scottish returns being vested in grouse, white hares, pickled salmon, and usquebaugh ; all which were meant, sent, and received as pledges of constant friendship and amity between two important houses. It followed as a matter of course, that the heir-apparent of Waverley-Honour could not with propriety visit Scotland without being furnished with credentials to the Baron of Bradwardine.

When this matter was explained and settled, Mr. Pembroke expressed his wish to take a private and particular leave of his dear pupil. The good man's exhortations to Edward to preserve an unblemished life and morals, to hold fast the principles of

much honour in supposing him an emissary of exiled royalty, he explained his actual business.

The man of books with a much more composed air proceeded to examine the manuscripts. The title of the first was 'A Dissent from Dissenters, or the Comprehension confuted; showing the Impossibility of any Composition between the Church and Puritans, Presbyterians, or Sectaries of any Description; illustrated from the Scriptures, the Fathers of the Church, and the soundest Controversial Divines.' To this work the bookseller positively demurred. 'Well meant,' he said, 'and learned, doubtless; but the time had gone by. Printed on small-pica it would run to eight hundred pages, and could never pay. Begged therefore to be excused. Loved and honoured the true church from his soul, and, had it been a sermon on the martyrdom, or any twelve-penny touch — why, I would venture something for the honour of the cloth. But come, let's see the other. "Right Hereditary righted!" — Ah! there's some sense in this. Hum — hum — hum — pages so many, paper so much, letter-press — Ah — I'll tell you, though, doctor, you must knock out some of the Latin and Greek; heavy, doctor, damn'd heavy — (beg your pardon) and if you throw in a few grains more pepper — I am he that never peached my author. I have published for Drake and Charlwood Lawton, and poor Amhurst<sup>1</sup> — Ah, Caleb! Caleb! Well, it was a shame to let poor Caleb starve, and so many fat rectors and squires among us. I gave him a dinner once a-week; but, Lord love you, what's once a-week, when a man does not know where to go the other six days? Well, but I must show the manuscript to little Tom Alibi the solicitor, who manages all my law affairs — must keep on the windy side; the mob were very uncivil the last time I mounted in Old Palace Yard — all Whigs and Roundheads every man of them, Williamites and Hanover rats.'

The next day Mr. Pembroke again called on the publisher, but found Tom Alibi's advice had determined him against undertaking the work. 'Not but what I would go to — (what was I going to say?) to the Plantations for the church with pleasure — but, dear doctor, I have a wife and family; but, to show my zeal, I'll recommend the job to my neighbour Trimmel — he is a bachelor, and leaving off business, so a voyage in a western barge would not inconvenience him.' But Mr. Trimmel was also obdurate, and Mr. Pembroke, fortunately perchance for himself, was compelled to return to Waverley-Honour with

<sup>1</sup> Nicholas Amhurst. Note 4.

his treatise in vindication of the real fundamental principles of church and state safely packed in his saddle-bags.

As the public were thus likely to be deprived of the benefit arising from his lucubrations by the selfish cowardice of the trade, Mr. Pembroke resolved to make two copies of these tremendous manuscripts for the use of his pupil. He felt that he had been indolent as a tutor, and, besides, his conscience checked him for complying with the request of Mr. Richard Waverley, that he would impress no sentiments upon Edward's mind inconsistent with the present settlement in church and state. But now, thought he, I may, without breach of my word, since he is no longer under my tuition, afford the youth the means of judging for himself, and have only to dread his reproaches for so long concealing the light which the perusal will flash upon his mind. While he thus indulged the reveries of an author and a politician, his darling proselyte, seeing nothing very inviting in the title of the tracts, and appalled by the bulk and compact lines of the manuscript, quietly consigned them to a corner of his travelling trunk.

Aunt Rachel's farewell was brief and affectionate. She only cautioned her dear Edward, whom she probably deemed somewhat susceptible, against the fascination of Scottish beauty. She allowed that the northern part of the island contained some ancient families, but they were all Whigs and Presbyterians except the Highlanders; and respecting them she must needs say, there could be no great delicacy among the ladies, where the gentlemen's usual attire was, as she had been assured, to say the least, very singular, and not at all decorous. She concluded her farewell with a kind and moving benediction, and gave the young officer, as a pledge of her regard, a valuable diamond ring (often worn by the male sex at that time), and a purse of broad gold pieces, which also were more common Sixty Years since than they have been of late.

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## CHAPTER VII

### *A Horse-Quarter in Scotland*

THE next morning, amid varied feelings, the chief of which was a predominant; anxious, and even solemn impression, that he was now in a great measure abandoned to his own guidance and direction, Edward Waverley departed from the Hall amid the blessings and tears of all the old domestics and the inhabitants of the village, mingled with some sly petitions for serjeantcies and corporalships, and so forth, on the part of those who professed that 'they never thoft to ha' seen Jacob, and Giles, and Jonathan go off for soldiers, save to attend his honour, as in duty bound.' Edward, as in duty bound, extricated himself from the supplicants with the pledge of fewer promises than might have been expected from a young man so little accustomed to the world. After a short visit to London, he proceeded on horseback, then the general mode of travelling, to Edinburgh, and from thence to Dundee, a seaport on the eastern coast of Angus-shire, where his regiment was then quartered.

He now entered upon a new world, where, for a time, all was beautiful because all was new. Colonel Gardiner, the commanding officer of the regiment, was himself a study for a romantic, and at the same time an inquisitive, youth. In person he was tall, handsome, and active, though somewhat advanced in life. In his early years he had been what is called, by manner of palliative, a very gay young man, and strange stories were circulated about his sudden conversion from doubt, if not infidelity, to a serious and even enthusiastic turn of mind. It was whispered that a supernatural communication, of a nature obvious even to the exterior senses, had produced this wonderful change; and though some mentioned the proselyte as an enthusiast, none hinted at his being a hypocrite. This singular and mystical circumstance gave Colonel Gardiner a peculiar and

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solemn interest in the eyes of the young soldier.<sup>1</sup> It may be easily imagined that the officers of a regiment, commanded by so respectable a person, composed a society more sedate and orderly than a military mess always exhibits; and that Waverley escaped some temptations to which he might otherwise have been exposed.

Meanwhile his military education proceeded. Already a good horseman, he was now initiated into the arts of the *manège*, which, when carried to perfection, almost realise the fable of the Centaur, the guidance of the horse appearing to proceed from the rider's mere volition, rather than from the use of any external and apparent signal of motion. He received also instructions in his field duty; but I must own, that when his first ardour was past, his progress fell short in the latter particular of what he wished and expected. The duty of an officer, the most imposing of all others to the inexperienced mind, because accompanied with so much outward pomp and circumstance, is in its essence a very dry and abstract task, depending chiefly upon arithmetical combinations, requiring much attention, and a cool and reasoning head to bring them into action. Our hero was liable to fits of absence, in which his blunders excited some mirth, and called down some reproof. This circumstance impressed him with a painful sense of inferiority in those qualities which appeared most to deserve and obtain regard in his new profession. He asked himself in vain, why his eye could not judge of distance or space so well as those of his companions; why his head was not always successful in disentangling the various partial movements necessary to execute a particular evolution; and why his memory, so alert upon most occasions, did not correctly retain technical phrases and minute points of etiquette or field discipline. Waverley was naturally modest, and therefore did not fall into the egregious mistake of supposing such minuter rules of military duty beneath his notice, or conceiting himself to be born a general, because he made an indifferent subaltern. The truth was, that the vague and unsatisfactory course of reading which he had pursued, working upon a temper naturally retired and abstracted, had given him that wavering and unsettled habit of mind, which is most averse to study and riveted attention. Time, in the meanwhile, hung heavy on his hands. The gentry of the neighbourhood were disaffected, and showed little hospitality to the military guests; and the people of the town,

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<sup>1</sup> Colonel Gardiner. Note 5.



chiefly engaged in mercantile pursuits, were not such as Waverley chose to associate with. The arrival of summer, and a curiosity to know something more of Scotland than he could see in a ride from his quarters, determined him to request leave of absence for a few weeks. He resolved first to visit his uncle's ancient friend and correspondent, with the purpose of extending or shortening the time of his residence according to circumstances. He travelled of course on horseback, and with a single attendant, and passed his first night at a miserable inn, where the landlady had neither shoes nor stockings, and the landlord, who called himself a gentleman, was disposed to be rude to his guest, because he had not bespoke the pleasure of his society to supper.<sup>1</sup> The next day, traversing an open and uninclosed country, Edward gradually approached the Highlands of Perthshire, which at first had appeared a blue outline in the horizon, but now swelled into huge gigantic masses, which frowned defiance over the more level country that lay beneath them. Near the bottom of this stupendous barrier, but still in the Lowland country, dwelt Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine of Bradwardine; and, if grey-haired eld can be in aught believed, there had dwelt his ancestors, with all their heritage, since the days of the gracious King Duncan.

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<sup>1</sup> Scottish Inns. Note 6.

## CHAPTER VIII

### *A Scottish Manor-House Sixty Years Since*

IT was about noon when Captain Waverley entered the straggling village, or rather hamlet, of Tully-Veolan, close to which was situated the mansion of the proprietor. The houses seemed miserable in the extreme, especially to an eye accustomed to the smiling neatness of English cottages. They stood, without any respect for regularity, on each side of a straggling kind of unpaved street, where children, almost in a primitive state of nakedness, lay sprawling, as if to be crushed by the hoofs of the first passing horse. Occasionally, indeed, when such a consummation seemed inevitable, a watchful old grandam, with her close cap, distaff, and spindle, rushed like a sibyl in frenzy out of one of these miserable cells, dashed into the middle of the path, and snatching up her own charge from among the sun-burnt loiterers, saluted him with a sound cuff, and transported him back to his dungeon, the little white-headed varlet screaming all the while, from the very top of his lungs, a shrilly treble to the growling remonstrances of the enraged matron. Another part in this concert was sustained by the incessant yelping of a score of idle useless curs, which followed, snarling, barking, howling, and snapping at the horses' heels; a nuisance at that time so common in Scotland, that a French tourist, who, like other travellers, longed to find a good and rational reason for everything he saw, has recorded, as one of the memorabilia of Caledonia, that the state maintained in each village a relay of curs, called *collies*, whose duty it was to chase the *chevaux de poste* (too starved and exhausted to move without such a stimulus) from one hamlet to another, till their annoying convoy drove them to the end of their stage. The evil and remedy (such as it is) still exist. — But this is remote from our present purpose, and is only thrown out for consideration of the collectors under Mr. Dent's dog-bill.

As Waverley moved on, here and there an old man, bent as much by toil as years, his eyes bleared with age and smoke, tottered to the door of his hut, to gaze on the dress of the stranger and the form and motions of the horses, and then assembled, with his neighbours, in a little group at the smithy, to discuss the probabilities of whence the stranger came and where he might be going. Three or four village girls, returning from the well or brook with pitchers and pails upon their heads, formed more pleasing objects, and, with their thin short-gowns and single petticoats, bare arms, legs, and feet, uncovered heads and braided hair, somewhat resembled Italian forms of landscape. Nor could a lover of the picturesque have challenged either the elegance of their costume or the symmetry of their shape; although, to say the truth, a mere Englishman in search of the *comfortable*, a word peculiar to his native tongue, might have wished the clothes less scanty, the feet and legs somewhat protected from the weather, the head and complexion shrouded from the sun, or perhaps might even have thought the whole person and dress considerably improved by a plentiful application of spring water, with a *quantum sufficit* of soap. The whole scene was depressing; for it argued, at the first glance, at least a stagnation of industry, and perhaps of intellect. Even curiosity, the busiest passion of the idle, seemed of a listless cast in the village of Tully-Veolan: the curs aforesaid alone showed any part of its activity; with the villages it was passive. They stood and gazed at the handsome young officer and his attendant, but without any of those quick motions and eager looks that indicate the earnestness with which those who live in monotonous ease at home look out for amusement abroad. Yet the physiognomy of the people, when more closely examined, was far from exhibiting the indifference of stupidity; their features were rough, but remarkably intelligent; grave, but the very reverse of stupid; and from among the young women an artist might have chosen more than one model whose features and form resembled those of Minerva. The children also, whose skins were burnt black, and whose hair was bleached white, by the influence of the sun, had a look and manner of life and interest. It seemed, upon the whole, as if poverty, and indolence, its too frequent companion, were combining to depress the natural genius and acquired information of a hardy, intelligent, and reflecting peasantry.

Some such thoughts crossed Waverley's mind as he paced his horse slowly through the rugged and flinty street of Tully-

Veolan, interrupted only in his meditations by the occasional caprioles which his charger exhibited at the reiterated assaults of those canine Cossacks, the collies before mentioned. The village was more than half a mile long, the cottages being irregularly divided from each other by gardens, or yards, as the inhabitants called them, of different sizes, where (for it is Sixty Years since) the now universal potato was unknown, but which were stored with gigantic plants of *kale* or colewort, encircled with groves of nettles, and exhibited here and there a huge hemlock, or the national thistle, overshadowing a quarter of the petty inclosure. The broken ground on which the village was built had never been levelled; so that these inclosures presented declivities of every degree, here rising like terraces, there sinking like tan-pits. The dry-stone walls which fenced, or seemed to fence (for they were sorely breached), these hanging gardens of Tully-Veolan were intersected by a narrow lane leading to the common field, where the joint labour of the villagers cultivated alternate ridges and patches of rye, oats, barley, and pease, each of such minute extent that at a little distance the unprofitable variety of the surface resembled a tailor's book of patterns. In a few favoured instances, there appeared behind the cottages a miserable wigwam, compiled of earth, loose stones, and turf, where the wealthy might perhaps shelter a starved cow or sorely galled horse. But almost every hut was fenced in front by a huge black stack of turf on one side of the door, while on the other the family dunghill ascended in noble emulation.

About a bowshot from the end of the village appeared the inclosures proudly denominated the Parks of Tully-Veolan, being certain square fields, surrounded and divided by stone walls five feet in height. In the centre of the exterior barrier was the upper gate of the avenue, opening under an archway, battlemented on the top, and adorned with two large weather-beaten mutilated masses of upright stone, which, if the tradition of the hamlet could be trusted, had once represented, at least had been once designed to represent, two rampant Bears, the supporters of the family of Bradwardine. This avenue was straight and of moderate length, running between a double row of very ancient horse-chestnuts, planted alternately with sycamores, which rose to such huge height, and flourished so luxuriantly, that their boughs completely over-arched the broad road beneath. Beyond these venerable ranks, and running parallel to them, were two high walls, of apparently the like

antiquity, overgrown with ivy, honeysuckle, and other climbing plants. The avenue seemed very little trodden, and chiefly by foot-passengers; so that being very broad, and enjoying a constant shade, it was clothed with grass of a deep and rich verdure, excepting where a footpath, worn by occasional passengers, tracked with a natural sweep the way from the upper to the lower gate. This nether portal, like the former, opened in front of a wall ornamented with some rude sculpture, with battlements on the top, over which were seen, half-hidden by the trees of the avenue, the high steep roofs and narrow gables of the mansion, with lines indented into steps, and corners decorated with small turrets. One of the folding leaves of the lower gate was open, and as the sun shone full into the court behind, a long line of brilliancy was flung upon the aperture up the dark and gloomy avenue. It was one of those effects which a painter loves to represent, and mingled well with the struggling light which found its way between the boughs of the shady arch that vaulted the broad green alley.

The solitude and repose of the whole scene seemed almost monastic; and Waverley, who had given his horse to his servant on entering the first gate, walked slowly down the avenue, enjoying the grateful and cooling shade, and so much pleased with the placid ideas of rest and seclusion excited by this confined and quiet scene, that he forgot the misery and dirt of the hamlet he had left behind him. The opening into the paved court-yard corresponded with the rest of the scene. The house, which seemed to consist of two or three high, narrow, and steep-roofed buildings, projecting from each other at right angles, formed one side of the inclosure. It had been built at a period when castles were no longer necessary, and when the Scottish architects had not yet acquired the art of designing a domestic residence. The windows were numberless, but very small; the roof had some nondescript kind of projections, called bartizans, and displayed at each frequent angle a small turret, rather resembling a pepper-box than a Gothic watch-tower. Neither did the front indicate absolute security from danger. There were loop-holes for musketry, and iron stanchions on the lower windows, probably to repel any roving band of gipsies, or resist a predatory visit from the caterans of the neighbouring Highlands. Stables and other offices occupy another side of the square. The former were low vaults, with narrow slits instead of windows, resembling, as Edward's groom observed, 'rather a prison for murderers, and larceners, and such like as are tried

at 'sizes, than a place for any Christian cattle.' Above these dungeon-looking stables were granaries, called girmels, and other offices, to which there was access by outside stairs of heavy masonry. Two battlemented walls, one of which faced the avenue, and the other divided the court from the garden, completed the inclosure.

Nor was the court without its ornaments. In one corner was a tun-bellied pigeon-house, of great size and rotundity, resembling in figure and proportion the curious edifice called Arthur's Oven, which would have turned the brains of all the antiquaries in England, had not the worthy proprietor pulled it down for the sake of mending a neighbouring dam-dyke. This dove-cot, or *columbarium*, as the owner called it, was no small resource to a Scottish laird of that period, whose scanty rents were eked out by the contributions levied upon the farms by these light foragers, and the conscriptions exacted from the latter for the benefit of the table.

Another corner of the court displayed a fountain, where a huge bear, carved in stone, predominated over a large stone-basin, into which he disgorged the water. This work of art was the wonder of the country ten miles round. It must not be forgotten, that all sorts of bears, small and large, demi or in full proportion, were carved over the windows, upon the ends of the gables, terminated the spouts, and supported the turrets, with the ancient family motto 'Beware the Bear,' cut under each hyperborean form. The court was spacious, well paved, and perfectly clean, there being probably another entrance behind the stables for removing the litter. Everything around appeared solitary, and would have been silent, but for the continued plashing of the fountain; and the whole scene still maintained the monastic illusion which the fancy of Waverley had conjured up. And here we beg permission to close a chapter of still life.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Tully-Veolan. Note 7.

## CHAPTER IX

### *More of the Manor-House and its Environs*

AFTER having satisfied his curiosity by gazing around him for a few minutes, Waverley applied himself to the massive knocker of the hall-door, the architrave of which bore the date 1594. But no answer was returned, though the peal resounded through a number of apartments, and was echoed from the court-yard walls without the house, startling the pigeons from the venerable rotunda which they occupied, and alarming anew even the distant village curs, which had retired to sleep upon their respective dunghills. Tired of the din which he created, and the unprofitable responses which it excited, Waverley began to think that he had reached the castle of Orgoglio, as entered by the victorious Prince Arthur,

When 'gan he loudly through the house to call,

But no man cared to answer to his cry ;

There reign'd a solemn silence over all,

Nor voice was heard, nor wight was seen in bower or hall.

Filled almost with expectation of beholding some 'old, old man, with beard as white as snow,' whom he might question concerning this deserted mansion, our hero turned to a little oaken wicket-door, well clenched with iron-nails, which opened in the court-yard wall at its angle with the house. It was only latched, notwithstanding its fortified appearance, and, when opened, admitted him into the garden, which presented a pleasant scene.<sup>1</sup> The southern side of the house, clothed with fruit-trees, and having many evergreens trained upon its walls, extended its irregular yet venerable front along a terrace, partly paved, partly gravelled, partly bordered with flowers and choice

<sup>1</sup> At Ravelston may be seen such a garden, which the taste of the proprietor, the author's friend and kinsman, Sir Alexander Keith, Knight Mareschal, has judiciously preserved. That, as well as the house, is, however, of smaller dimensions than the Baron of Bradwardine's mansion and garden are presumed to have been.

shrubs. This elevation descended by three several flights of steps, placed in its centre and at the extremities, into what might be called the garden proper, and was fenced along the top by a stone parapet with a heavy balustrade, ornamented from space to space with huge grotesque figures of animals seated upon their haunches, among which the favourite bear was repeatedly introduced. Placed in the middle of the terrace, between a sashed-door opening from the house and the central flight of steps, a huge animal of the same species supported on his head and fore-paws a sun-dial of large circumference, inscribed with more diagrams than Edward's mathematics enabled him to decipher.

The garden, which seemed to be kept with great accuracy, abounded in fruit-trees, and exhibited a profusion of flowers and evergreens cut into grotesque forms. It was laid out in terraces, which descended rank by rank from the western wall to a large brook, which had a tranquil and smooth appearance, where it served as a boundary to the garden; but, near the extremity, leapt in tumult over a strong dam, or wear-head, the cause of its temporary tranquillity, and there forming a cascade, was overlooked by an octangular summer-house, with a gilded bear on the top by way of vane. After this feat, the brook, assuming its natural rapid and fierce character, escaped from the eye down a deep and wooded dell, from the copse of which arose a massive, but ruinous tower, the former habitation of the Barons of Bradwardine. The margin of the brook, opposite to the garden, displayed a narrow meadow, or haugh, as it was called, which formed a small washing-green; the bank, which retired behind it, was covered by ancient trees.

The scene, though pleasing, was not quite equal to the gardens of Alcina; yet wanted not the '*due donzelette garrule*' of that enchanted paradise, for upon the green aforesaid two bare-legged damsels, each standing in a spacious tub, performed with their feet the office of a patent washing-machine. These did not, however, like the maidens of Armida, remain to greet with their harmony the approaching guest, but, alarmed at the appearance of a handsome stranger on the opposite side, dropped their garments (I should say garment, to be quite correct) over their limbs, which their occupation exposed somewhat too freely, and, with a shrill exclamation of 'Eh, sirs!' uttered with an accent between modesty and coquetry, sprung off like deer in different directions.

Waverley began to despair of gaining entrance into this



solitary and seemingly enchanted mansion, when a man advanced up one of the garden alleys, where he still retained his station. Trusting this might be a gardener, or some domestic belonging to the house, Edward descended the steps in order to meet him; but as the figure approached, and long before he could descry its features, he was struck with the oddity of its appearance and gestures. Sometimes this mister wight held his hands clasped over his head, like an Indian Jogue in the attitude of penance; sometimes he swung them perpendicularly, like a pendulum, on each side; and anon he slapped them swiftly and repeatedly across his breast, like the substitute used by a hackney-coachman for his usual flogging exercise, when his cattle are idle upon the stand, in a clear frosty day. His gait was as singular as his gestures, for at times he hopped with great perseverance on the right foot, then exchanged that supporter to advance in the same manner on the left, and then putting his feet close together he hopped upon both at once. His attire also was antiquated and extravagant. It consisted in a sort of grey jerkin, with scarlet cuffs and slashed sleeves, showing a scarlet lining; the other parts of the dress corresponded in colour, not forgetting a pair of scarlet stockings, and a scarlet bonnet, proudly surmounted with a turkey's feather. Edward, whom he did not seem to observe, now perceived confirmation in his features of what the mien and gestures had already announced. It was apparently neither idiocy nor insanity which gave that wild, unsettled, irregular expression to a face which naturally was rather handsome, but something that resembled a compound of both, where the simplicity of the fool was mixed with the extravagance of a crazed imagination. He sung with great earnestness, and not without some taste, a fragment of an old Scottish ditty:

False love, and hast thou play'd me thus  
 In summer among the flowers?  
 I will repay thee back again  
 In winter among the showers.  
 Unless again, again, my love,  
 Unless you turn again;  
 As you with other maidens rove,  
 I'll smile on other men.<sup>1</sup>

Here lifting up his eyes, which had hitherto been fixed in observing how his feet kept time to the tune, he beheld Waverley, and instantly doffed his cap, with many grotesque

<sup>1</sup> This is a genuine ancient fragment, with some alteration in the two last lines.

signals of surprise, respect, and salutation. Edward, though with little hope of receiving an answer to any constant question, requested to know whether Mr. Bradwardine were at home, or where he could find any of the domestics. The questioned party replied, and, like the witch of Thalaba, 'still his speech was song,' —

The Knight's to the mountain  
His bugle to wind;  
The Lady's to greenwood  
Her garland to bind.  
The bower of Burd Ellen  
Has moss on the floor,  
That the step of Lord William  
Be silent and sure.

This conveyed no information, and Edward, repeating his queries, received a rapid answer, in which, from the haste and peculiarity of the dialect, the word 'butler' was alone intelligible. Waverley then requested to see the butler; upon which the fellow, with a knowing look and nod of intelligence, made a signal to Edward to follow, and began to dance and caper down the alley up which he had made his approaches. A strange guide this, thought Edward, and not much unlike one of Shakspeare's roynish clowns. I am not over prudent to trust to his pilotage; but wiser men have been led by fools. By this time he reached the bottom of the alley, where, turning short on a little parterre of flowers, shrouded from the east and north by a close yew hedge, he found an old man at work without his coat, whose appearance hovered between that of an upper servant and gardener; his red nose and ruffled shirt belonging to the former profession; his hale and sunburnt visage, with his green apron, appearing to indicate

Old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden.

The major domo, for such he was, and indisputably the second officer of state in the barony (nay, as chief minister of the interior, superior even to Bailie Macwheeble in his own department of the kitchen and cellar) — the major domo laid down his spade, slipped on his coat in haste, and with a wrathful look at Edward's guide, probably excited by his having introduced a stranger while he was engaged in this laborious, and, as he might suppose it, degrading office, requested to know the gentleman's commands. Being informed that he wished to pay his respects to his master, that his name was Waverley, and so

forth, the old man's countenance assumed a great deal of respectful importance. 'He could take it upon his conscience to say, his honour would have exceeding pleasure in seeing him. Would not Mr. Waverley choose some refreshment after his journey? His honour was with the folk who were getting doon the dark hag; the twa gairdener lads (an emphasis on the word *twa*) had been ordered to attend him; and he had been just amusing himself in the mean time with dressing Miss Rose's flower-bed, that he might be near to receive his honour's orders, if need were; he was very fond of a garden, but had little time for such divertisements.'

'He canna get it wrought in abune twa days in the week at no rate whatever,' said Edward's fantastic conductor.

A grim look from the butler chastised his interference, and he commanded him, by the name of Davie Gellatley, in a tone which admitted no discussion, to look for his honour at the dark hag, and tell him there was a gentleman from the south had arrived at the Ha'.

'Can this poor fellow deliver a letter?' asked Edward.

'With all fidelity, sir, to any one whom he respects. I would hardly trust him with a long message by word of mouth — though he is more knave than fool.'

Waverley delivered his credentials to Mr. Gellatley, who seemed to confirm the butler's last observation, by twisting his features at him, when he was looking another way, into the resemblance of the grotesque face on the bole of a German tobacco pipe; after which, with an odd congé to Waverley, he danced off to discharge his errand.

'He is an innocent, sir,' said the butler; 'there is one such in almost every town in the country, but ours is brought far ben.<sup>1</sup> He used to work a day's turn weel eneugh; but he helped Miss Rose when she was flemit with the Laird of Killancureit's new English bull, and since that time we ca' him Davie Do-little; indeed we might ca' him Davie Do-naething, for since he got that gay clothing, to please his honour and my young mistress (great folks will have their fancies), he has done naething but dance up and down about the *toun*, without doing a single turn, unless trimming the laird's fishing-wand or busking his flies, or may be catching a dish of trouts at an orra-time. But here comes Miss Rose, who, I take burden upon me for her, will be especial glad to see one of the house of Waverley at her father's mansion of Tully-Veolan.'

<sup>1</sup> Jester or Fool. Note 8.

But Rose Bradwardine deserves better of her unworthy historian than to be introduced at the end of a chapter.

In the meanwhile it may be noticed, that Waverley learned two things from this colloquy ; that in Scotland a single house was called a *town*, and a natural fool an *innocent*.

## CHAPTER X

### *Rose Bradwardine and Her Father*

MISS BRADWARDINE was but seventeen; yet, at the last races of the county town of——, upon her health being proposed among a round of beauties, the Laird of Bumperquaigh, permanent toast-master and croupier of the Bautherwhillery Club, not only said *More* to the pledge in a pint bumper of Bourdeaux, but, ere pouring forth the libation, denominated the divinity to whom it was dedicated, 'the Rose of Tully-Veolan;' upon which festive occasion three cheers were given by all the sitting members of that respectable society whose throats the wine had left capable of such exertion. Nay, I am well assured, that the sleeping partners of the company snorted applause, and that although strong bumpers and weak brains had consigned two or three to the floor, yet even these, fallen as they were from their high estate, and weltering—I will carry the parody no farther—uttered divers inarticulate sounds, intimating their assent to the motion.

Such unanimous applause could not be extorted but by acknowledged merit; and Rose Bradwardine not only deserved it, but also the approbation of much more rational persons than the Bautherwhillery Club could have mustered, even before discussion of the first *magnum*. She was indeed a very pretty girl of the Scotch cast of beauty, that is, with a profusion of hair of paley gold, and a skin like the snow of her own mountains in whiteness. Yet she had not a pallid or pensive cast of countenance; her features, as well as her temper, had a lively expression; her complexion, though not florid, was so pure as to seem transparent, and the slightest emotion sent her whole blood at once to her face and neck. Her form, though under the common size, was remarkably elegant, and her motions light, easy, and unembarrassed. She came from another part of the garden to receive Captain Waverley, with a manner that hovered between bashfulness and courtesy.

The first greetings past, Edward learned from her that the *dark hag*, which had somewhat puzzled him in the butler's account of his master's avocations, had nothing to do either with a black cat or a broomstick, but was simply a portion of oak copse which was to be felled that day. She offered, with diffident civility, to show the stranger the way to the spot, which, it seems, was not far distant; but they were prevented by the appearance of the Baron of Bradwardine in person, who, summoned by David Gellatley, now appeared, 'on hospitable thoughts intent,' clearing the ground at a prodigious rate with swift and long strides, which reminded Waverley of the seven-league boots of the nursery fable. He was a tall, thin, athletic figure, old indeed and grey-haired, but with every muscle rendered as tough as whip-cord by constant exercise. He was dressed carelessly, and more like a Frenchman than an Englishman of the period, while, from his hard features and perpendicular rigidity of stature, he bore some resemblance to a Swiss officer of the guards, who had resided some time at Paris, and caught the *costume*, but not the ease or manner, of its inhabitants. The truth was, that his language and habits were as heterogeneous as his external appearance.

Owing to his natural disposition to study, or perhaps to a very general Scottish fashion of giving young men of rank a legal education, he had been bred with a view to the bar. But the politics of his family precluding the hope of his rising in that profession, Mr. Bradwardine travelled with high reputation for several years, and made some campaigns in foreign service. After his *démêlé* with the law of high treason in 1715, he had lived in retirement, conversing almost entirely with those of his own principles in the vicinage. The pedantry of the lawyer, superinduced upon the military pride of the soldier, might remind a modern of the days of the zealous volunteer service, when the bar-gown of our pleaders was often flung over a blazing uniform. To this must be added the prejudices of ancient birth and Jacobite politics, greatly strengthened by habits of solitary and secluded authority, which, though exercised only within the bounds of his half-cultivated estate, was there indisputable and undisputed. For, as he used to observe, 'the lands of Bradwardine, Tully-Veolan, and others, had been erected into a free barony by a charter from David the First, *cum liberali potest habendi curias et justicias, cum fossa et furca* (lie — pit and gallows), *et saka et soka, et thol et theam, et infang-thief et outfang-thief, sive hand-habend sive bak-barand*.' The

peculiar meaning of all these cabalistical words few or none could explain; but they implied, upon the whole, that the Baron of Bradwardine might, in case of delinquency, imprison, try, and execute his vassals at his pleasure. Like James the First, however, the present possessor of this authority was more pleased in talking about prerogative than in exercising it; and excepting that he imprisoned two poachers in the dungeon of the old tower of Tully-Veolan, where they were sorely frightened by ghosts, and almost eaten by rats, and that he set an old woman in the *jougs* (or Scottish pillory) for saying 'there were mair fules in the laird's ha' house than Davie Gellatley,' I do not learn that he was accused of abusing his high powers. Still, however, the conscious pride of possessing them gave additional importance to his language and deportment.

At his first address to Waverley, it would seem that the hearty pleasure he felt to behold the nephew of his friend had somewhat discomposed the stiff and upright dignity of the Baron of Bradwardine's demeanour, for the tears stood in the old gentleman's eyes, when, having first shaken Edward heartily by the hand in the English fashion, he embraced him *à-la-mode Françoise*, and kissed him on both sides of his face; while the hardness of his gripe, and the quantity of Scotch snuff which his *accolade* communicated, called corresponding drops of moisture to the eyes of his guest.

'Upon the honour of a gentleman,' he said, 'but it makes me young again to see you here, Mr. Waverley! A worthy scion of the old stock of Waverley-Honour — *spes altera*, as Maro hath it — and you have the look of the old line, Captain Waverley; not so portly yet as my old friend Sir Everard — *mais cela viendra avec le tems*, as my Dutch acquaintance, Baron Kikkitbroeck, said of the *sagesse* of *Madame son épouse*. And so ye have mounted the cockade? Right, right; though I could have wished the colour different, and so I would ha' deemed might Sir Everard. But no more of that; I am old, and times are changed. And how does the worthy knight baronet, and the fair Mrs. Rachel? — Ah, ye laugh, young man! In troth she was the fair Mrs. Rachel in the year of grace seventeen hundred and sixteen; but time passes — *et singula prædantur anni* — that is most certain. But once again ye are most heartily welcome to my poor house of Tully-Veolan! Hie to the house, Rose, and see that Alexander Saunderson looks out the old Château Margaux, which I sent from Bourdeaux to Dundee in the year 1713.'

Rose tripped off demurely enough till she turned the first corner, and then ran with the speed of a fairy, that she might gain leisure, after discharging her father's commission, to put her own dress in order, and produce all her little finery, an occupation for which the approaching dinner-hour left but limited time.

'We cannot rival the luxuries of your English table, Captain Waverley, or give you the *epulæ lautiores* of Waverley-Honour. I say *epulæ* rather than *prandium*, because the latter phrase is popular: *epulæ ad senatum, prandium vero ad populum attinet*, says Suetonius Tranquillus. But I trust ye will applaud my Bourdeaux; *c'est des deux oreilles*, as Captain Vinsauf used to say; *vinum primæ notæ*, the Principal of St. Andrews denominated it. And, once more, Captain Waverley, right glad am I that ye are here to drink the best my cellar can make forthcoming.'

This speech, with the necessary interjectional answers, continued from the lower alley where they met up to the door of the house, where four or five servants in old-fashioned liveries, headed by Alexander Saunderson, the butler, who now bore no token of the sable stains of the garden, received them in grand *costume*,

In an old hall hung round with pikes and with bows,  
With old bucklers and corslets that had borne many shrewd blows.

With much ceremony, and still more real kindness, the Baron, without stopping in any intermediate apartment, conducted his guest through several into the great dining parlour, wainscotted with black oak, and hung round with the pictures of his ancestry, where a table was set forth in form for six persons, and an old-fashioned beaufet displayed all the ancient and massive plate of the Bradwardine family. A bell was now heard at the head of the avenue; for an old man, who acted as porter upon gala days, had caught the alarm given by Waverley's arrival, and, repairing to his post, announced the arrival of other guests.

These, as the Baron assured his young friend, were very estimable persons. 'There was the young Laird of Balma-whapple, a Falconer by surname, of the house of Glenfarquhar, given right much to field-sports — *gaudet equis et canibus* — but a very discreet young gentleman. Then there was the Laird of Killancureit, who had devoted his leisure *untill* tillage and agriculture, and boasted himself to be possessed of a bull of matchless merit, brought from the county of Devon (the



Damnonia of the Romans, if we can trust Robert of Ciren-cester). He is, as ye may well suppose from such a tendency, but of yeoman extraction—*servabit odorem testa diu*—and I believe, between ourselves, his grandsire was from the wrong side of the Border—one Bullsegg, who came hither as a steward, or bailiff, or ground-officer, or something in that department, to the last Girnigo of Killancureit, who died of an atrophy. After his master's death, sir,—ye would hardly believe such a scandal,—but this Bullsegg, being portly and comely of aspect, intermarried with the lady dowager, who was young and amorous, and possessed himself of the estate, which devolved on this unhappy woman by a settlement of her umwhile husband, in direct contravention of an unrecorded taillie, and to the prejudice of the disponder's own flesh and blood, in the person of his natural heir and seventh cousin, Girnigo of Tipperhewit, whose family was so reduced by the ensuing law-suit, that his representative is now serving as a private gentleman-sentinel in the Highland Black Watch. But this gentleman, Mr. Bullsegg of Killancureit that now is, has good blood in his veins by the mother and grandmother, who were both of the family of Pickletillim, and he is well liked and looked upon, and knows his own place. And God forbid, Captain Waverley, that we of irreproachable lineage should exult over him, when it may be, that in the eighth, ninth, or tenth generation, his progeny may rank, in a manner, with the old gentry of the country. Rank and ancestry, sir, should be the last words in the mouths of us of unblemished race—*vix ea nostra voco*, as Naso saith. There is, besides, a clergyman of the true (though suffering) Episcopal church of Scotland.<sup>1</sup> He was a confessor in her cause after the year 1715, when a Whiggish mob destroyed his meeting-house, tore his surplice, and plundered his dwelling-house of four silver spoons, intromitting also with his mart and his meal-ark, and with two barrels, one of single and one of double ale, besides three bottles of brandy. My baron-bailie and doer, Mr. Duncan Macwheele, is the fourth on our list. There is a question, owing to the incertitude of ancient orthography, whether he belongs to the clan of Wheedle or of Quibble, but both have produced persons eminent in the law.'—

As such he described them by person and name,  
They enter'd, and dinner was served as they came.

<sup>1</sup> Episcopal Clergy in Scotland. Note 9.

## CHAPTER XI

### *The Banquet*

THE entertainment was ample and handsome, according to the Scotch ideas of the period, and the guests did great honour to it. The Baron eat like a famished soldier, the Laird of Balmawhapple like a sportsman, Bullsegg of Killancureit like a farmer, Waverley himself like a traveller, and Bailie Macwheeble like all four together; though, either out of more respect, or in order to preserve that proper declination of person which showed a sense that he was in the presence of his patron, he sat upon the edge of his chair, placed at three feet distance from the table, and achieved a communication with his plate by projecting his person towards it in a line which obliqued from the bottom of his spine, so that the person who sat opposite to him could only see the foretop of his riding periwig.

This stooping position might have been inconvenient to another person; but long habit made it, whether seated or walking, perfectly easy to the worthy Bailie. In the latter posture it occasioned, no doubt, an unseemly projection of the person towards those who happened to walk behind; but those being at all times his inferiors (for Mr. Macwheeble was very scrupulous in giving place to all others), he cared very little what inference of contempt or slight regard they might derive from the circumstance. Hence, when he waddled across the court to and from his old grey pony, he somewhat resembled a turnspit walking upon its hind legs.

The nonjuring clergyman was a pensive and interesting old man, with much the air of a sufferer for conscience sake. He was one of those

Who, undeprived, their benefice forsook.

For this whim, when the Baron was out of hearing, the Bailie

used sometimes gently to rally Mr. Rubrick, upbraiding him with the nicety of his scruples. Indeed, it must be owned, that he himself, though at heart a keen partisan of the exiled family, had kept pretty fair with all the different turns of state in his time; so that Davie Gellatley once described him as a particularly good man, who had a very quiet and peaceful conscience, *that never did him any harm.*

When the dinner was removed, the Baron announced the health of the King, politely leaving to the consciences of his guests to drink to the sovereign *de facto* or *de jure*, as their politics inclined. The conversation now became general; and, shortly afterwards, Miss Bradwardine, who had done the honours with natural grace and simplicity, retired, and was soon followed by the clergyman. Among the rest of the party, the wine, which fully justified the encomiums of the landlord, flowed freely round, although Waverley, with some difficulty, obtained the privilege of sometimes neglecting the glass. At length, as the evening grew more late, the Baron made a private signal to Mr. Saunders Saunderson, or, as he facetiously denominated him, *Alexander ab Alexandro*, who left the room with a nod, and soon after returned, his grave countenance mantling with a solemn and mysterious smile, and placed before his master a small oaken casket, mounted with brass ornaments of curious form. The Baron, drawing out a private key, unlocked the casket, raised the lid, and produced a golden goblet of a singular and antique appearance, moulded into the shape of a rampart bear, which the owner regarded with a look of mingled reverence, pride, and delight, that irresistibly reminded Waverley of Ben Jonson's Tom Otter, with his Bull, Horse, and Dog, as that wag wittily denominated his chief carousing cups. But Mr. Bradwardine, turning towards him with complacency, requested him to observe this curious relic of the olden time.

'It represents,' he said, 'the chosen crest of our family; a bear, as ye observe, and *rampant*; because a good herald will depict every animal in its noblest posture, as a horse *salient*, a greyhound *currant*, and, as may be inferred, a ravenous animal *in actu ferociori*, or in a voracious, lacerating, and devouring posture. Now, sir, we hold this most honourable achievement by the wappen-brief, or concession of arms, of Frederick Red-beard, Emperor of Germany, to my predecessor, Godmund Bradwardine, it being the crest of a gigantic Dane, whom he slew in the lists in the Holy Land, on a quarrel touching the chastity of the emperor's spouse or daughter,

tradition saith not precisely which, and thus, as Virgilius hath it —

Mutemus clypeos, Danaumque insignia nobis  
Aptemus.

Then for the cup, Captain Waverley, it was wrought by the command of St. Duthac, Abbot of Aberbrothock, for behoof of another baron of the house of Bradwardine, who had valiantly defended the patrimony of that monastery against certain encroaching nobles. It is properly termed the Blessed Bear of Bradwardine (though old Dr. Doubleit used jocosely to call it *Ursa Major*), and was supposed, in old and Catholic times, to be invested with certain properties of a mystical and supernatural quality. And though I give not in to such *anilia*, it is certain it has always been esteemed a solemn standard cup and heirloom of our house; nor is it ever used but upon seasons of high festival, and such I hold to be the arrival of the heir of Sir Everard under my roof; and I devote this draught to the health and prosperity of the ancient and highly-to-be-honoured house of Waverley.

During this long harangue, he carefully decanted a cobwebbed bottle of claret into the goblet, which held nearly an English pint; and, at the conclusion, delivering the bottle to the butler, to be held carefully in the same angle with the horizon, he devoutly quaffed off the contents of the Blessed Bear of Bradwardine.

Edward, with horror and alarm, beheld the animal making his rounds, and thought with great anxiety upon the appropriate motto, 'Beware the Bear;' but, at the same time, plainly foresaw that, as none of the guests scrupled to do him this extraordinary honour, a refusal on his part to pledge their courtesy would be extremely ill received. Resolving, therefore, to submit to this last piece of tyranny, and then to quit the table, if possible, and confiding in the strength of his constitution, he did justice to the company in the contents of the Blessed Bear, and felt less inconvenience from the draught than he could possibly have expected. The others, whose time had been more actively employed, began to show symptoms of innovation — 'the good wine did its good office.'<sup>1</sup> The frost of etiquette and pride of birth began to give way before the genial blessings of this benign constellation, and the formal appellatives with which the three dignitaries had hitherto addressed each other were now familiarly abbreviated into

<sup>1</sup> Southey's *Madoc*.

Tully, Bally, and Killie. When a few rounds had passed, the two latter, after whispering together, craved permission (a joyful hearing for Edward) to ask the grace-cup. This, after some delay, was at length produced, and Waverley concluded the orgies of Bacchus were terminated for the evening. He was never more mistaken in his life.

As the guests had left their horses at the small inn, or *change-house*, as it was called, of the village, the Baron could not, in politeness, avoid walking with them up the avenue, and Waverley from the same motive, and to enjoy after this feverish revel the cool summer evening, attended the party. But when they arrived at Luckie Macleary's the Lairds of Balmawhapple and Killancureit declared their determination to acknowledge their sense of the hospitality of Tully-Veolan by partaking, with their entertainer and his guest Captain Waverley, what they technically called *doch an dorroch*, a stirrup-cup,<sup>1</sup> to the honour of the Baron's roof-tree.

It must be noticed that the Bailie, knowing by experience that the day's jovialty, which had been hitherto sustained at the expense of his patron, might terminate partly at his own, had mounted his spavined grey pony, and, between gaiety of heart and alarm for being hooked into a reckoning, spurred him into a hobbling canter (a trot was out of the question), and had already cleared the village. The others entered the change-house, leading Edward in unresisting submission; for his landlord whispered him, that to demur to such an overture would be construed into a high misdemeanour against the *leges convivales*, or regulations of genial compotation. Widow Macleary seemed to have expected this visit, as well she might, for it was the usual consummation of merry bouts, not only at Tully-Veolan, but at most other gentlemen's houses in Scotland, Sixty Years since. The guests thereby at once acquitted themselves of their burden of gratitude for their entertainer's kindness, encouraged the trade of his change-house, did honour to the place which afforded harbour to their horses, and indemnified themselves for the previous restraints imposed by private hospitality, by spending what Falstaff calls the sweet of the night in the genial license of a tavern.

Accordingly, in full expectation of these distinguished guests, Luckie Macleary had swept her house for the first time this fortnight, tempered her turf-fire to such a heat as the season required in her damp hovel even at Midsummer, set forth her

<sup>1</sup> Stirrup-Cup. Note 10.

deal table newly washed, propped its lame foot with a fragment of turf, arranged four or five stools of huge and clumsy form upon the sites which best suited the inequalities of her clay floor; and having, moreover, put on her clean toy, rokelay, and scarlet plaid, gravely awaited the arrival of the company, in full hope of custom and profit. When they were seated under the sooty rafters of Luckie Macleary's only apartment, thickly tapestried with cobwebs, their hostess, who had already taken her cue from the Laird of Balmawhapple, appeared with a huge pewter measuring-pot, containing at least three English quarts, familiarly denominated a *tappit hen*, and which, in the language of the hostess, reamed (*i. e.* mantled) with excellent claret just drawn from the cask.

It was soon plain that what crumbs of reason the Bear had not devoured were to be picked up by the Hen; but the confusion which appeared to prevail favoured Edward's resolution to evade the gaily circling glass. The others began to talk thick and at once, each performing his own part in the conversation without the least respect to his neighbour. The Baron of Bradwardine sung French *chansons-à-boire*, and spouted pieces of Latin; Killancureit talked, in a steady unalterable dull key, of top-dressing and bottom-dressing,<sup>1</sup> and year-olds, and gimmers, and dinmonts, and stots, and runts, and kyloes, and a proposed turnpike-act; while Balmawhapple, in notes exalted above both, extolled his horse, his hawks, and a greyhound called Whistler. In the middle of this din, the Baron repeatedly implored silence; and when at length the instinct of polite discipline so far prevailed that for a moment he obtained it, he hastened to beseech their attention 'unto a military *ariette*, which was a particular favourite of the Maréchal Duc de Berwick;' then, imitating, as well as he could, the manner and tone of a French *musquetaire*, he immediately commenced, —

Mon cœur volage, dit elle,  
N'est pas pour vous, garçon;  
Est pour un homme de guerre,  
Qui a barbe au menton.  
Lon, Lon, Laridon.

Qui port chapeau à plume,  
Soulier à rouge talon,  
Qui joue de la flûte,  
Aussi du violon.  
Lon, Lon, Laridon.

<sup>1</sup> This has been censured as an anachronism; and it must be confessed that agriculture of this kind was unknown to the Scotch Sixty Years since.

Balmawhapple could hold no longer, but broke in with what he called a d—d good song, composed by Gibby Gaethroughwi't, the piper of Cupar; and, without wasting more time, struck up, —

It's up Glenbarchan's braes I gaed,  
And o'er the bent of Killiebraid,  
And mony a weary cast I made,  
To cuittle the moor-fowl's tail.<sup>1</sup>

The Baron, whose voice was drowned in the louder and more obstreperous strains of Balmawhapple, now dropped the competition, but continued to hum 'Lon, Lon, Laridon,' and to regard the successful candidate for the attention of the company with an eye of disdain, while Balmawhapple proceeded, —

If up a honny black-cock should spring,  
To whistle him down wi' a slug in his wing,  
And strap him on to my lunzie string,  
Right seldom would I fail.

After an ineffectual attempt to recover the second verse, he sung the first over again; and, in prosecution of his triumph, declared there was 'more sense in that than in all the *derry-dongs* of France, and Fifeshire to the boot of it.' The Baron only answered with a long pinch of snuff and a glance of infinite contempt. But those noble allies, the Bear and the Hen, had emancipated the young laird from the habitual reverence in which he held Bradwardine at other times. He pronounced the claret *shilpit*, and demanded brandy with great vociferation. It was brought; and now the Demon of Politics envied even the harmony arising from this Dutch concert, merely because there was not a wrathful note in the strange compound of sounds which it produced. Inspired by her, the Laird of Balmawhapple, now superior to the nods and winks with which the Baron or Bradwardine, in delicacy to Edward, had hitherto checked his entering upon political discussion, demanded a bumper, with the lungs of a Stentor, 'to the little gentleman in black velvet who did such service in 1702, and may the white horse break his neck over a mound of his making!'

Edward was not at that moment clear-headed enough to remember that King William's fall, which occasioned his death, was said to be owing to his horse stumbling at a mole-hill; yet felt inclined to take umbrage at a toast which seemed, from the glance of Balmawhapple's eye, to have a peculiar and uncivil

<sup>1</sup> *Suum cuique.* This snatch of a ballad was composed by Andrew MacDonald, the ingenious and unfortunate author of *Vimonda*.

reference to the Government which he served. But, ere he could interfere, the Baron of Bradwardine had taken up the quarrel. 'Sir,' he said, 'whatever my sentiments *tantum* *privatus* may be in such matters, I shall not tamely endure your saying anything that may impinge upon the honourable feelings of a gentleman under my roof. Sir, if you have no respect for the laws of urbanity, do ye not respect the military oath, the *sacramentum militare*, by which every officer is bound to the standards under which he is enrolled? Look at Titus Livius, what he says of those Roman soldiers who were so unhappy as *exuere sacramentum*, to renounce their legionary oath; but you are ignorant, sir, alike of ancient history and modern courtesy.'

'Not so ignorant as ye would pronounce me,' roared Balmawhapple. 'I ken weel that you mean the Solemn League and Covenant; but if a' the Whigs in hell had taken the——'

Here the Baron and Waverley both spoke at once, the former calling out, 'Be silent, sir! ye not only show your ignorance, but disgrace your native country before a stranger and an Englishman;' and Waverley, at the same moment, entreating Mr. Bradwardine to permit him to reply to an affront which seemed levelled at him personally. But the Baron was exalted by wine, wrath, and scorn above all sublunary considerations.

'I crave you to be hushed, Captain Waverley; you are elsewhere, peradventure, *sui juris*, — foris-familiated, that is, and entitled, it may be, to think and resent for yourself; but in my domain, in this poor Barony of Bradwardine, and under this roof, which is *quasi* mine, being held by tacit relocation by a tenant at will, I am *in loco parentis* to you, and bound to see you scathless. And for you, Mr. Falconer of Balmawhapple, I warn ye, let me see no more aberrations from the paths of good manners.'

'And I tell you, Mr. Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine of Bradwardine and Tully-Veolan,' retorted the sportsman in huge disdain, 'that I'll make a moor-cock of the man that refuses my toast, whether it be a crop-eared English Whig wi' a black ribband at his lug, or ane wha deserts his ain friends to claw favour wi' the rats of Hanover.'

In an instant both rapiers were brandished, and some desperate passes exchanged. Balmawhapple was young, stout, and active; but the Baron, infinitely more master of his weapon, would, like Sir Toby Belch, have tickled his opponent



other gates than he did had he not been under the influence of Ursa Major.

Edward rushed forward to interfere between the combatants, but the prostrate bulk of the Laird of Killancureit, over which he stumbled, intercepted his passage. How Killancureit happened to be in this recumbent posture at so interesting a moment was never accurately known. Some thought he was about to ensconce himself under the table; he himself alleged that he stumbled in the act of lifting a joint-stool, to prevent mischief, by knocking down Balmawhapple. Be that as it may, if readier aid than either his or Waverley's had not interposed, there would certainly have been bloodshed. But the well-known clash of swords, which was no stranger to her dwelling, aroused Luckie Macleary as she sat quietly beyond the hallan, or earthen partition of the cottage, with eyes employed on Boston's *Crook of the Lot*, while her ideas were engaged in summing up the reckoning. She boldly rushed in, with the shrill expostulation, 'Wad their honours slay ane another there, and bring discredit on an honest widow-woman's house, when there was a' the lee-land in the country to fight upon?' a remonstrance which she seconded by flinging her plaid with great dexterity over the weapons of the combatants. The servants by this time rushed in, and being, by great chance, tolerably sober, separated the incensed opponents, with the assistance of Edward and Killancureit. The latter led off Balmawhapple, cursing, swearing, and vowing revenge against every Whig, Presbyterian, and fanatic in England and Scotland, from John-o'-Groat's to the Land's End, and with difficulty got him to horse. Our hero, with the assistance of Saunders Saunderson, escorted the Baron of Bradwardine to his own dwelling, but could not prevail upon him to retire to bed until he had made a long and learned apology for the events of the evening, of which, however, there was not a word intelligible, except something about the Centaurs and the Lapithæ.

## CHAPTER XII

### *Repentance and a Reconciliation*

W AVERLEY was unaccustomed to the use of wine, excepting with great temperance. He slept therefore soundly till late in the succeeding morning, and then awakened to a painful recollection of the scene of the preceding evening. He had received a personal affront—he, a gentleman, a soldier, and a Waverley. True, the person who offered it was not, at the time it was given, possessed of the moderate share of sense which nature had allotted him; true also, in resenting this insult, he would break the laws of Heaven as well as of his country; true, in doing so, he might take the life of a young man who perhaps respectably discharged the social duties, and render his family miserable, or he might lose his own—no pleasant alternative even to the bravest, when it is debated coolly and in private.

All this pressed on his mind; yet the original statement recurred with the same irresistible force. He had received a personal insult; he was of the house of Waverley; and he bore a commission. There was no alternative; and he descended to the breakfast parlour with the intention of taking leave of the family, and writing to one of his brother officers to meet him at the inn mid-way between Tully-Veolan and the town where they were quartered, in order that he might convey such a message to the Laird of Balmawhapple as the circumstances seemed to demand. He found Miss Bradwardine presiding over the tea and coffee, the table loaded with warm bread, both of flour, oatmeal, and barleymeal, in the shape of loaves, cakes, biscuits, and other varieties, together with eggs, rein-deer ham, mutton and beef ditto, smoked salmon, marmalade, and all the other delicacies which induced even Johnson himself to extol the luxury of a Scotch breakfast above that of all other countries. A mess of oatmeal porridge, flanked by a silver jug,

which held an equal mixture of cream and butter-milk, was placed for the Baron's share of this repast; but Rose observed, he had walked out early in the morning, after giving orders that his guest should not be disturbed.

Waverley sat down almost in silence, and with an air of absence and abstraction which could not give Miss Bradwardine a favourable opinion of his talents for conversation. He answered at random one or two observations which she ventured to make upon ordinary topics; so that, feeling herself almost repulsed in her efforts at entertaining him, and secretly wondering that a scarlet coat should cover no better breeding, she left him to his mental amusement of cursing Dr. Doublet's favourite constellation of Ursa Major as the cause of all the mischief which had already happened and was likely to ensue. At once he started, and his colour heightened, as, looking toward the window, he beheld the Baron and young Balmawhapple pass arm in arm, apparently in deep conversation; and he hastily asked, 'Did Mr. Falconer sleep here last night?' Rose, not much pleased with the abruptness of the first question which the young stranger had addressed to her, answered drily in the negative, and the conversation again sunk into silence.

At this moment Mr. Saunderson appeared, with a message from his master, requesting to speak with Captain Waverley in another apartment. With a heart which beat a little quicker, not indeed from fear, but from uncertainty and anxiety, Edward obeyed the summons. He found the two gentlemen standing together, an air of complacent dignity on the brow of the Baron, while something like sullenness or shame, or both, blanked the bold visage of Balmawhapple. The former slipped his arm through that of the latter, and thus seeming to walk with him, while in reality he led him, advanced to meet Waverley, and, stopping in the midst of the apartment, made in great state the following oration: 'Captain Waverley — my young and esteemed friend, Mr. Falconer of Balmawhapple, has craved of my age and experience, as of one not wholly unskilled in the dependencies and punctilios of the duello or monomachia, to be his interlocutor in expressing to you the regret with which he calls to remembrance certain passages of our symposion last night, which could not but be highly displeasing to you, as serving for the time under this present existing government. He craves you, sir, to drown in oblivion the memory of such solecisms against the laws of politeness, as being what his better reason disavows, and to receive the hand which he offers you in

amity ; and I must needs assure you that nothing less than a sense of being *dans son tort*, as a gallant French chevalier, Mons. Le Bretaille, once said to me on such an occasion, and an opinion also of your peculiar merit, could have extorted such concessions ; for he and all his family are, and have been, time out of mind, *Mavortia pectora*, as Buchanan saith, a bold and warlike sept, or people.'

Edward immediately, and with natural politeness, accepted the hand which Balmawhapple, or rather the Baron in his character of mediator, extended towards him. 'It was impossible,' he said, 'for him to remember what a gentleman expressed his wish he had not uttered ; and he willingly imputed what had passed to the exuberant festivity of the day.'

'That is very handsomely said,' answered the Baron ; 'for undoubtedly, if a man be *ebrius*, or intoxicated, an incident which on solemn and festive occasions may and will take place in the life of a man of honour ; and if the same gentleman, being fresh and sober, recants the contumelies which he hath spoken in his liquor, it must be held *vinum locutum est* ; the words cease to be his own. Yet would I not find this exculpation relevant in the case of one who was *ebriosus*, or an habitual drunkard ; because, if such a person choose to pass the greater part of his time in the predicament of intoxication, he hath no title to be exeemed from the obligations of the code of politeness, but should learn to deport himself peaceably and courteously when under influence of the vinous stimulus. And now let us proceed to breakfast, and think no more of this daft business.'

I must confess, whatever inference may be drawn from the circumstance, that Edward, after so satisfactory an explanation, did much greater honour to the delicacies of Miss Bradwardine's breakfast-table than his commencement had promised. Balmawhapple, on the contrary, seemed embarrassed and dejected ; and Waverley now, for the first time, observed that his arm was in a sling, which seemed to account for the awkward and embarrassed manner with which he had presented his hand. To a question from Miss Bradwardine, he muttered in answer something about his horse having fallen ; and seeming desirous to escape both from the subject and the company, he arose as soon as breakfast was over, made his bow to the party, and, declining the Baron's invitation to tarry till after dinner, mounted his horse and returned to his own home.

Waverley now announced his purpose of leaving Tully-

Veolan early enough after dinner to gain the stage at which he meant to sleep ; but the unaffected and deep mortification with which the good-natured and affectionate old gentleman heard the proposal quite deprived him of courage to persist in it. No sooner had he gained Waverley's consent to lengthen his visit for a few days than he laboured to remove the grounds upon which he conceived he had meditated a more early retreat. 'I would not have you opine, Captain Waverley, that I am by practice or precept an advocate of ebriety, though it may be that, in our festivity of last night, some of our friends, if not perchance altogether *ebrii*, or drunken, were, to say the least, *ebrioli*, by which the ancients designed those who were fuddled, or, as your English vernacular and metaphorical phrase goes, half-seas-over. Not that I would so insinuate respecting you, Captain Waverley, who, like a prudent youth, did rather abstain from potation ; nor can it be truly said of myself, who, having assisted at the tables of many great generals and marechals at their solemn carousals, have the art to carry my wine discreetly, and did not, during the whole evening, as ye must have doubtless observed, exceed the bounds of a modest hilarity.'

There was no refusing assent to a proposition so decidedly laid down by him, who undoubtedly was the best judge ; although, had Edward formed his opinion from his own recollections, he would have pronounced that the Baron was not only *ebriolus*, but verging to become *ebrius* ; or, in plain English, was incomparably the most drunk of the party, except perhaps his antagonist the Laird of Balmawhapple. However, having received the expected, or rather the required, compliment on his sobriety, the Baron proceeded — 'No, sir, though I am myself of a strong temperament, I abhor ebriety, and detest those who swallow wine *gula causa*, for the oblectation of the gullet ; albeit I might deprecate the law of Pittacus of Mitylene, who punished doubly a crime committed under the influence of *Liber Pater* ; nor would I utterly accede to the objurgation of the younger Plinius, in the fourteenth book of his *Historia Naturalis*. No, sir, I distinguish, I discriminate, and approve of wine so far only as it maketh glad the face, or, in the language of Flaccus, *recepto amico*.'

Thus terminated the apology which the Baron of Bradwardine thought it necessary to make for the superabundance of his hospitality ; and it may be easily believed that he was neither interrupted by dissent nor any expression of incredulity.

He then invited his guest to a morning ride, and ordered that Davie Gellatley should meet them at the dern path with Ban and Buscar. 'For, until the shooting season commence, I would willingly show you some sport, and we may, God willing, meet with a roe. The roe, Captain Waverley, may be hunted at all times alike; for never being in what is called *pride of grease*, he is also never out of season, though it be a truth that his venison is not equal to that of either the red or fallow deer.<sup>1</sup> But he will serve to show how my dogs run; and therefore they shall attend us with David Gellatley.'

Waverley expressed his surprise that his friend Davie was capable of such trust; but the Baron gave him to understand that this poor simpleton was neither fatuous, *nec naturaliter idiota*, as is expressed in the brieves of furiosity, but simply a crack-brained knave, who could execute very well any commission which jumped with his own humour, and made his folly a plea for avoiding every other. 'He has made an interest with us,' continued the Baron, 'by saving Rose from a great danger with his own proper peril; and the roguish loon must therefore eat of our bread and drink of our cup, and do what he can, or what he will, which, if the suspicions of Saunderson and the Bailie are well founded, may perchance in his case be commensurate terms.'

Miss Bradwardine then gave Waverley to understand that this poor simpleton was dotingly fond of music, deeply affected by that which was melancholy, and transported into extravagant gaiety by light and lively airs. He had in this respect a prodigious memory, stored with miscellaneous snatches and fragments of all tunes and songs, which he sometimes applied, with considerable address, as the vehicles of remonstrance, explanation, or satire. Davie was much attached to the few who showed him kindness; and both aware of any slight or ill usage which he happened to receive, and sufficiently apt, where he saw opportunity, to revenge it. The common people, who often judge hardly of each other as well as of their betters, although they had expressed great compassion for the poor innocent while suffered to wander in rags about the village, no sooner beheld him decently clothed, provided for, and even a sort of favourite, than they called up all the instances of sharpness and ingenuity, in action and repartee, which his annals afforded, and charitably bottomed thereupon a hypothesis that

<sup>1</sup> The learned in cookery dissent from the Baron of Bradwardine, and hold the roe venison dry and indifferent food, unless when dressed in soup and Scotch collops.

David Gellatley was no farther fool than was necessary to avoid hard labour. This opinion was not better founded than that of the Negroes, who, from the acute and mischievous pranks of the monkeys, suppose that they have the gift of speech, and only suppress their powers of elocution to escape being set to work. But the hypothesis was entirely imaginary; David Gellatley was in good earnest the half-crazed simpleton which he appeared, and was incapable of any constant and steady exertion. He had just so much solidity as kept on the windy side of insanity, so much wild wit as saved him from the imputation of idiocy, some dexterity in field-sports (in which we have known as great fools excel), great kindness and humanity in the treatment of animals entrusted to him, warm affections, a prodigious memory, and an ear for music.

The stamping of horses was now heard in the court, and Davie's voice singing to the two large deer greyhounds,

Hie away, hie away,  
Over bank and over brae,  
Where the copsewood is the greenest,  
Where the fountains glisten sheenest,  
Where the lady-fern grows strongest,  
Where the morning dew lies longest,  
Where the black-cock sweetest sips it,  
Where the fairy latest trips it.  
Hie to haunts right seldom seen,  
Lovely, lonesome, cool, and green,  
Over bank and over brae,  
Hie away, hie away.

'Do the verses he sings,' asked Waverley, 'belong to old Scottish poetry, Miss Bradwardine?'

'I believe not,' she replied. 'This poor creature had a brother, and Heaven, as if to compensate to the family Davie's deficiencies, had given him what the hamlet thought uncommon talents. An uncle contrived to educate him for the Scottish kirk, but he could not get preferment because he came from our *ground*. He returned from college hopeless and broken-hearted, and fell into a decline. My father supported him till his death, which happened before he was nineteen. He played beautifully on the flute, and was supposed to have a great turn for poetry. He was affectionate and compassionate to his brother, who followed him like his shadow, and we think that from him Davie gathered many fragments of songs and music unlike those of this country. But if we ask him where he got such a fragment as he is now singing, he either answers with

wild and long fits of laughter, or else breaks into tears of lamentation; but was never heard to give any explanation, or to mention his brother's name since his death.'

'Surely,' said Edward, who was readily interested by a tale bordering on the romantic, 'surely more might be learned by more particular inquiry.'

'Perhaps so,' answered Rose; 'but my father will not permit any one to practise on his feelings on this subject.'

By this time the Baron, with the help of Mr. Saunderson, had indued a pair of jack-boots of large dimensions, and now invited our hero to follow him as he stalked clattering down the ample stair-case, tapping each huge balustrade as he passed with the butt of his massive horse-whip, and humming, with the air of a chasseur of Louis Quatorze,

Pour la chasse ordonnée il faut préparer tout.  
Ho la ho ! Vite ! vite debout !



## CHAPTER XIII

### *A More Rational Day than the Last*

THE Baron of Bradwardine, mounted on an active and well-managed horse, and seated on a demi-pique saddle, with deep housings to agree with his livery, was no bad representative of the old school. His light-coloured embroidered coat, and superbly barred waistcoat, his brigadier wig, surmounted by a small gold-laced cocked-hat, completed his personal costume; but he was attended by two well-mounted servants on horseback, armed with holster-pistols.

In this guise he ambled forth over hill and valley, the admiration of every farm-yard which they passed in their progress, till, 'low down in a grassy vale,' they found David Gellatley leading two very tall deer greyhounds, and presiding over half a dozen curs, and about as many bare-legged and bare-headed boys, who, to procure the chosen distinction of attending on the chase, had not failed to tickle his ears with the dulcet appellation of *Maister Gellatley*, though probably all and each had hooted him on former occasions in the character of *daft Davie*. But this is no uncommon strain of flattery to persons in office, nor altogether confined to the bare-legged villagers of Tully-Veolan; it was in fashion Sixty Years since, is now, and will be six hundred years hence, if this admirable compound of folly and knavery, called the world, shall be then in existence.

These *gillie-wet-foots*, as they were called, were destined to beat the bushes, which they performed with so much success, that, after half an hour's search, a roe was started, coursed, and killed; the Baron following on his white horse, like Earl Percy of yore, and magnanimously flaying and embowelling the slain animal (which, he observed, was called by the French chasseurs, *faire la curée*) with his own baronial *couteau de chasse*. After this ceremony, he conducted his guest homeward by a pleasant and circuitous route, commanding an extensive prospect of

different villages and houses, to each of which Mr. Bradwardine attached some anecdote of history or genealogy, told in language whimsical from prejudice and pedantry, but often respectable for the good sense and honourable feelings which his narrative displayed, and almost always curious, if not valuable, for the information they contained.

The truth is, the ride seemed agreeable to both gentlemen, because they found amusement in each other's conversation, although their characters and habits of thinking were in many respects totally opposite. Edward, we have informed the reader, was warm in his feelings, wild and romantic in his ideas and in his taste of reading, with a strong disposition towards poetry. Mr. Bradwardine was the reverse of all this, and piqued himself upon stalking through life with the same upright, starched, stoical gravity which distinguished his evening promenade upon the terrace of Tully-Veolan, where for hours together — the very model of old Hardyknute —

Stately stepp'd he east the wa',  
And stately stepp'd he west.

As for literature, he read the classic poets to be sure, and the *Epithalamium* of Georgius Buchanan and Arthur Johnstone's Psalms of a Sunday; and the *Delicia Poetarum Scotorum*, and Sir David Lindsay's *Works*, and Barbour's *Bruce*, and Blind Harry's *Wallace*, and *The Gentle Shepherd*, and *The Cherry and the Slae*. But though he thus far sacrificed his time to the Muses, he would, if the truth must be spoken, have been much better pleased had the pious or sapient apothegms, as well as the historical narratives, which these various works contained, been presented to him in the form of simple prose. And he sometimes could not refrain from expressing contempt of the 'vain and unprofitable art of poem-making,' in which, he said, 'the only one who had excelled in his time was Allan Ramsay, the periwig-maker.'<sup>1</sup>

But although Edward and he differed *toto cælo*, as the Baron would have said, upon this subject, yet they met upon history as on a neutral ground, in which each claimed an interest. The Baron, indeed, only cumbered his memory with matters of fact, the cold, dry, hard outlines which history delineates. Edward, on the contrary, loved to fill up and round the sketch with the

<sup>1</sup> The Baron ought to have remembered that the joyous Allan literally drew his blood from the house of the noble earl whom he terms —

Dalhousie of an old descent,  
My stoup, my pride, my ornament.

colouring of a warm and vivid imagination, which gives light and life to the actors and speakers in the drama of past ages. Yet with tastes so opposite, they contributed greatly to each other's amusement. Mr. Bradwardine's minute narratives and powerful memory supplied to Waverley fresh subjects of the kind upon which his fancy loved to labour, and opened to him a new mine of incident and of character. And he repaid the pleasure thus communicated by an earnest attention, valuable to all story-tellers, more especially to the Baron, who felt his habits of self-respect flattered by it; and sometimes also by reciprocal communications, which interested Mr. Bradwardine, as confirming or illustrating his own favourite anecdotes. Besides, Mr. Bradwardine loved to talk of the scenes of his youth, which had been spent in camps and foreign lands, and had many interesting particulars to tell of the generals under whom he had served and the actions he had witnessed.

Both parties returned to Tully-Veolan in great good-humour with each other; Waverley desirous of studying more attentively what he considered as a singular and interesting character, gifted with a memory containing a curious register of ancient and modern anecdotes; and Bradwardine disposed to regard Edward as *puer* (or rather *juvenis*) *bonæ spei et magnæ indolis*, a youth devoid of that petulant volatility which is impatient of, or vilipends, the conversation and advice of his seniors, from which he predicted great things of his future success and deportment in life. There was no other guest except Mr. Rubrick, whose information and discourse, as a clergyman and a scholar, harmonised very well with that of the Baron and his guest.

Shortly after dinner, the Baron, as if to show that his temperance was not entirely theoretical, proposed a visit to Rose's apartment, or, as he termed it, her *troisième étage*. Waverley was accordingly conducted through one or two of those long awkward passages with which ancient architects studied to puzzle the inhabitants of the houses which they planned, at the end of which Mr. Bradwardine began to ascend, by two steps at once, a very steep, narrow, and winding stair, leaving Mr. Rubrick and Waverley to follow at more leisure, while he should announce their approach to his daughter.

After having climbed this perpendicular corkscrew until their brains were almost giddy, they arrived in a little matted lobby, which served as an anteroom to Rose's *sanctum sanctorum*, and through which they entered her parlour. It was a small, but pleasant apartment, opening to the south, and hung with

tapestry ; adorned besides with two pictures, one of her mother, in the dress of a shepherdess, with a bell-hoop ; the other of the Baron, in his tenth year, in a blue coat, embroidered waist-coat, laced hat, and bag-wig, with a bow in his hand. Edward could not help smiling at the costume, and at the odd resemblance between the round, smooth, red-cheeked, staring visage in the portrait, and the gaunt, bearded, hollow-eyed, swarthy features, which travelling, fatigues of war, and advanced age, had bestowed on the original. The Baron joined in the laugh. 'Truly,' he said, 'that picture was a woman's fantasy of my good mother's (a daughter of the Laird of Tullielum, Captain Waverley ; I indicated the house to you when we were on the top of the Shinnyheuch ; it was burnt by the Dutch auxiliaries brought in by the Government in 1715) ; I never sate for my pourtraicture but once since that was painted, and it was at the special and reiterated request of the Marechal Duke of Berwick.'

The good old gentleman did not mention what Mr. Rubrick afterwards told Edward, that the Duke had done him this honour on account of his being the first to mount the breach of a fort in Savoy during the memorable campaign of 1709, and his having there defended himself with his half-pike for nearly ten minutes before any support reached him. To do the Baron justice, although sufficiently prone to dwell upon, and even to exaggerate, his family dignity and consequence, he was too much a man of real courage ever to allude to such personal acts of merit as he had himself manifested.

Miss Rose now appeared from the interior room of her apartment, to welcome her father and his friends. The little labours in which she had been employed obviously showed a natural taste, which required only cultivation. Her father had taught her French and Italian, and a few of the ordinary authors in those languages ornamented her shelves. He had endeavoured also to be her preceptor in music ; but as he began with the more abstruse doctrines of the science, and was not perhaps master of them himself, she had made no proficiency farther than to be able to accompany her voice with the harpsichord ; but even this was not very common in Scotland at that period. To make amends, she sung with great taste and feeling, and with a respect to the sense of what she uttered that might be proposed in example to ladies of much superior musical talent. Her natural good sense taught her that, if, as we are assured by high authority, music be 'married to immortal verse,' they

are very often divorced by the performer in a most shameful manner. It was perhaps owing to this sensibility to poetry, and power of combining its expression with those of the musical notes, that her singing gave more pleasure to all the unlearned in music, and even to many of the learned, than could have been communicated by a much finer voice and more brilliant execution unguided by the same delicacy of feeling.

A bartizan, or projecting gallery, before the windows of her parlour, served to illustrate another of Rose's pursuits; for it was crowded with flowers of different kinds, which she had taken under her special protection. A projecting turret gave access to this Gothic balcony, which commanded a most beautiful prospect. The formal garden, with its high bounding walls, lay below, contracted, as it seemed, to a mere parterre; while the view extended beyond them down a wooded glen, where the small river was sometimes visible, sometimes hidden in copse. The eye might be delayed by a desire to rest on the rocks, which here and there rose from the dell with massive or spiry fronts, or it might dwell on the noble, though ruined tower, which was here beheld in all its dignity, frowning from a promontory over the river. To the left were seen two or three cottages, a part of the village; the brow of the hill concealed the others. The glen, or dell, was terminated by a sheet of water, called Loch Veolan, into which the brook discharged itself, and which now glistened in the western sun. The distant country seemed open and varied in surface, though not wooded; and there was nothing to interrupt the view until the scene was bounded by a ridge of distant and blue hills, which formed the southern boundary of the strath or valley. To this pleasant station Miss Bradwardine had ordered coffee.

The view of the old tower, or fortalice, introduced some family anecdotes and tales of Scottish chivalry, which the Baron told with great enthusiasm. The projecting peak of an impending crag which rose near it had acquired the name of St. Swithin's Chair. It was the scene of a peculiar superstition, of which Mr. Rubrick mentioned some curious particulars, which reminded Waverley of a rhyme quoted by Edgar in King Lear; and Rose was called upon to sing a little legend, in which they had been interwoven by some village poet,

Who, noteless as the race from which he sprung,  
Saved others' names, but left his own unsung.

The sweetness of her voice, and the simple beauty of her music, gave all the advantage which the minstrel could have desired, and which his poetry so much wanted. I almost doubt if it can be read with patience, destitute of these advantages; although I conjecture the following copy to have been somewhat corrected by Waverley, to suit the taste of those who might not relish pure antiquity.

ST. SWITHIN'S CHAIR

On Hallow-Mass Eve, ere ye bonne ye to rest,  
Ever beware that your couch be bless'd ;  
Sign it with cross, and sain it with bead,  
Sing the Ave, and say the Creed.

For on Hallow-Mass Eve the Night-Hag will ride,  
And all her nine-fold sweeping on by her side,  
Whether the wind sing lowly or loud,  
Sailing through moonshine or swath'd in the cloud.

The Lady she sat in St. Swithin's Chair,  
The dew of the night has damp'd her hair :  
Her cheek was pale ; but resolved and high  
Was the word of her lip and the glance of her eye.

She mutter'd the spell of Swithin bold,  
When his naked foot traced the midnight wold,  
When he stopp'd the Hag as she rode the night,  
And bade her descend, and her promise plight.

He that dare sit on St. Swithin's Chair,  
When the Night-Hag wings the troubled air,  
Questions three, when he speaks the spell,  
He may ask, and she must tell.

The Baron has been with King Robert his liege,  
These three long years in battle and siege ;  
News are there none of his weal or his woe,  
And fain the Lady his fate would know.

She shudders and stops as the charm she speaks ;—  
Is it the moody owl that shrieks ?  
Or is it that sound, betwixt laughter and scream,  
The voice of the Demon who haunts the stream ?

The moan of the wind sunk silent and low,  
And the roaring torrent has ceased to flow ;  
The calm was more dreadful than raging storm,  
When the cold grey mist brought the ghastly Form !

'I am sorry to disappoint the company, especially Captain Waverley, who listens with such laudable gravity; it is but a

fragment, although I think there are other verses, describing the return of the Baron from the wars, and how the lady was found "clay-cold upon the groomsill ledge."

'It is one of those figments,' observed Mr. Bradwardine, 'with which the early history of distinguished families was deformed in the times of superstition; as that of Rome, and other ancient nations, had their prodigies, sir, the which you may read in ancient histories, or in the little work compiled by Julius Obsequens, and inscribed by the learned Scheffer, the editor, to his patron, Benedictus Skytte, Baron of Dudershoff.'

'My father has a strange defiance of the marvellous, Captain Waverley,' observed Rose, 'and once stood firm when a whole synod of Presbyterian divines were put to the rout by a sudden apparition of the foul fiend.'

Waverley looked as if desirous to hear more.

'Must I tell my story as well as sing my song? Well — Once upon a time there lived an old woman, called Janet Gellatley, who was suspected to be a witch, on the infallible grounds that she was very old, very ugly, very poor, and had two sons, one of whom was a poet and the other a fool, which visitation, all the neighbourhood agreed, had come upon her for the sin of witchcraft. And she was imprisoned for a week in the steeple of the parish church, and sparely supplied with food, and not permitted to sleep until she herself became as much persuaded of her being a witch as her accusers; and in this lucid and happy state of mind was brought forth to make a clean breast, that is, to make open confession of her sorceries, before all the Whig gentry and ministers in the vicinity, who were no conjurors themselves. My father went to see fair play between the witch and the clergy; for the witch had been born on his estate. And while the witch was confessing that the Enemy appeared, and made his addresses to her as a handsome black man, — which, if you could have seen poor old blear-eyed Janet, reflected little honour on Apollyon's taste, — and while the auditors listened with astonished ears, and the clerk recorded with a trembling hand, she, all of a sudden, changed the low mumbling tone with which she spoke into a shrill yell, and exclaimed, "Look to yourselves! look to yourselves! I see the Evil One sitting in the midst of ye." The surprise was general, and terror and flight its immediate consequences. Happy were those who were next the door; and many were the disasters that befell hats, bands, cuffs, and wigs, before they could get out of the church, where they left the obstinate prelatist to

settle matters with the witch and her admirer at his own peril or pleasure.'

'*Risu solvuntur tabulæ*,' said the Baron; 'when they recovered their panic trepidation they were too much ashamed to bring any wakening of the process against Janet Gellatley.'<sup>1</sup>

This anecdote led into a long discussion of

All those idle thoughts and fantasies,  
Devices, dreams, opinions unsound,  
Shows, visions, soothsayers, and prophecies,  
And all that feigned is, as leasings, tales, and lies.

With such conversation, and the romantic legends which it introduced, closed our hero's second evening in the house of Tully-Veolan.

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<sup>1</sup> Witches. Note 11.



## CHAPTER XIV

### *A Discovery — Waverley becomes Domesticated at Tully-Veolan*

THE next day Edward arose betimes, and in a morning walk around the house and its vicinity came suddenly upon a small court in front of the dog-kennel, where his friend Davie was employed about his four-footed charge. One quick glance of his eye recognised Waverley, when, instantly turning his back, as if he had not observed him, he began to sing part of an old ballad :

Young men will love thee more fair and more fast ;  
*Heard ye so merry the little bird sing ?*  
Old men's love the longest will last,  
*And the throstle-cock's head is under his wing.*

The young man's wrath is like light straw on fire ;  
*Heard ye so merry the little bird sing ?*  
But like red-hot steel is the old man's ire,  
*And the throstle-cock's head is under his wing.*

The young man will brawl at the evening board ;  
*\* Heard ye so merry the little bird sing ?*  
But the old man will draw at the dawning the sword,  
*And the throstle-cock's head is under his wing.*

Waverley could not avoid observing that Davie laid something like a satirical emphasis on these lines. He therefore approached, and endeavoured, by sundry queries, to elicit from him what the innuendo might mean ; but Davie had no mind to explain, and had wit enough to make his folly cloak his knavery. Edward could collect nothing from him, excepting that the Laird of Balmawhapple had gone home yesterday morning 'wi' his boots fu' o' bluid.' In the garden, however, he met the old butler, who no longer attempted to conceal that, having been bred in the nursery line with Sumack and Co. of Newcastle, he sometimes wrought a turn in the flower-

borders to oblige the Laird and Miss Rose. By a series of queries, Edward at length discovered, with a painful feeling of surprise and shame, that Balmawhapple's submission and apology had been the consequence of a *rencontre* with the Baron before his guest had quitted his pillow, in which the younger combatant had been disarmed and wounded in the sword arm.

Greatly mortified at this information, Edward sought out his friendly host, and anxiously expostulated with him upon the injustice he had done him in anticipating his meeting with Mr. Falconer, a circumstance which, considering his youth and the profession of arms which he had just adopted, was capable of being represented much to his prejudice. The Baron justified himself at greater length than I choose to repeat. He urged that the quarrel was common to them, and that Balmawhapple could not, by the code of honour, *éviter* giving satisfaction to both, which he had done in his case by an honourable meeting, and in that of Edward by such a palinode as rendered the use of the sword unnecessary, and which, being made and accepted, must necessarily sopite the whole affair.

With this excuse, or explanation, Waverley was silenced, if not satisfied; but he could not help testifying some displeasure against the Blessed Bear, which had given rise to the quarrel, nor refrain from hinting that the sanctified epithet was hardly appropriate. The Baron observed, he could not deny that 'the Bear, though allowed by heralds as a most honourable ordinary, had, nevertheless, somewhat fierce, churlish, and morose in his disposition (as might be read in Archibald Simson, pastor of Dalkeith's *Hieroglyphica Animalium*), and had thus been the type of many quarrels and dissensions which had occurred in the house of Bradwardine; of which,' he continued, 'I might commemorate mine own unfortunate dissension with my third cousin by the mother's side, Sir Hew Halbert, who was so unthinking as to deride my family name, as if it had been *quasi Bear-Warden*; a most uncivil jest, since it not only insinuated that the founder of our house occupied such a mean situation as to be a custodier of wild beasts, a charge which, ye must have observed, is only entrusted to the very basest plebeians; but, moreover, seemed to infer that our coat-armour had not been achieved by honourable actions in war, but bestowed by way of *paranomasia*, or pun, upon our family appellation,—a sort of bearing which the French call *armoirs parlantes*, the Latins *arma cantantia*, and your English authorities canting heraldry;<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See Canting Heraldry. Note 12.

Miss Bradwardine, such as we have described her, with all the simplicity and curiosity of a recluse, attached herself to the opportunities of increasing her store of literature which Edward's visit afforded her. He sent for some of his books from his quarters, and they opened to her sources of delight of which she had hitherto had no idea. The best English poets, of every description, and other works on *belles lettres*, made a part of this precious cargo. Her music, even her flowers, were neglected; and Saunders not only mourned over, but began to mutiny against, the labour for which he now scarce received thanks. These new pleasures became gradually enhanced by sharing them with one of a kindred taste. Edward's readiness to comment, to recite, to explain difficult passages, rendered his assistance invaluable; and the wild romance of his spirit delighted a character too young and inexperienced to observe its deficiencies. Upon subjects which interested him, and when quite at ease, he possessed that flow of natural, and somewhat florid eloquence, which has been supposed as powerful even as figure, fashion, fame, or fortune, in winning the female heart. There was, therefore, an increasing danger in this constant intercourse to poor Rose's peace of mind, which was the more imminent as her father was greatly too much abstracted in his studies, and wrapped up in his own dignity, to dream of his daughter's incurring it. The daughters of the house of Bradwardine were, in his opinion, like those of the house of Bourbon or Austria, placed high above the clouds of passion which might obfuscate the intellects of meaner females; they moved in another sphere, were governed by other feelings, and amenable to other rules than those of idle and fantastic affection. In short, he shut his eyes so resolutely to the natural consequences of Edward's intimacy with Miss Bradwardine, that the whole neighbourhood concluded that he had opened them to the advantages of a match between his daughter and the wealthy young Englishman, and pronounced him much less a fool than he had generally shown himself in cases where his own interest was concerned.

If the Baron, however, had really meditated such an alliance, the indifference of Waverley would have been an insuperable bar to his project. Our hero, since mixing more freely with the world, had learned to think with great shame and confusion upon his mental legend of Saint Cecilia, and the vexation of these reflections was likely, for some time at least, to counterbalance the natural susceptibility of his disposition. Besides,



WAVERLEY ASSISTS ROSE BRADWARDINE WITH HER STUDIES.  
From a painting by Robert Herdman, R.S.A.

being indeed a species of emblazoning more besitting canters, gaberlunzies, and such like mendicants, whose gibberish is formed upon playing upon the word, than the noble, honourable, and useful science of heraldry, which assigns armorial bearings as the reward of noble and generous actions, and not to tickle the ear with vain quodlibets, such as are found in jest-books.' Of his quarrel with Sir Hew he said nothing more than that it was settled in a fitting manner.

Having been so minute with respect to the diversions of Tully-Weolan on the first days of Edward's arrival, for the purpose of introducing its inmates to the reader's acquaintance, it becomes less necessary to trace the progress of his intercourse with the same accuracy. It is probable that a young man, accustomed to more cheerful society, would have tired of the conversation of so violent an assertor of the 'boast of heraldry' as the Baron; but Edward found an agreeable variety in that of Miss Bradwardine, who listened with eagerness to his remarks upon literature, and showed great justness of taste in her answers. The sweetness of her disposition had made her submit with complacency, and even pleasure, to the course of reading prescribed by her father, although it not only comprehended several heavy folios of history, but certain gigantic tomes in high-church polemics. In heraldry he was fortunately contented to give her only such a slight tincture as might be acquired by perusal of the two folio volumes of Nisbet. Rose was indeed the very apple of her father's eye. Her constant liveliness, her attention to all those little observances most gratifying to those who would never think of exacting them, her beauty, in which he recalled the features of his beloved wife, her unfeigned piety, and the noble generosity of her disposition, would have justified the affection of the most doting father.

His anxiety on her behalf did not, however, seem to extend itself in that quarter where, according to the general opinion, it is most efficiently displayed, in labouring, namely, to establish her in life, either by a large dowry or a wealthy marriage. By an old settlement, almost all the landed estates of the Baron went, after his death, to a distant relation; and it was supposed that Miss Bradwardine would remain but slenderly provided for, as the good gentleman's cash matters had been too long under the exclusive charge of Bailie Macwheeble to admit of any great expectations from his personal succession. It is true, the said Bailie loved his patron and his patron's daughter next (though at an incomparable distance) to himself. He thought

it was possible to set aside the settlement on the male line, and had actually procured an opinion to that effect (and, as he boasted, without a fee) from an eminent Scottish counsel, under whose notice he contrived to bring the point while consulting him regularly on some other business. But the Baron would not listen to such a proposal for an instant. On the contrary, he used to have a perverse pleasure in boasting that the barony of Bradwardine was a male fief, the first charter having been given at that early period when women were not deemed capable to hold a feudal grant; because, according to *Les coutumes de Normandie, c'est l'homme ki se bast et ki conseille*; or, as is yet more ungallantly expressed by other authorities, all of whose barbarous names he delighted to quote at full length, because a woman could not serve the superior, or feudal lord, in war, on account of the decorum of her sex, nor assist him with advice, because of her limited intellect, nor keep his counsel, owing to the infirmity of her disposition. He would triumphantly ask, how it would become a female, and that female a Bradwardine, to be seen employed in *servitio exuendi, seu detrahendi, caligas regis post battaliam*? that is, in pulling off the king's boots after an engagement, which was the feudal service by which he held the barony of Bradwardine. 'No,' he said, 'beyond hesitation, *procul dubio*, many females, as worthy as Rose, had been excluded, in order to make way for my own succession, and Heaven forbid that I should do aught that might contravene the destination of my forefathers, or impinge upon the right of my kinsman, Malcolm Bradwardine of Inchgrabbit, an honourable, though decayed branch of my own family.'

The Bailie, as prime minister, having received this decisive communication from his sovereign, durst not press his own opinion any farther, but contented himself with deploring, on all suitable occasions, to Saunderson, the minister of the interior, the laird's self-willedness, and with laying plans for uniting Rose with the young Laird of Balmawhapple, who had a fine estate, only moderately burdened, and was a faultless young gentleman, being as sober as a saint—if you keep brandy from him and him from brandy—and who, in brief, had no imperfection but that of keeping light company at a time; such as Jinker, the horse-couper, and Gibby Gaethroughwi't, the piper o' Cupar; 'o' whilk follies, Mr. Saunderson, he'll mend, he'll mend,' pronounced the Bailie.

'Like sour ale in simmer,' added Davie Gellatley, who happened to be nearer the conclave than they were aware of.



Rose Bradwardine, beautiful and amiable as we have described her, had not precisely the sort of beauty or merit which captivates a romantic imagination in early youth. She was too frank, too confiding, too kind; amiable qualities, undoubtedly, but destructive of the marvellous, with which a youth of imagination delights to dress the empress of his affections. Was it possible to bow, to tremble, and to adore, before the timid, yet playful little girl, who now asked Edward to mend her pen, now to construe a stanza in Tasso, and now how to spell a very — very long word in her version of it? All these incidents have their fascination on the mind at a certain period of life, but not when a youth is entering it, and rather looking out for some object whose affection may dignify him in his own eyes than stooping to one who looks up to him for such distinction. Hence, though there can be no rule in so capricious a passion, early love is frequently ambitious in choosing its object; or, which comes to the same, selects her (as in the case of Saint Cecilia aforesaid) from a situation that gives fair scope for *le beau ideal*, which the reality of intimate and familiar life rather tends to limit and impair. I knew a very accomplished and sensible young man cured of a violent passion for a pretty woman, whose talents were not equal to her face and figure, by being permitted to bear her company for a whole afternoon. Thus, it is certain, that had Edward enjoyed such an opportunity of conversing with Miss Stubbs, Aunt Rachel's precaution would have been unnecessary, for he would as soon have fallen in love with the dairy-maid. And although Miss Bradwardine was a very different character, it seems probable that the very intimacy of their intercourse prevented his feeling for her other sentiments than those of a brother for an amiable and accomplished sister; while the sentiments of poor Rose were gradually, and without her being conscious, assuming a shade of warmer affection.

I ought to have said that Edward, when he sent to Dundee for the books before mentioned, had applied for, and received permission, extending his leave of absence. But the letter of his commanding officer contained a friendly recommendation to him not to spend his time exclusively with persons who, estimable as they might be in a general sense, could not be supposed well affected to a government which they declined to acknowledge by taking the oath of allegiance. The letter further insinuated, though with great delicacy, that although some family connexions might be supposed to render it



necessary for Captain Waverley to communicate with gentlemen who were in this unpleasant state of suspicion, yet his father's situation and wishes ought to prevent his prolonging those attentions into exclusive intimacy. And it was intimated, that, while his political principles were endangered by communicating with laymen of this description, he might also receive erroneous impressions in religion from the prelatie clergy, who so perversely laboured to set up the royal prerogative in things sacred.

This last insinuation probably induced Waverley to set both down to the prejudices of his commanding officer. He was sensible that Mr. Bradwardine had acted with the most scrupulous delicacy, in never entering upon any discussion that had the most remote tendency to bias his mind in political opinions, although he was himself not only a decided partisan of the exiled family, but had been trusted at different times with important commissions for their service. Sensible, therefore, that there was no risk of his being perverted from his allegiance, Edward felt as if he should do his uncle's old friend injustice in removing from a house where he gave and received pleasure and amusement, merely to gratify a prejudiced and ill-judged suspicion. He therefore wrote a very general answer, assuring his commanding officer that his loyalty was not in the most distant danger of contamination, and continued an honoured guest and inmate of the house of Tully-Veolan.

## CHAPTER XV

### *A Creagh, and its Consequences*

WHEN Edward had been a guest at Tully-Veolan nearly six weeks, he descried, one morning, as he took his usual walk before the breakfast-hour, signs of uncommon perturbation in the family. Four bare-legged dairy-maids, with each an empty milk-pail in her hand, ran about with frantic gestures, and uttering loud exclamations of surprise, grief, and resentment. From their appearance, a pagan might have conceived them a detachment of the celebrated Belides, just come from their baling penance. As nothing was to be got from this distracted chorus, excepting 'Lord guide us!' and 'Eh sirs!' ejaculations which threw no light upon the cause of their dismay, Waverley repaired to the fore-court, as it was called, where he beheld Bailie Macwhieble cantering his white pony down the avenue with all the speed it could muster. He had arrived, it would seem, upon a hasty summons, and was followed by half a score of peasants from the village, who had no great difficulty in keeping pace with him.

The Bailie, greatly too busy and too important to enter into explanations with Edward, summoned forth Mr. Saunderson, who appeared with a countenance in which dismay was mingled with solemnity, and they immediately entered into close conference. Davie Gellatley was also seen in the group, idle as Diogenes at Sinope while his countrymen were preparing for a siege. His spirits always rose with anything, good or bad, which occasioned tumult, and he continued frisking, hopping, dancing, and singing the burden of an old ballad —

‘Our gear’s a’ gane,’

until, happening to pass too near the Bailie, he received an admonitory hint from his horse-whip, which converted his songs into lamentation.

Passing from thence towards the garden, Waverley beheld the Baron in person, measuring and re-measuring, with swift and tremendous strides, the length of the terrace; his countenance clouded with offended pride and indignation, and the whole of his demeanour such as seemed to indicate, that any inquiry concerning the cause of his discomposure would give pain at least, if not offence. Waverley therefore glided into the house, without addressing him, and took his way to the breakfast-parlour, where he found his young friend Rose, who, though she neither exhibited the resentment of her father, the turbid importance of Bailie Macwheeble, nor the despair of the handmaidens, seemed vexed and thoughtful. A single word explained the mystery. 'Your breakfast will be a disturbed one, Captain Waverley. A party of Caterans have come down upon us last night, and have driven off all our milch cows.'

'A party of Caterans?'

'Yes; robbers from the neighbouring Highlands. We used to be quite free from them while we paid black-mail to Fergus Mac-Ivor Vich Ian Vohr; but my father thought it unworthy of his rank and birth to pay it any longer, and so this disaster has happened. It is not the value of the cattle, Captain Waverley, that vexes me; but my father is so much hurt at the affront, and is so bold and hot, that I fear he will try to recover them by the strong hand; and if he is not hurt himself, he will hurt some of these wild people, and then there will be no peace between them and us perhaps for our life-time; and we cannot defend ourselves as in old times, for the government have taken all our arms; and my dear father is so rash—O what will become of us!'—Here poor Rose lost heart altogether, and burst into a flood of tears.

The Baron entered at this moment, and rebuked her with more asperity than Waverley had ever heard him use to any one. 'Was it not a shame,' he said, 'that she should exhibit herself before any gentleman in such a light, as if she shed tears for a drove of horned nolt and milch kine, like the daughter of a Cheshire yeoman!—Captain Waverley, I must request your favourable construction of her grief, which may, or ought to proceed, solely from seeing her father's estate exposed to spulzie and depredation from common thieves and sornars, while we are not allowed to keep half a score of muskets, whether for defence or rescue.'

Bailie Macwheeble entered immediately afterwards, and by his report of arms and ammunition confirmed this statement,

informing the Baron, in a melancholy voice, that though the people would certainly obey his honour's orders, yet there was no chance of their following the gear to any good purpose, in respect there were only his honour's body servants who had swords and pistols, and the depredators were twelve Highlanders, completely armed after the manner of their country. Having delivered this doleful annunciation, he assumed a posture of silent dejection, shaking his head slowly with the motion of a pendulum when it is ceasing to vibrate, and then remained stationary, his body stooping at a more acute angle than usual, and the latter part of his person projecting in proportion.

The Baron, meanwhile, paced the room in silent indignation, and at length fixing his eye upon an old portrait, whose person was clad in armour, and whose features glared grimly out of a huge bush of hair, part of which descended from his head to his shoulders, and part from his chin and upper-lip to his breast-plate, — 'That gentleman, Captain Waverley, my grand-sire,' he said, 'with two hundred horse, whom he levied within his own bounds, discomfited and put to the rout more than five hundred of these Highland reivers, who have been ever *lapis offensionis et petra scandali*, a stumbling-block and a rock of offence, to the Lowland vicinage — he discomfited them, I say, when they had the temerity to descend to harry this country, in the time of the civil dissensions, in the year of grace sixteen hundred forty and two. And now, sir, I, his grandson, am thus used at such unworthy hands !'

Here there was an awful pause ; after which all the company, as is usual in cases of difficulty, began to give separate and inconsistent counsel. Alexander ab Alexandro proposed they should send some one to compound with the Caterans, who would readily, he said, give up their prey for a dollar a-head. The Bailie opined that this transaction would amount to theft-boot, or composition of felony ; and he recommended that some *canny hand* should be sent up to the glens to make the best bargain he could, as it were for himself, so that the Laird might not be seen in such a transaction. Edward proposed to send off to the nearest garrison for a party of soldiers and a magistrate's warrant ; and Rose, as far as she dared, endeavoured to insinuate the course of paying the arrears of tribute money to Fergus Mac-Ivor Vich Ian Vohr, who, they all knew, could easily procure restoration of the cattle, if he were properly propitiated.

None of these proposals met the Baron's approbation. The

idea of composition, direct or implied, was absolutely ignominious; that of Waverley only showed that he did not understand the state of the country, and of the political parties which divided it; and, standing matters as they did with Fergus Mac-Ivor Vich Ian Vohr, the Baron would make no concession to him, were it, he said, 'to procure restitution *in integrum* of every stirk and stot that the chief, his forefathers, and his clan, had stolen since the days of Malcolm Canmore.'

In fact, his voice was still for war, and he proposed to send expresses to Balmawhapple, Killancureit, Tullielum, and other lairds, who were exposed to similar depredations, inviting them to join in the pursuit; 'and then, sir, shall these *nebulones nequissimi*, as Leslæus calls them, be brought to the fate of their predecessor Cacus,

"Elisos oculos, et siccum sanguine guttur."

The Bailie, who by no means relished these warlike counsels, here pulled forth an immense watch, of the colour, and nearly of the size, of a pewter warming-pan, and observed it was now past noon, and that the Caterans had been seen in the pass of Ballybrough soon after sun-rise; so that, before the allied forces could assemble, they and their prey would be far beyond the reach of the most active pursuit, and sheltered in those pathless deserts, where it was neither advisable to follow, nor indeed possible to trace them.

This proposition was undeniable. The council therefore broke up without coming to any conclusion, as has occurred to councils of more importance; only it was determined that the Bailie should send his own three milk-cows down to the mains for the use of the Baron's family, and brew small ale, as a substitute for milk, in his own. To this arrangement, which was suggested by Saunderson, the Bailie readily assented, both from habitual deference to the family, and an internal consciousness that his courtesy would, in some mode or other, be repaid tenfold.

The Baron having also retired to give some necessary directions, Waverley seized the opportunity to ask, whether this Fergus, with the unpronounceable name, was the chief thief-taker of the district?

'Thief-taker!' answered Rose, laughing; 'he is a gentleman of great honour and consequence, the chieftain of an independent branch of a powerful Highland clan, and is much respected, both for his own power and that of his kith, kin, and allies.'

‘And what has he to do with the thieves, then? Is he a magistrate, or in the commission of the peace?’ asked Waverley.

‘The commission of war rather, if there be such a thing,’ said Rose; ‘for he is a very unquiet neighbour to his unfriends, and keeps a greater *following* on foot than many that have thrice his estate. As to his connection with the thieves, that I cannot well explain; but the boldest of them will never steal a hoof from any one that pays black-mail to Vich Ian Vohr.’

‘And what is black-mail?’

‘A sort of protection-money that Low-country gentlemen and heritors, lying near the Highlands, pay to some Highland chief, that he may neither do them harm himself, nor suffer it to be done to them by others; and then if your cattle are stolen, you have only to send him word, and he will recover them; or it may be, he will drive away cows from some distant place, where he has a quarrel, and give them to you to make up your loss.’<sup>1</sup>

‘And is this sort of Highland Jonathan Wild admitted into society, and called a gentleman?’

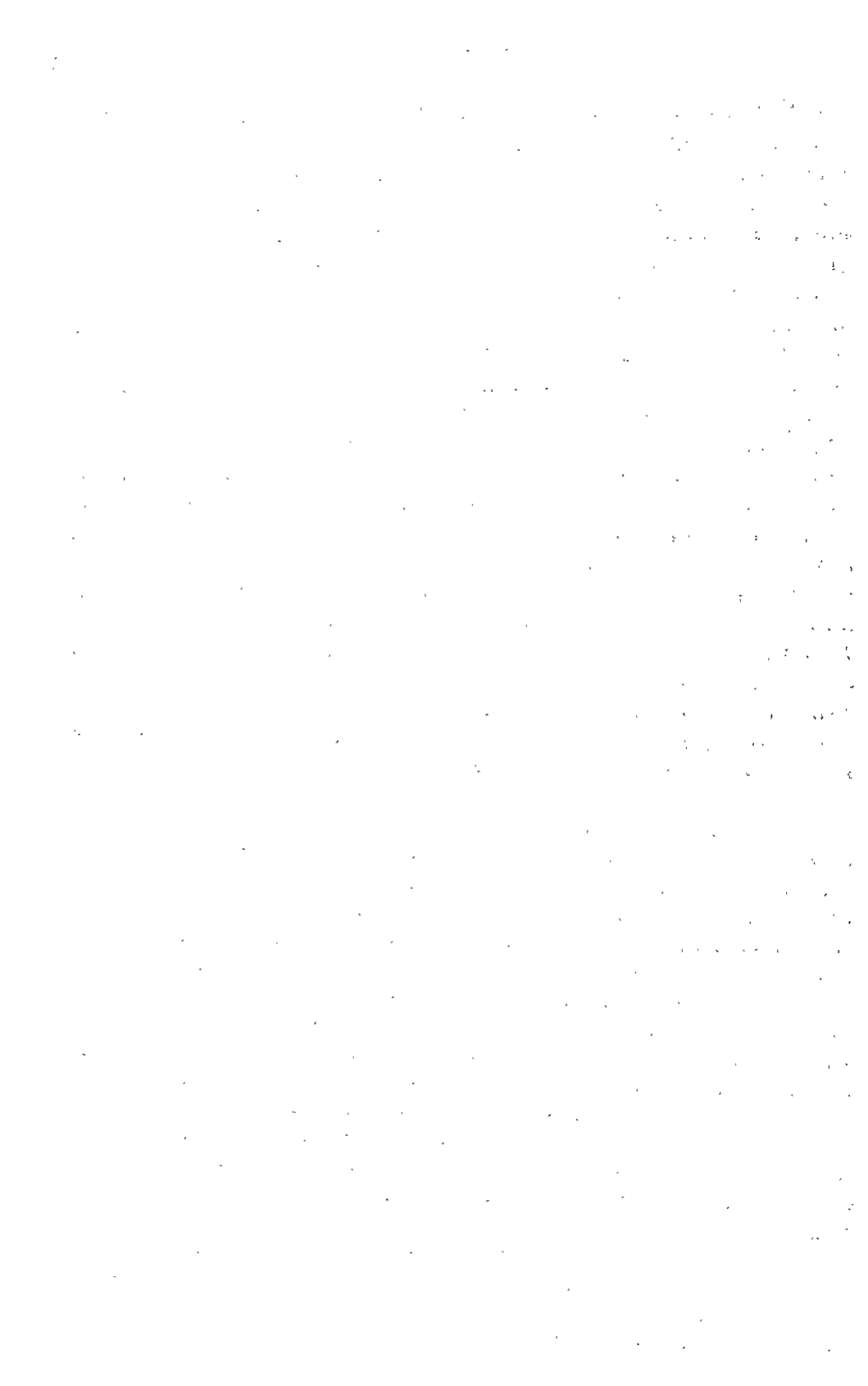
‘So much so,’ said Rose, ‘that the quarrel between my father and Fergus Mac-Ivor began at a county meeting, where he wanted to take precedence of all the Lowland gentlemen then present, only my father would not suffer it. And then he upbraided my father that he was under his banner, and paid him tribute; and my father was in a towering passion, for Bailie Macwheeble, who manages such things his own way, had contrived to keep this black-mail a secret from him, and passed it in his account for cess-money. And they would have fought; but Fergus Mac-Ivor said, very gallantly, he would never raise his hand against a grey head that was so much respected as my father’s. — O I wish, I wish they had continued friends!’

‘And did you ever see this Mr. Mac-Ivor, if that be his name, Miss Bradwardine?’

‘No, that is not his name; and he would consider *master* as a sort of affront, only that you are an Englishman, and know no better. But the Lowlanders call him, like other gentlemen, by the name of his estate, Glen-naquoich; and the Highlanders call him Vich Ian Vohr, that is, the son of John the Great; and we upon the braes here call him by both names indifferently.’

‘I am afraid I shall never bring my English tongue to call him by either one or other.’

<sup>1</sup> See Black-mail. Note 13.



individuals of their clan to the practice of arms, but also of maintaining a wholesome terror among their Lowland neighbours, and levying, as we have seen, a tribute from them, under colour of protection-money.

Bailie Macwheeble, who soon afterwards entered, expatiated still more at length upon the same topic. This honest gentleman's conversation was so formed upon his professional practice, that Davie Gellatley once said his discourse was like a 'charge of horning.' He assured our hero, that 'from the maist ancient times of record, the lawless thieves, limmers, and broken men of the Highlands, had been in fellowship together by reason of their surnames, for the committing of divers thefts, reifs, and herships upon the honest men of the Low Country, when they not only intromitted with their whole goods and gear, corn, cattle, horse, nolt, sheep, outsgit and insight plenishing, at their wicked pleasure, but moreover made prisoners, ransomed them, or concussed them into giving borrows (pledges) to enter into captivity again;—all which was directly prohibited in divers parts of the Statute Book, both by the act one thousand five hundred and sixty-seven, and various others; the whilk statutes, with all that had followed and might follow thereupon, were shamefully broken and vilipended by the said sornars, limmers, and broken men, associated into fellowships, for the aforesaid purposes of theft, stouthreif, fire-raising, murther, *raptus mulierum*, or forcible abduction of women, and such like as aforesaid.'

It seemed like a dream to Waverley that these deeds of violence should be familiar to men's minds, and currently talked of as falling within the common order of things, and happening daily in the immediate vicinity, without his having crossed the seas, and while he was yet in the otherwise well-ordered island of Great Britain.



## CHAPTER XVI

### *An Unexpected Ally Appears*

THE Baron returned at the dinner-hour, and had in a great measure recovered his composure and good-humour. He not only confirmed the stories which Edward had heard from Rose and Bailie Macwhceble, but added many anecdotes from his own experience, concerning the state of the Highlands and their inhabitants. The chiefs he pronounced to be, in general, gentlemen of great honour and high pedigree, whose word was accounted as a law by all those of their own sept, or clan. 'It did not indeed,' he said, 'become them, as had occurred in late instances, to propone their *prosapia*, a lineage which rested for the most part on the vain and fond rhymes of their seannachies or bhaids, as æquiponderate with the evidence of ancient charters and royal grants of antiquity, conferred upon distinguished houses in the Low Country by divers Scottish monarchs; nevertheless, such was their *outré-cuidance* and presumption, as to undervalue those who possessed such evidents, as if they held their lands in a sheep's skin.'

This, by the way, pretty well explained the cause of quarrel between the Baron and his Highland ally. But he went on to state so many curious particulars concerning the manners, customs, and habits of this patriarchal race that Edward's curiosity became highly interested, and he inquired whether it was possible to make with safety an excursion into the neighbouring Highlands, whose dusky barrier of mountains had already excited his wish to penetrate beyond them. The Baron assured his guest that nothing would be more easy, providing this quarrel were first made up, since he could himself give him letters to many of the distinguished chiefs, who would receive him with the utmost courtesy and hospitality.

While they were on this topic, the door suddenly opened, and, ushered by Saunders Saunderson, a Highlander, fully

armed and equipped, entered the apartment. Had it not been that Saunders acted the part of master of the ceremonies to this martial apparition, without appearing to deviate from his usual composure, and that neither Mr. Bradwardine nor Rose exhibited any emotion, Edward would certainly have thought the intrusion hostile. As it was, he started at the sight of what he had not yet happened to see, a mountaineer in his full national costume. The individual Gael was a stout, dark, young man, of low stature, the ample folds of whose plaid added to the appearance of strength which his person exhibited. The short kilt, or petticoat, showed his sinewy and clean-made limbs; the goatskin purse, flanked by the usual defences, a dirk and steel-wrought pistol, hung before him; his bonnet had a short feather, which indicated his claim to be treated as a *duinhé-wassel*, or sort of gentleman; a broadsword dangled by his side, a target hung upon his shoulder, and a long Spanish fowling-piece occupied one of his hands. With the other hand he pulled off his bonnet, and the Baron, who well knew their customs, and the proper mode of addressing them, immediately said, with an air of dignity, but without rising, and much, as Edward thought, in the manner of a prince receiving an embassy, 'Welcome, Evan Dhu Maccombich; what news from Fergus Mac-Ivor Vich Ian Vohr?'

'Fergus Mac-Ivor Vich Ian Vohr,' said the ambassador, in good English, 'greet you well, Baron of Brawdardine and Tully-Veolan, and is sorry there has been a thick cloud interposed between you and him, which has kept you from seeing and considering the friendship and alliances that have been between your houses and forebears of old; and he prays you that the cloud may pass away, and that things may be as they have been heretofore between the clan Ivor and the house of Bradwardine, when there was an egg between them for a flint and a knife for a sword. And he expects you will also say, you are sorry for the cloud, and no man shall hereafter ask whether it descended from the hill to the valley, or rose from the valley to the hill; for they never struck with the scabbard who did not receive with the sword, and woe to him who would lose his friend for the stormy cloud of a spring morning.'

To this the Baron of Bradwardine answered with suitable dignity, that he knew the chief of clan Ivor to be a well-wisher to the *King*, and he was sorry there should have been a cloud between him and any gentleman of such sound principles, 'for when folks are banding together, feeble is he who hath no brother.'

This appearing perfectly satisfactory, that the peace between these august persons might be duly solemnised, the Baron ordered a stoup of usquebaugh, and, filling a glass, drank to the health and prosperity of Mac-Ivor of Glennaquoich; upon which the Celtic ambassador, to requite his politeness, turned down a mighty bumper of the same generous liquor, seasoned with his good wishes to the house of Bradwardine.

Having thus ratified the preliminaries of the general treaty of pacification, the envoy retired to adjust with Mr. Mac-wheelble some subordinate articles with which it was not thought necessary to trouble the Baron. These probably referred to the discontinuance of the subsidy, and apparently the Bailie found means to satisfy their ally, without suffering his master to suppose that his dignity was compromised. At least, it is certain, that after the plenipotentiaries had drunk a bottle of brandy in single drams, which seemed to have no more effect upon such seasoned vessels than if it had been poured upon the two bears at the top of the avenue, Evan Dhu Mac-combich having possessed himself of all the information which he could procure respecting the robbery of the preceding night, declared his intention to set off immediately in pursuit of the cattle, which he pronounced to be 'no that far off; they have broken the bone,' he observed, 'but they have had no time to suck the marrow.'

Our hero, who had attended Evan Dhu during his perquisitions, was much struck with the ingenuity which he displayed in collecting information, and the precise and pointed conclusions which he drew from it. Evan Dhu, on his part, was obviously flattered with the attention of Waverley, the interest he seemed to take in his inquiries, and his curiosity about the customs and scenery of the Highlands. Without much ceremony he invited Edward to accompany him on a short walk of ten or fifteen miles into the mountains, and see the place where the cattle were conveyed to; adding, 'If it be as I suppose, you never saw such a place in your life, nor ever will, unless you go with me or the like of me.'

Our hero, feeling his curiosity considerably excited by the idea of visiting the den of a Highland Cacus, took, however, the precaution to inquire if his guide might be trusted. He was assured that the invitation would on no account have been given had there been the least danger, and that all he had to apprehend was a little fatigue; and, as Evan proposed he should pass a day at his Chieftain's house in returning, where he would

be sure of good accommodation and an excellent welcome, there seemed nothing very formidable in the task he undertook. Rose, indeed, turned pale when she heard of it; but her father, who loved the spirited curiosity of his young friend, did not attempt to damp it by an alarm of danger which really did not exist, and a knapsack, with a few necessities, being bound on the shoulders of a sort of deputy gamekeeper, our hero set forth with a fowling-piece in his hand, accompanied by his new friend Evan Dhu, and followed by the gamekeeper aforesaid, and by two wild Highlanders, the attendants of Evan, one of whom had upon his shoulder a hatchet at the end of a pole, called a Lochaber-axe,<sup>1</sup> and the other a long ducking-gun. Evan, upon Edward's inquiry, gave him to understand that this martial escort was by no means necessary as a guard, but merely, as he said, drawing up and adjusting his plaid with an air of dignity, that he might appear decently at Tully-Veolan, and as Vich Ian Vohr's foster-brother ought to do. 'Ah!' said he, 'if you Saxon duinhé-wassel (English gentleman) saw but the Chief with his tail on!'

'With his tail on?' echoed Edward in some surprise.

'Yes — that is, with all his usual followers, when he visits those of the same rank. 'There is,' he continued, stopping and drawing himself proudly up, while he counted upon his fingers the several officers of his chief's retinue; 'there is his *hanchman*, or right-hand man; then his *bàrd*, or poet; then his *bladier*, or orator, to make harangues to the great folks whom he visits; then his *gilly-more*, or armour-bearer, to carry his sword, and target, and his gun; then his *gilly-casfliuch*, who carries him on his back through the sikes and brooks; then his *gilly-com-strian*, to lead his horse by the bridle in steep and difficult paths; then his *gilly-trushharnish*, to carry his knapsack; and the piper and the piper's man, and it may be a dozen young lads beside, that have no business, but are just boys of the belt, to follow the Laird and do his honour's bidding.'

'And does your Chief regularly maintain all these men?' demanded Waverley.

'All these?' replied Evan; 'ay, and many a fair head beside, that would not ken where to lay itself, but for the mickle barn at Glennaquoich.'

With similar tales of the grandeur of the Chief in peace and war, Evan Dhu beguiled the way till they approached more closely those huge mountains which Edward had hitherto only

<sup>1</sup> See Lochaber-axe. Note 14.

seen at a distance. It was towards evening as they entered one of the tremendous passes which afford communication between the high and low country; the path, which was extremely steep and rugged, winded up a chasin between two tremendous rocks, following the passage which a foaming stream, that brawled far below, appeared to have worn for itself in the course of ages. A few slanting beams of the sun, which was now setting, reached the water in its darksome bed, and showed it partially, chafed by a hundred rocks and broken by a hundred falls. The descent from the path to the stream was a mere precipice, with here and there a projecting fragment of granite, or a scathed tree, which had warped its twisted roots into the fissures of the rock. On the right hand, the mountain rose above the path with almost equal inaccessibility; but the hill on the opposite side displayed a shroud of copsewood, with which some pines were intermingled.

‘This,’ said Evan, ‘is the pass of Bally-Brough, which was kept in former times by ten of the clan Donnochie against a hundred of the Low Country carles. The graves of the slain are still to be seen in that little corrie, or bottom, on the opposite side of the burn; if your eyes are good, you may see the green specks among the heather. See, there is an earn, which you Southrons call an eagle. You have no such birds as that in England. He is going to fetch his supper from the Laird of Bradwardine’s braes, but I’ll send a slug after him.’

He fired his piece accordingly, but missed the superb monarch of the feathered tribes, who, without noticing the attempt to annoy him, continued his majestic flight to the southward. A thousand birds of prey, hawks, kites, carrion-crows, and ravens, disturbed from the lodgings which they had just taken up for the evening, rose at the report of the gun, and mingled their hoarse and discordant notes with the echoes which replied to it, and with the roar of the mountain cataracts. Evan, a little disconcerted at having missed his mark, when he meant to have displayed peculiar dexterity, covered his confusion by whistling part of a pibroch as he reloaded his piece, and proceeded in silence up the pass.

It issued in a narrow glen, between two mountains, both very lofty and covered with heath. The brook continued to be their companion, and they advanced up its mazes, crossing them now and then, on which occasions Evan Dhu uniformly offered the assistance of his attendants to carry over Edward; but our hero, who had been always a tolerable pedestrian,

declined the accommodation, and obviously rose in his guide's opinion, by showing that he did not fear wetting his feet. Indeed he was anxious, so far as he could without affectation, to remove the opinion which Evan seemed to entertain of the effeminacy of the Lowlanders, and particularly of the English.

Through the gorge of this glen they found access to a black bog, of tremendous extent, full of large pit-holes, which they traversed with great difficulty and some danger, by tracks which no one but a Highlander could have followed. The path itself, or rather the portion of more solid ground on which the travellers half walked, half waded, was rough, broken, and in many places quaggy and unsound. Sometimes the ground was so completely unsafe that it was necessary to spring from one hillock to another, the space between being incapable of bearing the human weight. This was an easy matter to the Highlanders, who wore thin-soled brogues fit for the purpose, and moved with a peculiar springing step; but Edward began to find the exercise, to which he was unaccustomed, more fatiguing than he expected. The lingering twilight served to show them through this Serbonian bog, but deserted them almost totally at the bottom of a steep and very stony hill, which it was the travellers' next toilsome task to ascend. The night, however, was pleasant, and not dark; and Waverley, calling up mental energy to support personal fatigue, held on his march gallantly, though envying in his heart his Highland attendants, who continued, without a symptom of abated vigour, the rapid and swinging pace, or rather trot, which, according to his computation, had already brought them fifteen miles upon their journey.

After crossing this mountain and descending on the other side towards a thick wood, Evan Dhu held some conference with his Highland attendants, in consequence of which Edward's baggage was shifted from the shoulders of the gamekeeper to those of one of the gillies, and the former was sent off with the other mountaineer in a direction different from that of the three remaining travellers. On asking the meaning of this separation, Waverley was told that the Lowlander must go to a hamlet about three miles off for the night; for unless it was some very particular friend, Donald Bean Lean, the worthy person whom they supposed to be possessed of the cattle, did not much approve of strangers approaching his retreat. This seemed reasonable, and silenced a qualm of suspicion which came across Edward's mind when he saw himself, at such a place and such an hour, deprived of his only Lowland companion. And Evan imme-

diately afterwards added, 'that indeed he himself had better get forward, and announce their approach to Donald Bean Lean, as the arrival of a *sidier roy* (red soldier)<sup>1</sup> might otherwise be a disagreeable surprise.' And without waiting for an answer, in jockey phrase, he trotted out, and putting himself to a very round pace, was out of sight in an instant.

Waverley was now left to his own meditations, for his attendant with the battle-axe spoke very little English. They were traversing a thick, and, as it seemed, an endless wood of pines, and consequently the path was altogether indiscernible in the murky darkness which surrounded them. The Highlander, however, seemed to trace it by instinct, without the hesitation of a moment, and Edward followed his footsteps as close as he could.

After journeying a considerable time in silence, he could not help asking, 'Was it far to the end of their journey?'

'Ta cove was tree, four mile; but as duinhé-wassel was a wee taiglit, Donald could, tat is, might — would — should send ta curragh.'

This conveyed no information. The *curragh* which was promised might be a man, a horse, a cart, or chaise; and no more could be got from the man with the battle-axe but a repetition of 'Aich ay! ta curragh.'

But in a short time Edward began to conceive his meaning, when, issuing from the wood, he found himself on the banks of a large river or lake, where his conductor gave him to understand they must sit down for a little while. The moon, which now began to rise, showed obscurely the expanse of water which spread before them, and the shapeless and indistinct forms of mountains with which it seemed to be surrounded. The cool and yet mild air of the summer night refreshed Waverley after his rapid and toilsome walk; and the perfume which it wafted from the birch trees,<sup>2</sup> bathed in the evening dew, was exquisitely fragrant.

He had now time to give himself up to the full romance of his situation. Here he sate on the banks of an unknown lake, under the guidance of a wild native, whose language was unknown to him, on a visit to the den of some renowned outlaw, a second Robin Hood, perhaps, or Adam o' Gordon, and that at deep midnight, through scenes of difficulty and toil, separated

<sup>1</sup> See *Sidier Roy*. Note 15.

<sup>2</sup> It is not the weeping birch, the most common species in the Highlands, but the woolly-leaved Lowland birch, that is distinguished by this fragrance.

from his attendant, left by his guide. What a variety of incidents for the exercise of a romantic imagination, and all enhanced by the solemn feeling of uncertainty at least, if not of danger! The only circumstance which assorted ill with the rest was the cause of his journey—the Baron's milk-cows! this degrading incident he kept in the background.

While wrapt in these dreams of imagination, his companion gently touched him, and, pointing in a direction nearly straight across the lake, said, 'Yon's ta cove.' A small point of light was seen to twinkle in the direction in which he pointed, and, gradually increasing in size and lustre, seemed to flicker like a meteor upon the verge of the horizon. While Edward watched this phenomenon, the distant dash of oars was heard. The measured sound approached near and more near, and presently a loud whistle was heard in the same direction. His friend with the battle-axe immediately whistled clear and shrill, in reply to the signal, and a boat, manned with four or five Highlanders, pushed for a little inlet, near which Edward was sitting. He advanced to meet them with his attendant, was immediately assisted into the boat by the officious attention of two stout mountaineers, and had no sooner seated himself than they resumed their oars, and began to row across the lake with great rapidity.



## CHAPTER XVII

### *The Hold of a Highland Robber*

THE party preserved silence, interrupted only by the monotonous and murmured chant of a Gaelic song, sung in a kind of low recitative by the steersman, and by the dash of the oars, which the notes seemed to regulate, as they dipped to them in cadence. The light, which they now approached more nearly, assumed a broader, redder, and more irregular splendour. It appeared plainly to be a large fire, but whether kindled upon an island or the mainland Edward could not determine. As he saw it, the red glaring orb seemed to rest on the very surface of the lake itself, and resembled the fiery vehicle in which the Evil Genius of an Oriental tale traverses land and sea. They approached nearer, and the light of the fire sufficed to show that it was kindled at the bottom of a huge dark crag or rock, rising abruptly from the very edge of the water; its front, changed by the reflection to dusky red, formed a strange and even awful contrast to the banks around, which were from time to time faintly and partially illuminated by pallid moonlight.

The boat now neared the shore, and Edward could discover that this large fire, amply supplied with branches of pine-wood by two figures, who, in the red reflection of its light, appeared like demons, was kindled in the jaws of a lofty cavern, into which an inlet from the lake seemed to advance; and he conjectured, which was indeed true, that the fire had been lighted as a beacon to the boatmen on their return. They rowed right for the mouth of the cave, and then, shipping their oars, permitted the boat to enter in obedience to the impulse which it had received. The skiff passed the little point or platform of rock on which the fire was blazing, and running about two boats' lengths farther, stopped where the cavern (for it was already arched overhead) ascended from the water by five or six broad ledges of rock, so easy and regular that they might

be termed natural steps. At this moment a quantity of water was suddenly flung upon the fire, which sunk with a hissing noise, and with it disappeared the light it had hitherto afforded. Four or five active arms lifted Waverley out of the boat, placed him on his feet, and almost carried him into the recesses of the cave. He made a few paces in darkness, guided in this manner; and advancing towards a hum of voices, which seemed to sound from the centre of the rock, at an acute turn Donald Bean Lean and his whole establishment were before his eyes.

The interior of the cave, which here rose very high, was illuminated by torches made of pine-tree, which emitted a bright and bickering light, attended by a strong though not unpleasant odour. Their light was assisted by the red glare of a large charcoal fire, round which were seated five or six armed Highlanders, while others were indistinctly seen couched on their plaids in the more remote recesses of the cavern. In one large aperture, which the robber facetiously called his *spence* (or pantry), there hung by the heels the carcasses of a sheep, or ewe, and two cows lately slaughtered. The principal inhabitant of this singular mansion, attended by Evan Dhu as master of the ceremonies, came forward to meet his guest, totally different in appearance and manner from what his imagination had anticipated. The profession which he followed, the wilderness in which he dwelt, the wild warrior forms that surrounded him, were all calculated to inspire terror. From such accompaniments, Waverley prepared himself to meet a stern, gigantic, ferocious figure, such as Salvator would have chosen to be the central object of a group of banditti.<sup>1</sup>

Donald Bean Lean was the very reverse of all these. He was thin in person and low in stature, with light sandy-coloured hair, and small pale features, from which he derived his agnomen of *Bean* or white; and although his form was light, well proportioned, and active, he appeared, on the whole, rather a diminutive and insignificant figure. He had served in some inferior capacity in the French army, and in order to receive his English visitor in great form, and probably meaning, in his way, to pay him a compliment, he had laid aside the Highland dress for the time, to put on an old blue and red uniform and a feathered hat, in which he was far from showing to advantage, and indeed looked so incongruous, compared with all around him, that Waverley would have been tempted to laugh, had laughter been either civil or safe. The robber received

<sup>1</sup> See Rob Roy. Note 16.

Captain Waverley with a profusion of French politeness and Scottish hospitality, seemed perfectly to know his name and connexions, and to be particularly acquainted with his uncle's political principles. On these he bestowed great applause, to which Waverley judged it prudent to make a very general reply.

Being placed at a convenient distance from the charcoal fire, the heat of which the season rendered oppressive, a strapping Highland damsel placed before Waverley, Evan, and Donald Bean three cogues, or wooden vessels composed of staves and hoops, containing *canaruch*,<sup>1</sup> a sort of strong soup, made out of a particular part of the inside of the beeves. After this refreshment, which, though coarse, fatigue and hunger rendered palatable, steaks, roasted on the coals, were supplied in liberal abundance, and disappeared before Evan Dhu and their host with a promptitude that seemed like magic, and astonished Waverley, who was much puzzled to reconcile their voracity with what he had heard of the abstemiousness of the Highlanders. He was ignorant that this abstinence was with the lower ranks wholly compulsory, and that, like some animals of prey, those who practise it were usually gifted with the power of indemnifying themselves to good purpose when chance threw plenty in their way. The whisky came forth in abundance to crown the cheer. The Highlanders drank it copiously and undiluted; but Edward, having mixed a little with water, did not find it so palatable as to invite him to repeat the draught. Their host bewailed himself exceedingly that he could offer him no wine: 'Had he but known four-and-twenty hours before, he would have had some, had it been within the circle of forty miles round him. But no gentleman could do more to show his sense of the honour of a visit from another than to offer him the best cheer his house afforded. Where there are no bushes there can be no nuts, and the way of those you live with is that you must follow.'

He went on regretting to Evan Dhu the death of an aged man, Donnacha an Amrigh, or Duncan with the Cap, 'a gifted seer,' who foretold, through the second sight, visitors of every description who haunted their dwelling, whether as friends or foes.

'Is not his son Malcolm *taishatr* (a second-sighted person)?' asked Evan.

'Nothing equal to his father,' replied Donald Bean. 'He

<sup>1</sup> This was the regale presented by Rob Roy to the Laird of Tullibody.

told us the other day, we were to see a great gentleman riding on a horse, and there came nobody that whole day but Shemus Beg, the blind harper, with his dog. Another time he advertised us of a wedding, and behold it proved a funeral; and on the creagh, when he foretold to us we should bring home a hundred head of horned cattle, we gripped nothing but a fat bailie of Perth.'

From this discourse he passed to the political and military state of the country; and Waverley was astonished, and even alarmed, to find a person of this description so accurately acquainted with the strength of the various garrisons and regiments quartered north of the Tay. He even mentioned the exact number of recruits who had joined Waverley's troop from his uncle's estate, and observed they were *pretty men*, meaning, not handsome, but stout warlike fellows. He put Waverley in mind of one or two minute circumstances which had happened at a general review of the regiment, which satisfied him that the robber had been an eye-witness of it; and Evan Dhu having by this time retired from the conversation, and wrapped himself up in his plaid to take some repose, Donald asked Edward, in a very significant manner, whether he had nothing particular to say to him.

Waverley, surprised and somewhat startled at this question from such a character, answered, he had no motive in visiting him but curiosity to see his extraordinary place of residence. Donald Bean Lean looked him steadily in the face for an instant, and then said, with a significant nod, 'You might as well have confided in me; I am as much worthy of trust as either the Baron of Bradwardine or Vich Ian Vohr. But you are equally welcome to my house.'

Waverley felt an involuntary shudder creep over him at the mysterious language held by this outlawed and lawless bandit, which, in despite of his attempts to master it, deprived him of the power to ask the meaning of his insinuations. A heath pallet, with the flowers stuck uppermost, had been prepared for him in a recess of the cave, and here, covered with such spare plaids as could be mustered, he lay for some time watching the motions of the other inhabitants of the cavern. Small parties of two or three entered or left the place, without any other ceremony than a few words in Gaelic to the principal outlaw, and, when he fell asleep, to a tall Highlander who acted as his lieutenant, and seemed to keep watch during his repose. Those who entered seemed to have returned from some ex-

cursion, of which they reported the success, and went without farther ceremony to the larder, where, cutting with their dirks their rations from the carcasses which were there suspended, they proceeded to broil and eat them at their own pleasure and leisure. The liquor was under strict regulation, being served out either by Donald himself, his lieutenant, or the strapping Highland girl aforesaid, who was the only female that appeared. The allowance of whisky, however, would have appeared prodigal to any but Highlanders, who, living entirely in the open air and in a very moist climate, can consume great quantities of ardent spirits without the usual baneful effect either upon the brain or constitution.

At length the fluctuating groups began to swim before the eyes of our hero as they gradually closed; nor did he re-open them till the morning sun was high on the lake without, though there was but a faint and glimmering twilight in the recesses of Uaimh an Ri, or the King's Cavern, as the abode of Donald Bean Lean was proudly denominated.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### *Waverley Proceeds on his Journey*

WHEN Edward had collected his scattered recollection, he was surprised to observe the cavern totally deserted. Having arisen and put his dress in some order, he looked more accurately round him ; but all was still solitary. If it had not been for the decayed brands of the fire, now sunk into grey ashes, and the remnants of the festival, consisting of bones half burnt and half gnawed, and an empty keg or two, there remained no traces of Donald and his band. When Waverley sallied forth to the entrance of the cave, he perceived that the point of rock, on which remained the marks of last night's beacon, was accessible by a small path, either natural or roughly hewn in the rock, along the little inlet of water which ran a few yards up into the cavern, where, as in a wet-dock, the skiff which brought him there the night before was still lying moored. When he reached the small projecting platform on which the beacon had been established, he would have believed his farther progress by land impossible, only that it was scarce probable but what the inhabitants of the cavern had some mode of issuing from it otherwise than by the lake. Accordingly, he soon observed three or four shelving steps, or ledges of rock, at the very extremity of the little platform ; and, making use of them as a staircase, he clambered by their means around the projecting shoulder of the crag on which the cavern opened, and, descending with some difficulty on the other side, he gained the wild and precipitous shores of a Highland loch, about four miles in length and a mile and a half across, surrounded by heathy and savage mountains, on the crests of which the morning mist was still sleeping.

Looking back to the place from which he came, he could not help admiring the address which had adopted a retreat of such seclusion and secrecy. The rock, round the shoulder of which

he had turned by a few imperceptible notches, that barely afforded place for the foot, seemed, in looking back upon it, a huge precipice, which barred all farther passage by the shores of the lake in that direction. There could be no possibility, the breadth of the lake considered, of deservyng the entrance of the narrow and low-browed cave from the other side; so that, unless the retreat had been sought for with boats, or disclosed by treachery, it might be a safe and secret residence to its garrison as long as they were supplied with provisions. Having satisfied his curiosity in these particulars, Waverley looked around for Evan Dhu and his attendant, who, he rightly judged, would be at no great distance, whatever might have become of Donald Bean Lean and his party, whose mode of life was, of course, liable to sudden migrations of abode. Accordingly, at the distance of about half a mile, he beheld a Highlander (Evan apparently) angling in the lake, with another attending him, whom, from the weapon which he shouldered, he recognised for his friend with the battle-axe.

Much nearer to the mouth of the cave he heard the notes of a lively Gaelic song, guided by which, in a sunny recess, shaded by a glittering birch-tree, and carpeted with a bank of firm white sand, he found the damsel of the cavern, whose lay had already reached him, busy, to the best of her power, in arranging to advantage a morning repast of milk, eggs, barley-bread, fresh butter, and honey-comb. The poor girl had already made a circuit of four miles that morning in search of the eggs, of the meal which baked her cakes, and of the other materials of the breakfast, being all delicacies which she had to beg or borrow from distant cottagers. The followers of Donald Bean Lean used little food except the flesh of the animals which they drove away from the Lowlands; bread itself was a delicacy seldom thought of, because hard to be obtained, and all the domestic accommodations of milk, poultry, butter, etc., were out of the question in this Scythian camp. Yet it must not be omitted that, although Alice had occupied a part of the morning in providing those accommodations for her guest which the cavern did not afford, she had secured time also to arrange her own person in her best trim. Her finery was very simple. A short russet-coloured jacket and a petticoat of scanty longitude was her whole dress; but these were clean, and neatly arranged. A piece of scarlet embroidered cloth, called the *snood*, confined her hair, which fell over it in a profusion of rich dark curls. The scarlet plaid, which formed part of her dress, was laid

aside, that it might not impede her activity in attending the stranger. I should forget Alice's proudest ornament were I to omit mentioning a pair of gold ear-rings and a golden rosary, which her father (for she was the daughter of Donald Bean Lean) had brought from France, the plunder, probably, of some battle or storm.

Her form, though rather large for her years, was very well proportioned, and her demeanour had a natural and rustic grace, with nothing of the sheepishness of an ordinary peasant. The smiles, displaying a row of teeth of exquisite whiteness, and the laughing eyes, with which, in dumb show, she gave Waverley that morning greeting which she wanted English words to express, might have been interpreted by a coxcomb, or perhaps by a young soldier who, without being such, was conscious of a handsome person, as meant to convey more than the courtesy of an hostess. Nor do I take it upon me to say that the little wild mountaineer would have welcomed any staid old gentleman advanced in life, the Baron of Bradwardine, for example, with the cheerful pains which she bestowed upon Edward's accommodation. She seemed eager to place him by the meal which she had so sedulously arranged, and to which she now added a few bunches of cranberries, gathered in an adjacent morass. Having had the satisfaction of seeing him seated at his breakfast, she placed herself demurely upon a stone at a few yards' distance, and appeared to watch with great complacency for some opportunity of serving him.

Evan and his attendant now returned slowly along the beach, the latter bearing a large salmon-trout, the produce of the morning's sport, together with the angling-rod, while Evan strolled forward, with an easy, self-satisfied, and important gait, towards the spot where Waverley was so agreeably employed at the breakfast-table. After morning greetings had passed on both sides, and Evan, looking at Waverley, had said something in Gaelic to Alice, which made her laugh, yet colour up to her eyes, through a complexion well embrowned by sun and wind, Evan intimated his commands that the fish should be prepared for breakfast. A spark from the lock of his pistol produced a light, and a few withered fir branches were quickly in flame, and as speedily reduced to hot embers, on which the trout was broiled in large slices. To crown the repast, Evan produced from the pocket of his short jerkin a large scallop shell, and from under the folds of his plaid a ram's horn full of whisky. Of this he took a copious dram, observing he had already taken



his *morning* with Donald Bean Lean before his departure ; he offered the same cordial to Alice and to Edward, which they both declined. With the bounteous air of a lord, Evan then proffered the scallop to Dugald Mahony, his attendant, who, without waiting to be asked a second time, drank it off with great gusto. Evan then prepared to move towards the boat, inviting Waverley to attend him. Meanwhile, Alice had made up in a small basket what she thought worth removing, and flinging her plaid around her, she advanced up to Edward, and with the utmost simplicity, taking hold of his hand, offered her cheek to his salute, dropping at the same time her little courtesy. Evan, who was esteemed a wag among the mountain fair, advanced as if to secure a similar favour ; but Alice, snatching up her basket, escaped up the rocky bank as fleetly as a roe, and, turning round and laughing, called something out to him in Gaelic, which he answered in the same tone and language ; then, waving her hand to Edward, she resumed her road, and was soon lost among the thickets, though they continued for some time to hear her lively carol, as she proceeded gaily on her solitary journey.

They now again entered the gorge of the cavern, and stepping into the boat, the Highlander pushed off, and, taking advantage of the morning breeze, hoisted a clumsy sort of sail, while Evan assumed the helm, directing their course, as it appeared to Waverley, rather higher up the lake than towards the place of his embarkation on the preceding night. As they glided along the silver mirror, Evan opened the conversation with a panegyric upon Alice, who, he said, was both *canny* and *fendy* ; and was, to the boot of all that, the best dancer of a strathspey in the whole strath. Edward assented to her praises so far as he understood them, yet could not help regretting that she was condemned to such a perilous and dismal life.

‘Oich ! for that,’ said Evan, ‘there is nothing in Perthshire that she need want, if she ask her father to fetch it, unless it be too hot or too heavy.’

‘But to be the daughter of a cattle-stealer — a common thief !’

‘Common thief ! — no such thing : Donald Bean Lean never *lifted* less than a drove in his life.’

‘Do you call him an uncommon thief, then ?’

‘No ; he that steals a cow from a poor widow, or a stirk from a cottar, is a thief ; he that lifts a drove from a Sassenach laird

is a gentleman-drover. And, besides, to take a tree from the forest, a salmon from the river, a deer from the hill, or a cow from a Lowland strath, is what no Highlander need ever think shame upon.'

'But what can this end in, were he taken in such an appropriation?'

'To be sure he would *die for the law*, as many a pretty man has done before him.'

'Die for the law!'

'Ay; that is, with the law, or by the law; be strapped up on the *kind* gallows of Crieff,<sup>1</sup> where his father died, and his goodsire died, and where I hope he'll live to die himself, if he's not shot, or slashed, in a creagh.'

'You *hope* such a death for your friend, Evan?'

'And that do I e'en; would you have me wish him to die on a bundle of wet straw in yon den of his, like a mangy tyke?'

'But what becomes of Alice, then?'

'Troth, if such an accident were to happen, as her father would not need her help any langer, I ken nought to hinder me to marry her mysell.'

'Gallantly resolved,' said Edward; 'but, in the meanwhile, Evan, what has your father-in-law (that shall be, if he have the good fortune to be hanged) done with the Baron's cattle?'

'Oich,' answered Evan, 'they were all trudging before your lad and Allan Kennedy before the sun blinked ower Ben Lawers this morning; and they'll be in the pass of Bally-Brough by this time, in their way back to the parks of Tully-Veolan, all but two, that were unhappily slaughtered before I got last night to Uaimh an Ri.'

'And where are we going, Evan, if I may be so bold as to ask?' said Waverley.

'Where would you be ganging, but to the Laird's ain house of Glennaquoich? Ye would not think to be in his country, without ganging to see him? It would be as much as a man's life's worth.'

'And are we far from Glennaquoich?'

'But five bits of miles; and Vich Ian Vohr will meet us.'

In about half an hour they reached the upper end of the lake, where, after landing Waverley, the two Highlanders drew the boat into a little creek among thick flags and reeds, where it lay perfectly concealed. The oars they put in another place

<sup>1</sup> See Kind Gallows of Crieff. Note 17.

of concealment, both for the use of Donald Bean Lean probably; when his occasions should next bring him to that place.

The travellers followed for some time a delightful opening into the hills, down which a little brook found its way to the lake. When they had pursued their walk a short distance, Waverley renewed his questions about their host of the cavern.

‘Does he always reside in that cave?’

‘Out, no! it’s past the skill of man to tell where he’s to be found at a’ times; there’s not a dern nook, or cove, or corrie, in the whole country that he’s not acquainted with.’

‘And do others beside your master shelter him?’

‘My master? *My* master is in Heaven,’ answered Evan, haughtily; and then immediately assuming his usual civility of manner, ‘but you mean my Chief;—no, he does not shelter Donald Bean Lean, nor any that are like him; he only allows him (with a smile) wood and water.’

‘No great boon, I should think, Evan, when both seem to be very plenty.’

‘Ah! but ye dinna see through it. When I say wood and water, I mean the loch and the land; and I fancy Donald would be put till’t if the Laird were to look for him wi’ threescore men in the wood of Kailychat yonder; and if our boats, with a score or twa mair, were to come down the loch to Uaimh an Ri, headed by mysell, or ony other pretty man.’

‘But suppose a strong party came against him from the Low Country, would not your Chief defend him?’

‘Na, he would not ware the spark of a flint for him—if they came with the law.’

‘And what must Donald do, then?’

‘He behoved to rid this country of himsell, and fall back, it may be, over the mount upon Letter Scriven.’

‘And if he were pursued to that place?’

‘I’se warrant he would go to his cousin’s at Rannoch.’

‘Well, but if they followed him to Rannoch?’

‘That,’ quoth Evan, ‘is beyond all belief; and, indeed, to tell you the truth, there durst not a Lowlander in all Scotland follow the fray a gun-shot beyond Bally-Brough, unless he had the help of the *Sidier Dhu*.’

‘Whom do you call so?’

‘The *Sidier Dhu*? the black soldier; that is what they call the independent companies that were raised to keep peace and law in the Highlands. Vich Ian Vohr commanded one of them for five years, and I was sergeant myself, I shall warrant ye.

They call them *Sidier Dhu* because they wear the tartans, as they call your men — King George's men — *Sidier Roy*, or red soldiers.'

'Well, but when you were in King George's pay, Evan, you were surely King George's soldiers?'

'Troth, and you must ask Vich Ian Vohr about that; for we are for his king, and care not much which o' them it is. At ony rate, nobody can say we are King George's men now, when we have not seen his pay this twelvemonth.'

This last argument admitted of no reply, nor did Edward attempt any; he rather chose to bring back the discourse to Donald Bean Lean. 'Does Donald confine himself to cattle, or does he *lift*, as you call it, anything else that comes in his way?'

'Troth, he's nae nice body, and he'll just tak onything, but most readily cattle, horse, or live Christians; for sheep are slow of travel, and insight plenishing is cumbrous to carry, and not easy to put away for siller in this country.'

'But does he carry off men and women?'

'Out, ay. Did not ye hear him speak o' the Perth bailie? It cost that body five hundred merks ere he got to the south of Bally-Brough. And ance Donald played a pretty sport.<sup>1</sup> There was to be a blythe bridal between the Lady Cramfeezier, in the howe o' the Mearns (she was the auld laird's widow, and no sae young as she had been hersell), and young Gilliewhackit, who had spent his heirship and movables, like a gentleman, at cock-matches, bull-baitings, horse-races, and the like. Now, Donald Bean Lean, being aware that the bridegroom was in request, and wanting to cleik the cunzie (that is, to hook the siller), he cannily carried off Gilliewhackit ae night when he was riding *dovering* hame (wi' the malt rather abune the meal), and with the help of his gillies he gat him into the hills with the speed of light, and the first place he wakened in was the cove of Uaimh an Ri. So there was old to do about ransoming the bridegroom; for Donald would not lower a farthing of a thousand punds——'

'The devil!'

'Punds Scottish, ye shall understand. And the lady had not the siller if she had pawned her gown; and they applied to the governor o' Stirling castle, and to the major o' the Black Watch; and the governor said it was ower far to the northward, and out of his district; and the major said his men were gane

<sup>1</sup> See Caterans. Note 18.

hame to the shearing, and he would not call them out before the victual was got in for all the Cramfeezers in Christendom, let alane the Mearns, for that it would prejudice the country. And in the meanwhile ye'll no hinder Gilliewhackit to take the small-pox. There was not the doctor in Perth or Stirling would look near the poor lad; and I cannot blame them, for Donald had been misguggled by ane of these doctors about Paris, and he swore he would fling the first into the loch that he catched beyond the pass. However some cailliachs (that is, old women) that were about Donald's hand nursed Gilliewhackit sae weel that, between the free open air in the cove and the fresh whey, deil an he did not recover maybe as weel as if he had been closed in a glazed chamber and a bed with curtains, and fed with red wine and white meat. And Donald was sae vexed about it that, when he was stout and weel, he even sent him free hame, and said he would be pleased with onything they would like to gie him for the plague and trouble which he had about Gilliewhackit to an unkenn'd degree. And I cannot tell you precisely how they sorted; but they agreed sae right that Donald was invited to dance at the wedding in his Highland trews, and they said that there was never sae meikle siller clinked in his purse either before or since. And to the boot of all that, Gilliewhackit said that, be the evidence what it liked, if he had the luck to be on Donald's inquest, he would bring him in guilty of nothing whatever, unless it were wilful arson or murder under trust.'

With such bald and disjointed chat Evan went on illustrating the existing state of the Highlands, more perhaps to the amusement of Waverley than that of our readers. At length, after having marched over bank and brae, moss and heather, Edward, though not unacquainted with the Scottish liberality in computing distance, began to think that Evan's five miles were nearly doubled. His observation on the large measure which the Scottish allowed of their land, in comparison to the computation of their money, was readily answered by Evan with the old jest, 'The deil take them wha have the least pint stoup.'<sup>1</sup>

And now the report of a gun was heard, and a sportsman was seen, with his dogs and attendant, at the upper end of the glen. 'Shough,' said Dugald Mahony, 'tat's ta Chief.'

'It is not,' said Evan, imperiously. 'Do you think he would

<sup>1</sup> The Scotch are liberal in computing their land and liquor; the Scottish pint corresponds to two English quarts. As for their coin, every one knows the couplet —

How can the rogues pretend to sense?  
Their pound is only twenty pence.

come to meet a Sassenach duinhé-wassel in such a way as that?’

But as they approached a little nearer, he said, with an appearance of mortification, ‘And it is even he, sure enough; and he has not his tail on after all; there is no living creature with him but Callum Beg.’

In fact, Fergus Mac-Ivor, of whom a Frenchman might have said as truly as of any man in the Highlands, ‘*Qu’il connoit bien ses gens,*’ had no idea of raising himself in the eyes of an English young man of fortune by appearing with a retinue of idle Highlanders disproportioned to the occasion. He was well aware that such an unnecessary attendance would seem to Edward rather ludicrous than respectable; and, while few men were more attached to ideas of chieftainship and feudal power, he was, for that very reason, cautious of exhibiting external marks of dignity, unless at the time and in the manner when they were most likely to produce an imposing effect. Therefore, although, had he been to receive a brother chieftain, he would probably have been attended by all that retinue which Evan described with so much unction, he judged it more respectable to advance to meet Waverley with a single attendant, a very handsome Highland boy, who carried his master’s shooting-pouch and his broadsword, without which he seldom went abroad.

When Fergus and Waverley met, the latter was struck with the peculiar grace and dignity of the Chieftain’s figure. Above the middle size and finely proportioned, the Highland dress, which he wore in its simplest mode, set off his person to great advantage. He wore the trews, or close trowsers, made of tartan, chequered scarlet and white; in other particulars his dress strictly resembled Evan’s, excepting that he had no weapon save a dirk, very richly mounted with silver. His page, as we have said, carried his claymore; and the fowling-piece, which he held in his hand; seemed only designed for sport. He had shot in the course of his walk some young wild-ducks, as, though *close time* was then unknown, the broods of grouse were yet too young for the sportsman. His countenance was decidedly Scottish, with all the peculiarities of the northern physiognomy, but yet had so little of its harshness and exaggeration that it would have been pronounced in any country extremely handsome. The martial air of the bonnet, with a single eagle’s feather as a distinction, added much to the manly appearance of his head, which was besides ornamented with a far more natural and

graceful cluster of close black curls than ever were exposed to sale in Bond Street.

An air of openness and affability increased the favourable impression derived from this handsome and dignified exterior. Yet a skilful physiognomist would have been less satisfied with the countenance on the second than on the first view. The eye-brow and upper lip bespoke something of the habit of peremptory command and decisive superiority. Even his courtesy, though open, frank, and unconstrained, seemed to indicate a sense of personal importance; and, upon any check or accidental excitation, a sudden, though transient lour of the eye showed a hasty, haughty, and vindictive temper, not less to be dreaded because it seemed much under its owner's command. In short, the countenance of the Chieftain resembled a smiling summer's day, in which, notwithstanding, we are made sensible by certain, though slight signs that it may thunder and lighten before the close of evening.

It was not, however, upon their first meeting that Edward had an opportunity of making these less favourable remarks. The Chief received him as a friend of the Baron of Bradwardine, with the utmost expression of kindness and obligation for the visit; upbraided him gently with choosing so rude an abode as he had done the night before; and entered into a lively conversation with him about Donald Bean's housekeeping, but without the least hint as to his predatory habits, or the immediate occasion of Waverley's visit, a topic which, as the Chief did not introduce it, our hero also avoided. While they walked merrily on towards the house of Glennaquoich, Evan, who now fell respectfully into the rear, followed with Callum Beg and Dugald Mahony.

We shall take the opportunity to introduce the reader to some particulars of Fergus Mac-Ivor's character and history, which were not completely known to Waverley till after a connection which, though arising from a circumstance so casual, had for a length of time the deepest influence upon his character, actions, and prospects. But this, being an important subject, must form the commencement of a new chapter.

## CHAPTER XIX

### *The Chief and his Mansion*

THE ingenious licentiate Francisco de Ubeda, when he commenced his history of *La Picara Justina Diez*, — which, by the way, is one of the most rare books of Spanish literature, — complained of his pen having caught up a hair, and forthwith begins, with more eloquence than common sense, an affectionate expostulation with that useful implement, upbraiding it with being the quill of a goose, — a bird inconstant by nature, as frequenting the three elements of water, earth, and air indifferently, and being, of course, ‘to one thing constant never.’ Now I protest to thee, gentle reader, that I entirely dissent from Francisco de Ubeda in this matter, and hold it the most useful quality of my pen, that it can speedily change from grave to gay, and from description and dialogue to narrative and character. So that if my quill display no other properties of its mother-goose than her mutability, truly I shall be well pleased; and I conceive that you, my worthy friend, will have no occasion for discontent. From the jargon, therefore, of the Highland gillies I pass to the character of their Chief. It is an important examination, and therefore, like Dogberry, we must spare no wisdom.

The ancestor of Fergus Mac-Ivor, about three centuries before, had set up a claim to be recognised as chief of the numerous and powerful clan to which he belonged, the name of which it is unnecessary to mention. Being defeated by an opponent who had more justice, or at least more force, on his side, he moved southwards, with those who adhered to him, in quest of new settlements, like a second Æneas. The state of the Perthshire Highlands favoured his purpose. A great baron in that country had lately become traitor to the crown; Ian, which was the name of our adventurer, united himself with those who were commissioned by the king to chastise him, and



did such good service that he obtained a grant of the property, upon which he and his posterity afterwards resided. He followed the king also in war to the fertile regions of England, where he employed his leisure hours so actively in raising subsidies among the boors of Northumberland and Durham, that upon his return he was enabled to erect a stone tower, or fortalice, so much admired by his dependants and neighbours that he, who had hitherto been called Ian Mac-Ivor, or John the son of Ivor, was thereafter distinguished, both in song and genealogy, by the high title of *Ian nan Chaistel*, or John of the Tower. The descendants of this worthy were so proud of him that the reigning chief always bore the patronymic title of Vich Ian Vohr, *i.e.* the son of John the Great; while the clan at large, to distinguish them from that from which they had seceded, were denominated *Sliochd nan Ivor*, the race of Ivor.

The father of Fergus, the tenth in direct descent from John of the Tower, engaged heart and hand in the insurrection of 1715, and was forced to fly to France, after the attempt of that year in favour of the Stuarts had proved unsuccessful. More fortunate than other fugitives, he obtained employment in the French service, and married a lady of rank in that kingdom, by whom he had two children, Fergus and his sister Flora. The Scottish estate had been forfeited and exposed to sale, but was repurchased for a small price in the name of the young proprietor, who in consequence came to reside upon his native domains.<sup>1</sup> It was soon perceived that he possessed a character of uncommon acuteness, fire, and ambition, which, as he became acquainted with the state of the country, gradually assumed a mixed and peculiar tone, that could only have been acquired Sixty Years since.

Had Fergus Mac-Ivor lived Sixty Years sooner than he did, he would in all probability have wanted the polished manner and knowledge of the world which he now possessed; and had he lived Sixty Years later, his ambition and love of rule would have lacked the fuel which his situation now afforded. He was indeed, within his little circle, as perfect a politician as Castuccio Castracani himself. He applied himself with great earnestness to appease all the feuds and dissensions which often arose among other clans in his neighbourhood, so that he became a frequent umpire in their quarrels. His own patriarchal power he strengthened at every expense which his fortune

<sup>1</sup> See Forfeited Estates. Note 19.

would permit, and indeed stretched his means to the uttermost to maintain the rude and plentiful hospitality which was the most valued attribute of a chieftain. For the same reason he crowded his estate with a tenantry, hardy indeed, and fit for the purposes of war, but greatly outnumbering what the soil was calculated to maintain. These consisted chiefly of his own clan, not one of whom he suffered to quit his lands if he could possibly prevent it. But he maintained, besides, many adventurers from the mother sept, who deserted a less warlike, though more wealthy chief to do homage to Fergus Mac-Ivor. Other individuals, too, who had not even that apology, were nevertheless received into his allegiance, which indeed was refused to none who were, like Pains, proper men of their hands, and were willing to assume the name of Mac-Ivor.

He was enabled to discipline these forces, from having obtained command of one of the independent companies raised by government to preserve the peace of the Highlands. While in this capacity he acted with vigour and spirit, and preserved great order in the country under his charge. He caused his vassals to enter by rotation into his company, and serve for a certain space of time, which gave them all in turn a general notion of military discipline. In his campaigns against the banditti, it was observed that he assumed and exercised to the utmost the discretionary power which, while the law had no free course in the Highlands, was conceived to belong to the military parties who were called in to support it. He acted, for example, with great and suspicious lenity to those freebooters who made restitution on his summons and offered personal submission to himself, while he rigorously pursued, apprehended, and sacrificed to justice all such interlopers as dared to despise his admonitions or commands. On the other hand, if any officers of justice, military parties, or others, presumed to pursue thieves or marauders through his territories, and without applying for his consent and concurrence, nothing was more certain than that they would meet with some notable foil or defeat; upon which occasions Fergus Mac-Ivor was the first to condole with them, and, after gently blaming their rashness, never failed deeply to lament the lawless state of the country. These lamentations did not exclude suspicion, and matters were so represented to government that our Chieftain was deprived of his military command.<sup>1</sup>

Whatever Fergus Mac-Ivor felt on this occasion, he had the

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<sup>1</sup> See Highland Policy. Note 20.

art of entirely suppressing every appearance of discontent ; but in a short time the neighbouring country began to feel bad effects from his disgrace. Donald Bean Lean, and others of his class, whose depredations had hitherto been confined to other districts, appeared from thenceforward to have made a settlement on this devoted border ; and their ravages were carried on with little opposition, as the Lowland gentry were chiefly Jacobites, and disarmed. This forced many of the inhabitants into contracts of black-mail with Fergus Mac-Ivor, which not only established him their protector, and gave him great weight in all their consultations, but, moreover, supplied funds for the waste of his feudal hospitality, which the discontinuance of his pay might have otherwise essentially diminished.

In following this course of conduct, Fergus had a further object than merely being the great man of his neighbourhood, and ruling despotically over a small clan. From his infancy upward he had devoted himself to the cause of the exiled family, and had persuaded himself, not only that their restoration to the crown of Britain would be speedy, but that those who assisted them would be raised to honour and rank. It was with this view that he laboured to reconcile the Highlanders among themselves, and augmented his own force to the utmost, to be prepared for the first favourable opportunity of rising. With this purpose also he conciliated the favour of such Lowland gentlemen in the vicinity as were friends to the good cause ; and for the same reason, having incautiously quarrelled with Mr. Bradwardine, who, notwithstanding his peculiarities, was much respected in the country, he took advantage of the foray of Donald Bean Lean to solder up the dispute in the manner we have mentioned. Some, indeed, surmised that he caused the enterprise to be suggested to Donald, on purpose to pave the way to a reconciliation, which, supposing that to be the case, cost the Laird of Bradwardine two good milch cows. This zeal in their behalf the House of Stuart repaid with a considerable share of their confidence, an occasional supply of louis-d'or, abundance of fair words, and a parchment, with a huge waxen seal appended, purporting to be an earl's patent, granted by no less a person than James the Third King of England, and Eighth King of Scotland, to his right feal, trusty, and well-beloved Fergus Mac-Ivor of Glennaquich, in the county of Perth, and kingdom of Scotland.

With this future coronet glittering before his eyes, Fergus plunged deeply into the correspondence and plots of that

unhappy period ; and, like all such active agents, easily reconciled his conscience to going certain lengths in the service of his party, from which honour and pride would have deterred him had his sole object been the direct advancement of his own personal interest. With this insight into a bold, ambitious, and ardent, yet artful and politic character, we resume the broken thread of our narrative.

The chief and his guest had by this time reached the house of Glennaquoich, which consisted of Ian nan Chaistel's mansion, a high rude-looking square tower, with the addition of a *lofted* house, that is, a building of two stories, constructed by Fergus's grandfather when he returned from that memorable expedition, well remembered by the western shires under the name of the Highland Host. Upon occasion of this crusade against the Ayrshire Whigs and Covenanters, the Vich Ian Vohr of the time had probably been as successful as his predecessor was in harrying Northumberland, and therefore left to his posterity a rival edifice as a monument of his magnificence.

Around the house, which stood on an eminence in the midst of a narrow Highland valley, there appeared none of that attention to convenience, far less to ornament and decoration, which usually surrounds a gentleman's habitation. An inclosure or two, divided by dry-stone walls, were the only part of the domain that was fenced ; as to the rest, the narrow slips of level ground which lay by the side of the brook exhibited a scanty crop of barley, liable to constant depredations from the herds of wild ponies and black cattle that grazed upon the adjacent hills. These ever and anon made an incursion upon the arable ground, which was repelled by the loud, uncouth, and dissonant shouts of half a dozen Highland swains, all running as if they had been mad, and every one hallooing a half-starved dog to the rescue of the forage. At a little distance up the glen was a small and stunted wood of birch ; the hills were high and heathy, but without any variety of surface ; so that the whole view was wild and desolate rather than grand and solitary. Yet, such as it was, no genuine descendant of Ian nan Chaistel would have changed the domain for Stow or Blenheim.

There was a sight, however, before the gate, which perhaps would have afforded the first owner of Blenheim more pleasure than the finest view in the domain assigned to him by the gratitude of his country. This consisted of about a hundred Highlanders, in complete dress and arms ; at sight of whom

the Chieftain apologised to Waverley in a sort of negligent manner. 'He had forgot,' he said, 'that he had ordered a few of his clan out, for the purpose of seeing that they were in a fit condition to protect the country, and prevent such accidents as, he was sorry to learn, had befallen the Baron of Bradwardine. Before they were dismissed, perhaps Captain Waverley might choose to see them go through a part of their exercise.'

Edward assented, and the men executed with agility and precision some of the ordinary military movements. They then practised individually at a mark, and showed extraordinary dexterity in the management of the pistol and firelock. They took aim, standing, sitting, leaning, or lying prostrate, as they were commanded, and always with effect upon the target. Next, they paired off for the broadsword exercise; and, having manifested their individual skill and dexterity, united in two bodies, and exhibited a sort of mock encounter, in which the charge, the rally, the flight, the pursuit, and all the current of a heady fight, were exhibited to the sound of the great war bagpipe.

On a signal made by the Chief, the skirmish was ended. Matches were then made for running, wrestling, leaping, pitching the bar, and other sports, in which this feudal militia displayed incredible swiftness, strength, and agility; and accomplished the purpose which their Chieftain had at heart, by impressing on Waverley no light sense of their merit as soldiers, and of the power of him who commanded them by his nod.<sup>1</sup>

'And what number of such gallant fellows have the happiness to call you leader?' asked Waverley.

'In a good cause, and under a chieftain whom they loved, the race of Ivor have seldom taken the field under five hundred claymores. But you are aware, Captain Waverley, that the disarming act, passed about twenty years ago, prevents their being in the complete state of preparation as in former times; and I keep no more of my clan under arms than may defend my own or my friends' property, when the country is troubled with such men as your last night's landlord; and government, which has removed other means of defence, must connive at our protecting ourselves.'

'But, with your force, you might soon destroy or put down such gangs as that of Donald Bean Lean.'

<sup>1</sup> See Highland Discipline. Note 21.

‘Yes, doubtless; and my reward would be a summons to deliver up to General Blakeney, at Stirling, the few broadswords they have left us; there were little policy in that, methinks. But come, captain, the sound of the pipes informs me that dinner is prepared. Let me have the honour to show you into my rude mansion.’

## CHAPTER XX

### *A Highland Feast*

ERE Waverley entered the banqueting hall, he was offered the patriarchal refreshment of a bath for the feet, which the sultry weather, and the morasses he had traversed, rendered highly acceptable. He was not, indeed, so luxuriously attended upon this occasion as the heroic travellers in the *Odyssey*; the task of ablution and abstersion being performed, not by a beautiful damsel, trained

To chafe the limb, and pour the fragrant oil,

but by a smoke-dried skinny old Highland woman, who did not seem to think herself much honoured by the duty imposed upon her, but muttered between her teeth, 'Our fathers' herds did not feed so near together that I should do you this service.' A small donation, however, amply reconciled this ancient hand-maiden to the supposed degradation; and, as Edward proceeded to the hall, she gave him her blessing in the Gaelic proverb, 'May the open hand be filled the fullest.'

The hall, in which the feast was prepared, occupied all the first story of *Ian nan Chaistel's* original erection, and a huge oaken table extended through its whole length. The apparatus for dinner was simple, even to rudeness, and the company numerous, even to crowding. At the head of the table was the Chief himself, with Edward, and two or three Highland visitors of neighbouring clans; the elders of his own tribe, wadsetters and tacksmen, as they were called, who occupied portions of his estate as mortgagers or lessees, sat next in rank; beneath them, their sons and nephews and foster-brethren; then the officers of the Chief's household, according to their order; and lowest of all, the tenants who actually cultivated the ground. Even beyond this long perspective, Edward might see upon the green, to which a huge pair of

folding doors opened, a multitude of Highlanders of a yet inferior description, who, nevertheless, were considered as guests, and had their share both of the countenance of the entertainer and of the cheer of the day. In the distance, and fluctuating round this extreme verge of the banquet, was a changeful group of women, ragged boys and girls, beggars, young and old, large greyhounds, and terriers, and pointers, and curs of low degree; all of whom took some interest, more or less immediate, in the main action of the piece.

This hospitality, apparently unbounded, had yet its line of economy. Some pains had been bestowed in dressing the dishes of fish, game, etc., which were at the upper end of the table, and immediately under the eye of the English stranger. Lower down stood immense clumsy joints of mutton and beef, which, but for the absence of pork,<sup>1</sup> abhorred in the Highlands, resembled the rude festivity of the banquet of Penelope's suitors. But the central dish was a yearling lamb, called 'a hog in har'st,' roasted whole. It was set upon its legs, with a bunch of parsley in its mouth, and was probably exhibited in that form to gratify the pride of the cook, who piqued himself more on the plenty than the elegance of his master's table. The sides of this poor animal were fiercely attacked by the clansmen, some with dirks, others with the knives which were usually in the same sheath with the dagger, so that it was soon rendered a mangled and rueful spectacle. Lower down still, the victuals seemed of yet coarser quality, though sufficiently abundant. Broth, onions, cheese, and the fragments of the feast regaled the sons of Ivor who feasted in the open air.

The liquor was supplied in the same proportion, and under similar regulations. Excellent claret and champagne were liberally distributed among the Chief's immediate neighbours; whisky, plain or diluted, and strong beer refreshed those who sat near the lower end. Nor did this inequality of distribution appear to give the least offence. Every one present understood that his taste was to be formed according to the rank which he held at table; and, consequently, the tacksmen and their dependants always professed the wine was too cold for their stomachs, and called, apparently out of choice, for the liquor which was assigned to them from economy.<sup>2</sup> The bagpipers, three in number, screamed, during the whole time of

<sup>1</sup> See Dislike of the Scotch to Pork. Note 22.

<sup>2</sup> See A Scottish Dinner Table. Note 23.



dinner, a tremendous war-tune; and the echoing of the vaulted roof, and clang of the Celtic tongue, produced such a Babel of noises that Waverley dreaded his ears would never recover it. Mac-Ivor, indeed, apologised for the confusion occasioned by so large a party, and pleaded the necessity of his situation, on which unlimited hospitality was imposed as a paramount duty. 'These stout idle kinsmen of mine,' he said, 'account my estate as held in trust for their support; and I must find them beef and ale, while the rogues will do nothing for themselves but practise the broadsword, or wander about the hills, shooting, fishing, hunting, drinking, and making love to the lasses of the strath. But what can I do, Captain Waverley? everything will keep after its kind, whether it be a hawk or a Highlander.' Edward made the expected answer, in a compliment upon his possessing so many bold and attached followers.

'Why, yes,' replied the Chief, 'were I disposed, like my father, to put myself in the way of getting one blow on the head, or two on the neck, I believe the loons would stand by me. But who thinks of that in the present day, when the maxim is, "Better an old woman with a purse in her hand than three men with belted brands"? Then, turning to the company, he proposed the 'Health of Captain Waverley, a worthy friend of his kind neighbour and ally, the Baron of Bradwardine.'

'He is welcome hither,' said one of the elders, 'if he come from Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine.'

'I say nay to that,' said an old man, who apparently did not mean to pledge the toast; 'I say nay to that. While there is a green leaf in the forest, there will be fraud in a Comyne.'

'There is nothing but honour in the Baron of Bradwardine,' answered another ancient; 'and the guest that comes hither from him should be welcome, though he came with blood on his hand, unless it were blood of the race of Ivor.'

The old man whose cup remained full replied, 'There has been blood enough of the race of Ivor on the hand of Bradwardine.'

'Ah! Ballenkeiroch,' replied the first, 'you think rather of the flash of the carbine at the mains of Tully-Veolan than the glance of the sword that fought for the cause at Preston.'

'And well I may,' answered Ballenkeiroch; 'the flash of the gun cost me a fair-haired son, and the glance of the sword has done but little for King James.'

The Chieftain, in two words of French, explained to Waverley that the Baron had shot this old man's son in a fray near Tully-Veolan, about seven years before; and then hastened to remove Ballenkeiroch's prejudice, by informing him that Waverley was an Englishman, unconnected by birth or alliance with the family of Bradwardine; upon which the old gentleman raised the hitherto-untasted cup and courteously drank to his health. This ceremony being requited in kind, the Chieftain made a signal for the pipes to cease, and said aloud, 'Where is the song hidden, my friends, that Mac-Murrough cannot find it?'

Mac-Murrough, the family *bhairdh*, an aged man, immediately took the hint, and began to chant, with low and rapid utterance, a profusion of Celtic verses, which were received by the audience with all the applause of enthusiasm. As he advanced in his declamation, his ardour seemed to increase. He had at first spoken with his eyes fixed on the ground; he now cast them around as if beseeching, and anon as if commanding, attention, and his tones rose into wild and impassioned notes, accompanied with appropriate gestures. He seemed to Edward, who attended to him with much interest, to recite many proper names, to lament the dead, to apostrophise the absent, to exhort, and entreat, and animate those who were present. Waverley thought he even discerned his own name, and was convinced his conjecture was right from the eyes of the company being at that moment turned towards him simultaneously. The ardour of the poet appeared to communicate itself to the audience. Their wild and sun-burnt countenances assumed a fiercer and more animated expression; all bent forward towards the reciter, many sprung up and waved their arms in ecstasy, and some laid their hands on their swords. When the song ceased, there was a deep pause, while the aroused feelings of the poet and of the hearers gradually subsided into their usual channel.

The Chieftain, who, during this scene had appeared rather to watch the emotions which were excited than to partake their high tone of enthusiasm, filled with claret a small silver cup which stood by him. 'Give this,' he said to an attendant, 'to Mac-Murrough nan Fonn (*i. e.* of the songs), and when he has drank the juice, bid him keep, for the sake of Vich Ian Vohr, the shell of the gourd which contained it.' The gift was received by Mac-Murrough with profound gratitude; he drank the wine, and, kissing the cup, shrouded it with reverence in the plaid which was folded on his bosom. He then burst forth into what Edward justly supposed to be an extemporaneous

effusion of thanks and praises of his Chief. It was received with applause, but did not produce the effect of his first poem. It was obvious, however, that the clan regarded the generosity of their Chieftain with high approbation. Many approved Gaelic toasts were then proposed, of some of which the Chieftain gave his guest the following versions :—

‘To him that will not turn his back on friend or foe.’ ‘To him that never forsook a comrade.’ ‘To him that never bought or sold justice.’ ‘Hospitality to the exile, and broken bones to the tyrant.’ ‘The lads with the kilts.’ ‘Highlanders, shoulder to shoulder,’—with many other pithy sentiments of the like nature.

Edward was particularly solicitous to know the meaning of that song which appeared to produce such effect upon the passions of the company, and hinted his curiosity to his host. ‘As I observe,’ said the Chieftain, ‘that you have passed the bottle during the last three rounds, I was about to propose to you to retire to my sister’s tea-table, who can explain these things to you better than I can. Although I cannot stint my clan in the usual current of their festivity, yet I neither am addicted myself to exceed in its amount, nor do I,’ added he, smiling, ‘keep a Bear to devour the intellects of such as can make good use of them.’

Edward readily assented to this proposal, and the Chieftain, saying a few words to those around him, left the table, followed by Waverley. As the door closed behind them, Edward heard Vich Ian Vohr’s health invoked with a wild and animated cheer, that expressed the satisfaction of the guests and the depth of their devotion to his service.

## CHAPTER XXI

### *The Chieftain's Sister*

THE drawing-room of Flora Mac-Ivor was furnished in the plainest and most simple manner ; for at Glennaquoich every other sort of expenditure was retrenched as much as possible, for the purpose of maintaining, in its full dignity, the hospitality of the Chieftain, and retaining and multiplying the number of his dependants and adherents. But there was no appearance of this parsimony in the dress of the lady herself, which was in texture elegant, and even rich, and arranged in a manner which partook partly of the Parisian fashion and partly of the more simple dress of the Highlands, blended together with great taste. Her hair was not disfigured by the art of the friseur, but fell in jetty ringlets on her neck, confined only by a circlet, richly set with diamonds. This peculiarity she adopted in compliance with the Highland prejudices, which could not endure that a woman's head should be covered before wedlock.

Flora Mac-Ivor bore a most striking resemblance to her brother Fergus ; so much so that they might have played Viola and Sebastian with the same exquisite effect produced by the appearance of Mrs. Henry Siddons and her brother, Mr. William Murray, in these characters. They had the same antique and regular correctness of profile ; the same dark eyes, eye-lashes, and eye-brows ; the same clearness of complexion, excepting that Fergus's was embrowned by exercise and Flora's possessed the utmost feminine delicacy. But the haughty and somewhat stern regularity of Fergus's features was beautifully softened in those of Flora. Their voices were also similar in tone, though differing in the key. That of Fergus, especially while issuing orders to his followers during their military exercise, reminded Edward of a favourite passage in the description of Emetrius :

—— whose voice was heard around,  
Loud as a trumpet with a silver sound.

That of Flora, on the contrary, was soft and sweet — ‘an excellent thing in woman ;’ yet, in urging any favourite topic, which she often pursued with natural eloquence, it possessed as well the tones which impress awe and conviction as those of persuasive insinuation. The eager glance of the keen black eye, which, in the Chieftain, seemed impatient even of the material obstacles it encountered, had in his sister acquired a gentle pensiveness. His looks seemed to seek glory, power, all that could exalt him above others in the race of humanity ; while those of his sister, as if she were already conscious of mental superiority, seemed to pity, rather than envy, those who were struggling for any farther distinction. Her sentiments corresponded with the expression of her countenance. Early education had impressed upon her mind, as well as on that of the Chieftain, the most devoted attachment to the exiled family of Stuart. She believed it the duty of her brother, of his clan, of every man in Britain, at whatever personal hazard, to contribute to that restoration which the partisans of the Chevalier St. George had not ceased to hope for. For this she was prepared to do all, to suffer all, to sacrifice all. But her loyalty, as it exceeded her brother’s in fanaticism, excelled it also in purity. Accustomed to petty intrigue, and necessarily involved in a thousand paltry and selfish discussions, ambitious also by nature, his political faith was tinged, at least, if not tainted, by the views of interest and advancement so easily combined with it ; and at the moment he should unsheathe his claymore, it might be difficult to say whether it would be most with the view of making James Stuart a king or Fergus Mac-Ivor an earl. This, indeed, was a mixture of feeling which he did not avow even to himself, but it existed, nevertheless, in a powerful degree.

In Flora’s bosom, on the contrary, the zeal of loyalty burnt pure and unmixed with any selfish feeling ; she would have as soon made religion the mask of ambitious and interested views as have shrouded them under the opinions which she had been taught to think patriotism. Such instances of devotion were not uncommon among the followers of the unhappy race of Stuart, of which many memorable proofs will recur to the mind of most of my readers. But peculiar attention on the part of the Chevalier de St. George and his princess to the parents of Fergus and his sister, and to themselves when orphans, had riveted their faith. Fergus, upon the death of his parents, had been for some time a page of honour in the train of the

Chevalier's lady, and, from his beauty and sprightly temper, was uniformly treated by her with the utmost distinction. This was also extended to Flora, who was maintained for some time at a convent of the first order at the princess's expense, and removed from thence into her own family, where she spent nearly two years. Both brother and sister retained the deepest and most grateful sense of her kindness.

Having thus touched upon the leading principle of Flora's character, I may dismiss the rest more slightly. She was highly accomplished, and had acquired those elegant manners to be expected from one who, in early youth, had been the companion of a princess; yet she had not learned to substitute the gloss of politeness for the reality of feeling. When settled in the lonely regions of Glennaquoich, she found that her resources in French, English, and Italian literature were likely to be few and interrupted; and, in order to fill up the vacant time, she bestowed a part of it upon the music and poetical traditions of the Highlanders, and began really to feel the pleasure in the pursuit which her brother, whose perceptions of literary merit were more blunt, rather affected for the sake of popularity than actually experienced. Her resolution was strengthened in these researches by the extreme delight which her inquiries seemed to afford those to whom she resorted for information.

Her love of her clan, an attachment which was almost hereditary in her bosom, was, like her loyalty, a more pure passion than that of her brother. He was too thorough a politician, regarded his patriarchal influence too much as the means of accomplishing his own aggrandisement, that we should term him the model of a Highland Chieftain. Flora felt the same anxiety for cherishing and extending their patriarchal sway, but it was with the generous desire of vindicating from poverty, or at least from want and foreign oppression, those whom her brother was by birth, according to the notions of the time and country, entitled to govern. The savings of her income, for she had a small pension from the Princess Sobieski, were dedicated, not to add to the comforts of the peasantry, for that was a word which they neither knew nor apparently wished to know, but to relieve their absolute necessities when in sickness or extreme old age. At every other period they rather toiled to procure something which they might share with the Chief, as a proof of their attachment, than expected other assistance from him save

what was afforded by the rude hospitality of his castle, and the general division and subdivision of his estate among them. Flora was so much beloved by them that, when Mac-Murrough composed a song in which he enumerated all the principal beauties of the district, and intimated her superiority by concluding, that 'the fairest apple hung on the highest bough,' he received, in donatives from the individuals of the clan, more seed-barley than would have sowed his Highland Parnassus, the bard's croft, as it was called, ten times over.

From situation as well as choice, Miss Mac-Ivor's society was extremely limited. Her most intimate friend had been Rose Bradwardine, to whom she was much attached; and when seen together, they would have afforded an artist two admirable subjects for the gay and the melancholy muse. Indeed Rose was so tenderly watched by her father, and her circle of wishes was so limited, that none arose but what he was willing to gratify, and scarce any which did not come within the compass of his power. With Flora it was otherwise. While almost a girl she had undergone the most complete change of scene, from gaiety and splendour to absolute solitude and comparative poverty; and the ideas and wishes which she chiefly fostered respected great national events, and changes not to be brought round without both hazard and bloodshed, and therefore not to be thought of with levity. Her manner, consequently, was grave, though she readily contributed her talents to the amusement of society, and stood very high in the opinion of the old Baron, who used to sing along with her such French duets of Lindor and Cloris, etc., as were in fashion about the end of the reign of old Louis le Grand.

It was generally believed, though no one durst have hinted it to the Baron of Bradwardine, that Flora's entreaties had no small share in allaying the wrath of Fergus upon occasion of their quarrel. She took her brother on the assailable side, by dwelling first upon the Baron's age, and then representing the injury which the cause might sustain, and the damage which must arise to his own character in point of prudence, so necessary to a political agent, if he persisted in carrying it to extremity. Otherwise it is probable it would have terminated in a duel, both because the Baron had, on a former occasion, shed blood of the clan, though the matter had been timely accommodated, and on account of his high reputation for address at his weapon, which Fergus almost condescended to envy. For

the same reason she had urged their reconciliation, which the Chieftain the more readily agreed to as it favoured some ulterior projects of his own.

To this young lady, now presiding at the female empire of the tea-table, Fergus introduced Captain Waverley, whom she received with the usual forms of politeness.



## CHAPTER XXII

### *Highland Minstrelsy*

WHEN the first salutations had passed, Fergus said to his sister, 'My dear Flora, before I return to the barbarous ritual of our forefathers, I must tell you that Captain Waverley is a worshipper of the Celtic muse, not the less so perhaps that he does not understand a word of her language. I have told him you are eminent as a translator of Highland poetry, and that Mac-Murrough admires your version of his songs upon the same principle that Captain Waverley admires the original, — because he does not comprehend them. Will you have the goodness to read or recite to our guest in English the extraordinary string of names which Mac-Murrough has tacked together in Gaelic? My life to a moor-fowl's feather, you are provided with a version; for I know you are in all the bard's councils, and acquainted with his songs long before he rehearses them in the hall.'

'How can you say so, Fergus? You know how little these verses can possibly interest an English stranger, even if I could translate them as you pretend.'

'Not less than they interest me, lady fair. To-day your joint composition, for I insist you had a share in it, has cost me the last silver cup in the castle, and I suppose will cost me something else next time I hold *cour plénière*, if the muse descends on Mac-Murrough; for you know our proverb, — "When the hand of the chief ceases to bestow, the breath of the bard is frozen in the utterance." — Well, I would it were even so: there are three things that are useless to a modern Highlander, — a sword which he must not draw, a bard to sing of deeds which he dare not imitate, and a large goat-skin purse without a louis-d'or to put into it.'

'Well, brother, since you betray my secrets, you cannot expect me to keep yours. I assure you, Captain Waverley, that

Fergus is too proud to exchange his broadsword for a *maréchal's* baton, that he esteems Mac-Murrough a far greater poet than Homer, and would not give up his goat-skin purse for all the louis-d'or which it could contain.'

'Well pronounced, Flora; blow for blow, as Conan<sup>1</sup> said to the devil. Now do you two talk of bards and poetry, if not of purses and claymores, while I return to do the final honours to the senators of the tribe of Ivor.' So saying, he left the room.

The conversation continued between Flora and Waverley; for two well-dressed young women, whose character seemed to hover between that of companions and dependants, took no share in it. They were both pretty girls, but served only as foils to the grace and beauty of their patroness. The discourse followed the turn which the Chieftain had given it, and Waverley was equally amused and surprised with the account which the lady gave him of Celtic poetry.

'The recitation,' she said, 'of poems, recording the feats of heroes, the complaints of lovers, and the wars of contending tribes, forms the chief amusement of a winter fire-side in the Highlands. Some of these are said to be very ancient, and if they are ever translated into any of the languages of civilised Europe, cannot fail to produce a deep and general sensation. Others are more modern, the composition of those family bards whom the chieftains of more distinguished name and power retain as the poets and historians of their tribes. These, of course, possess various degrees of merit; but much of it must evaporate in translation, or be lost on those who do not sympathise with the feelings of the poet.'

'And your bard, whose effusions seemed to produce such effect upon the company to-day, is he reckoned among the favourite poets of the mountains?'

'That is a trying question. His reputation is high among his countrymen, and you must not expect me to depreciate it.'<sup>2</sup>

'But the song, Miss Mac-Ivor, seemed to awaken all those warriors, both young and old.'

'The song is little more than a catalogue of names of the Highland clans under their distinctive peculiarities, and an exhortation to them to remember and to emulate the actions of their forefathers.'

'And am I wrong in conjecturing, however extraordinary the

<sup>1</sup> See Conan the Jester. Note 24.

<sup>2</sup> The Highland poet almost always was an improvisatore. Captain Burt met one of them at Lovat's table.

guess appears, that there was some allusion to me in the verses which he recited ?'

'You have a quick observation, Captain Waverley, which in this instance has not deceived you. The Gaelic language, being uncommonly vocalic, is well adapted for sudden and extemporaneous poetry ; and a bard seldom fails to augment the effects of a premeditated song by throwing in any stanzas which may be suggested by the circumstances attending the recitation.'

'I would give my best horse to know what the Highland bard could find to say of such an unworthy Southron as myself.'

'It shall not even cost you a lock of his mane. Una, *marourneen* ! (She spoke a few words to one of the young girls in attendance, who instantly curtsied and tripped out of the room.) I have sent Una to learn from the bard the expressions he used, and you shall command my skill as dragoman.'

Una returned in a few minutes, and repeated to her mistress a few lines in Gaelic. Flora seemed to think for a moment, and then, slightly colouring, she turned to Waverley — 'It is impossible to gratify your curiosity, Captain Waverley, without exposing my own presumption. If you will give me a few moments for consideration, I will endeavour to engraft the meaning of these lines upon a rude English translation which I have attempted of a part of the original. The duties of the tea-table seem to be concluded, and, as the evening is delightful, Una will show you the way to one of my favourite haunts, and Cathleen and I will join you there.'

Una, having received instructions in her native language, conducted Waverley out by a passage different from that through which he had entered the apartment. At a distance he heard the hall of the Chief still resounding with the clang of bagpipes and the high applause of his guests. Having gained the open air by a postern door, they walked a little way up the wild, bleak, and narrow valley in which the house was situated, following the course of the stream that winded through it. In a spot, about a quarter of a mile from the castle, two brooks, which formed the little river, had their junction. The larger of the two came down the long bare valley, which extended, apparently without any change or elevation of character, as far as the hills which formed its boundary permitted the eye to reach. But the other stream, which had its source among the mountains on the left hand of the strath, seemed to issue from a very narrow and dark opening betwixt two large rocks. These streams were different also in character. The larger was

placid, and even sullen in its course, wheeling in deep eddies, or sleeping in dark blue pools; but the motions of the lesser brook were rapid and furious, issuing from between precipices, like a maniac from his confinement, all foam and uproar.

It was up the course of this last stream that Waverley, like a knight of romance, was conducted by the fair Highland damsel, his silent guide. A small path, which had been rendered easy in many places for Flora's accommodation, led him through scenery of a very different description from that which he had just quitted. Around the castle all was cold, bare, and desolate, yet tame even in desolation; but this narrow glen, at so short a distance, seemed to open into the land of romance. The rocks assumed a thousand peculiar and varied forms. In one place a crag of huge size presented its gigantic bulk, as if to forbid the passenger's farther progress; and it was not until he approached its very base that Waverley discerned the sudden and acute turn by which the pathway wheeled its course around this formidable obstacle. In another spot the projecting rocks from the opposite sides of the chasm had approached so near to each other that two pine-trees laid across, and covered with turf, formed a rustic bridge at the height of at least one hundred and fifty feet. It had no ledges, and was barely three feet in breadth.

While gazing at this pass of peril, which crossed, like a single black line, the small portion of blue sky not intercepted by the projecting rocks on either side, it was with a sensation of horror that Waverley beheld Flora and her attendant appear, like inhabitants of another region, propped, as it were, in mid air, upon this trembling structure. She stopped upon observing him below, and, with an air of graceful ease which made him shudder, waved her handkerchief to him by way of signal. He was unable, from the sense of dizziness which her situation conveyed, to return the salute; and was never more relieved than when the fair apparition passed on from the precarious eminence which she seemed to occupy with so much indifference, and disappeared on the other side.

Advancing a few yards, and passing under the bridge which he had viewed with so much terror, the path ascended rapidly from the edge of the brook, and the glen widened into a sylvan amphitheatre, waving with birch, young oaks, and hazels, with here and there a scattered yew-tree. The rocks now receded, but still showed their grey and shaggy crests rising among the copse-wood. Still higher rose eminences and peaks, some bare,

some clothed with wood, some round and purple with heath, and others splintered into rocks and crags. At a short turning the path, which had for some furlongs lost sight of the brook, suddenly placed Waverley in front of a romantic waterfall. It was not so remarkable either for great height or quantity of water as for the beautiful accompaniments which made the spot interesting. After a broken cataract of about twenty feet, the stream was received in a large natural basin filled to the brim with water, which, where the bubbles of the fall subsided, was so exquisitely clear that, although it was of great depth, the eye could discern each pebble at the bottom. Eddying round this reservoir, the brook found its way as if over a broken part of the ledge, and formed a second fall, which seemed to seek the very abyss; then, wheeling out beneath from among the smooth dark rocks which it had polished for ages, it wandered murmuring down the glen, forming the stream up which Waverley had just ascended.<sup>1</sup> The borders of this romantic reservoir corresponded in beauty; but it was beauty of a stern and commanding cast, as if in the act of expanding into grandeur. Mossy banks of turf were broken and interrupted by huge fragments of rock, and decorated with trees and shrubs, some of which had been planted under the direction of Flora, but so cautiously that they added to the grace without diminishing the romantic wildness of the scene.

Here, like one of those lovely forms which decorate the landscapes of Poussin, Waverley found Flora gazing on the waterfall. Two paces farther back stood Cathleen, holding a small Scottish harp, the use of which had been taught to Flora by Rory Dall, one of the last harpers of the Western Highlands. The sun, now stooping in the west, gave a rich and varied tinge to all the objects which surrounded Waverley, and seemed to add more than human brilliancy to the full expressive darkness of Flora's eye, exalted the richness and purity of her complexion, and enhanced the dignity and grace of her beautiful form. Edward thought he had never, even in his wildest dreams, imagined a figure of such exquisite and interesting loveliness. The wild beauty of the retreat, bursting upon him as if by magic, augmented the mingled feeling of delight and awe with which he approached her, like a fair enchantress of Boiardo or Ariosto, by whose nod the scenery around seemed to have been created an Eden in the wilderness.

Flora, like every beautiful woman, was conscious of her own

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<sup>1</sup> See Waterfall. Note 25.

power, and pleased with its effects, which she could easily discern from the respectful yet confused address of the young soldier. But, as she possessed excellent sense, she gave the romance of the scene and other accidental circumstances full weight in appreciating the feelings with which Waverley seemed obviously to be impressed; and, unacquainted with the fanciful and susceptible peculiarities of his character, considered his homage as the passing tribute which a woman of even inferior charms might have expected in such a situation. She therefore quietly led the way to a spot at such a distance from the cascade that its sound should rather accompany than interrupt that of her voice and instrument, and, sitting down upon a mossy fragment of rock, she took the harp from Cathleen.

‘I have given you the trouble of walking to this spot, Captain Waverley, both because I thought the scenery would interest you, and because a Highland song would suffer still more from my imperfect translation were I to introduce it without its own wild and appropriate accompaniments. To speak in the poetical language of my country, the seat of the Celtic Muse is in the mist of the secret and solitary hill, and her voice in the murmur of the mountain stream. He who woos her must love the barren rock more than the fertile valley, and the solitude of the desert better than the festivity of the hall.’

Few could have heard this lovely woman make this declaration, with a voice where harmony was exalted by pathos, without exclaiming that the muse whom she invoked could never find a more appropriate representative. But Waverley, though the thought rushed on his mind, found no courage to utter it. Indeed, the wild feeling of romantic delight with which he heard the few first notes she drew from her instrument amounted almost to a sense of pain. He would not for worlds have quitted his place by her side; yet he almost longed for solitude, that he might decipher and examine at leisure the complication of emotions which now agitated his bosom.

Flora had exchanged the measured and monotonous recitative of the bard for a lofty and uncommon Highland air, which had been a battle-song in former ages. A few irregular strains introduced a prelude of a wild and peculiar tone, which harmonised well with the distant waterfall, and the soft sigh of the evening breeze in the rustling leaves of an aspen, which overhung the seat of the fair harpress. The following verses convey but little idea of the feelings with which, so sung and accompanied, they were heard by Waverley:

There is mist on the mountain, and night on the vale,  
But more dark is the sleep of the sons of the Gael.  
A stranger commanded — it sunk on the land,  
It has frozen each heart, and benumb'd every hand !

The dirk and the target lie sordid with dust,  
The bloodless claymore is but reddened with rust ;  
On the hill or the glen if a gun should appear,  
It is only to war with the heath-cock or deer.

The deeds of our sires if our bards should rehearse,  
Let a blush or a blow be the meed of their verse !  
Be mute every string, and be hush'd every tone,  
That shall bid us remember the fame that is flown.

But the dark hours of night and of slumber are past,  
The morn on our mountains is dawning at last ;  
Glenaladale's peaks are illumined with the rays,  
And the streams of Glenfinnan<sup>1</sup> leap bright in the blaze.

O high-minded Moray !<sup>2</sup> the exiled ! the dear !  
In the blush of the dawning the STANDARD uprear !  
Wide, wide on the winds of the north let it fly,  
Like the sun's latest flash when the tempest is nigh !

Ye sons of the strong, when that dawning shall break,  
Need the harp of the aged remind you to wake ?  
That dawn never beam'd on your forefathers' eye,  
But it roused each high chieftain to vanquish or die.

O, sprung from the Kings who in Islay kept state,  
Proud chiefs of Clan Ranald, Glengarry, and Sleat !  
Combine like three streams from one mountain of snow,  
And resistless in union rush down on the foe !

True son of Sir Evan, undaunted Lochiel,  
Place thy targe on thy shoulder and burnish thy steel !  
Rough Keppoch, give breath to thy bugle's bold swell,  
Till far Corryarrick resound to the knell !

Stern son of Lord Kenneth, high chief of Kintail,  
Let the stag in thy standard bound wild in the gale !  
May the race of Clan Gillean, the fearless and free,  
Remember Glenlivat, Harlaw, and Dundee !

Let the clan of grey Fingon, whose offspring has given  
Such heroes to earth and such martyrs to heaven,

<sup>1</sup> The young and daring adventurer, Charles Edward, landed at Glenaladale, in Moidart, and displayed his standard in the valley of Glenfinnan, mustering around it the Mac-Donalds, the Camerons, and other less numerous clans, whom he had prevailed upon to join him. There is a monument erected on the spot, with a Latin inscription by the late Doctor Gregory.

<sup>2</sup> The Marquis of Tullibardine's elder brother, who, long exiled, returned to Scotland with Charles Edward in 1745.

Unite with the race of renown'd Rorri More,  
To launch the long galley and stretch to the oar.

How Mac-Shimeì will joy when their chief shall display  
The yew-crested bonnet o'er tresses of grey !  
How the race of wrong'd Alpine and murder'd Glencoe  
Shall shout for revenge when they pour on the foe !

Ye sons of brown Dermid, who slew the wild boar,  
Resume the pure faith of the great Callum-More !  
Mac-Neil of the Islands, and Moy of the Lake,  
For honour, for freedom, for vengeance awake !

Here a large greyhound, bounding up the glen, jumped upon Flora and interrupted her music by his importunate caresses. At a distant whistle he turned and shot down the path again with the rapidity of an arrow. 'That is Fergus's faithful attendant, Captain Waverley, and that was his signal. He likes no poetry but what is humorous, and comes in good time to interrupt my long catalogue of the tribes, whom one of your saucy English poets calls

Our bootless host of high-born beggars,  
Mac-Leans, Mac-Kenzies, and Mac-Gregors.'

Waverley expressed his regret at the interruption.

'O you cannot guess how much you have lost ! The bard, as in duty bound, has addressed three long stanzas to Vich Ian Vohr of the Banners, enumerating all his great properties, and not forgetting his being a cheerer of the harper and bard — "a giver of bounteous gifts." Besides, you should have heard a practical admonition to the fair-haired son of the stranger, who lives in the land where the grass is always green — the rider on the shining pampered steed, whose hue is like the raven, and whose neigh is like the scream of the eagle for battle. This valiant horseman is affectionately conjured to remember that his ancestors were distinguished by their loyalty as well as by their courage. All this you have lost ; but, since your curiosity is not satisfied, I judge, from the distant sound of my brother's whistle, I may have time to sing the concluding stanzas before he comes to laugh at my translation.'

Awake on your hills, on your islands awake,  
Brave sons of the mountain, the frith, and the lake !  
'T is the bugle — but not for the chase is the call ;  
'T is the pibroch's shrill summons — but not to the hall.



'T is the summons of heroes for conquest or death,  
When the banners are blazing on mountain and heath :  
They call to the dirk, the claymore, and the targe,  
To the march and the muster, the line and the charge.

Be the brand of each chieftain like Fin's in his ire !  
May the blood through his veins flow like currents of fire !  
Burst the base foreign yoke as your sires did of yore,  
Or die like your sires, and endure it no more !

## CHAPTER XXIII

### *Waverley Continues at Glennaquoich*

AS Flora concluded her song, Fergus stood before them. 'I knew I should find you here, even without the assistance of my friend Bran. A simple and unsublimed taste now, like my own, would prefer a *jet d'eau* at Versailles to this cascade, with all its accompaniments of rock and roar; but this is Flora's Parnassus, Captain Waverley, and that fountain her Helicon. It would be greatly for the benefit of my cellar if she could teach her coadjutor, Mac-Murrough, the value of its influence: he has just drunk a pint of usquebaugh to correct, he said, the coldness of the claret. Let me try its virtues.' He sipped a little water in the hollow of his hand, and immediately commenced, with a theatrical air, —

'O Lady of the desert, hail!  
That lovest the harping of the Gael,  
Through fair and fertile regions borne,  
Where never yet grew grass or corn.

But English poetry will never succeed under the influence of a Highland Helicon. *Allons, courage!*

O vous, qui buvez, à tasse pleine,  
À cette heureuse fontaine,  
Où on ne voit, sur le rivage,  
Que quelques vilains troupeaux,  
Suivis de nymphes de village,  
Qui les escortent sans sabots —

'A truce, dear Fergus! spare us those most tedious and insipid persons of all Arcadia. Do not, for Heaven's sake, bring down Coridon and Lindor upon us.'

'Nay, if you cannot relish *la houlette et le chalumeau*, have with you in heroic strains.'

'Dear Fergus, you have certainly partaken of the inspiration of Mac-Murrough's cup rather than of mine.'

'I disclaim it, *ma belle demoiselle*, although I protest it would be the more congenial of the two. Which of your crack-brained Italian romancers is it that says,

Io d'Elicona niente  
Mi curo, in fe de Dio; che'l bere d'acque  
(Bea chi ber ne vuol) sempre mi spiacque? <sup>1</sup>

But if you prefer the Gaelic, Captain Waverley, here is little Cathleen shall sing you Drimmindhu. Come, Cathleen, *astore* (*i. e.* my dear), begin; no apologies to the *Cean-kinné*.'

Cathleen sung with much liveliness a little Gaelic song, the burlesque elegy of a countryman on the loss of his cow, the comic tones of which, though he did not understand the language, made Waverley laugh more than once.<sup>2</sup>

'Admirable, Cathleen!' cried the Chieftain; 'I must find you a handsome husband among the clansmen one of these days.'

Cathleen laughed, blushed, and sheltered herself behind her companion.

In the progress of their return to the castle, the Chieftain warmly pressed Waverley to remain for a week or two, in order to see a grand hunting party, in which he and some other Highland gentlemen proposed to join. The charms of melody and beauty were too strongly impressed in Edward's breast to permit his declining an invitation so pleasing. It was agreed, therefore, that he should write a note to the Baron of Bradwardine, expressing his intention to stay a fortnight at Glennaquoich, and requesting him to forward by the bearer (a gilly of the Chieftain's) any letters which might have arrived for him.

This turned the discourse upon the Baron, whom Fergus highly extolled as a gentleman and soldier. His character was touched with yet more discrimination by Flora, who observed he was the very model of the old Scottish cavalier, with all his excellencies and peculiarities. 'It is a character, Captain Waverley, which is fast disappearing; for its best point was a self-respect which was never lost sight of till now. But in the present time the gentlemen whose principles do not permit them to pay court to the existing government are neglected and degraded, and many conduct themselves accordingly; and,

<sup>1</sup> Good sooth, I reck nought of your Helicon;  
Drink water whoso will, in faith I will drink none.

<sup>2</sup> This ancient Gaelic ditty is still well known, both in the Highlands and in Ireland. It was translated into English, and published, if I mistake not, under the auspices of the facetious Tom D'Urfey, by the title of 'Colley, my Cow.'

like some of the persons you have seen at Tully-Veolan, adopt habits and companions inconsistent with their birth and breeding. The ruthless proscription of party seems to degrade the victims whom it brands, however unjustly. But let us hope a brighter day is approaching, when a Scottish country gentleman may be a scholar without the pedantry of our friend the Baron, a sportsman without the low habits of Mr. Falconer, and a judicious improver of his property without becoming a boorish two-legged steer like Killancureit.'

Thus did Flora prophesy a revolution, which time indeed has produced, but in a manner very different from what she had in her mind.

The amiable Rose was next mentioned, with the warmest encomium on her person, manners, and mind. 'That man,' said Flora, 'will find an inestimable treasure in the affections of Rose Bradwardine who shall be so fortunate as to become their object. Her very soul is in home, and in the discharge of all those quiet virtues of which home is the centre. Her husband will be to her what her father now is, the object of all her care, solicitude, and affection. She will see nothing, and connect herself with nothing, but by him and through him. If he is a man of sense and virtue, she will sympathise in his sorrows, divert his fatigue, and share his pleasures. If she becomes the property of a churlish or negligent husband, she will suit his taste also, for she will not long survive his unkindness. And, alas! how great is the chance that some such unworthy lot may be that of my poor friend! O that I were a queen this moment, and could command the most amiable and worthy youth of my kingdom to accept happiness with the hand of Rose Bradwardine!'

'I wish you would command her to accept mine *en attendant*,' said Fergus, laughing.

I don't know by what caprice it was that this wish, however jocularly expressed, rather jarred on Edward's feelings, notwithstanding his growing inclination to Flora and his indifference to Miss Bradwardine. This is one of the inexplicabilities of human nature, which we leave without comment.

'Yours, brother?' answered Flora, regarding him steadily. 'No; you have another bride—Honour; and the dangers you must run in pursuit of her rival would break poor Rose's heart.'

With this discourse they reached the castle, and Waverley soon prepared his despatches for Tully-Veolan. As he knew the Baron was punctilious in such matters, he was about to impress

his billet with a seal on which his armorial bearings were engraved, but he did not find it at his watch, and thought he must have left it at Tully-Veolan. He mentioned his loss, borrowing at the same time the family seal of the Chieftain.

'Surely,' said Miss Mac-Ivor, 'Donald Bean Lean would not——'

'My life for him in such circumstances,' answered her brother; 'besides, he would never have left the watch behind.'

'After all, Fergus,' said Flora, 'and with every allowance, I am surprised you can countenance that man.'

'I countenance him? This kind sister of mine would persuade you, Captain Waverley, that I take what the people of old used to call "a steakraid," that is, a "collop of the foray," or, in plainer words, a portion of the robber's booty, paid by him to the Laird, or Chief, through whose grounds he drove his prey. O, it is certain that, unless I can find some way to charm Flora's tongue, General Blakeney will send a sergeant's party from Stirling (this he said with haughty and emphatic irony) to seize Vich Ian Vohr, as they nickname me, in his own castle.'

'Now, Fergus, must not our guest be sensible that all this is folly and affectation? You have men enough to serve you without enlisting banditti, and your own honour is above taint. Why don't you send this Donald Bean Lean, whom I hate for his smoothness and duplicity even more than for his rapine, out of your country at once? No cause should induce me to tolerate such a character.'

'No cause, Flora?' said the Chieftain significantly.

'No cause, Fergus! not even that which is nearest to my heart. Spare it the omen of such evil supporters!'

'O but, sister,' rejoined the Chief gaily, 'you don't consider my respect for *la belle passion*. Evan Dhu Maccombich is in love with Donald's daughter, Alice, and you cannot expect me to disturb him in his amours. Why, the whole clan would cry shame on me. You know it is one of their wise sayings, that a kinsman is part of a man's body, but a foster-brother is a piece of his heart.'

'Well, Fergus, there is no disputing with you; but I would all this may end well.'

'Devoutly prayed, my dear and prophetic sister, and the best way in the world to close a dubious argument. But hear ye not the pipes, Captain Waverley? Perhaps you will like better to dance to them in the hall than to be deafened with their harmony without taking part in the exercise they invite us to.'

Waverley took Flora's hand. The dance, song, and merry-making proceeded, and closed the day's entertainment at the castle of Vich Ian Vohr. Edward at length retired, his mind agitated by a variety of new and conflicting feelings, which detained him from rest for some time, in that not unpleasing state of mind in which fancy takes the helm, and the soul rather drifts passively along with the rapid and confused tide of reflections than exerts itself to encounter, systematise, or examine them. At a late hour he fell asleep, and dreamed of Flora Mac-Ivor.



Where two hours' hunting fourscore fat deer kills.  
Lowland, your sports are low as is your seat ;  
The Highland games and minds are high and great !

But without further tyranny over my readers, or display of the extent of my own reading, I shall content myself with borrowing a single incident from the memorable hunting at Lude, commemorated in the ingenious Mr. Gunn's essay on the Caledonian Harp, and so proceed in my story with all the brevity that my natural style of composition, partaking of what scholars call the periphrastic and ambagitory, and the vulgar the circumbendibus, will permit me.

The solemn hunting was delayed, from various causes, for about three weeks. The interval was spent by Waverley with great satisfaction at Glennaquoich ; for the impression which Flora had made on his mind at their first meeting grew daily stronger. She was precisely the character to fascinate a youth of romantic imagination. Her manners, her language, her talents for poetry and music, gave additional and varied influence to her eminent personal charms. Even in her hours of gaiety she was in his fancy exalted above the ordinary daughters of Eve, and seemed only to stoop for an instant to those topics of amusement and gallantry which others appear to live for. In the neighbourhood of this enchantress, while sport consumed the morning and music and the dance led on the hours of evening, Waverley became daily more delighted with his hospitable landlord, and more enamoured of his bewitching sister.

At length the period fixed for the grand hunting arrived, and Waverley and the Chieftain departed for the place of rendezvous, which was a day's journey to the northward of Glennaquoich. Fergus was attended on this occasion by about three hundred of his clan, well armed and accoutred in their best fashion. Waverley complied so far with the custom of the country as to adopt the trews (he could not be reconciled to the kilt), brogues, and bonnet, as the fittest dress for the exercise in which he was to be engaged, and which least exposed him to be stared at as a stranger when they should reach the place of rendezvous. They found on the spot appointed several powerful Chiefs, to all of whom Waverley was formally presented, and by all cordially received. Their vassals and clansmen, a part of whose feudal duty it was to attend on these parties, appeared in such numbers as amounted to a small army. These active assistants spread through the country far



and near, forming a circle, technically called the *tinchel*, which, gradually closing, drove the deer in herds together towards the glen where the Chiefs and principal sportsmen lay in wait for them. In the meanwhile these distinguished personages bivouacked among the flowery heath, wrapped up in their plaids, a mode of passing a summer's night which Waverley found by no means unpleasant.

For many hours after sun-rise the mountain ridges and passes retained their ordinary appearance of silence and solitude, and the Chiefs, with their followers, amused themselves with various pastimes, in which the joys of the shell, as Osian has it, were not forgotten. 'Others apart sate on a hill retired,' probably as deeply engaged in the discussion of politics and news as Milton's spirits in metaphysical disquisition. At length signals of the approach of the game were descried and heard. Distant shouts resounded from valley to valley, as the various parties of Highlanders, climbing rocks, struggling through copses, wading brooks, and traversing thickets, approached more and more near to each other, and compelled the astonished deer, with the other wild animals that fled before them, into a narrower circuit. Every now and then the report of muskets was heard, repeated by a thousand echoes. The baying of the dogs was soon added to the chorus, which grew ever louder and more loud. At length the advanced parties of the deer began to show themselves; and as the stragglers came bounding down the pass by two or three at a time, the Chiefs showed their skill by distinguishing the fattest deer, and their dexterity in bringing them down with their guns. Fergus exhibited remarkable address, and Edward was also so fortunate as to attract the notice and applause of the sportsmen.

But now the main body of the deer appeared at the head of the glen, compelled into a very narrow compass, and presenting such a formidable phalanx that their antlers appeared at a distance, over the ridge of the steep pass, like a leafless grove. Their number was very great, and from a desperate stand which they made, with the tallest of the red-deer stags arranged in front, in a sort of battle-array, gazing on the group which barred their passage down the glen, the more experienced sportsmen began to augur danger. The work of destruction, however, now commenced on all sides. Dogs and hunters were at work, and muskets and fusees resounded from every quarter. The deer, driven to desperation, made at length a fearful charge

right upon the spot where the more distinguished sportsmen had taken their stand. The word was given in Gaelic to fling themselves upon their faces; but Waverley, on whose English ears the signal was lost, had almost fallen a sacrifice to his ignorance of the ancient language in which it was communicated. Fergus, observing his danger, sprung up and pulled him with violence to the ground, just as the whole herd broke down upon them. The tide being absolutely irresistible, and wounds from a stag's horn highly dangerous,<sup>1</sup> the activity of the Chieftain may be considered, on this occasion, as having saved his guest's life. He detained him with a firm grasp until the whole herd of deer had fairly run over them. Waverley then attempted to rise, but found that he had suffered several very severe contusions, and, upon a further examination, discovered that he had sprained his ankle violently.

This checked the mirth of the meeting, although the Highlanders, accustomed to such incidents, and prepared for them, had suffered no harm themselves. A wigwam was erected almost in an instant, where Edward was deposited on a couch of heather. The surgeon, or he who assumed the office, appeared to unite the characters of a leech and a conjuror. He was an old smoke-dried Highlander, wearing a venerable grey beard, and having for his sole garment a tartan frock, the skirts of which descended to the knee, and, being undivided in front, made the vestment serve at once for doublet and breeches.<sup>2</sup> He observed great ceremony in approaching Edward; and though our hero was writhing with pain, would not proceed to any operation which might assuage it until he had perambulated his couch three times, moving from east to west, according to the course of the sun. This, which was called making the *deasil*,<sup>3</sup> both the leech and the assistants seemed to consider as a matter of the last importance to the accomplishment of a cure; and Waverley, whom pain rendered incapable of expostulation, and who indeed saw no chance of its being attended to, submitted in silence.

After this ceremony was duly performed, the old Esculapius

<sup>1</sup> The hurt from the tynes, or branches, of the stag's horns was accounted far more dangerous than those of the boar's tusk: —

If thou be hurt with horn of stag, it brings thee to thy bier,

But barber's hand shall boar's hurt heal; thereof have thou no fear.

<sup>2</sup> This garb, which resembled the dress often put on children in Scotland, called a *poilonie* (i. e. *polonaise*), is a very ancient modification of the Highland garb. It was, in fact, the hauberk or shirt of mail, only composed of cloth instead of rings of armour.

<sup>3</sup> Old Highlanders will still make the *deasil* around those whom they wish well to. To go round a person in the opposite direction, or *wither-shins* (German *wider-sinn*), is unlucky, and a sort of incantation.

let his patient's blood with a cupping-glass with great dexterity, and proceeded, muttering all the while to himself in Gaelic, to boil on the fire certain herbs, with which he compounded an embrocation. He then fomented the parts which had sustained injury, never failing to murmur prayers or spells, which of the two Waverley could not distinguish, as his ear only caught the words *Gaspar-Melchior-Balthazar-max-prax-fax*, and similar gibberish. The fomentation had a speedy effect in alleviating the pain and swelling, which our hero imputed to the virtue of the herbs or the effect of the chafing, but which was by the bystanders unanimously ascribed to the spells with which the operation had been accompanied. Edward was given to understand that not one of the ingredients had been gathered except during the full moon, and that the herbalist had, while collecting them, uniformly recited a charm, which in English ran thus :

Hail to thee, thou holy herb,  
That sprung on holy ground !  
All in the Mount Olivet  
First wert thou found.  
Thou art boot for many a bruise,  
And healest many a wound ;  
In our Lady's blessed name,  
I take thee from the ground.<sup>1</sup>

Edward observed with some surprise that even Fergus, notwithstanding his knowledge and education, seemed to fall in with the superstitious ideas of his countrymen, either because he deemed it impolitic to affect scepticism on a matter of general belief, or more probably because, like most men who do not think deeply or accurately on such subjects, he had in his mind a reserve of superstition which balanced the freedom of his expressions and practice upon other occasions. Waverley made no commentary, therefore, on the manner of the treatment, but rewarded the professor of medicine with a liberality beyond the utmost conception of his wildest hopes. He uttered on the occasion so many incoherent blessings in Gaelic and English that Mac-Ivor, rather scandalised at the excess of his acknowledgments, cut them short by exclaiming, *Ceud mile mhalloich ort ! i. e.* 'A hundred thousand curses on you !' and so pushed the helper of men out of the cabin.

After Waverley was left alone, the exhaustion of pain and fatigue, — for the whole day's exercise had been severe, — threw

<sup>1</sup> This metrical spell, or something very like it, is preserved by Reginald Scott in his work on Witchcraft.

him into a profound, but yet a feverish sleep, which he chiefly owed to an opiate draught administered by the old Highlander from some decoction of herbs in his pharmacopœia.

Early the next morning, the purpose of their meeting being over, and their sports damped by the untoward accident, in which Fergus and all his friends expressed the greatest sympathy, it became a question how to dispose of the disabled sportsman. This was settled by Mac-Ivor, who had a litter prepared, of 'birch and hazel grey,'<sup>1</sup> which was borne by his people with such caution and dexterity as renders it not improbable that they may have been the ancestors of some of those sturdy Gael who have now the happiness to transport the belles of Edinburgh in their sedan-chairs to ten routs in one evening. When Edward was elevated upon their shoulders he could not help being gratified with the romantic effect produced by the breaking up of this sylvan camp.<sup>2</sup>

The various tribes assembled, each at the pibroch of their native clan, and each headed by their patriarchal ruler. Some, who had already begun to retire, were seen winding up the hills, or descending the passes which led to the scene of action, the sound of their bagpipes dying upon the ear. Others made still a moving picture upon the narrow plain, forming various changeful groups, their feathers and loose plaids waving in the morning breeze, and their arms glittering in the rising sun. Most of the Chiefs came to take farewell of Waverley, and to express their anxious hope they might again, and speedily, meet; but the care of Fergus abridged the ceremony of taking leave. At length, his own men being completely assembled and mustered, Mac-Ivor commenced his march, but not towards the quarter from which they had come. He gave Edward to understand that the greater part of his followers now on the field were bound on a distant expedition, and that when he had deposited him in the house of a gentleman, who he was sure would pay him every attention, he himself should be under the necessity of accompanying them the greater part of the way, but would lose no time in rejoining his friend.

Waverley was rather surprised that Fergus had not mentioned this ulterior destination when they set out upon the hunting-party; but his situation did not admit of many interrogatories. The greater part of the clansmen went forward under the

<sup>1</sup> On the morrow they made their biers  
Of birch and hazel grey.

*Chevy Chase.*

<sup>2</sup> See The Hunting Match. Note 26.

guidance of old Ballenkeiroch and Evan Dhu Maccombich, apparently in high spirits. A few remained for the purpose of escorting the Chieftain, who walked by the side of Edward's litter, and attended him with the most affectionate assiduity. About noon, after a journey which the nature of the conveyance, the pain of his bruises, and the roughness of the way rendered inexpressibly painful, Waverley was hospitably received into the house of a gentleman related to Fergus, who had prepared for him every accommodation which the simple habits of living then universal in the Highlands put in his power. In this person, an old man about seventy, Edward admired a relic of primitive simplicity. He wore no dress but what his estate afforded; the cloth was the fleece of his own sheep, woven by his own servants, and stained into tartan by the dyes produced from the herbs and lichens of the hills around him. His linen was spun by his daughters and maid-servants, from his own flax; nor did his table, though plentiful, and varied with game and fish, offer an article but what was of native produce.

Claiming himself no rights of clanship or vassalage, he was fortunate in the alliance and protection of Vich Ian Vohr and other bold and enterprising Chieftains, who protected him in the quiet unambitious life he loved. It is true, the youth born on his grounds were often enticed to leave him for the service of his more active friends; but a few old servants and tenants used to shake their grey locks when they heard their master censured for want of spirit, and observed, 'When the wind is still, the shower falls soft.' This good old man, whose charity and hospitality were unbounded, would have received Waverley with kindness had he been the meanest Saxon peasant, since his situation required assistance. But his attention to a friend and guest of Vich Ian Vohr was anxious and unremitted. Other embrocations were applied to the injured limb, and new spells were put in practice. At length, after more solicitude than was perhaps for the advantage of his health, Fergus took farewell of Edward for a few days, when, he said, he would return to Tomanrait, and hoped by that time Waverley would be able to ride one of the Highland ponies of his landlord, and in that manner return to Glennaquoich.

The next day, when his good old host appeared, Edward learned that his friend had departed with the dawn, leaving none of his followers except Callum Beg, the sort of foot-page who used to attend his person, and who had now in charge to wait upon Waverley. On asking his host if he knew where the

Chieftain was gone? the old man looked fixedly at him, with something mysterious and sad in the smile which was his only reply. Waverley repeated his question, to which his host answered in a proverb, —

‘What sent the messengers to hell,  
Was asking what they knew full well.’<sup>1</sup>

He was about to proceed, but Callum Beg said, rather pertly, as Edward thought, that ‘Ta Tighearnach (*i. e.* the Chief) did not like ta Sassenagh duinhé-wassel to be pingled wi’ mickle speaking, as she was na tat weel.’ From this Waverley concluded he should disoblige his friend by inquiring of a stranger the object of a journey which he himself had not communicated.

It is unnecessary to trace the progress of our hero’s recovery. The sixth morning had arrived, and he was able to walk about with a staff, when Fergus returned with about a score of his men. He seemed in the highest spirits, congratulated Waverley on his progress towards recovery, and finding he was able to sit on horseback, proposed their immediate return to Glennaquoich. Waverley joyfully acceded, for the form of its fair mistress had lived in his dreams during all the time of his confinement.

Now he has ridden o’er moor and moss,  
O’er hill and many a glen,

Fergus, all the while, with his myrmidons, striding stoutly by his side, or diverging to get a shot at a roe or a heath-cock. Waverley’s bosom beat thick when they approached the old tower of Ian nan Chaistel, and could distinguish the fair form of its mistress advancing to meet them.

Fergus began immediately, with his usual high spirits, to exclaim, ‘Open your gates, incomparable princess, to the wounded Moor Abindarez, whom Rodrigo de Narvez, constable of Antiquera, conveys to your castle; or open them, if you like it better, to the renowned Marquis of Mantua, the sad attendant of his half-slain friend Baldovinos of the Mountain. Ah, long rest to thy soul, Cervantes! without quoting thy remnants, how should I frame my language to befit romantic ears!’

Flora now advanced, and welcoming Waverley with much kindness, expressed her regret for his accident, of which she had already heard particulars, and her surprise that her brother should not have taken better care to put a stranger on

<sup>1</sup> Corresponding to the Lowland saying, ‘Mony ane speers the gate they ken fu’ weel.’

his guard against the perils of the sport in which he engaged him. Edward easily exculpated the Chieftain, who, indeed, at his own personal risk, had probably saved his life.

This greeting over, Fergus said three or four words to his sister in Gaelic. The tears instantly sprung to her eyes, but they seemed to be tears of devotion and joy, for she looked up to heaven and folded her hands as in a solemn expression of prayer or gratitude. After the pause of a minute, she presented to Edward some letters which had been forwarded from Tully-Veolan during his absence, and at the same time delivered some to her brother. To the latter she likewise gave three or four numbers of the *Caledonian Mercury*, the only newspaper which was then published to the north of the Tweed.

Both gentlemen retired to examine their despatches, and Edward speedily found that those which he had received contained matters of very deep interest.

## CHAPTER XXV

### *News from England*

THE letters which Waverley had hitherto received from his relations in England were not such as required any particular notice in this narrative. His father usually wrote to him with the pompous affectation of one who was too much oppressed by public affairs to find leisure to attend to those of his own family. Now and then he mentioned persons of rank in Scotland to whom he wished his son should pay some attention; but Waverley, hitherto occupied by the amusements which he had found at Tully-Veolan and Glennaquoich, dispensed with paying any attention to hints so coldly thrown out, especially as distance, shortness of leave of absence, and so forth furnished a ready apology. But latterly the burden of Mr. Richard Waverley's paternal epistles consisted in certain mysterious hints of greatness and influence which he was speedily to attain, and which would ensure his son's obtaining the most rapid promotion, should he remain in the military service. Sir Everard's letters were of a different tenor. They were short; for the good Baronet was none of your illimitable correspondents, whose manuscript overflows the folds of their large post paper, and leaves no room for the seal; but they were kind and affectionate, and seldom concluded without some allusion to our hero's stud, some question about the state of his purse, and a special inquiry after such of his recruits as had preceded him from Waverley-Honour. Aunt Rachel charged him to remember his principles of religion, to take care of his health, to beware of Scotch mists, which, she had heard, would wet an Englishman through and through, never to go out at night without his great-coat, and, above all, to wear flannel next to his skin.

Mr. Pembroke only wrote to our hero one letter, but it was of the bulk of six epistles of these degenerate days, contain-





This faith had become so general that the insurgent party in the cabinet, of which we have made mention, after sounding Mr. Richard Waverley, were so satisfied with his sentiments and abilities as to propose that, in case of a certain revolution in the ministry, he should take an ostensible place in the new order of things, not indeed of the very first rank, but greatly higher, in point both of emolument and influence, than that which he now enjoyed. There was no resisting so tempting a proposal, notwithstanding that the Great Man under whose patronage he had enlisted, and by whose banner he had hitherto stood firm, was the principal object of the proposed attack by the new allies. Unfortunately this fair scheme of ambition was blighted in the very bud by a premature movement. All the official gentlemen concerned in it who hesitated to take the part of a voluntary resignation were informed that the king had no further occasion for their services; and in Richard Waverley's case, which the minister considered as aggravated by ingratitude, dismissal was accompanied by something like personal contempt and contumely. The public, and even the party of whom he shared the fall, sympathised little in the disappointment of this selfish and interested statesman; and he retired to the country under the comfortable reflection that he had lost, at the same time, character, credit, and, — what he at least equally deplored, — emolument.

Richard Waverley's letter to his son upon this occasion was a masterpiece of its kind. Aristides himself could not have made out a harder case. An unjust monarch and an ungrateful country were the burden of each rounded paragraph. He spoke of long services and unrequited sacrifices; though the former had been overpaid by his salary, and nobody could guess in what the latter consisted, unless it were in his deserting, not from conviction, but for the lucre of gain, the Tory principles of his family. In the conclusion, his resentment was wrought to such an excess by the force of his own oratory, that he could not repress some threats of vengeance, however vague and impotent, and finally acquainted his son with his pleasure that he should testify his sense of the ill-treatment he had sustained by throwing up his commission as soon as the letter reached him. This, he said, was also his uncle's desire, as he would himself intimate in due course.

Accordingly, the next letter which Edward opened was from Sir Everard. His brother's disgrace seemed to have removed from his well-natured bosom all recollection of their

differences, and, remote as he was from every means of learning that Richard's disgrace was in reality only the just as well as natural consequence of his own unsuccessful intrigues, the good but credulous Baronet at once set it down as a new and enormous instance of the injustice of the existing government. It was true, he said, and he must not disguise it even from Edward, that his father could not have sustained such an insult as was now, for the first time, offered to one of his house, unless he had subjected himself to it by accepting of an employment under the present system. Sir Everard had no doubt that he now both saw and felt the magnitude of this error, and it should be his (Sir Everard's) business to take care that the cause of his regret should not extend itself to pecuniary consequences. It was enough for a Waverley to have sustained the public disgrace; the patrimonial injury could easily be obviated by the head of their family. But it was both the opinion of Mr. Richard Waverley and his own that Edward, the representative of the family of Waverley-Honour, should not remain in a situation which subjected him also to such treatment as that with which his father had been stigmatised. He requested his nephew therefore to take the fittest, and at the same time the most speedy, opportunity of transmitting his resignation to the War Office, and hinted, moreover, that little ceremony was necessary where so little had been used to his father. He sent multitudinous greetings to the Baron of Bradwardine.

A letter from Aunt Rachel spoke out even more plainly. She considered the disgrace of brother Richard as the just reward of his forfeiting his allegiance to a lawful though exiled sovereign, and taking the oaths to an alien; a concession which her grandfather, Sir Nigel Waverley, refused to make, either to the Roundhead Parliament or to Cromwell, when his life and fortune stood in the utmost extremity. She hoped her dear Edward would follow the footsteps of his ancestors, and as speedily as possible get rid of the badge of servitude to the usurping family, and regard the wrongs sustained by his father as an admonition from Heaven that every desertion of the line of loyalty becomes its own punishment. She also concluded with her respects to Mr. Bradwardine, and begged Waverley would inform her whether his daughter, Miss Rose, was old enough to wear a pair of very handsome ear-rings, which she proposed to send as a token of her affection. The good lady also desired to be informed whether Mr. Bradwardine took as much Scotch

snuff and danced as unweariedly as he did when he was at Waverley-Honour about thirty years ago.

These letters, as might have been expected, highly excited Waverley's indignation. From the desultory style of his studies, he had not any fixed political opinion to place in opposition to the movements of indignation which he felt at his father's supposed wrongs. Of the real cause of his disgrace Edward was totally ignorant; nor had his habits at all led him to investigate the politics of the period in which he lived, or remark the intrigues in which his father had been so actively engaged. Indeed, any impressions which he had accidentally adopted concerning the parties of the times were (owing to the society in which he had lived at Waverley-Honour) of a nature rather unfavourable to the existing government and dynasty. He entered, therefore, without hesitation into the resentful feeling of the relations who had the best title to dictate his conduct; and not perhaps the less willingly when he remembered the tedium of his quarters, and the inferior figure which he had made among the officers of his regiment. If he could have had any doubt upon the subject it would have been decided by the following letter from his commanding officer, which, as it is very short, shall be inserted verbatim:—

'SIR,

'Having carried somewhat beyond the line of my duty an indulgence which even the lights of nature, and much more those of Christianity, direct towards errors which may arise from youth and inexperience, and that altogether without effect, I am reluctantly compelled, at the present crisis, to use the only remaining remedy which is in my power. You are, therefore, hereby commanded to repair to —, the headquarters of the regiment, within three days after the date of this letter. If you shall fail to do so, I must report you to the War Office as absent without leave, and also take other steps, which will be disagreeable to you as well as to,

'Sir,

'Your obedient Servant,

'J. GARDINER, Lieut.-Col.

'Commanding the — Regt. Dragoons.'

Edward's blood boiled within him as he read this letter. He had been accustomed from his very infancy to possess in a great measure the disposal of his own time, and thus acquired habits which rendered the rules of military discipline as unpleas-

ing to him in this as they were in some other respects. An idea that in his own case they would not be enforced in a very rigid manner had also obtained full possession of his mind, and had hitherto been sanctioned by the indulgent conduct of his lieutenant-colonel. Neither had anything occurred, to his knowledge, that should have induced his commanding officer, without any other warning than the hints we noticed at the end of the fourteenth chapter, so suddenly to assume a harsh and, as Edward deemed it, so insolent a tone of dictatorial authority. Connecting it with the letters he had just received from his family, he could not but suppose that it was designed to make him feel, in his present situation, the same pressure of authority which had been exercised in his father's case, and that the whole was a concerted scheme to depress and degrade every member of the Waverley family.

Without a pause, therefore, Edward wrote a few cold lines, thanking his lieutenant-colonel for past civilities, and expressing regret that he should have chosen to efface the remembrance of them by assuming a different tone towards him. The strain of his letter, as well as what he (Edward) conceived to be his duty in the present crisis, called upon him to lay down his commission; and he therefore inclosed the formal resignation of a situation which subjected him to so unpleasant a correspondence, and requested Colonel Gardiner would have the goodness to forward it to the proper authorities.

Having finished this magnanimous epistle, he felt somewhat uncertain concerning the terms in which his resignation ought to be expressed, upon which subject he resolved to consult Fergus Mac-Ivor. It may be observed in passing that the bold and prompt habits of thinking, acting, and speaking which distinguished this young Chieftain had given him a considerable ascendancy over the mind of Waverley. Endowed with at least equal powers of understanding, and with much finer genius, Edward yet stooped to the bold and decisive activity of an intellect which was sharpened by the habit of acting on a preconceived and regular system, as well as by extensive knowledge of the world.

When Edward found his friend, the latter had still in his hand the newspaper which he had perused, and advanced to meet him with the embarrassment of one who has unpleasing news to communicate. 'Do your letters, Captain Waverley, confirm the unpleasing information which I find in this paper?'

He put the paper into his hand, where his father's disgrace

was registered in the most bitter terms, transferred probably from some London journal. At the end of the paragraph was this remarkable innuendo :

‘We understand that “this same *Richard* who hath done all this” is not the only example of the *Wavering Honour* of W-v-r-ly H-n-r. See the *Gazette* of this day.’

With hurried and feverish apprehension our hero turned to the place referred to, and found therein recorded, ‘Edward Waverley, captain in——regiment dragoons, superseded for absence without leave;’ and in the list of military promotions, referring to the same regiment, he discovered this farther article, ‘Lieut. Julius Butler, to be captain, *vice* Edward Waverley superseded.’

Our hero’s bosom glowed with the resentment which undeserved and apparently premeditated insult was calculated to excite in the bosom of one who had aspired after honour, and was thus wantonly held up to public scorn and disgrace. Upon comparing the date of his colonel’s letter with that of the article in the *Gazette*, he perceived that his threat of making a report upon his absence had been literally fulfilled, and without inquiry, as it seemed, whether Edward had either received his summons or was disposed to comply with it. The whole, therefore, appeared a formed plan to degrade him in the eyes of the public; and the idea of its having succeeded filled him with such bitter emotions that, after various attempts to conceal them, he at length threw himself into Mac-Ivor’s arms, and gave vent to tears of shame and indignation.

It was none of this Chieftain’s faults to be indifferent to the wrongs of his friends; and for Edward, independent of certain plans with which he was connected, he felt a deep and sincere interest. The proceeding appeared as extraordinary to him as it had done to Edward. He indeed knew of more motives than Waverley was privy to for the peremptory order that he should join his regiment. But that, without farther inquiry into the circumstances of a necessary delay, the commanding officer, in contradiction to his known and established character, should have proceeded in so harsh and unusual a manner was a mystery which he could not penetrate. He soothed our hero, however, to the best of his power, and began to turn his thoughts on revenge for his insulted honour.

Edward eagerly grasped at the idea. ‘Will you carry a message for me to Colonel Gardiner, my dear Fergus, and oblige me for ever?’

Fergus paused. 'It is an act of friendship which you should command, could it be useful, or lead to the righting your honour; but in the present case I doubt if your commanding officer would give you the meeting on account of his having taken measures which, however harsh and exasperating, were still within the strict bounds of his duty. Besides, Gardiner is a precise Huguenot, and has adopted certain ideas about the sinfulness of such *rencontres*, from which it would be impossible to make him depart, especially as his courage is beyond all suspicion. And besides, I—I, to say the truth—I dare not at this moment, for some very weighty reasons, go near any of the military quarters or garrisons belonging to this government.'

'And am I,' said Waverley, 'to sit down quiet and contented under the injury I have received?'

'That will I never advise my friend,' replied Mac-Ivor. 'But I would have vengeance to fall on the head, not on the hand, on the tyrannical and oppressive government which designed and directed these premeditated and reiterated insults, not on the tools of office which they employed in the execution of the injuries they aimed at you.'

'On the government!' said Waverley.

'Yes,' replied the impetuous Highlander, 'on the usurping House of Hanover, whom your grandfather would no more have served than he would have taken wages of red-hot gold from the great fiend of hell!'

'But since the time of my grandfather two generations of this dynasty have possessed the throne,' said Edward coolly.

'True,' replied the Chieftain; 'and because we have passively given them so long the means of showing their native character,—because both you and I myself have lived in quiet submission, have even truckled to the times so far as to accept commissions under them, and thus have given them an opportunity of disgracing us publicly by resuming them, are we not on that account to resent injuries which our fathers only apprehended, but which we have actually sustained? Or is the cause of the unfortunate Stuart family become less just, because their title has devolved upon an heir who is innocent of the charges of misgovernment brought against his father? Do you remember the lines of your favourite poet?

Had Richard unconstrain'd resign'd the throne,  
A king can give no more than is his own;  
The title stood entail'd had Richard had a son.

You see, my dear Waverley, I can quote poetry as well as Flora and you. But come, clear your moody brow, and trust to me to show you an honourable road to a speedy and glorious revenge. Let us seek Flora, who perhaps has more news to tell us of what has occurred during our absence. She will rejoice to hear that you are relieved of your servitude. But first add a postscript to your letter, marking the time when you received this calvinistical colonel's first summons, and express your regret that the hastiness of his proceedings prevented your anticipating them by sending your resignation. Then let him blush for his injustice.'

The letter was sealed accordingly, covering a formal resignation of the commission, and Mac-Ivor despatched it with some letters of his own by a special messenger, with charge to put them into the nearest post-office in the Lowlands.



## CHAPTER XXVI

### *An Éclaircissement*

THE hint which the Chieftain had thrown out respecting Flora was not unpremeditated. He had observed with great satisfaction the growing attachment of Waverley to his sister, nor did he see any bar to their union, excepting the situation which Waverley's father held in the ministry, and Edward's own commission in the army of George II. These obstacles were now removed, and in a manner which apparently paved the way for the son's becoming reconciled to another allegiance. In every other respect the match would be most eligible. The safety, happiness, and honourable provision of his sister, whom he dearly loved, appeared to be ensured by the proposed union; and his heart swelled when he considered how his own interest would be exalted in the eyes of the ex-monarch to whom he had dedicated his service, by an alliance with one of those ancient, powerful, and wealthy English families of the steady cavalier faith, to awaken whose decayed attachment to the Stuart family was now a matter of such vital importance to the Stuart cause. Nor could Fergus perceive any obstacle to such a scheme. Waverley's attachment was evident; and as his person was handsome, and his taste apparently coincided with her own, he anticipated no opposition on the part of Flora. Indeed, between his ideas of patriarchal power and those which he had acquired in France respecting the disposal of females in marriage, any opposition from his sister, dear as she was to him, would have been the last obstacle on which he would have calculated, even had the union been less eligible.

Influenced by these feelings, the Chief now led Waverley in quest of Miss Mac-Ivor, not without the hope that the present agitation of his guest's spirits might give him courage to cut short what Fergus termed the romance of the courtship. They found Flora, with her faithful attendants, Una and Cathleen,

busied in preparing what appeared to Waverley to be white bridal favours. Disguising as well as he could the agitation of his mind, Waverley asked for what joyful occasion Miss Mac-Ivor made such ample preparation.

‘It is for Fergus’s bridal,’ she said, smiling.

‘Indeed!’ said Edward; ‘he has kept his secret well. I hope he will allow me to be his bride’s-man.’

‘That is a man’s office, but not yours, as Beatrice says,’ retorted Flora.

‘And who is the fair lady, may I be permitted to ask, Miss Mac-Ivor?’

‘Did not I tell you long since that Fergus wooed no bride but Honour?’ answered Flora.

‘And am I then incapable of being his assistant and counsellor in the pursuit of honour?’ said our hero, colouring deeply. ‘Do I rank so low in your opinion?’

‘Far from it, Captain Waverley. I would to God you were of our determination! and made use of the expression which displeased you, solely

Because you are not of our quality,  
But stand against us as an enemy.’

‘That time is past, sister,’ said Fergus; ‘and you may wish Edward Waverley (no longer captain) joy of being freed from the slavery to an usurper, implied in that sable and ill-omened emblem.’

‘Yes,’ said Waverley, undoing the cockade from his hat, ‘it has pleased the king who bestowed this badge upon me to resume it in a manner which leaves me little reason to regret his service.’

‘Thank God for that!’ cried the enthusiast; ‘and O that they may be blind enough to treat every man of honour who serves them with the same indignity, that I may have less to sigh for when the struggle approaches!’

‘And now, sister,’ said the Chieftain, ‘replace his cockade with one of a more lively colour. I think it was the fashion of the ladies of yore to arm and send forth their knights to high achievement.’

‘Not,’ replied the lady, ‘till the knight adventurer had well weighed the justice and the danger of the cause, Fergus. Mr. Waverley is just now too much agitated by feelings of recent emotion for me to press upon him a resolution of consequence.’

Waverley felt half alarmed at the thought of adopting the

badge of what was by the majority of the kingdom esteemed rebellion, yet he could not disguise his chagrin at the coldness with which Flora parried her brother's hint. 'Miss Mac-Ivor, I perceive, thinks the knight unworthy of her encouragement and favour,' said he, somewhat bitterly.

'Not so, Mr. Waverley,' she replied, with great sweetness. 'Why should I refuse my brother's valued friend a boon which I am distributing to his whole clan? Most willingly would I enlist every man of honour in the cause to which my brother has devoted himself. But Fergus has taken his measures with his eyes open. His life has been devoted to this cause from his cradle; with him its call is sacred, were it even a summons to the tomb. But how can I wish you, Mr. Waverley, so new to the world, so far from every friend who might advise and ought to influence you, — in a moment, too, of sudden pique and indignation, — how can I wish you to plunge yourself at once into so desperate an enterprise?'

Fergus, who did not understand these delicacies, strode through the apartment biting his lip, and then, with a constrained smile, said, 'Well, sister, I leave you to act your new character of mediator between the Elector of Hanover and the subjects of your lawful sovereign and benefactor,' and left the room.

There was a painful pause, which was at length broken by Miss Mac-Ivor. 'My brother is unjust,' she said, 'because he can bear no interruption that seems to thwart his loyal zeal.'

'And do you not share his ardour?' asked Waverley.

'Do I not?' answered Flora. 'God knows mine exceeds his, if that be possible. But I am not, like him, rapt by the bustle of military preparation, and the infinite detail necessary to the present undertaking, beyond consideration of the grand principles of justice and truth, on which our enterprise is grounded; and these, I am certain, can only be furthered by measures in themselves true and just. To operate upon your present feelings, my dear Mr. Waverley, to induce you to an irretrievable step, of which you have not considered either the justice or the danger, is, in my poor judgment, neither the one nor the other.'

'Incomparable Flora!' said Edward, taking her hand, 'how much do I need such a monitor!'

'A better one by far,' said Flora, gently withdrawing her hand, 'Mr. Waverley will always find in his own bosom, when he will give its small still voice leisure to be heard.'

‘No, Miss Mac-Ivor, I dare not hope it; a thousand circumstances of fatal self-indulgence have made me the creature rather of imagination than reason. ‘Durst I but hope — could I but think — that you would deign to be to me that affectionate, that condescending friend, who would strengthen me to redeem my errors, my future life ——’

‘Hush, my dear sir! now you carry your joy at escaping the hands of a Jacobite recruiting officer to an unparalleled excess of gratitude.’

‘Nay, dear Flora, trifle with me no longer; you cannot mistake the meaning of those feelings which I have almost involuntarily expressed; and since I have broken the barrier of silence, let me profit by my audacity. Or may I, with your permission, mention to your brother ——’

‘Not for the world, Mr. Waverley!’

‘What am I to understand?’ said Edward. ‘Is there any fatal bar — has any prepossession ——’

‘None, sir,’ answered Flora. ‘I owe it to myself to say that I never yet saw the person on whom I thought with reference to the present subject.’

‘The shortness of our acquaintance, perhaps — If Miss Mac-Ivor will deign to give me time ——’

‘I have not even that excuse. Captain Waverley’s character is so open — is, in short, of that nature that it cannot be misconstrued, either in its strength or its weakness.’

‘And for that weakness you despise me?’ said Edward.

‘Forgive me, Mr. Waverley — and remember it is but within this half hour that there existed between us a barrier of a nature to me insurmountable, since I never could think of an officer in the service of the Elector of Hanover in any other light than as a casual acquaintance. Permit me then to arrange my ideas upon so unexpected a topic, and in less than an hour I will be ready to give you such reasons for the resolution I shall express as may be satisfactory at least, if not pleasing to you.’ So saying, Flora withdrew, leaving Waverley to meditate upon the manner in which she had received his addresses.

Ere he could make up his mind whether to believe his suit had been acceptable or no, Fergus re-entered the apartment. ‘What *à la mort*, Waverley?’ he cried. ‘Come down with me to the court, and you shall see a sight worth all the tirades of your romances. An hundred firelocks, my friend, and as many broadswords, just arrived from good friends; and two or three hundred stout fellows almost fighting which shall first possess

them. But let me look at you closer. Why, a true Highlander would say you had been blighted by an evil eye. Or can it be this silly girl that has thus blanked your spirit? Never mind her, dear Edward; the wisest of her sex are fools in what regards the business of life.'

'Indeed, my good friend,' answered Waverley, 'all that I can charge against your sister is, that she is too sensible, too reasonable.'

'If that be all, I ensure you for a louis-d'or against the mood lasting four-and-twenty hours. No woman was ever steadily sensible for that period; and I will engage, if that will please you, Flora shall be as unreasonable to-morrow as any of her sex. You must learn, my dear Edward, to consider women *en mousquetaire*.' So saying, he seized Waverley's arm and dragged him off to review his military preparations.

## CHAPTER XXVII

### *Upon the Same Subject*

FERGUS MAC-IVOR had too much tact and delicacy to renew the subject which he had interrupted. His head was, or appeared to be, so full of guns, broadswords, bonnets, canteens, and tartan hose that Waverley could not for some time draw his attention to any other topic.

‘Are you to take the field so soon, Fergus,’ he asked, ‘that you are making all these martial preparations?’

‘When we have settled that you go with me, you shall know all; but otherwise, the knowledge might rather be prejudicial to you.’

‘But are you serious in your purpose, with such inferior forces, to rise against an established government? It is mere frenzy.’

‘*Laissez faire à Don Antoine*; I shall take good care of myself. We shall at least use the compliment of Conan, who never got a stroke but he gave one. I would not, however,’ continued the Chieftain, ‘have you think me mad enough to stir till a favourable opportunity: I will not slip my dog before the game’s afoot. But, once more, will you join with us, and you shall know all?’

‘How can I?’ said Waverley; ‘I, who have so lately held that commission which is now posting back to those that gave it? My accepting it implied a promise of fidelity, and an acknowledgment of the legality of the government.’

‘A rash promise,’ answered Fergus, ‘is not a steel handcuff; it may be shaken off, especially when it was given under deception, and has been repaid by insult. But if you cannot immediately make up your mind to a glorious revenge, go to England, and ere you cross the Tweed you will hear tidings that will make the world ring; and if Sir Everard be the gallant old cavalier I have heard him described by some of our

*honest* gentlemen of the year one thousand seven hundred and fifteen, he will find you a better horse-troop and a better cause than you have lost.'

'But your sister, Fergus?'

'Out, hyperbolical fiend!' replied the Chief, laughing; 'how vexest thou this man! Speak'st thou of nothing but of ladies?'

'Nay, be serious, my dear friend,' said Waverley; 'I feel that the happiness of my future life must depend upon the answer which Miss Mac-Ivor shall make to what I ventured to tell her this morning.'

'And is this your very sober earnest,' said Fergus, more gravely, 'or are we in the land of romance and fiction?'

'My earnest, undoubtedly. How could you suppose me jesting on such a subject?'

'Then, in very sober earnest,' answered his friend, 'I am very glad to hear it; and so highly do I think of Flora, that you are the only man in England for whom I would say so much. But before you shake my hand so warmly, there is more to be considered. Your own family — will they approve your connecting yourself with the sister of a high-born Highland beggar?'

'My uncle's situation,' said Waverley, 'his general opinions, and his uniform indulgence, entitle me to say, that birth and personal qualities are all he would look to in such a connection. And where can I find both united in such excellence as in your sister?'

'O nowhere! *cela va sans dire*,' replied Fergus, with a smile. 'But your father will expect a father's prerogative in being consulted.'

'Surely; but his late breach with the ruling powers removes all apprehension of objection on his part, especially as I am convinced that my uncle will be warm in my cause.'

'Religion perhaps,' said Fergus, 'may make obstacles, though we are not bigotted Catholics.'

'My grandmother was of the Church of Rome, and her religion was never objected to by my family. Do not think of *my* friends, dear Fergus; let me rather have your influence where it may be more necessary to remove obstacles — I mean with your lovely sister.'

'My lovely sister,' replied Fergus, 'like her loving brother, is very apt to have a pretty decisive will of her own, by which, in this case, you must be ruled; but you shall not want my interest, nor my counsel. And, in the first place, I will

give you one hint—Loyalty is her ruling passion; and since she could spell an English book she has been in love with the memory of the gallant Captain Wogan, who renounced the service of the usurper Cromwell to join the standard of Charles II., marched a handful of cavalry from London to the Highlands to join Middleton, then in arms for the king, and at length died gloriously in the royal cause. Ask her to show you some verses she made on his history and fate; they have been much admired, I assure you. The next point is—I think I saw Flora go up towards the waterfall a short time since; follow, man, follow! don't allow the garrison time to strengthen its purposes of resistance. *Alerte à la muraille!* Seek Flora out, and learn her decision as soon as you can, and Cupid go with you, while I go to look over belts and cartouch-boxes.'

Waverley ascended the glen with an anxious and throbbing heart. Love, with all its romantic train of hopes, fears, and wishes, was mingled with other feelings of a nature less easily defined. He could not but remember how much this morning had changed his fate, and into what a complication of perplexity it was likely to plunge him. Sun-rise had seen him possessed of an esteemed rank in the honourable profession of arms, his father to all appearance rapidly rising in the favour of his sovereign. All this had passed away like a dream: he himself was dishonoured, his father disgraced, and he had become involuntarily the confidant at least, if not the accomplice, of plans, dark, deep, and dangerous, which must infer either the subversion of the government he had so lately served or the destruction of all who had participated in them. Should Flora even listen to his suit favourably, what prospect was there of its being brought to a happy termination amid the tumult of an impending insurrection? Or how could he make the selfish request that she should leave Fergus, to whom she was so much attached, and, retiring with him to England, wait, as a distant spectator, the success of her brother's undertaking, or the ruin of all his hopes and fortunes? Or, on the other hand, to engage himself, with no other aid than his single arm, in the dangerous and precipitate counsels of the Chieftain, to be whirled along by him, the partaker of all his desperate and impetuous motions, renouncing almost the power of judging, or deciding upon the rectitude or prudence of his actions, this was no pleasing prospect for the secret pride of Waverley to stoop to. And yet what other conclusion remained, saving the rejection of his addresses by Flora, an alternative not to be



thought of in the present high-wrought state of his feelings with anything short of mental agony. Pondering the doubtful and dangerous prospect before him, he at length arrived near the cascade, where, as Fergus had augured, he found Flora seated.

She was quite alone, and as soon as she observed his approach she rose and came to meet him. Edward attempted to say something within the verge of ordinary compliment and conversation, but found himself unequal to the task. Flora seemed at first equally embarrassed, but recovered herself more speedily, and (an unfavourable augury for Waverley's suit) was the first to enter upon the subject of their last interview. 'It is too important, in every point of view, Mr. Waverley, to permit me to leave you in doubt on my sentiments.'

'Do not speak them speedily,' said Waverley, much agitated, 'unless they are such as I fear, from your manner, I must not dare to anticipate. Let time—let my future conduct—let your brother's influence——'

'Forgive me, Mr. Waverley,' said Flora, her complexion a little heightened, but her voice firm and composed. 'I should incur my own heavy censure did I delay expressing my sincere conviction that I can never regard you otherwise than as a valued friend. I should do you the highest injustice did I conceal my sentiments for a moment. I see I distress you, and I grieve for it, but better now than later; and O, better a thousand times, Mr. Waverley, that you should feel a present momentary disappointment than the long and heart-sickening griefs which attend a rash and ill-assorted marriage!'

'Good God!' exclaimed Waverley, 'why should you anticipate such consequences from a union where birth is equal, where fortune is favourable, where, if I may venture to say so, the tastes are similar, where you allege no preference for another, where you even express a favourable opinion of him whom you reject?'

'Mr. Waverley, I *have* that favourable opinion,' answered Flora; 'and so strongly that, though I would rather have been silent on the grounds of my resolution, you shall command them, if you exact such a mark of my esteem and confidence.'

She sat down upon a fragment of rock, and Waverley, placing himself near her, anxiously pressed for the explanation she offered.

'I dare hardly,' she said, 'tell you the situation of my feelings, they are so different from those usually ascribed to young

women at my period of life ; and I dare hardly touch upon what I conjecture to be the nature of yours, lest I should give offence where I would willingly administer consolation. For myself, from my infancy till this day I have had but one wish — the restoration of my royal benefactors to their rightful throne. It is impossible to express to you the devotion of my feelings to this single subject ; and I will frankly confess that it has so occupied my mind as to exclude every thought respecting what is called my own settlement in life. Let me but live to see the day of that happy restoration, and a Highland cottage, a French convent, or an English palace will be alike indifferent to me.’

‘But, dearest Flora, how is your enthusiastic zeal for the exiled family inconsistent with my happiness?’

‘Because you seek, or ought to seek, in the object of your attachment a heart whose principal delight should be in augmenting your domestic felicity and returning your affection, even to the height of romance. To a man of less keen sensibility, and less enthusiastic tenderness of disposition, Flora Mac-Ivor might give content, if not happiness ; for, were the irrevocable words spoken, never would she be deficient in the duties which she vowed.’

‘And why, — why, Miss Mac-Ivor, should you think yourself a more valuable treasure to one who is less capable of loving, of admiring you, than to me?’

‘Simply because the tone of our affections would be more in unison, and because his more blunted sensibility would not require the return of enthusiasm which I have not to bestow. But you, Mr. Waverley, would for ever refer to the idea of domestic happiness which your imagination is capable of painting, and whatever fell short of that ideal representation would be construed into coolness and indifference, while you might consider the enthusiasm with which I regarded the success of the royal family as defrauding your affection of its due return.’

‘In other words, Miss Mac-Ivor, you cannot love me?’ said her suitor dejectedly.

‘I could esteem you, Mr. Waverley, as much, perhaps more, than any man I have ever seen ; but I cannot love you as you ought to be loved. O ! do not, for your own sake, desire so hazardous an experiment ! The woman whom you marry ought to have affections and opinions moulded upon yours. Her studies ought to be your studies ; her wishes, her feelings, her hopes, her fears, should all mingle with yours. She should

enhance your pleasures, share your sorrows, and cheer your melancholy.'

'And why will not you, Miss Mac-Ivor, who can so well describe a happy union, why will not you be yourself the person you describe?'

'Is it possible you do not yet comprehend me?' answered Flora. 'Have I not told you that every keener sensation of my mind is bent exclusively towards an event upon which, indeed, I have no power but those of my earnest prayers?'

'And might not the granting the suit I solicit,' said Waverley, too earnest on his purpose to consider what he was about to say, 'even advance the interest to which you have devoted yourself? My family is wealthy and powerful, inclined in principles to the Stuart race, and should a favourable opportunity ——'

'A favourable opportunity!' said Flora, somewhat scornfully. 'Inclined in principles! Can such lukewarm adherence be honourable to yourselves, or gratifying to your lawful sovereign? Think, from my present feelings, what I should suffer when I held the place of member in a family where the rights which I hold most sacred are subjected to cold discussion; and only deemed worthy of support when they shall appear on the point of triumphing without it!'

'Your doubts,' quickly replied Waverley, 'are unjust as far as concerns myself. The cause that I shall assert, I dare support through every danger, as undauntedly as the boldest who draws sword in its behalf.'

'Of that,' answered Flora, 'I cannot doubt for a moment. But consult your own good sense and reason rather than a prepossession hastily adopted, probably only because you have met a young woman possessed of the usual accomplishments in a sequestered and romantic situation. Let your part in this great and perilous drama rest upon conviction, and not on a hurried and probably a temporary feeling.'

Waverley attempted to reply, but his words failed him. Every sentiment that Flora had uttered vindicated the strength of his attachment; for even her loyalty, although wildly enthusiastic, was generous and noble, and disdained to avail itself of any indirect means of supporting the cause to which she was devoted.

After walking a little way in silence down the path, Flora thus resumed the conversation. — 'One word more, Mr. Waverley, ere we bid farewell to this topic for ever; and forgive my bold-

ness if that word have the air of advice. My brother Fergus is anxious that you should join him in his present enterprise. But do not consent to this ; you could not, by your single exertions, further his success, and you would inevitably share his fall, if it be God's pleasure that fall he must. Your character would also suffer irretrievably. Let me beg you will return to your own country ; and, having publicly freed yourself from every tie to the usurping government, I trust you will see cause, and find opportunity, to serve your injured sovereign with effect, and stand forth, as your loyal ancestors, at the head of your natural followers and adherents, a worthy representative of the house of Waverley.'

'And should I be so happy as thus to distinguish myself, might I not hope ——'

'Forgive my interruption,' said Flora. 'The present time only is ours, and I can but explain to you with candour the feelings which I now entertain ; how they might be altered by a train of events too favourable perhaps to be hoped for, it were in vain even to conjecture. Only be assured, Mr. Waverley, that, after my brother's honour and happiness, there is none which I shall more sincerely pray for than for yours.'

With these words she parted from him, for they were now arrived where two paths separated. Waverley reached the castle amidst a medley of conflicting passions. He avoided any private interview with Fergus, as he did not find himself able either to encounter his raillery or reply to his solicitations. The wild revelry of the feast, for Mac-Ivor kept open table for his clan, served in some degree to stun reflection. When their festivity was ended, he began to consider how he should again meet Miss Mac-Ivor after the painful and interesting explanation of the morning. But Flora did not appear. Fergus, whose eyes flashed when he was told by Cathleen that her mistress designed to keep her apartment that evening, went himself in quest of her ; but apparently his remonstrances were in vain, for he returned with a heightened complexion and manifest symptoms of displeasure. The rest of the evening passed on without any allusion, on the part either of Fergus or Waverley, to the subject which engrossed the reflections of the latter, and perhaps of both.

When retired to his own apartment, Edward endeavoured to sum up the business of the day. That the repulse he had received from Flora would be persisted in for the present, there was no doubt. But could he hope for ultimate success in case

circumstances permitted the renewal of his suit? Would the enthusiastic loyalty, which at this animating moment left no room for a softer passion, survive, at least in its engrossing force, the success or the failure of the present political machinations? And if so, could he hope that the interest which she had acknowledged him to possess in her favour might be improved into a warmer attachment? He taxed his memory to recall every word she had used, with the appropriate looks and gestures which had enforced them, and ended by finding himself in the same state of uncertainty. It was very late before sleep brought relief to the tumult of his mind, after the most painful and agitating day which he had ever passed.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

### *A Letter from Tully-Veolan*

IN the morning, when Waverley's troubled reflections had for some time given way to repose, there came music to his dreams, but not the voice of Selma. He imagined himself transported back to Tully-Veolan, and that he heard Davie Gellatley singing in the court those matins which used generally to be the first sounds that disturbed his repose while a guest of the Baron of Bradwardine. The notes which suggested this vision continued, and waxed louder, until Edward awoke in earnest. The illusion, however, did not seem entirely dispelled. The apartment was in the fortress of Ian nan Chaistel, but it was still the voice of Davie Gellatley that made the following lines resound under the window :—

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,  
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;  
A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,  
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.<sup>1</sup>

Curious to know what could have determined Mr. Gellatley on an excursion of such unwonted extent, Edward began to dress himself in all haste, during which operation the minstrelsy of Davie changed its tune more than once :—

There's nought in the Highlands but syboes and leeks,  
And lang-leggit callants gaun wanting the breeks;  
Wanting the breeks, and without hose and shoon,  
But we'll a' win the breeks when King Jamie comes hame.<sup>2</sup>

By the time Waverley was dressed and had issued forth, David had associated himself with two or three of the numerous Highland loungers who always graced the gates of the castle

<sup>1</sup> These lines form the burden of an old song to which Burns wrote additional verses.

<sup>2</sup> These lines are also ancient, and I believe to the tune of  
We'll never hae peace till Jamie comes hame;  
to which Burns likewise wrote some verses.

with their presence, and was capering and dancing full merrily in the doubles and full career of a Scotch foursome reel, to the music of his own whistling. In this double capacity of dancer and musician he continued, until an idle piper, who observed his zeal, obeyed the unanimous call of *Scid suas* (i. e. blow up), and relieved him from the latter part of his trouble. Young and old then mingled in the dance as they could find partners. The appearance of Waverley did not interrupt David's exercise, though he contrived, by grinning, nodding, and throwing one or two inclinations of the body into the graces with which he performed the Highland fling, to convey to our hero symptoms of recognition. Then, while busily employed in setting, whooping all the while, and snapping his fingers over his head, he of a sudden prolonged his side-step until it brought him to the place where Edward was standing, and, still keeping time to the music like Harlequin in a pantomime, he thrust a letter into our hero's hand, and continued his saltation without pause or intermission. Edward, who perceived that the address was in Rose's hand-writing, retired to peruse it, leaving the faithful bearer to continue his exercise until the piper or he should be tired out.

The contents of the letter greatly surprised him. It had originally commenced with 'Dear Sir'; but these words had been carefully erased, and the monosyllable 'Sir' substituted in their place. The rest of the contents shall be given in Rose's own language.

'I fear I am using an improper freedom by intruding upon you, yet I cannot trust to any one else to let you know some things which have happened here, with which it seems necessary you should be acquainted. Forgive me, if I am wrong in what I am doing; for, alas! Mr. Waverley, I have no better advice than that of my own feelings; my dear father is gone from this place, and when he can return to my assistance and protection, God alone knows. You have probably heard that, in consequence of some troublesome news from the Highlands, warrants were sent out for apprehending several gentlemen in these parts, and, among others, my dear father. In spite of all my tears and entreaties that he would surrender himself to the government, he joined with Mr. Falconer and some other gentlemen, and they have all gone northwards, with a body of about forty horsemen. So I am not so anxious concerning his immediate safety as about what may follow afterwards, for these troubles are only beginning. But all this is nothing to you, Mr.

Waverley, only I thought you would be glad to learn that my father has escaped, in case you happen to have heard that he was in danger.

‘The day after my father went off there came a party of soldiers to Tully-Veolan, and behaved very rudely to Bailie Macwheeble; but the officer was very civil to me, only said his duty obliged him to search for arms and papers. My father had provided against this by taking away all the arms except the old useless things which hung in the hall, and he had put all his papers out of the way. But O! Mr. Waverley, how shall I tell you, that they made strict inquiry after you, and asked when you had been at Tully-Veolan, and where you now were. The officer is gone back with his party, but a non-commissioned officer and four men remain as a sort of garrison in the house. They have hitherto behaved very well, as we are forced to keep them in good-humour. But these soldiers have hinted as if, on your falling into their hands, you would be in great danger; I cannot prevail on myself to write what wicked falsehoods they said, for I am sure they are falsehoods; but you will best judge what you ought to do. The party that returned carried off your servant prisoner, with your two horses, and everything that you left at Tully-Veolan. I hope God will protect you, and that you will get safe home to England, where you used to tell me there was no military violence nor fighting among clans permitted, but everything was done according to an equal law that protected all who were harmless and innocent. I hope you will exert your indulgence as to my boldness in writing to you, where it seems to me, though perhaps erroneously, that your safety and honour are concerned. I am sure — at least I think, my father would approve of my writing; for Mr. Rubrick is fled to his cousin’s at the Duchran, to be out of danger from the soldiers and the Whigs, and Bailie Macwheeble does not like to meddle (he says) in other men’s concerns, though I hope what may serve my father’s friend at such a time as this cannot be termed improper interference. Farewell, Captain Waverley! I shall probably never see you more; for it would be very improper to wish you to call at Tully-Veolan just now, even if these men were gone; but I will always remember with gratitude your kindness in assisting so poor a scholar as myself, and your attentions to my dear, dear father.

‘I remain, your obliged servant,

‘ROSE COMYNE BRADWARDINE.





of their cause, or the commands of his father or uncle, should recommend to him allegiance to the Stuarts, still it was necessary to clear his own character by showing that he had not, as seemed to be falsely insinuated, taken any step to this purpose during his holding the commission of the reigning monarch.

The affectionate simplicity of Rose and her anxiety for his safety, his sense too of her unprotected state, and of the terror and actual dangers to which she might be exposed, made an impression upon his mind, and he instantly wrote to thank her in the kindest terms for her solicitude on his account, to express his earnest good wishes for her welfare and that of her father, and to assure her of his own safety. The feelings which this task excited were speedily lost in the necessity which he now saw of bidding farewell to Flora Mac-Ivor, perhaps for ever. The pang attending this reflection was inexpressible; for her high-minded elevation of character, her self-devotion to the cause which she had embraced, united to her scrupulous rectitude as to the means of serving it, had vindicated to his judgment the choice adopted by his passions. But time pressed, calumny was busy with his fame, and every hour's delay increased the power to injure it. His departure must be instant.

With this determination he sought out Fergus, and communicated to him the contents of Rose's letter, with his own resolution instantly to go to Edinburgh, and put into the hands of some one or other of those persons of influence to whom he had letters from his father his exculpation from any charge which might be preferred against him.

'You run your head into the lion's mouth,' answered Mac-Ivor. 'You do not know the severity of a government harassed by just apprehensions, and a consciousness of their own illegality and insecurity. I shall have to deliver you from some dungeon in Stirling or Edinburgh Castle.'

'My innocence, my rank, my father's intimacy with Lord M——, General G——, etc., will be a sufficient protection,' said Waverley.

'You will find the contrary,' replied the Chieftain; 'these gentlemen will have enough to do about their own matters. Once more, will you take the plaid, and stay a little while with us among the mists and the crows, in the bravest cause ever sword was drawn in?'<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A Highland rhyme on Glencairn's Expedition, in 1650, has these lines —

We'll bide a while amang ta crows,  
We'll wiske ta sword and bend ta bows.

'For many reasons, my dear Fergus, you must hold me excused.'

'Well then,' said Mac-Ivor, 'I shall certainly find you exerting your poetical talents in elegies upon a prison, or your antiquarian researches in detecting the Oggam<sup>1</sup> character or some Punic hieroglyphic upon the key-stones of a vault, curiously arched. Or what say you to *un petit pendement bien joli*? against which awkward ceremony I don't warrant you, should you meet a body of the armed west-country Whigs.'

'And why should they use me so?' said Waverley.

'For a hundred good reasons,' answered Fergus. 'First, you are an Englishman; secondly, a gentleman; thirdly, a prelatist abjured; and, fourthly, they have not had an opportunity to exercise their talents on such a subject this long while. But don't be cast down, beloved; all will be done in the fear of the Lord.'

'Well, I must run my hazard.'

'You are determined, then?'

'I am.'

'Wilful will do 't,' said Fergus. 'But you cannot go on foot, and I shall want no horse, as I must march on foot at the head of the children of Ivor; you shall have brown Dermid.'

'If you will sell him, I shall certainly be much obliged.'

'If your proud English heart cannot be obliged by a gift or loan, I will not refuse money at the entrance of a campaign: his price is twenty guineas. [Remember, reader, it was Sixty Years since.] And when do you propose to depart?'

'The sooner the better,' answered Waverley.

'You are right, since go you must, or rather, since go you will. I will take Flora's pony and ride with you as far as Bally-Brough. Callum Beg, see that our horses are ready; with a pony for yourself, to attend and carry Mr. Waverley's baggage as far as —— (naming a small town), where he can have a horse and guide to Edinburgh. Put on a Lowland dress, Callum, and see you keep your tongue close, if you would not have me cut it out. Mr. Waverley rides Dermid.' Then turning to Edward, 'You will take leave of my sister?'

'Surely — that is, if Miss Mac-Ivor will honour me so far.'

'Cathleen, let my sister know Mr. Waverley wishes to bid her farewell before he leaves us. But Rose Bradwardine, her

<sup>1</sup> The Oggam is a species of the old Irish character. The idea of the correspondence betwixt the Celtic and Punic, founded on a scene in Plautus, was not started till General Vallancey set up his theory, long after the date of Fergus Mac-Ivor.

situation must be thought of; I wish she were here. And why should she not? There are but four red-coats at Tully-Veolan, and their muskets would be very useful to us.'

To these broken remarks Edward made no answer; his ear indeed received them, but his soul was intent upon the expected entrance of Flora. The door opened. It was but Cathleen, with her lady's excuse, and wishes for Captain Waverley's health and happiness.

## CHAPTER XXIX

### *Waverley's Reception in the Lowlands after his Highland Tour*

IT was noon when the two friends stood at the top of the pass of Bally-Brough. 'I must go no farther,' said Fergus Mac-Ivor, who during the journey had in vain endeavoured to raise his friend's spirits. 'If my cross-grained sister has any share in your dejection, trust me she thinks highly of you, though her present anxiety about the public cause prevents her listening to any other subject. Confide your interest to me; I will not betray it, providing you do not again assume that vile cockade.'

'No fear of that, considering the manner in which it has been recalled. Adieu, Fergus; do not permit your sister to forget me.'

'And adieu, Waverley; you may soon hear of her with a prouder title. Get home, write letters, and make friends as many and as fast as you can; there will speedily be unexpected guests on the coast of Suffolk, or my news from France has deceived me.'<sup>1</sup>

Thus parted the friends; Fergus returning back to his castle, while Edward, followed by Callum Beg, the latter transformed from point to point into a Low-country groom, proceeded to the little town of —.

Edward paced on under the painful and yet not altogether embittered feelings which separation and uncertainty produce in the mind of a youthful lover. I am not sure if the ladies understand the full value of the influence of absence, nor do I think it wise to teach it them, lest, like the Clelias and Mandanes of yore, they should resume the humour of sending their lovers

<sup>1</sup> The sanguine Jacobites, during the eventful years 1745-46, kept up the spirits of their party by the rumour of descents from France on behalf of the Chevalier St. George.

into banishment. Distance, in truth, produces in idea the same effect as in real perspective. Objects are softened, and rounded, and rendered doubly graceful; the harsher and more ordinary points of character are mellowed down, and those by which it is remembered are the more striking outlines that mark sublimity, grace, or beauty. There are mists too in the mental as well as the natural horizon, to conceal what is less pleasing in distant objects, and there are happy lights, to stream in full glory upon those points which can profit by brilliant illumination.

Waverley forgot Flora Mac-Ivor's prejudices in her magnanimity, and almost pardoned her indifference towards his affection when he recollected the grand and decisive object which seemed to fill her whole soul. She, whose sense of duty so wholly engrossed her in the cause of a benefactor, what would be her feelings in favour of the happy individual who should be so fortunate as to awaken them? Then came the doubtful question, whether he might not be that happy man, — a question which fancy endeavoured to answer in the affirmative, by conjuring up all she had said in his praise, with the addition of a comment much more flattering than the text warranted. All that was commonplace, all that belonged to the every-day world, was melted away and obliterated in those dreams of imagination, which only remembered with advantage the points of grace and dignity that distinguished Flora from the generality of her sex, not the particulars which she held in common with them. Edward was, in short, in the fair way of creating a goddess out of a high-spirited, accomplished, and beautiful young woman; and the time was wasted in castle-building until, at the descent of a steep hill, he saw beneath him the market-town of —.

The Highland politeness of Callum Beg — there are few nations, by the way, who can boast of so much natural politeness as the Highlanders<sup>1</sup> — the Highland civility of his attendant had not permitted him to disturb the reveries of our hero. But observing him rouse himself at the sight of the village, Callum pressed closer to his side, and hoped 'when they came to the public, his honour wad not say nothing about Vich Ian Vohr, for ta people were bitter Whigs, deil burst tem.'

Waverley assured the prudent page that he would be cau-

<sup>1</sup> The Highlander, in former times, had always a high idea of his own gentility, and was anxious to impress the same upon those with whom he conversed. His language abounded in the phrases of courtesy and compliment; and the habit of carrying arms, and mixing with those who did so, made it particularly desirable they should use cautious politeness in their intercourse with each other.

tious ; and as he now distinguished, not indeed the ringing of bells, but the tinkling of something like a hammer against the side of an old mossy, green, inverted porridge-pot that hung in an open booth, of the size and shape of a parrot's cage, erected to grace the east end of a building resembling an old barn, he asked Callum Beg if it were Sunday.

'Could na say just preceesely ; Sunday seldom cam aboon the pass of Bally-Brough.'

On entering the town, however, and advancing towards the most apparent public-house which presented itself, the numbers of old women, in tartan screens and red cloaks, who streamed from the barn-resembling building, debating as they went the comparative merits of the blessed youth Jabesh Rentowel and that chosen vessel Maister Goukthrapple, induced Callum to assure his temporary master 'that it was either ta muckle Sunday hersell, or ta little government Sunday that they ca'd ta fast.'

On alighting at the sign of the Seven-branched Golden Candlestick, which, for the further delectation of the guests, was graced with a short Hebrew motto, they were received by mine host, a tall thin puritanical figure, who seemed to debate with himself whether he ought to give shelter to those who travelled on such a day. Reflecting, however, in all probability, that he possessed the power of muleting them for this irregularity, a penalty which they might escape by passing into Gregor Duncanson's, at the sign of the Highlander and the Hawick Gill, Mr. Ebenezer Cruickshanks condescended to admit them into his dwelling.

To this sanctified person Waverley addressed his request that he would procure him a guide, with a saddle-horse, to carry his portmanteau to Edinburgh.

'And whar may ye be coming from ?' demanded mine host of the Candlestick.

'I have told you where I wish to go ; I do not conceive any further information necessary either for the guide or his saddle-horse.'

'Hem ! Ahem !' returned he of the Candlestick, somewhat disconcerted at this rebuff. 'It's the general fast, sir, and I cannot enter into ony carnal transactions on sic a day, when the people should be humbled and the backsliders should return, as worthy Mr. Goukthrapple said ; and moreover when, as the precious Mr. Jabesh Rentowel did weel observe, the land was mourning for covenants burnt, broken, and buried.'

'My good friend,' said Waverley, 'if you cannot let me have a horse and guide, my servant shall seek them elsewhere.'

'Aweel! Your servant? and what for gangs he not forward wi' you himsell?'

Waverley had but very little of a captain of horse's spirit within him — I mean of that sort of spirit which I have been obliged to when I happened, in a mail coach or diligence, to meet some military man who has kindly taken upon him the disciplining of the waiters and the taxing of reckonings. Some of this useful talent our hero had, however, acquired during his military service, and on this gross provocation it began seriously to arise. 'Look ye, sir; I came here for my own accommodation, and not to answer impertinent questions. Either say you can, or cannot, get me what I want; I shall pursue my course in either case.'

Mr. Ebenezer Cruickshanks left the room with some indistinct muttering; but whether negative or acquiescent, Edward could not well distinguish. The hostess, a civil, quiet, laborious drudge, came to take his orders for dinner, but declined to make answer on the subject of the horse and guide; for the Salique law, it seems, extended to the stables of the Golden Candlestick.

From a window which overlooked the dark and narrow court in which Callum Beg rubbed down the horses after their journey, Waverley heard the following dialogue betwixt the subtle foot-page of Vich Ian Vohr and his landlord:—

'Ye'll be frae the north, young man?' began the latter.

'And ye may say that,' answered Callum.

'And ye'll hae ridden a lang way the day, it may weel be?'

'Sae lang, that I could weel tak a dram.'

'Gudewife, bring the gill stoup.'

Here some compliments passed fitting the occasion, when my host of the Golden Candlestick, having, as he thought, opened his guest's heart by this hospitable propitiation, resumed his scrutiny.

'Ye'll no hae mickle better whisky than that aboon the Pass?'

'I am nae frae aboon the Pass.'

'Ye're a Highlandman by your tongue?'

'Na; I am but just Aberdeen-a-way.'

'And did your master come frae Aberdeen wi' you?'

'Ay; that's when I left it mysell,' answered the cool and impenetrable Callum Beg.



‘And what kind of a gentleman is he?’

‘I believe he is ane o’ King George’s state officers; at least he’s aye for ganging on to the south, and he has a hantle siller, and never grudges onything till a poor body, or in the way of a lawing.’

‘He wants a guide and a horse frae hence to Edinburgh?’

‘Ay, and ye maun find it him forthwith.’

‘Ahem! It will be chargeable.’

‘He cares na for that a bodle.’

‘Aweel, Duncan — did ye say your name was Duncan, or Donald?’

‘Na, man — Jamie — Jamie Steenson — I telt ye before.’

This last undaunted parry altogether foiled Mr. Cruickshanks, who, though not quite satisfied either with the reserve of the master or the extreme readiness of the man, was contented to lay a tax on the reckoning and horse-hire that might compound for his ungratified curiosity. The circumstance of its being the fast day was not forgotten in the charge, which, on the whole, did not, however, amount to much more than double what in fairness it should have been.

Callum Beg soon after announced in person the ratification of this treaty, adding, ‘Ta auld deevil was ganging to ride wi’ ta duinhé-wassel hersell.’

‘That will not be very pleasant, Callum, nor altogether safe, for our host seems a person of great curiosity; but a traveller must submit to these inconveniences. Meanwhile, my good lad, here is a trifle for you to drink Vich Ian Vohr’s health.’

The hawk’s eye of Callum flashed delight upon a golden guinea, with which these last words were accompanied. He hastened, not without a curse on the intricacies of a Saxon breeches pocket, or *spleuchan*, as he called it, to deposit the treasure in his fob; and then, as if he conceived the benevolence called for some requital on his part, he gathered close up to Edward, with an expression of countenance peculiarly knowing, and spoke in an undertone, ‘If his honour thought ta auld deevil Whig carle was a bit dangerous, she could easily provide for him, and teil ane ta wiser.’

‘How, and in what manner?’

‘Her ain sell,’ replied Callum, ‘could wait for him a wee bit frae the toun, and kittle his quarters wi’ her *skene-occle*.’

‘Skene-occle! what’s that?’

Callum unbuttoned his coat, raised his left arm, and, with an emphatic nod, pointed to the hilt of a small dirk, snugly

deposited under it, in the lining of his jacket. Waverley thought he had misunderstood his meaning; he gazed in his face, and discovered in Callum's very handsome though embrowned features just the degree of roguish malice with which a lad of the same age in England would have brought forward a plan for robbing an orchard.

'Good God, Callum, would you take the man's life?'

'Indeed,' answered the young desperado, 'and I think he has had just a lang enough lease o't, when he's for betraying honest folk that come to spend siller at his public.'

Edward saw nothing was to be gained by argument, and therefore contented himself with enjoining Callum to lay aside all practices against the person of Mr. Ebenezer Cruickshanks; in which injunction the page seemed to acquiesce with an air of great indifference.

'Ta duinhé-wassel might please himsell; ta auld rudas loon had never done Callum nae ill. But here's a bit line frae ta Tighearna, tat he bade me gie your honour ere I came back.'

The letter from the Chief contained Flora's lines on the fate of Captain Wogan, whose enterprising character is so well drawn by Clarendon. He had originally engaged in the service of the Parliament, but had abjured that party upon the execution of Charles I.; and upon hearing that the royal standard was set up by the Earl of Glencairn and General Middleton in the Highlands of Scotland, took leave of Charles II., who was then at Paris, passed into England, assembled a body of Cavaliers in the neighbourhood of London, and traversed the kingdom, which had been so long under domination of the usurper, by marches conducted with such skill, dexterity, and spirit that he safely united his handful of horsemen with the body of Highlanders then in arms. After several months of desultory warfare, in which Wogan's skill and courage gained him the highest reputation, he had the misfortune to be wounded in a dangerous manner, and no surgical assistance being within reach he terminated his short but glorious career.

There were obvious reasons why the politic Chieftain was desirous to place the example of this young hero under the eye of Waverley, with whose romantic disposition it coincided so peculiarly. But his letter turned chiefly upon some trifling commissions which Waverley had promised to execute for him in England, and it was only toward the conclusion that Edward found these words:—'I owe Flora a grudge for refusing us her company yesterday; and, as I am giving you the trouble of

reading these lines, in order to keep in your memory your promise to procure me the fishing-tackle and cross-bow from London, I will enclose her verses on the Grave of Wogan. This I know will tease her; for, to tell you the truth, I think her more in love with the memory of that dead hero than she is likely to be with any living one, unless he shall tread a similar path. But English squires of our day keep their oak-trees to shelter their deer parks, or repair the losses of an evening at White's, and neither invoke them to wreath their brows nor shelter their graves. Let me hope for one brilliant exception in a dear friend, to whom I would most gladly give a dearer title.'

The verses were inscribed,

### TO AN OAK TREE

*In the Church-Yard of —, in the Highlands of Scotland, said to mark the Grave of Captain Wogan, killed in 1649.*

EMBLEM of England's ancient faith,  
Full proudly may thy branches wave,  
Where loyalty lies low in death,  
And valour fills a timeless grave.

And thou, brave tenant of the tomb!  
Repine not if our clime deny,  
Above thine honour'd sod to bloom  
The flowerets of a milder sky.

These owe their birth to genial May;  
Beneath a fiercer sun they pine,  
Before the winter storm decay;  
And can their worth be type of thine?

No! for, 'mid storms of Fate opposing,  
Still higher swell'd thy dauntless heart,  
And, while Despair the scene was closing,  
Commenced thy brief but brilliant part.

'T was then thou sought'st on Albyn's hill,  
(When England's sons the strife resign'd)  
A rugged race resisting still,  
And unsubdued though unrefined.

Thy death's hour heard no kindred wail,  
No holy knell thy requiem rung;  
Thy mourners were the plaided Gael,  
Thy dirge the clamorous pibroch sung.

Yet who, in Fortune's summer-shine  
To waste life's longest term away,

Would change that glorious dawn of thine,  
Though darken'd ere its noontide day ?

Be thine the tree whose dauntless boughs  
Brave summer's drought and winter's gloom.  
Rome bound with oak her patriots' brows,  
As Albyn shadows Wogan's tomb.

Whatever might be the real merit of Flora Mac-Ivor's poetry, the enthusiasm which it intimated was well calculated to make a corresponding impression upon her lover. The lines were read — read again, then deposited in Waverley's bosom, then again drawn out, and read line by line, in a low and smothered voice, and with frequent pauses which prolonged the mental treat, as an epicure protracts, by sipping slowly, the enjoyment of a delicious beverage. The entrance of Mrs. Cruickshanks with the sublunary articles of dinner and wine hardly interrupted this pantomime of affectionate enthusiasm.

At length the tall ungainly figure and ungracious visage of Ebenezer presented themselves. The upper part of his form, notwithstanding the season required no such defence, was shrouded in a large great-coat, belted over his under habiliments, and crested with a huge cowl of the same stuff, which, when drawn over the head and hat, completely overshadowed both, and, being buttoned beneath the chin, was called a *trot-cozy*. His hand grasped a huge jockey-whip, garnished with brass mounting. His thin legs tenanted a pair of gambadoes, fastened at the sides with rusty clasps. Thus accoutred, he stalked into the midst of the apartment, and announced his errand in brief phrase : ' Yer horses are ready.'

' You go with me yourself then, landlord ?'

' I do, as far as Perth ; where ye may be supplied with a guide to Embro', as your occasions shall require.'

Thus saying, he placed under Waverley's eye the bill which he held in his hand ; and at the same time, self-invited, filled a glass of wine and drank devoutly to a blessing on their journey. Waverley stared at the man's impudence, but, as their connection was to be short and promised to be convenient, he made no observation upon it ; and, having paid his reckoning, expressed his intention to depart immediately. He mounted Dermid accordingly and sallied forth from the Golden Candlestick, followed by the puritanical figure we have described, after he had, at the expense of some time and difficulty, and by the assistance of a ' louping-on-stane,' or structure of masonry erected for the traveller's convenience in front of the house,

elevated his person to the back of a long-backed, raw-boned, thin-gutted phantom of a broken-down blood-horse, on which Waverley's portmanteau was deposited. Our hero, though not in a very gay humour, could hardly help laughing at the appearance of his new squire, and at imagining the astonishment which his person and equipage would have excited at Waverley-Honour.

Edward's tendency to mirth did not escape mine host of the Candlestick, who, conscious of the cause, infused a double portion of souring into the pharisaical leaven of his countenance, and resolved internally that, in one way or other, the young 'Englisher' should pay dearly for the contempt with which he seemed to regard him. Callum also stood at the gate and enjoyed, with undissembled glee, the ridiculous figure of Mr. Cruickshanks. As Waverley passed him he pulled off his hat respectfully, and, approaching his stirrup, bade him 'Tak heed the auld Whig deevil played him nae cantrip.'

Waverley once more thanked and bade him farewell, and then rode briskly onward, not sorry to be out of hearing of the shouts of the children, as they beheld old Ebenezer rise and sink in his stirrups to avoid the concussions occasioned by a hard trot upon a half-paved street. The village of — was soon several miles behind him.

## CHAPTER XXX

*Shows that the Loss of a Horse's Shoe may  
be a Serious Inconvenience*

THE manner and air of Waverley, but, above all, the glittering contents of his purse, and the indifference with which he seemed to regard them, somewhat overawed his companion, and deterred him from making any attempts to enter upon conversation. His own reflections were moreover agitated by various surmises, and by plans of self-interest with which these were intimately connected. The travellers journeyed, therefore, in silence, until it was interrupted by the annunciation, on the part of the guide, that his 'naig had lost a fore-foot shoe, which, doubtless, his honour would consider it was his part to replace.'

This was what lawyers call a fishing question, calculated to ascertain how far Waverley was disposed to submit to petty imposition. 'My part to replace your horse's shoe, you rascal!' said Waverley, mistaking the purport of the intimation.

'Indubitably,' answered Mr. Cruickshanks; 'though there was no preceese clause to that effect, it canna be expected that I am to pay for the casualties whilk may befall the puir naig while in your honour's service. Nathless, if your honour ——'

'O, you mean I am to pay the farrier; but where shall we find one?'

Rejoiced at discerning there would be no objection made on the part of his temporary master, Mr. Cruickshanks assured him that Cairnvreckan, a village which they were about to enter, was happy in an excellent blacksmith; 'but as he was a professor, he would drive a nail for no man on the Sabbath or kirk-fast, unless it were in a case of absolute necessity, for which he always charged sixpence each shoe.' The most important part of this communication, in the opinion of the speaker, made a very slight impression on the hearer, who only internally wondered what college this veterinary professor belonged to,

not aware that the word was used to denote any person who pretended to uncommon sanctity of faith and manner.

As they entered the village of Cairnvreckan,<sup>1</sup> they speedily distinguished the smith's house. Being also a public, it was two stories high, and proudly reared its crest, covered with grey slate, above the thatched hovels by which it was surrounded. The adjoining smithy betokened none of the Sabbatical silence and repose which Ebenezer had augured from the sanctity of his friend. On the contrary, hammer clashed and anvil rang, the bellows groaned, and the whole apparatus of Vulcan appeared to be in full activity. Nor was the labour of a rural and pacific nature. The master smith, benempt, as his sign intimated, John Muckdewrath, with two assistants, toiled busily in arranging, repairing, and furbishing old muskets, pistols, and swords, which lay scattered around his work-shop in military confusion. The open shed, containing the forge, was crowded with persons who came and went as if receiving and communicating important news; and a single glance at the aspect of the people who traversed the street in haste, or stood assembled in groups, with eyes elevated and hands uplifted, announced that some extraordinary intelligence was agitating the public mind of the municipality of Cairnvreckan. 'There is some news,' said mine host of the Candlestick, pushing his lantern-jawed visage and bare-boned nag rudely forward into the crowd—'there is some news; and, if it please my Creator, I will forthwith obtain speirings thereof.'

Waverley, with better regulated curiosity than his attendant's, dismounted and gave his horse to a boy who stood idling near. It arose, perhaps, from the shyness of his character in early youth, that he felt dislike at applying to a stranger even for casual information, without previously glancing at his physiognomy and appearance. While he looked about in order to select the person with whom he would most willingly hold communication, the buzz around saved him in some degree the trouble of interrogatories. The names of Lochiel, Clanronald, Glengarry, and other distinguished Highland Chiefs, among whom Vich Ian Vohr was repeatedly mentioned, were as familiar in men's mouths as household words; and from the alarm generally expressed, he easily conceived that their descent into the Lowlands, at the head of their armed tribes, had either already taken place or was instantly apprehended.

<sup>1</sup> Supposed to represent Auchterarder, a village midway between Perth and Stirling, noted for religious controversy (*Lainig*).

Ere Waverley could ask particulars, a strong, large-boned, hard-featured woman, about forty, dressed as if her clothes had been flung on with a pitchfork, her cheeks flushed with a scarlet red where they were not smutted with soot and lamp-black, jostled through the crowd, and, brandishing high a child of two years old, which she danced in her arms without regard to its screams of terror, sang forth with all her might, —

Charlie is my darling, my darling, my darling,  
Charlie is my darling,  
The young Chevalier !

‘D’ye hear what’s come ower ye now,’ continued the virago, ‘ye whingeing Whig carles ? D’ye hear wha’s coming to cow yer cracks ?

Little wot ye wha’s coming,  
Little wot ye wha’s coming,  
A’ the wild Macraus are coming.’

The Vulcan of Cairnvreckan, who acknowledged his Venus in this exulting Bacchante, regarded her with a grim and foreboding countenance, while some of the senators of the village hastened to interpose. ‘Whisht, gudewife ; is this a time or is this a day to be singing your ranting fule sangs in ? — a time when the wine of wrath is poured out without mixture in the cup of indignation, and a day when the land should give testimony against popery, and prelacy, and quakerism, and independency ; and supremacy, and erastianism, and antinomianism, and a’ the errors of the church ?’

‘And that’s a’ your Whiggery,’ re-echoed the Jacobite heroine ; ‘that’s a’ your Whiggery, and your presbytery, ye cut-lugged, graning carles ! What ! d’ye think the lads wi’ the kilts will care for yer synods and yer presbyteries, and yer buttock-mail, and yer stool o’ repentance ? Vengeance on the black face o’t ! mony an honest woman’s been set upon it than streaks doon beside ony Whig in the country. I mysell —’

Here John Mucklewrath, who dreaded her entering upon a detail of personal experience, interposed his matrimonial authority. ‘Gae hame, and be d—— (that I should say sae), and put on the sowens for supper.’

‘And you, ye doil’d dotard,’ replied his gentle helpmate, her wrath, which had hitherto wandered abroad over the whole assembly, being at once and violently impelled into its natural channel, ‘ye stand there hammering dog-heads for fules that will never snap them at a Highlandman, instead of earning



bread for your family and shoeing this winsome young gentleman's horse that's just come frae the north ! I'se warrant him name of your whingeing King George folk, but a gallant Gordon, at the least o' him.'

The eyes of the assembly were now turned upon Waverley, who took the opportunity to beg the smith to shoe his guide's horse with all speed, as he wished to proceed on his journey ; for he had heard enough to make him sensible that there would be danger in delaying long in this place. The smith's eyes rested on him with a look of displeasure and suspicion, not lessened by the eagerness with which his wife enforced Waverley's mandate. 'D'ye hear what the weel-favoured young gentleman says, ye drunken ne'er-do-good?'

'And what may your name be, sir?' quoth Mucklewrath.

'It is of no consequence to you, my friend, provided I pay your labour.'

'But it may be of consequence to the state, sir,' replied an old farmer, smelling strongly of whisky and peat-smoke ; 'and I doubt we maun delay your journey till you have seen the Laird.'

'You certainly,' said Waverley, haughtily, 'will find it both difficult and dangerous to detain me, unless you can produce some proper authority.'

There was a pause and a whisper among the crowd — 'Secretary Murray' — 'Lord Lewis Gordon' — 'Maybe the Chevalier, himsell!' Such were the surmises that passed hurriedly among them; and there was obviously an increased disposition to resist Waverley's departure. He attempted to argue mildly with them, but his voluntary ally, Mrs. Mucklewrath, broke in upon and drowned his expostulations, taking his part with an abusive violence which was all set down to Edward's account by those on whom it was bestowed. 'Ye'll stop ony gentleman that's the Prince's freend?' for she too, though with other feelings, had adopted the general opinion respecting Waverley. 'I daur ye to touch him,' spreading abroad her long and muscular fingers, garnished with claws which a vulture might have envied. 'I'll set my ten commandments in the face o' the first loon that lays a finger on him.'

'Gae hame, gudewife,' quoth the farmer aforesaid ; 'it wad better set you to be nursing the gudeman's bairns than to be deaving us here.'

'His bairns?' retorted the Amazon, regarding her husband with a grin of ineffable contempt — 'His bairns!'

O gin ye were dead, gudeman,  
And a green turf on your head, gudeman !  
Then I wad ware my widowhood,  
Upon a ranting Highlandman.'

This canticle, which excited a suppressed titter among the younger part of the audience, totally overcame the patience of the taunted man of the anvil. 'Deil be in me but I'll put this liet gad down her throat!' cried he in an ecstasy of wrath, snatching a bar from the forge; and he might have executed his threat, had he not been withheld by a part of the mob, while the rest endeavoured to force the termagant out of his presence.

Waverley meditated a retreat in the confusion, but his horse was nowhere to be seen. At length he observed at some distance his faithful attendant, Ebenezer, who, as soon as he had perceived the turn matters were likely to take, had withdrawn both horses from the press, and, mounted on the one and holding the other, answered the loud and repeated calls of Waverley for his horse. 'Na, na! if ye are nae friend to kirk and the king, and are detained as siccan a person, ye maun answer to honest men of the country for breach of contract; and I maun keep the naig and the walise for damage and expense, in respect my horse and mysell will lose to-morrow's day's wark, besides the afternoon preaching.'

Edward, out of patience, hemmed in and hustled by the rabble on every side, and every moment expecting personal violence, resolved to try measures of intimidation, and at length drew a pocket-pistol, threatening, on the one hand, to shoot whomsoever dared to stop him, and, on the other, menacing Ebenezer with a similar doom if he stirred a foot with the horses. The sapient Partridge says that one man with a pistol is equal to a hundred unarmed, because, though he can shoot but one of the multitude, yet no one knows but that he himself may be that luckless individual. The *levy en masse* of Cairnvreckan would therefore probably have given way, nor would Ebenezer, whose natural paleness had waxed three shades more cadaverous, have ventured to dispute a mandate so enforced, had not the Vulcan of the village, eager to discharge upon some more worthy object the fury which his helpmate had provoked, and not ill satisfied to find such an object in Waverley, rushed at him with the red-hot bar of iron with such determination as made the discharge of his pistol an act of self-defence. The unfortunate man fell; and while Edward, thrilled with a natural horror at the incident, neither had

presence of mind to unsheathe his sword nor to draw his remaining pistol, the populace threw themselves upon him, disarmed him, and were about to use him with great violence, when the appearance of a venerable clergyman, the pastor of the parish, put a curb on their fury.

This worthy man (none of the Goukthrapples or Rentowels) maintained his character with the common people, although he preached the practical fruits of Christian faith as well as its abstract tenets, and was respected by the higher orders, notwithstanding he declined soothing their speculative errors by converting the pulpit of the gospel into a school of heathen morality. Perhaps it is owing to this mixture of faith and practice in his doctrine that, although his memory has formed a sort of era in the annals of Cairnvreckan, so that the parishioners, to denote what befell Sixty Years since, still say it happened 'in good Mr. Morton's time,' I have never been able to discover which he belonged to, the evangelical or the moderate party in the kirk. Nor do I hold the circumstance of much moment, since, in my own remembrance, the one was headed by an Erskine, the other by a Robertson.<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Morton had been alarmed by the discharge of the pistol and the increasing hubbub around the smithy. His first attention, after he had directed the bystanders to detain Waverley, but to abstain from injuring him, was turned to the body of Mucklewrath, over which his wife, in a revulsion of feeling, was weeping, howling, and tearing her elf-locks in a state little short of distraction. On raising up the smith, the first discovery was that he was alive; and the next that he was likely to live as long as if he had never heard the report of a pistol in his life. He had made a narrow escape, however; the bullet had grazed his head and stunned him for a moment or two, which trance terror and confusion of spirit had prolonged somewhat longer. He now arose to demand vengeance on the person of Waverley, and with difficulty acquiesced in the proposal of Mr. Morton that he should be carried before the Laird, as a justice of peace, and placed at his disposal. The rest of the assistants unanimously agreed to the measure recommended; even Mrs. Mucklewrath, who had begun to

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. John Erskine, D.D., an eminent Scottish divine and a most excellent man, headed the Evangelical party in the Church of Scotland at the time when the celebrated Dr. Robertson, the historian, was the leader of the Moderate party. These two distinguished persons were colleagues in the Old Grey Friars' Church, Edinburgh; and, however much they differed in church politics, preserved the most perfect harmony as private friends and as clergymen serving the same cure.

recover from her hysterics, whimpered forth, 'She wadna say naething against what the minister proposed ; he was e'en ower gude for his trade, and she hoped to see him wi' a dainty decent bishop's gown on his back ; a comelier sight than your Geneva cloaks and bands, I wis.'

All controversy being thus laid aside, Waverley, escorted by the whole inhabitants of the village who were not bed-ridden, was conducted to the house of Cairnvreckan, which was about half a mile distant.

## CHAPTER XXXI

### *An Examination*

**M**AJOR MELVILLE of Cairnvreckan, an elderly gentleman, who had spent his youth in the military service, received Mr. Morton with great kindness, and our hero with civility, which the equivocal circumstances wherein Edward was placed rendered constrained and distant.

The nature of the smith's hurt was inquired into, and, as the actual injury was likely to prove trifling, and the circumstances in which it was received rendered the infliction on Edward's part a natural act of self-defence, the Major conceived he might dismiss that matter on Waverley's depositing in his hands a small sum for the benefit of the wounded person.

'I could wish, sir,' continued the Major, 'that my duty terminated here; but it is necessary that we should have some further inquiry into the cause of your journey through the country at this unfortunate and distracted time.'

Mr. Ebenezer Cruickshanks now stood forth, and communicated to the magistrate all he knew or suspected from the reserve of Waverley and the evasions of Callum Beg. The horse upon which Edward rode, he said, he knew to belong to Vich Ian Vohr, though he dared not tax Edward's former attendant with the fact, lest he should have his house and stables burnt over his head some night by that godless gang, the Mac-Ivors. He concluded by exaggerating his own services to kirk and state, as having been the means, under God (as he modestly qualified the assertion), of attaching this suspicious and formidable delinquent. He intimated hopes of future reward, and of instant reimbursement for loss of time, and even of character, by travelling on the state business on the fast-day.

To this Major Melville answered, with great composure, that so far from claiming any merit in this affair, Mr. Cruickshanks ought to deprecate the imposition of a very heavy fine for

neglecting to lodge, in terms of the recent proclamation, an account with the nearest magistrate of any stranger who came to his inn; that, as Mr. Cruickshanks boasted so much of religion and loyalty, he should not impute this conduct to disaffection, but only suppose that his zeal for kirk and state had been lulled asleep by the opportunity of charging a stranger with double horse-hire; that, however, feeling himself incompetent to decide singly upon the conduct of a person of such importance, he should reserve it for consideration of the next quarter-sessions. Now our history for the present saith no more of him of the Candlestick, who wended dolorous and malcontent back to his own dwelling.

Major Melville then commanded the villagers to return to their homes, excepting two, who officiated as constables, and whom he directed to wait below. The apartment was thus cleared of every person but Mr. Morton, whom the Major invited to remain; a sort of factor, who acted as clerk; and Waverley himself. There ensued a painful and embarrassed pause, till Major Melville, looking upon Waverley with much compassion, and often consulting a paper or memorandum which he held in his hand, requested to know his name. — ‘Edward Waverley.’

‘I thought so; late of the — dragoons, and nephew of Sir Everard Waverley of Waverley-Honour?’

‘The same.’

‘Young gentleman, I am extremely sorry that this painful duty has fallen to my lot.’

‘Duty, Major Melville, renders apologies superfluous.’

‘True, sir; permit me, therefore, to ask you how your time has been disposed of since you obtained leave of absence from your regiment, several weeks ago, until the present moment?’

‘My reply,’ said Waverley, ‘to so general a question must be guided by the nature of the charge which renders it necessary. I request to know what that charge is, and upon what authority I am forcibly detained to reply to it?’

‘The charge, Mr. Waverley, I grieve to say, is of a very high nature, and affects your character both as a soldier and a subject. In the former capacity you are charged with spreading mutiny and rebellion among the men you commanded, and setting them the example of desertion, by prolonging your own absence from the regiment, contrary to the express orders of your commanding officer. The civil crime of which you stand accused is that of high treason and levying war against the king, the highest delinquency of which a subject can be guilty.

'And by what authority am I detained to reply to such heinous calumnies?'

'By one which you must not dispute, nor I disobey.'

He handed to Waverley a warrant from the Supreme Criminal Court of Scotland, in full form, for apprehending and securing the person of Edward Waverley, Esq., suspected of treasonable practices and other high crimes and misdemeanours.

The astonishment which Waverley expressed at this communication was imputed by Major Melville to conscious guilt, while Mr. Morton was rather disposed to construe it into the surprise of innocence unjustly suspected. There was something true in both conjectures; for although Edward's mind acquitted him of the crime with which he was charged, yet a hasty review of his own conduct convinced him he might have great difficulty in establishing his innocence to the satisfaction of others.

'It is a very painful part of this painful business,' said Major Melville, after a pause, 'that, under so grave a charge, I must necessarily request to see such papers as you have on your person.'

'You shall, sir, without reserve,' said Edward, throwing his pocket-book and memorandums upon the table; 'there is but one with which I could wish you would dispense.'

'I am afraid, Mr. Waverley, I can indulge you with no reservation.'

'You shall see it then, sir; and as it can be of no service, I beg it may be returned.'

He took from his bosom the lines he had that morning received, and presented them with the envelope. The Major perused them in silence, and directed his clerk to make a copy of them. He then wrapped the copy in the envelope, and placing it on the table before him, returned the original to Waverley, with an air of melancholy gravity.

After indulging the prisoner, for such our hero must now be considered, with what he thought a reasonable time for reflection, Major Melville resumed his examination, premising that, as Mr. Waverley seemed to object to general questions, his interrogatories should be as specific as his information permitted. He then proceeded in his investigation, dictating, as he went on, the import of the questions and answers to the amanuensis, by whom it was written down.

'Did Mr. Waverley know one Humphry Houghton, a non-commissioned officer in Gardiner's dragoons?'

'Certainly; he was sergeant of my troop, and son of a tenant of my uncle.'

‘Exactly — and had a considerable share of your confidence, and an influence among his comrades?’

‘I had never occasion to repose confidence in a person of his description,’ answered Waverley. ‘I favoured Sergeant Houghton as a clever, active young fellow, and I believe his fellow-soldiers respected him accordingly.’

‘But you used through this man,’ answered Major Melville, ‘to communicate with such of your troop as were recruited upon Waverley-Honour?’

‘Certainly; the poor fellows, finding themselves in a regiment chiefly composed of Scotch or Irish, looked up to me in any of their little distresses, and naturally made their countryman and sergeant their spokesman on such occasions.’

‘Sergeant Houghton’s influence,’ continued the Major, ‘extended, then, particularly over those soldiers who followed you to the regiment from your uncle’s estate?’

‘Surely; but what is that to the present purpose?’

‘To that I am just coming, and I beseech your candid reply. Have you, since leaving the regiment, held any correspondence, direct or indirect, with this Sergeant Houghton?’

‘I! — I hold correspondence with a man of his rank and situation! How, or for what purpose?’

‘That you are to explain. But did you not, for example, send to him for some books?’

‘You remind me of a trifling commission,’ said Waverley, ‘which I gave Sergeant Houghton, because my servant could not read. I do recollect I bade him, by letter, select some books, of which I sent him a list, and send them to me at Tully-Veolan.’

‘And of what description were those books?’

‘They related almost entirely to elegant literature; they were designed for a lady’s perusal.’

‘Were there not, Mr. Waverley, treasonable tracts and pamphlets among them?’

‘There were some political treatises, into which I hardly looked. They had been sent to me by the officiousness of a kind friend, whose heart is more to be esteemed than his prudence or political sagacity; they seemed to be dull compositions.’

‘That friend,’ continued the persevering inquirer, ‘was a Mr. Pembroke, a nonjuring clergyman, the author of two treasonable works, of which the manuscripts were found among your baggage?’

‘But of which, I give you my honour as a gentleman,’ replied Waverley, ‘I never read six pages.’



'I am not your judge, Mr. Waverley; your examination will be transmitted elsewhere. And now to proceed. Do you know a person that passes by the name of Wily Will, or Will Ruthven?'

'I never heard of such a name till this moment.'

'Did you never through such a person, or any other person, communicate with Sergeant Humphry Houghton, instigating him to desert, with as many of his comrades as he could seduce to join him, and unite with the Highlanders and other rebels now in arms under the command of the young Pretender?'

'I assure you I am not only entirely guiltless of the plot you have laid to my charge, but I detest it from the very bottom of my soul, nor would I be guilty of such treachery to gain a throne, either for myself or any other man alive.'

'Yet when I consider this envelope in the handwriting of one of those misguided gentlemen who are now in arms against their country, and the verses which it enclosed, I cannot but find some analogy between the enterprise I have mentioned and the exploit of Wogan, which the writer seems to expect you should imitate.'

Waverley was struck with the coincidence, but denied that the wishes or expectations of the letter-writer were to be regarded as proofs of a charge otherwise chimerical.

'But, if I am rightly informed, your time was spent, during your absence from the regiment, between the house of this Highland Chieftain and that of Mr. Bradwardine of Bradwardine, also in arms for this unfortunate cause?'

'I do not mean to disguise it; but I do deny, most resolutely, being privy to any of their designs against the government.'

'You do not, however, I presume, intend to deny that you attended your host Glennaquoich to a rendezvous, where, under a pretence of a general hunting match, most of the accomplices of his treason were assembled to concert measures for taking arms?'

'I acknowledge having been at such a meeting,' said Waverley; 'but I neither heard nor saw anything which could give it the character you affix to it.'

'From thence you proceeded,' continued the magistrate, 'with Glennaquoich and a part of his clan to join the army of the young Pretender, and returned, after having paid your homage to him, to discipline and arm the remainder, and unite them to his bands on their way southward?'

'I never went with Glennaquoich on such an errand. I never

so much as heard that the person whom you mention was in the country.'

He then detailed the history of his misfortune at the hunting match, and added, that on his return he found himself suddenly deprived of his commission, and did not deny that he then, for the first time, observed symptoms which indicated a disposition in the Highlanders to take arms; but added that, having no inclination to join their cause, and no longer any reason for remaining in Scotland, he was now on his return to his native country, to which he had been summoned by those who had a right to direct his motions, as Major Melville would perceive from the letters on the table.

Major Melville accordingly perused the letters of Richard Waverley, of Sir Everard, and of Aunt Rachel; but the inferences he drew from them were different from what Waverley expected. They held the language of discontent with government, threw out no obscure hints of revenge, and that of poor Aunt Rachel, which plainly asserted the justice of the Stuart cause, was held to contain the open avowal of what the others only ventured to insinuate.

'Permit me another question, Mr. Waverley,' said Major Melville. 'Did you not receive repeated letters from your commanding officer, warning you and commanding you to return to your post, and acquainting you with the use made of your name to spread discontent among your soldiers?'

'I never did, Major Melville. One letter, indeed, I received from him, containing a civil intimation of his wish that I would employ my leave of absence otherwise than in constant residence at Bradwardine, as to which, I own, I thought he was not called on to interfere; and, finally, I received, on the same day on which I observed myself superseded in the *Gazette*, a second letter from Colonel Gardiner, commanding me to join the regiment, an order which, owing to my absence, already mentioned and accounted for, I received too late to be obeyed. If there were any intermediate letters, and certainly from the Colonel's high character I think it probable that there were, they have never reached me.'

'I have omitted, Mr. Waverley,' continued Major Melville, 'to inquire after a matter of less consequence, but which has nevertheless been publicly talked of to your disadvantage. It is said that a treasonable toast having been proposed in your hearing and presence, you, holding his Majesty's commission, suffered the task of resenting it to devolve upon another gen-

tleman of the company. This, sir, cannot be charged against you in a court of justice; but if, as I am informed, the officers of your regiment requested an explanation of such a rumour, as a gentleman and soldier I cannot but be surprised that you did not afford it to them.'

This was too much. Beset and pressed on every hand by accusations, in which gross falsehoods were blended with such circumstances of truth as could not fail to procure them credit, — alone, unfriended, and in a strange land, Waverley almost gave up his life and honour for lost, and, leaning his head upon his hand, resolutely refused to answer any further questions, since the fair and candid statement he had already made had only served to furnish arms against him.

Without expressing either surprise or displeasure at the change in Waverley's manner, Major Melville proceeded composedly to put several other queries to him. 'What does it avail me to answer you?' said Edward sullenly. 'You appear convinced of my guilt, and wrest every reply I have made to support your own preconceived opinion. Enjoy your supposed triumph, then, and torment me no further. If I am capable of the cowardice and treachery your charge burdens me with, I am not worthy to be believed in any reply I can make to you. If I am not deserving of your suspicion — and God and my own conscience bear evidence with me that it is so — then I do not see why I should, by my candour, lend my accusers arms against my innocence. There is no reason I should answer a word more, and I am determined to abide by this resolution.' And again he resumed his posture of sullen and determined silence.

'Allow me,' said the magistrate, 'to remind you of one reason that may suggest the propriety of a candid and open confession. The inexperience of youth, Mr. Waverley, lays it open to the plans of the more designing and artful; and one of your friends at least — I mean Mac-Ivor of Glennaquoich — ranks high in the latter class, as, from your apparent ingenuousness, youth, and unacquaintance with the manners of the Highlands, I should be disposed to place you among the former. In such a case, a false step or error like yours, which I shall be happy to consider as involuntary, may be atoned for, and I would willingly act as intercessor. But, as you must necessarily be acquainted with the strength of the individuals in this country who have assumed arms, with their means and with their plans, I must expect you will merit this mediation on my part by a frank and candid avowal of all that has come to your knowledge upon

these heads; in which case, I think I can venture to promise that a very short personal restraint will be the only ill consequence that can arise from your accession to these unhappy intrigues.'

Waverley listened with great composure until the end of this exhortation, when, springing from his seat with an energy he had not yet displayed, he replied, 'Major Melville, since that is your name, I have hitherto answered your questions with candour, or declined them with temper, because their import concerned myself alone; but, as you presume to esteem me mean enough to commence informer against others, who received me, whatever may be their public misconduct, as a guest and friend, I declare to you that I consider your questions as an insult infinitely more offensive than your calumnious suspicions; and that, since my hard fortune permits me no other mode of resenting them than by verbal defiance, you should sooner have my heart out of my bosom than a single syllable of information on subjects which I could only become acquainted with in the full confidence of unsuspecting hospitality.'

Mr. Morton and the Major looked at each other; and the former, who, in the course of the examination, had been repeatedly troubled with a sorry rheum, had recourse to his snuff-box and his handkerchief.

'Mr. Waverley,' said the Major, 'my present situation prohibits me alike from giving or receiving offence, and I will not protract a discussion which approaches to either. I am afraid I must sign a warrant for detaining you in custody, but this house shall for the present be your prison. I fear I cannot persuade you to accept a share of our supper? — (Edward shook his head) — but I will order refreshments in your apartment.'

Our hero bowed and withdrew, under guard of the officers of justice, to a small but handsome room, where, declining all offers of food or wine, he flung himself on the bed, and, stupified by the harassing events and mental fatigue of this miserable day, he sunk into a deep and heavy slumber. This was more than he himself could have expected; but it is mentioned of the North-American Indians, when at the stake of torture, that on the least intermission of agony they will sleep until the fire is applied to awaken them.

## CHAPTER XXXII

### *A Conference and the Consequence*

MAJOR MELVILLE had detained Mr. Morton during his examination of Waverley, both because he thought he might derive assistance from his practical good sense and approved loyalty, and also because it was agreeable to have a witness of unimpeached candour and veracity to proceedings which touched the honour and safety of a young Englishman of high rank and family, and the expectant heir of a large fortune. Every step he knew would be rigorously canvassed, and it was his business to place the justice and integrity of his own conduct beyond the limits of question.

When Waverley retired, the laird and clergyman of Cairn-vreckan sat down in silence to their evening meal. While the servants were in attendance neither chose to say anything on the circumstances which occupied their minds, and neither felt it easy to speak upon any other. The youth and apparent frankness of Waverley stood in strong contrast to the shades of suspicion which darkened around him, and he had a sort of naïveté and openness of demeanour that seemed to belong to one unhackneyed in the ways of intrigue, and which pleaded highly in his favour.

Each mused over the particulars of the examination, and each viewed it through the medium of his own feelings. Both were men of ready and acute talent, and both were equally competent to combine various parts of evidence, and to deduce from them the necessary conclusions. But the wide difference of their habits and education often occasioned a great discrepancy in their respective deductions from admitted premises.

Major Melville had been versed in camps and cities; he was vigilant by profession and cautious from experience, had met with much evil in the world, and therefore, though himself an upright magistrate and an honourable man, his opinion of others

were always strict, and sometimes unjustly severe. Mr. Morton, on the contrary, had passed from the literary pursuits of a college, where he was beloved by his companions and respected by his teachers, to the ease and simplicity of his present charge, where his opportunities of witnessing evil were few, and never dwelt upon but in order to encourage repentance and amendment; and where the love and respect of his parishioners repaid his affectionate zeal in their behalf by endeavouring to disguise from him what they knew would give him the most acute pain, namely, their own occasional transgressions of the duties which it was the business of his life to recommend. Thus it was a common saying in the neighbourhood (though both were popular characters), that the laird knew only the ill in the parish and the minister only the good.

A love of letters, though kept in subordination to his clerical studies and duties, also distinguished the pastor of Cairnvreckan, and had tinged his mind in earlier days with a slight feeling of romance, which no after incidents of real life had entirely dissipated. The early loss of an amiable young woman whom he had married for love, and who was quickly followed to the grave by an only child, had also served, even after the lapse of many years, to soften a disposition naturally mild and contemplative. His feelings on the present occasion were therefore likely to differ from those of the severe disciplinarian, strict magistrate, and distrustful man of the world.

When the servants had withdrawn, the silence of both parties continued, until Major Melville, filling his glass and pushing the bottle to Mr. Morton, commenced—

‘A distressing affair this, Mr. Morton. I fear this youngster has brought himself within the compass of a halter.’

‘God forbid!’ answered the clergyman.

‘Marry, and amen,’ said the temporal magistrate; ‘but I think even your merciful logic will hardly deny the conclusion.’

‘Surely, Major,’ answered the clergyman, ‘I should hope it might be averted, for aught we have heard to-night?’

‘Indeed!’ replied Melville. ‘But, my good parson, you are one of those who would communicate to every criminal the benefit of clergy.’

‘Unquestionably I would. Mercy and long-suffering are the grounds of the doctrine I am called to teach.’

‘True, religiously speaking ; but mercy to a criminal may be gross injustice to the community. I don’t speak of this young fellow in particular, who I heartily wish may be able to clear himself, for I like both his modesty and his spirit. But I feel he has rushed upon his fate.’

‘And why ? Hundreds of misguided gentlemen are now arrayed against the government, many, doubtless, upon principles which education and early prejudice have gilded with the names of patriotism and heroism ; Justice, when she selects her victims from such a multitude (for surely all will not be destroyed), must regard the moral motive. He whom ambition or hope of personal advantage has led to disturb the peace of a well-ordered government, let him fall a victim to the law ; but surely youth, misled by the wild visions of chivalry and imaginary loyalty, may plead for pardon.’

‘If visionary chivalry and imaginary loyalty come with the predicament of high treason,’ replied the magistrate, ‘I know no court in Christendom, my dear Mr. Morton, where they can sue out their Habeas Corpus.’

‘But I cannot see that this youth’s guilt is at all established to my satisfaction,’ said the clergyman.

‘Because your good-nature blinds your good sense,’ replied Major Melville. ‘Observe now : This young man, descended of a family of hereditary Jacobites, his uncle the leader of the Tory interest in the county of ——, his father a disobliged and discontented courtier, his tutor a nonjuror and the author of two treasonable volumes — this youth, I say, enters into Gardner’s dragoons, bringing with him a body of young fellows from his uncle’s estate, who have not stickled at avowing in the way the High-Church principles they learned at Waverley Honour, in their disputes with their comrades. To these young men Waverley is unusually attentive ; they are supplied with money beyond a soldier’s wants and inconsistent with his discipline ; and are under the management of a favourite sergeant through whom they hold an unusually close communication with their captain, and affect to consider themselves as independent of the other officers, and superior to their comrades.’

‘All this, my dear Major, is the natural consequence of the attachment to their young landlord, and of their finding themselves in a regiment levied chiefly in the north of Ireland and the west of Scotland, and of course among comrades disposed to quarrel with them, both as Englishmen and as members of the Church of England.’

‘Well said, parson!’ replied the magistrate. ‘I would some of your synod heard you. But let me go on. This young man obtains leave of absence, goes to Tully-Veolan — the principles of the Baron of Bradwardine are pretty well known, not to mention that this lad’s uncle brought him off in the year fifteen; he engages there in a brawl, in which he is said to have disgraced the commission he bore; Colonel Gardiner writes to him, first mildly, then more sharply — I think you will not doubt his having done so, since he says so; the mess invite him to explain the quarrel in which he is said to have been involved; he neither replies to his commander nor his comrades. In the meanwhile his soldiers become mutinous and disorderly, and at length, when the rumour of this unhappy rebellion becomes general, his favourite Sergeant Houghton and another fellow are detected in correspondence with a French emissary, accredited, as he says, by Captain Waverley, who urges him, according to the men’s confession, to desert with the troop and join their captain, who was with Prince Charles. In the meanwhile this trusty captain is, by his own admission, residing at Glennaquoich with the most active, subtle, and desperate Jacobite in Scotland; he goes with him at least as far as their famous hunting rendezvous, and I fear a little farther. Meanwhile two other summonses are sent him; one warning him of the disturbances in his troop, another peremptorily ordering him to repair to the regiment, which, indeed, common sense might have dictated, when he observed rebellion thickening all round him. He returns an absolute refusal, and throws up his commission.’

‘He had been already deprived of it,’ said Mr. Morton.

‘But he regrets,’ replied Melville, ‘that the measure had anticipated his resignation. His baggage is seized at his quarters and at Tully-Veolan, and is found to contain a stock of pestilent Jacobitical pamphlets, enough to poison a whole country, besides the unprinted lucubrations of his worthy friend and tutor Mr. Pembroke.’

‘He says he never read them,’ answered the minister.

‘In an ordinary case I should believe him,’ replied the magistrate, ‘for they are as stupid and pedantic in composition as mischievous in their tenets. But can you suppose anything but value for the principles they maintain would induce a young man of his age to lug such trash about with him? Then, when news arrive of the approach of the rebels, he sets out in a sort of disguise, refusing to tell his name; and, if yon old fanatic tell truth, attended by a very suspicious character,



and mounted on a horse known to have belonged to Glennaquoich, and bearing on his person letters from his family expressing high rancour against the house of Brunswick, and a copy of verses in praise of one Wogan, who abjured the service of the Parliament to join the Highland insurgents; when in arms to restore the house of Stuart, with a body of English cavalry — the very counterpart of his own plot — and summed up with a ‘Go thou and do likewise’ from that loyal subject, and most safe and peaceable character, Fergus Mac-Ivor of Glennaquoich, Vich Ian Vohr, and so forth. And, lastly,’ continued Major Melville, warming in the detail of his arguments, ‘where do we find this second edition of Cavalier Wogan? Why, truly, in the very track most proper for execution of his design, and pistolling the first of the king’s subjects who ventures to question his intentions.’

Mr. Morton prudently abstained from argument, which he perceived would only harden the magistrate in his opinion, and merely asked how he intended to dispose of the prisoner?

‘It is a question of some difficulty, considering the state of the country,’ said Major Melville.

‘Could you not detain him (being such a gentleman-like young man) here in your own house, out of harm’s way, till this storm blow over?’

‘My good friend,’ said Major Melville, ‘neither your house nor mine will be long out of harm’s way, even were it legal to confine him here. I have just learned that the commander-in-chief, who marched into the Highlands to seek out and disperse the insurgents, has declined giving them battle at Corryarrick, and marched on northward with all the disposable force of government to Inverness, John-o’-Groat’s House, or the devil, for what I know, leaving the road to the Low Country open and undefended to the Highland army.’

‘Good God!’ said the clergyman. ‘Is the man a coward, a traitor, or an idiot?’

‘None of the three, I believe,’ answered Melville. ‘Sir John has the commonplace courage of a common soldier, is honest enough, does what he is commanded, and understands what is told him, but is as fit to act for himself in circumstances of importance as I, my dear parson, to occupy your pulpit.’

This important public intelligence naturally diverted the discourse from Waverley for some time; at length, however, the subject was resumed.

‘I believe,’ said Major Melville, ‘that I must give this

young man in charge to some of the detached parties of armed volunteers who were lately sent out to overawe the disaffected districts. They are now recalled towards Stirling, and a small body comes this way to-morrow or next day, commanded by the westland man — what's his name? You saw him, and said he was the very model of one of Cromwell's military saints.'

'Gilfillan, the Cameronian,' answered Mr. Morton. 'I wish the young gentleman may be safe with him. Strange things are done in the heat and hurry of minds in so agitating a crisis, and I fear Gilfillan is of a sect which has suffered persecution without learning mercy.'

'He has only to lodge Mr. Waverley in Stirling Castle,' said the Major; 'I will give strict injunctions to treat him well. I really cannot devise any better mode for securing him; and I fancy you would hardly advise me to encounter the responsibility of setting him at liberty.'

'But you will have no objection to my seeing him to-morrow in private?' said the minister.

'None, certainly; your loyalty and character are my warrant. But with what view do you make the request?'

'Simply,' replied Mr. Morton, 'to make the experiment whether he may not be brought to communicate to me some circumstances which may hereafter be useful to alleviate, if not to exculpate, his conduct.'

The friends now parted and retired to rest, each filled with the most anxious reflections on the state of the country.

## CHAPTER XXXIII

### *A Confidant*

WAVERLEY awoke in the morning from troubled dreams and unrefreshing slumbers to a full consciousness of the horrors of his situation. How it might terminate he knew not. He might be delivered up to military law, which, in the midst of civil war, was not likely to be scrupulous in the choice of its victims or the quality of the evidence. Nor did he feel much more comfortable at the thoughts of a trial before a Scottish court of justice, where he knew the laws and forms differed in many respects from those of England, and had been taught to believe, however erroneously, that the liberty and rights of the subject were less carefully protected. A sentiment of bitterness rose in his mind against the government, which he considered as the cause of his embarrassment and peril, and he cursed internally his scrupulous rejection of Mac-Ivor's invitation to accompany him to the field.

'Why did not I,' he said to himself, 'like other men of honour, take the earliest opportunity to welcome to Britain the descendant of her ancient kings and lineal heir of her throne? Why did not I —

Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,  
And welcome home again discarded faith,  
Seek out Prince Charles, and fall before his feet?

All that has been recorded of excellence and worth in the house of Waverley has been founded upon their loyal faith to the house of Stuart. From the interpretation which this Scotch magistrate has put upon the letters of my uncle and father, it is plain that I ought to have understood them as marshalling me to the course of my ancestors; and it has been my gross dulness, joined to the obscurity of expression which they adopted for the sake of security, that has confounded my

judgment. Had I yielded to the first generous impulse of indignation when I learned that my honour was practised upon, how different had been my present situation! I had then been free and in arms fighting, like my forefathers, for love, for loyalty, and for fame. And now I am here, netted and in the toils, at the disposal of a suspicious, stern, and cold-hearted man, perhaps to be turned over to the solitude of a dungeon or the infamy of a public execution. O, Fergus! how true has your prophecy proved; and how speedy, how very speedy, has been its accomplishment!

While Edward was ruminating on these painful subjects of contemplation, and very naturally, though not quite so justly, bestowing upon the reigning dynasty that blame which was due to chance, or, in part at least, to his own unreflecting conduct, Mr. Morton availed himself of Major Melville's permission to pay him an early visit.

Waverley's first impulse was to intimate a desire that he might not be disturbed with questions or conversation; but he suppressed it upon observing the benevolent and reverend appearance of the clergyman who had rescued him from the immediate violence of the villagers.

'I believe, sir,' said the unfortunate young man, 'that in any other circumstances I should have had as much gratitude to express to you as the safety of my life may be worth; but such is the present tumult of my mind, and such is my anticipation of what I am yet likely to endure, that I can hardly offer you thanks for your interposition.'

Mr. Morton replied, that, far from making any claim upon his good opinion, his only wish and the sole purpose of his visit was to find out the means of deserving it. 'My excellent friend, Major Melville,' he continued, 'has feelings and duties as a soldier and public functionary by which I am not fettered; nor can I always coincide in opinions which he forms, perhaps with too little allowance for the imperfections of human nature.' He paused and then proceeded: 'I do not intrude myself on your confidence, Mr. Waverley, for the purpose of learning any circumstances the knowledge of which can be prejudicial either to yourself or to others; but I own my earnest wish is that you would intrust me with any particulars which could lead to your exculpation. I can solemnly assure you they will be deposited with a faithful and, to the extent of his limited powers, a zealous agent.'

'You are, sir, I presume, a Presbyterian clergyman?' Mr.

Morton bowed. 'Were I to be guided by the prepossessions of education, I might distrust your friendly professions in my case; but I have observed that similar prejudices are nourished in this country against your professional brethren of the Episcopal persuasion, and I am willing to believe them equally unfounded in both cases.'

'Evil to him that thinks otherwise,' said Mr. Morton; 'or who holds church government and ceremonies as the exclusive gage of Christian faith or moral virtue.'

'But,' continued Waverley, 'I cannot perceive why I should trouble you with a detail of particulars out of which, after revolving them as carefully as possible in my recollection, I find myself unable to explain much of what is charged against me. I know, indeed, that I am innocent, but I hardly see how I can hope to prove myself so.'

'It is for that very reason, Mr. Waverley,' said the clergyman, 'that I venture to solicit your confidence. My knowledge of individuals in this country is pretty general, and can upon occasion be extended. Your situation will, I fear, preclude your taking those active steps for recovering intelligence or tracing imposture which I would willingly undertake in your behalf; and if you are not benefited by my exertions, at least they cannot be prejudicial to you.'

Waverley, after a few minutes' reflection, was convinced that his reposing confidence in Mr. Morton, so far as he himself was concerned, could hurt neither Mr. Bradwardine nor Fergus Mac-Ivor, both of whom had openly assumed arms against the government, and that it might possibly, if the professions of his new friend corresponded in sincerity with the earnestness of his expression, be of some service to himself. He therefore ran briefly over most of the events with which the reader is already acquainted, suppressing his attachment to Flora, and indeed neither mentioning her nor Rose Bradwardine in the course of his narrative.

Mr. Morton seemed particularly struck with the account of Waverley's visit to Donald Bean Lean. 'I am glad,' he said, 'you did not mention this circumstance to the Major. It is capable of great misconstruction on the part of those who do not consider the power of curiosity and the influence of romance as motives of youthful conduct. When I was a young man like you, Mr. Waverley, any such hair-brained expedition (I beg your pardon for the expression) would have had inexpressible charms for me. But there are men in the world

who will not believe that danger and fatigue are often incurred without any very adequate cause, and therefore who are sometimes led to assign motives of action entirely foreign to the truth. This man Bean Lean is renowned through the country as a sort of Robin Hood, and the stories which are told of his address and enterprise are the common tales of the winter fire-side. He certainly possesses talents beyond the rude sphere in which he moves; and, being neither destitute of ambition nor encumbered with scruples, he will probably attempt, by every means, to distinguish himself during the period of these unhappy commotions.' Mr. Morton then made a careful memorandum of the various particulars of Waverley's interview with Donald Bean and the other circumstances which he had communicated.

The interest which this good man seemed to take in his misfortunes, above all, the full confidence he appeared to repose in his innocence, had the natural effect of softening Edward's heart, whom the coldness of Major Melville had taught to believe that the world was leagued to oppress him. He shook Mr. Morton warmly by the hand, and, assuring him that his kindness and sympathy had relieved his mind of a heavy load, told him that, whatever might be his own fate, he belonged to a family who had both gratitude and the power of displaying it. The earnestness of his thanks called drops to the eyes of the worthy clergyman, who was doubly interested in the cause for which he had volunteered his services, by observing the genuine and undissembled feelings of his young friend.

Edward now inquired if Mr. Morton knew what was likely to be his destination.

'Stirling Castle,' replied his friend; 'and so far I am well pleased for your sake, for the governor is a man of honour and humanity. But I am more doubtful of your treatment upon the road; Major Melville is involuntarily obliged to intrust the custody of your person to another.'

'I am glad of it,' answered Waverley. 'I detest that cold-blooded calculating Scotch magistrate. I hope he and I shall never meet more. He had neither sympathy with my innocence nor with my wretchedness; and the petrifying accuracy with which he attended to every form of civility, while he tortured me by his questions, his suspicions, and his inferences, was as tormenting as the racks of the Inquisition. Do not vindicate him, my dear sir, for that I cannot bear with patience; tell me

rather who is to have the charge of so important a state prisoner as I am.'

'I believe a person called Gilfillan, one of the sect who are termed Cameronians.'

'I never heard of them before.'

'They claim,' said the clergyman, 'to represent the more strict and severe Presbyterians, who, in Charles Second's and James Second's days, refused to profit by the Toleration, or Indulgence, as it was called, which was extended to others of that religion. They held conventicles in the open fields, and, being treated with great violence and cruelty by the Scottish government, more than once took arms during those reigns. They take their name from their leader, Richard Cameron.'

'I recollect,' said Waverley; 'but did not the triumph of Presbytery at the Revolution extinguish that sect?'

'By no means,' replied Morton; 'that great event fell yet far short of what they proposed, which was nothing less than the complete establishment of the Presbyterian Church upon the grounds of the old Solemn League and Covenant. Indeed, I believe they scarce knew what they wanted; but being a numerous body of men, and not unacquainted with the use of arms, they kept themselves together as a separate party in the state, and at the time of the Union had nearly formed a most unnatural league with their old enemies the Jacobites to oppose that important national measure. Since that time their numbers have gradually diminished; but a good many are still to be found in the western counties, and several, with a better temper than in 1707, have now taken arms for government. This person, whom they call Gifted Gilfillan, has been long a leader among them, and now heads a small party, which will pass here to-day or to-morrow on their march towards Stirling, under whose escort Major Melville proposes you shall travel. I would willingly speak to Gilfillan in your behalf; but, having deeply imbibed all the prejudices of his sect, and being of the same fierce disposition, he would pay little regard to the remonstrances of an Erastian divine, as he would politely term me. And now, farewell, my young friend; for the present I must not weary out the Major's indulgence, that I may obtain his permission to visit you again in the course of the day.'

## CHAPTER XXXIV

### *Things Mend a Little*

ABOUT noon Mr. Morton returned and brought an invitation from Major Melville that Mr. Waverley would honour him with his company to dinner, notwithstanding the unpleasant affair which detained him at Cairnvreckan, from which he should heartily rejoice to see Mr. Waverley completely extricated. The truth was that Mr. Morton's favourable report and opinion had somewhat staggered the preconceptions of the old soldier concerning Edward's supposed accession to the mutiny in the regiment; and in the unfortunate state of the country the mere suspicion of disaffection or an inclination to join the insurgent Jacobites might infer criminality indeed, but certainly not dishonour. Besides, a person whom the Major trusted had reported to him (though, as it proved, inaccurately) a contradiction of the agitating news of the preceding evening. According to this second edition of the intelligence, the Highlanders had withdrawn from the Lowland frontier with the purpose of following the army in their march to Inverness. The Major was at a loss, indeed, to reconcile his information with the well-known abilities of some of the gentlemen in the Highland army, yet it was the course which was likely to be most agreeable to others. He remembered the same policy had detained them in the north in the year 1715, and he anticipated a similar termination to the insurrection as upon that occasion.

This news put him in such good-humour that he readily acquiesced in Mr. Morton's proposal to pay some hospitable attention to his unfortunate guest, and voluntarily added, he hoped the whole affair would prove a youthful escapade, which might be easily atoned by a short confinement. The kind mediator had some trouble to prevail on his young friend to accept the invitation. He dared not urge to him the real



motive, which was a good-natured wish to secure a favourable report of Waverley's case from Major Melville to Governor Blakeney. He remarked, from the flashes of our hero's spirit, that touching upon this topic would be sure to defeat his purpose. He therefore pleaded that the invitation argued the Major's disbelief of any part of the accusation which was inconsistent with Waverley's conduct as a soldier and man of honour, and that to decline his courtesy might be interpreted into a consciousness that it was unmerited. In short, he so far satisfied Edward that the manly and proper course was to meet the Major on easy terms that, suppressing his strong dislike again to encounter his cold and punctilious civility, Waverley agreed to be guided by his new friend.

The meeting at first was stiff and formal enough. But Edward, having accepted the invitation, and his mind being really soothed and relieved by the kindness of Morton, held himself bound to behave with ease, though he could not affect cordiality. The Major was somewhat of a *bon vivant*, and his wine was excellent. He told his old campaign stories, and displayed much knowledge of men and manners. Mr. Morton had an internal fund of placid and quiet gaiety, which seldom failed to enliven any small party in which he found himself pleasantly seated. Waverley, whose life was a dream, gave ready way to the predominating impulse and became the most lively of the party. He had at all times remarkable natural powers of conversation, though easily silenced by discouragement. On the present occasion he piqued himself upon leaving on the minds of his companions a favourable impression of one who, under such disastrous circumstances, could sustain his misfortunes with ease and gaiety. His spirits, though not unyielding, were abundantly elastic, and soon seconded his efforts. The trio were engaged in very lively discourse, apparently delighted with each other, and the kind host was pressing a third bottle of Burgundy, when the sound of a drum was heard at some distance. The Major, who, in the glee of an old soldier, had forgot the duties of a magistrate, cursed, with a muttered military oath, the circumstances which recalled him to his official functions. He rose and went towards the window, which commanded a very near view of the highroad, and he was followed by his guests.

The drum advanced, beating no measured martial tune, but a kind of rub-a-dub-dub, like that with which the fire-drum startles the slumbering artizans of a Scotch burgh. It is the

object of this history to do justice to all men ; I must therefore record, in justice to the drummer, that he protested he could not beat any known march or point of war known in the British army, and had accordingly commenced with 'Dumbarton Drums,' when he was silenced by Gifted Gilfillan, the commander of the party, who refused to permit his followers to move to this profane, and even, as he said, persecutive tune, and commanded the drummer to beat the 119th Psalm. As this was beyond the capacity of the drummer of sheepskin, he was fain to have recourse to the inoffensive row-dow-dow, a harmless substitute for the sacred music which his instrument or skill were unable to achieve. This may be held a trifling anecdote, but the drummer in question was no less than the drummer of Anderton. I remember his successor in office, a member of that enlightened body, the British Convention. His memory, therefore, treated with due respect.

## CHAPTER XXXV

### *A Volunteer Sixty Years Since*

ON hearing the unwelcome sound of the drum, Major Melville hastily opened a sashed door and stepped out upon a sort of terrace which divided his house from the highroad from which the martial music proceeded. Waverley and his new friend followed him, though probably he would have dispensed with their attendance. They soon recognised in solemn march, first, the performer upon the drum ; secondly, a large flag of four compartments, on which were inscribed the words, COVENANT, KIRK, KING, KINGDOMS. The person who was honoured with this charge was followed by the commander of the party, a thin, dark, rigid-looking man, about sixty years old. The spiritual pride, which in mine host of the Candlestick mantled in a sort of supercilious hypocrisy, was in this man's face elevated and yet darkened by genuine and undoubting fanaticism. It was impossible to behold him without imagination placing him in some strange crisis, where religious zeal was the ruling principle. A martyr at the stake, a soldier in the field, a lonely and banished wanderer consoled by the intensity and supposed purity of his faith under every earthly privation, perhaps a persecuting inquisitor, as terrific in power as unyielding in adversity ; any of these seemed congenial characters to this personage. With these high traits of energy, there was something in the affected precision and solemnity of his deportment and discourse that bordered upon the ludicrous ; so that, according to the mood of the spectator's mind and the light under which Mr. Gilfillan presented himself, one might have feared, admired, or laughed at him. His dress was that of a west-country peasant, of better materials indeed than that of the lower rank, but in no respect affecting either the mode of the age or of the Scottish gentry at any period. His arms were a broadsword and pistols, which, from the antiquity of

their appearance, might have seen the rout of Pentland or Bothwell Brigg.

As he came up a few steps to meet Major Melville, and touched solemnly, but slightly, his huge and overbrimmed blue bonnet, in answer to the Major, who had courteously raised a small triangular gold-laced hat, Waverley was irresistibly impressed with the idea that he beheld a leader of the Roundheads of yore in conference with one of Marlborough's captains.

The group of about thirty armed men who followed this gifted commander was of a motley description. They were in ordinary Lowland dresses, of different colours, which, contrasted with the arms they bore, gave them an irregular and mobbish appearance; so much is the eye accustomed to connect uniformity of dress with the military character. In front were a few who apparently partook of their leader's enthusiasm, more obviously to be feared in a combat, where their natural courage was exalted by religious zeal. Others puffed and strutted, filled with the importance of carrying arms and all the novelty of their situation, while the rest, apparently fatigued with their march, dragged their limbs listlessly along, or straggled from their companions to procure such refreshments as the neighbouring cottages and alehouses afforded. Six grenadiers of Ligonier's, thought the Major to himself, as his mind reverted to his own military experience, would have sent all these fellows to the right about.

Greeting, however, Mr. Gilfillan civilly, he requested to know if he had received the letter he had sent to him upon his march, and could undertake the charge of the state prisoner whom he there mentioned as far as Stirling Castle. 'Yea,' was the concise reply of the Cameronian leader, in a voice which seemed to issue from the very *penetralia* of his person.

'But your escort, Mr. Gilfillan, is not so strong as I expected,' said Major Melville.

'Some of the people,' replied Gilfillan, 'hungered and were athirst by the way, and tarried until their poor souls were refreshed with the word.'

'I am sorry, sir,' replied the Major, 'you did not trust to your refreshing your men at Cairnvreckan; whatever my house contains is at the command of persons employed in the service.'

'It was not of creature-comforts I spake,' answered the Covenanter, regarding Major Melville with something like a smile of contempt; 'howbeit, I thank you; but the people

remained waiting upon the precious Mr. Jabesh Rentowel for the out-pouring of the afternoon exhortation.'

'And have you, sir,' said the Major, 'when the rebels are about to spread themselves through this country, actually left a great part of your command at a field-preaching?'

Gilfillan again smiled scornfully as he made this indirect answer — 'Even thus are the children of this world wiser in their generation than the children of light!'

'However, sir,' said the Major, 'as you are to take charge of this gentleman to Stirling, and deliver him, with these papers, into the hands of Governor Blakeney, I beseech you to observe some rules of military discipline upon your march. For example, I would advise you to keep your men more closely together, and that each in his march should cover his file-leader, instead of straggling like geese upon a common; and, for fear of surprise, I further recommend to you to form a small advance-party of your best men, with a single vidette in front of the whole march, so that when you approach a village or a wood' — (here the Major interrupted himself) — 'But as I don't observe you listen to me, Mr. Gilfillan, I suppose I need not give myself the trouble to say more upon the subject. You are a better judge, unquestionably, than I am of the measures to be pursued; but one thing I would have you well aware of, that you are to treat this gentleman, your prisoner, with no rigour nor incivility, and are to subject him to no other restraint than is necessary for his security.'

'I have looked into my commission,' said Mr. Gilfillan, 'subscribed by a worthy and professing nobleman, William, Earl of Glencairn; nor do I find it therein set down that I am to receive any charges or commands anent my doings from Major William Melville of Cairnvreckan.'

Major Melville reddened even to the well-powdered ears which appeared beneath his neat military side-curls, the more so as he observed Mr. Morton smile at the same moment. 'Mr. Gilfillan,' he answered, with some asperity, 'I beg ten thousand pardons for interfering with a person of your importance. I thought, however, that as you have been bred a grazier, if I mistake not, there might be occasion to remind you of the difference between Highlanders and Highland cattle; and if you should happen to meet with any gentleman who has seen service, and is disposed to speak upon the subject, I should still imagine that listening to him would do you no sort of harm. But I have done, and have only once more to recommend this

gentleman to your civility as well as to your custody. Mr. Waverley, I am truly sorry we should part in this way; but I trust, when you are again in this country, I may have an opportunity to render Cairnvreckan more agreeable than circumstances have permitted on this occasion.

So saying, he shook our hero by the hand. Morton also took an affectionate farewell, and Waverley, having mounted his horse, with a musketeer leading it by the bridle and a file upon each side to prevent his escape, set forward upon the march with Gilfillan and his party. Through the little village they were accompanied with the shouts of the children, who cried out, 'Eh! see to the Southland gentleman that's gaun to be hanged for shooting lang John Mucklewrath, the smith!'

## CHAPTER XXXVI

### *An Incident*

THE dinner hour of Scotland Sixty Years since was two o'clock. It was therefore about four o'clock of a delightful autumn afternoon that Mr. Gilfillan commenced his march, in hopes, although Stirling was eighteen miles distant, he might be able, by becoming a borrower of the night for an hour or two, to reach it that evening. He therefore put forth his strength, and marched stoutly along at the head of his followers, eyeing our hero from time to time, as if he longed to enter into controversy with him. At length, unable to resist the temptation, he slackened his pace till he was alongside of his prisoner's horse, and after marching a few steps in silence abreast of him, he suddenly asked — 'Can ye say wha the carle was wi' the black coat and the mousted head, that was wi' the Laird of Cairnvreckan?'

'A Presbyterian clergyman,' answered Waverley.

'Presbyterian!' answered Gilfillan contemptuously; 'a wretched Erastian, or rather an obscure Prelatist, a favourer of the black indulgence, ane of thae dumb dogs that canna bark; they tell ower a clash o' terror and a clatter o' comfort in their sermons, without ony sense, or savour, or life. Ye've been fed in siccan a fauld, belike?'

'No; I am of the Church of England,' said Waverley.

'And they're just neighbour-like,' replied the Covenanter; 'and nae wonder they gree sae weel. Wha wad hae thought the goodly structure of the Kirk of Scotland, built up by our fathers in 1642, wad hae been defaced by carnal ends and the corruptions of the time; — ay, wha wad hae thought the carved work of the sanctuary wuld hae been sae soon cut down!'

To this lamentation, which one or two of the assistants chorussed with a deep groan, our hero thought it unnecessary to make any reply. Whereupon Mr. Gilfillan, resolving that he

should be a hearer at least, if not a disputant, proceeded in his Jeremiade.

‘And now is it wonderful, when, for lack of exercise anent the call to the service of the altar and the duty of the day, ministers fall into sinful compliances with patronage, and indemnities, and oaths, and bonds, and other corruptions, — is it wonderful, I say, that you, sir, and other sic-like unhappy persons, should labour to build up your auld Babel of iniquity, as in the bluidy persecuting saint-killing times? I trow, gin ye werena blinded wi’ the graces and favours, and services and enjoyments, and employments and inheritances, of this wicked world, I could prove to you, by the Scripture, in what a filthy rag ye put your trust; and that your surplices, and your copes and vestments, are but cast-off garments of the muckle harlot that sitteth upon seven hills and drinketh of the cup of abomination. But, I trow, ye are deaf as adders upon that side of the head; ay, ye are deceived with her enchantments, and ye traffic with her merchandise, and ye are drunk with the cup of her fornication!’

How much longer this military theologist might have continued his invective, in which he spared nobody but the scattered remnant of *hill-folk*, as he called them, is absolutely uncertain. His matter was copious, his voice powerful, and his memory strong; so that there was little chance of his ending his exhortation till the party had reached Stirling, had not his attention been attracted by a pedlar who had joined the march from a cross-road, and who sighed or groaned with great regularity at all fitting pauses of his homily.

‘And what may ye be, friend?’ said the Gifted Gilfillan.

‘A puir pedlar, that’s bound for Stirling; and craves the protection of your honour’s party in these kittle times. Ah! your honour has a notable faculty in searching and explaining the secret, — ay, the secret and obscure and incomprehensible causes of the backslidings of the land; ay, your honour touches the root o’ the matter.’

‘Friend,’ said Gilfillan, with a more complacent voice than he had hitherto used, ‘honour not me. I do not go out to park-dikes and to steadings and to market-towns to have herds and cottars and burghers pull off their bonnets to me as they do to Major Melville o’ Cairnvreckan, and ca’ me laird or captain or honour. No; my sma’ means, whilk are not aboon twenty thousand merk, have had the blessing of increase, but the pride of my heart has not increased with them; nor do I



delight to be called captain, though I have the subscribed commission of that gospel-searching nobleman, the Earl of Glencairn, in whilk I am so designated. While I live I am and will be called Habakkuk Gilfillan, who will stand up for the standards of doctrine agreed on by the ance famous Kirk of Scotland, before she trafficked with the accursed Achan, while he has a plack in his purse or a drap o' bluid in his body.'

'Ah,' said the pedlar, 'I have seen your land about Mauchlin. A fertile spot! your lines have fallen in pleasant places! And siccan a breed o' cattle is not in ony laird's land in Scotland.'

'Ye say right, — ye say right, friend,' retorted Gilfillan eagerly, for he was not inaccessible to flattery upon this subject, — 'ye say right; they are the real Lancashire, and there's no the like o' them even at the mains of Kilmaurs;' and he then entered into a discussion of their excellences, to which our readers will probably be as indifferent as our hero. After this excursion the leader returned to his theological discussions, while the pedlar, less profound upon those mystic points, contented himself with groaning and expressing his edification at suitable intervals.

'What a blessing it would be to the puir blinded popish nations among whom I hae sojourned, to have siccan a light to their paths! I hae been as far as Muscovia in my sma' trading way, as a travelling merchant; and I hae been through France, and the Low Countries, and a' Poland, and maist feck o' Germany, and O! it would grieve your honour's soul to see the murmuring and the singing and massing that's in the kirk, and the piping that's in the quire, and the heathenish dancing and dicing upon the Sabbath!'

This set Gilfillan off upon the Book of Sports and the Covenant, and the Engagers, and the Protesters, and the Whiggamore's Raid, and the Assembly of Divines at Westminster, and the Longer and Shorter Catechism, and the Excommunication at Torwood, and the slaughter of Archbishop Sharp. This last topic, again, led him into the lawfulness of defensive arms, on which subject he uttered much more sense than could have been expected from some other parts of his harangue, and attracted even Waverley's attention, who had hitherto been lost in his own sad reflections. Mr. Gilfillan then considered the lawfulness of a private man's standing forth as the avenger of public oppression; and as he was labouring with great earnestness the cause of Mas James

Mitchell, who fired at the Archbishop of St. Andrews some years before the prelate's assassination on Magus Muir, an incident occurred which interrupted his harangue.

The rays of the sun were lingering on the very verge of the horizon as the party ascended a hollow and somewhat steep path which led to the summit of a rising ground. The country was uninclosed, being part of a very extensive heath or common; but it was far from level, exhibiting in many places hollows filled with furze and broom; in others, little dingles of stunted brushwood. A thicket of the latter description crowned the hill up which the party ascended. The foremost of the band, being the stoutest and most active, had pushed on, and, having surmounted the ascent, were out of ken for the present. Gilfillan, with the pedlar and the small party who were Waverley's more immediate guard, were near the top of the ascent, and the remainder straggled after them at a considerable interval.

Such was the situation of matters when the pedlar, missing, as he said, a little doggie which belonged to him, began to halt and whistle for the animal. This signal, repeated more than once, gave offence to the rigour of his companion, the rather because it appeared to indicate inattention to the treasures of theological and controversial knowledge which were pouring out for his edification. He therefore signified gruffly that he could not waste his time in waiting for an useless cur.

'But if your honour wad consider the case of Tobit ——'

'Tobit!' exclaimed Gilfillan, with great heat; 'Tobit and his dog baith are altogether heathenish and apocryphal, and none but a prelatist or a papist would draw them into question. I doubt I hae been mista'en in you, friend.'

'Very likely,' answered the pedlar, with great composure; 'but ne'ertheless, I shall take leave to whistle again upon puir Bawty.'

This last signal was answered in an unexpected manner; for six or eight stout Highlanders, who lurked among the copse and brushwood, sprung into the hollow way and began to lay about them with their claymores. Gilfillan, unappalled at this undesirable apparition, cried out manfully, 'The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!' and, drawing his broadsword, would probably have done as much credit to the good old cause as any of its doughty champions at Drumclog, when, behold! the pedlar, snatching a musket from the person who was next him, bestowed the butt of it with such emphasis on the head of his late

instructor in the Cameronian creed that he was forthwith levelled to the ground. In the confusion which ensued the horse which bore our hero was shot by one of Gilfillan's party, as he discharged his firelock at random. Waverley fell with, and indeed under, the animal, and sustained some severe contusions. But he was almost instantly extricated from the fallen steed by two Highlanders, who, each seizing him by the arm, hurried him away from the scuffle and from the highroad. They ran with great speed, half supporting and half dragging our hero, who could, however, distinguish a few dropping shots fired about the spot which he had left. This, as he afterwards learned, proceeded from Gilfillan's party, who had now assembled, the stragglers in front and rear having joined the others. At their approach the Highlanders drew off, but not before they had rifled Gilfillan and two of his people, who remained on the spot grievously wounded. A few shots were exchanged betwixt them and the Westlanders; but the latter, now without a commander, and apprehensive of a second ambush, did not make any serious effort to recover their prisoner, judging it more wise to proceed on their journey to Stirling, carrying with them their wounded captain and comrades.

## CHAPTER XXXVII

### *Waverley is Still in Distress*

THE velocity, and indeed violence, with which Waverley was hurried along nearly deprived him of sensation ; for the injury he had received from his fall prevented him from aiding himself so effectually as he might otherwise have done. When this was observed by his conductors, they called to their aid two or three others of the party, and, swathing our hero's body in one of their plaids, divided his weight by that means among them, and transported him at the same rapid rate as before, without any exertion of his own. They spoke little, and that in Gaelic ; and did not slacken their pace till they had run nearly two miles, when they abated their extreme rapidity, but continued still to walk very fast, relieving each other occasionally.

Our hero now endeavoured to address them, but was only answered with '*Cha n'eil Beurl' agam,*' i. e. 'I have no English,' being, as Waverley well knew, the constant reply of a Highlander when he either does not understand or does not choose to reply to an Englishman or Lowlander. He then mentioned the name of Vich Ian Vohr, concluding that he was indebted to his friendship for his rescue from the clutches of Gifted Gilfillan ; but neither did this produce any mark of recognition from his escort.

The twilight had given place to moonshine when the party halted upon the brink of a precipitous glen, which, as partly enlightened by the moonbeams, seemed full of trees and tangled brushwood. Two of the Highlanders dived into it by a small foot-path, as if to explore its recesses, and one of them returning in a few minutes, said something to his companions, who instantly raised their burden and bore him, with great attention and care, down the narrow and abrupt descent. Notwithstanding their precautions, however, Waverley's person came more than once into contact, rudely enough, with the projecting stumps and branches which overhung the pathway.

At the bottom of the descent, and, as it seemed, by the side of a brook (for Waverley heard the rushing of a considerable body of water, although its stream was invisible in the darkness), the party again stopped before a small and rudely-constructed hovel. The door was open, and the inside of the premises appeared as uncomfortable and rude as its situation and exterior foreboded. There was no appearance of a floor of any kind; the roof seemed rent in several places; the walls were composed of loose stones and turf, and the thatch of branches of trees. The fire was in the centre, and filled the whole wigwam with smoke, which escaped as much through the door as by means of a circular aperture in the roof. An old Highland sibyl, the only inhabitant of this forlorn mansion, appeared busy in the preparation of some food. By the light which the fire afforded Waverley could discover that his attendants were not of the clan of Ivor, for Fergus was particularly strict in requiring from his followers that they should wear the tartan striped in the mode peculiar to their race; a mark of distinction anciently general through the Highlands, and still maintained by those Chiefs who were proud of their lineage or jealous of their separate and exclusive authority.

Edward had lived at Glennaquoich long enough to be aware of a distinction which he had repeatedly heard noticed, and now satisfied that he had no interest with his attendants, he glanced a disconsolate eye around the interior of the cabin. The only furniture, excepting a washing-tub and a wooden press, called in Scotland an *ambry*, sorely decayed, was a large wooden bed, planked, as is usual, all around, and opening by a sliding panel.

In this recess the Highlanders deposited Waverley, after he had by signs declined any refreshment. His slumbers were broken and unrefreshing; strange visions passed before his eyes, and it required constant and reiterated efforts of mind to dispel them. Shivering, violent headache, and shooting pains in his limbs succeeded these symptoms; and in the morning it was evident to his Highland attendants or guard, for he knew not in which light to consider them, that Waverley was quite unfit to travel.

After a long consultation among themselves, six of the party left the hut with their arms, leaving behind an old and a young man. The former addressed Waverley, and bathed the contusions, which swelling and livid colour now made conspicuous. His own portmanteau, which the Highlanders had not failed to bring off, supplied him with linen, and to his great surprise was, with all its undiminished contents, freely resigned to his use. The bed-

ding of his couch seemed clean and comfortable, and his aged attendant closed the door of the bed, for it had no curtain, after a few words of Gaelic, from which Waverley gathered that he exhorted him to repose. So behold our hero for a second time the patient of a Highland Esculapius, but in a situation much more uncomfortable than when he was the guest of the worthy Tomanrait.

The symptomatic fever which accompanied the injuries he had sustained did not abate till the third day, when it gave way to the care of his attendants and the strength of his constitution, and he could now raise himself in his bed, though not without pain. He observed, however, that there was a great disinclination on the part of the old woman who acted as his nurse, as well as on that of the elderly Highlander, to permit the door of the bed to be left open, so that he might amuse himself with observing their motions; and at length, after Waverley had repeatedly drawn open and they had as frequently shut the hatchway of his cage, the old gentleman put an end to the contest by securing it on the outside with a nail so effectually that the door could not be drawn till this exterior impediment was removed.

While musing upon the cause of this contradictory spirit in persons whose conduct intimated no purpose of plunder, and who, in all other points, appeared to consult his welfare and his wishes, it occurred to our hero that, during the worst crisis of his illness, a female figure, younger than his old Highland nurse, had appeared to flit around his couch. Of this, indeed, he had but a very indistinct recollection, but his suspicions were confirmed when, attentively listening, he often heard, in the course of the day, the voice of another female conversing in whispers with his attendant. Who could it be? And why should she apparently desire concealment? Fancy immediately roused herself and turned to Flora Mac-Ivor. But after a short conflict between his eager desire to believe she was in his neighbourhood, guarding, like an angel of mercy, the couch of his sickness, Waverley was compelled to conclude that his conjecture was altogether improbable; since, to suppose she had left her comparatively safe situation at Glennaquoich to descend into the Low Country, now the seat of civil war, and to inhabit such a lurking-place as this, was a thing hardly to be imagined. Yet his heart bounded as he sometimes could distinctly hear the trip of a light female step glide to or from the door of the hut, or the suppressed sounds of a female voice, of softness and delicacy, hold dialogue with the hoarse inward croak of old Janet, for so he understood his antiquated attendant was denominated.

Having nothing else to amuse his solitude, he employed himself in contriving some plan to gratify his curiosity, in despite of the sedulous caution of Janet and the old Highland janizary, for he had never seen the young fellow since the first morning. At length, upon accurate examination, the infirm state of his wooden prison-house appeared to supply the means of gratifying his curiosity, for out of a spot which was somewhat decayed he was able to extract a nail. Through this minute aperture he could perceive a female form, wrapped in a plaid, in the act of conversing with Janet. But, since the days of our grandmother Eve, the gratification of inordinate curiosity has generally borne its penalty in disappointment. The form was not that of Flora, nor was the face visible; and, to crown his vexation, while he laboured with the nail to enlarge the hole, that he might obtain a more complete view, a slight noise betrayed his purpose, and the object of his curiosity instantly disappeared; nor, so far as he could observe, did she again revisit the cottage.

All precautions to blockade his view were from that time abandoned, and he was not only permitted but assisted to rise, and quit what had been, in a literal sense, his couch of confinement. But he was not allowed to leave the hut; for the young Highlander had now rejoined his senior, and one or other was constantly on the watch. Whenever Waverley approached the cottage door the sentinel upon duty civilly, but resolutely, placed himself against it and opposed his exit, accompanying his action with signs which seemed to imply there was danger in the attempt and an enemy in the neighbourhood. Old Janet appeared anxious and upon the watch; and Waverley, who had not yet recovered strength enough to attempt to take his departure in spite of the opposition of his hosts, was under the necessity of remaining patient. His fare was, in every point of view, better than he could have conceived; for poultry, and even wine, were no strangers to his table. The Highlanders never presumed to eat with him, and, unless in the circumstance of watching him, treated him with great respect. His sole amusement was gazing from the window, or rather the shapeless aperture which was meant to answer the purpose of a window, upon a large and rough brook, which raged and foamed through a rocky channel, closely canopied with trees and bushes, about ten feet beneath the site of his house of captivity.

Upon the sixth day of his confinement Waverley found himself so well that he began to meditate his escape from this

dull and miserable prison-house, thinking any risk which he might incur in the attempt preferable to the stupifying and intolerable uniformity of Janet's retirement. The question indeed occurred, whither he was to direct his course when again at his own disposal. Two schemes seemed practicable, yet both attended with danger and difficulty. One was to go back to Glennaquoich and join Fergus Mac-Ivor, by whom he was sure to be kindly received; and in the present state of his mind, the rigour with which he had been treated fully absolved him, in his own eyes, from his allegiance to the existing government. The other project was to endeavour to attain a Scottish seaport, and thence to take shipping for England. His mind wavered between these plans, and probably, if he had effected his escape in the manner he proposed, he would have been finally determined by the comparative facility by which either might have been executed. But his fortune had settled that he was not to be left to his option.

Upon the evening of the seventh day the door of the hut suddenly opened, and two Highlanders entered, whom Waverley recognised as having been a part of his original escort to this cottage. They conversed for a short time with the old man and his companion, and then made Waverley understand, by very significant signs, that he was to prepare to accompany them. This was a joyful communication. What had already passed during his confinement made it evident that no personal injury was designed to him; and his romantic spirit, having recovered during his repose much of that elasticity which anxiety, resentment, disappointment, and the mixture of unpleasant feelings excited by his late adventures had for a time subjugated, was now wearied with inaction. His passion for the wonderful, although it is the nature of such dispositions to be excited by that degree of danger which merely gives dignity to the feeling of the individual exposed to it, had sunk under the extraordinary and apparently insurmountable evils by which he appeared environed at Cairnvreckan. In fact, this compound of intense curiosity and exalted imagination forms a peculiar species of courage, which somewhat resembles the light usually carried by a miner—sufficiently competent, indeed, to afford him guidance and comfort during the ordinary perils of his labour, but certain to be extinguished should he encounter the more formidable hazard of earth dams or pestiferous vapours. It was now, however, once more rekindled, and with a throbbing mixture of hope, awe, and anxiety,



Waverley watched the group before him, as those who were just arrived snatched a hasty meal, and the others assumed their arms and made brief preparations for their departure.

As he sat in the smoky hut, at some distance from the fire, around which the others were crowded, he felt a gentle pressure upon his arm. He looked round; it was Alice, the daughter of Donald Bean Lean. She showed him a packet of papers in such a manner that the motion was remarked by no one else, put her finger for a second to her lips, and passed on, as if to assist old Janet in packing Waverley's clothes in his portmanteau. It was obviously her wish that he should not seem to recognise her; yet she repeatedly looked back at him, as an opportunity occurred of doing so unobserved, and when she saw that he remarked what she did, she folded the packet with great address and speed in one of his shirts, which she deposited in the portmanteau.

Here then was fresh food for conjecture. Was Alice his unknown warden, and was this maiden of the cavern the tutelar genius that watched his bed during his sickness? Was he in the hands of her father? and if so, what was his purpose? Spoil, his usual object, seemed in this case neglected; for not only Waverley's property was restored, but his purse, which might have tempted this professional plunderer, had been all along suffered to remain in his possession. All this perhaps the packet might explain; but it was plain from Alice's manner that she desired he should consult it in secret. Nor did she again seek his eye after she had satisfied herself that her manœuvre was observed and understood. On the contrary, she shortly afterwards left the hut, and it was only as she tript out from the door that, favoured by the obscurity, she gave Waverley a parting smile and nod of significance ere she vanished in the dark glen.

The young Highlander was repeatedly despatched by his comrades as if to collect intelligence. At length, when he had returned for the third or fourth time, the whole party arose and made signs to our hero to accompany them. Before his departure, however, he shook hands with old Janet, who had been so sedulous in his behalf, and added substantial marks of his gratitude for her attendance.

'God bless you! God prosper you, Captain Waverley!' said Janet, in good Lowland Scotch, though he had never hitherto heard her utter a syllable, save in Gaelic. But the impatience of his attendants prohibited his asking any explanation.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII

### *A Nocturnal Adventure* •

THERE was a moment's pause when the whole party had got out of the hut ; and the Highlander who assumed the command, and who, in Waverley's awakened recollection, seemed to be the same tall figure who had acted as Donald Bean Lean's lieutenant, by whispers and signs imposed the strictest silence. He delivered to Edward a sword and steel pistol, and, pointing up the track, laid his hand on the hilt of his own claymore, as if to make him sensible they might have occasion to use force to make good their passage. He then placed himself at the head of the party, who moved up the pathway in single or Indian file, Waverley being placed nearest to their leader. He moved with great precaution, as if to avoid giving any alarm, and halted as soon as he came to the verge of the ascent. Waverley was soon sensible of the reason, for he heard at no great distance an English sentinel call out 'All's well.' The heavy sound sunk on the night-wind down the woody glen, and was answered by the echoes of its banks. A second, third, and fourth time the signal was repeated fainter and fainter, as if at a greater and greater distance. It was obvious that a party of soldiers were near, and upon their guard, though not sufficiently so to detect men skilful in every art of predatory warfare, like those with whom he now watched their ineffectual precautions.

When these sounds had died upon the silence of the night, the Highlanders began their march swiftly, yet with the most cautious silence. Waverley had little time, or indeed disposition, for observation, and could only discern that they passed at some distance from a large building, in the windows of which a light or two yet seemed to twinkle. A little farther on the leading Highlander snuffed the wind like a setting spaniel, and then made a signal to his party again to halt.

He stooped down upon all fours, wrapped up in his plaid, so as to be scarce distinguishable from the heathy ground on which he moved, and advanced in this posture to reconnoitre. In a short time he returned, and dismissed his attendants excepting one; and, intimating to Waverley that he must imitate his cautious mode of proceeding, all three crept forward on hands and knees.

After proceeding a greater way in this inconvenient manner than was at all comfortable to his knees and shins, Waverley perceived the smell of smoke, which probably had been much sooner distinguished by the more acute nasal organs of his guide. It proceeded from the corner of a low and ruinous sheep-fold, the walls of which were made of loose stones; as is usual in Scotland. Close by this low wall the Highlander guided Waverley, and, in order probably to make him sensible of his danger, or perhaps to obtain the full credit of his own dexterity, he intimated to him, by sign and example, that he might raise his head so as to peep into the sheep-fold. Waverley did so, and beheld an out-post of four or five soldiers lying by their watch-fire. They were all asleep except the sentinel, who paced backwards and forwards with his firelock on his shoulder, which glanced red in the light of the fire as he crossed and re-crossed before it in his short walk, casting his eye frequently to that part of the heavens from which the moon, hitherto obscured by mist, seemed now about to make her appearance.

In the course of a minute or two, by one of those sudden changes of atmosphere incident to a mountainous country, a breeze arose and swept before it the clouds which had covered the horizon, and the night planet poured her full effulgence upon a wide and blighted heath, skirted indeed with copse-wood and stunted trees in the quarter from which they had come, but open and bare to the observation of the sentinel in that to which their course tended. The wall of the sheep-fold indeed concealed them as they lay, but any advance beyond its shelter seemed impossible without certain discovery.

The Highlander eyed the blue vault, but far from blessing the useful light with Homer's, or rather Pope's benighted peasant, he muttered a Gaelic curse upon the unseasonable splendour of *Mac-Farlane's buat* (*i. e.* lantern).<sup>1</sup> He looked anxiously around for a few minutes, and then apparently took

<sup>1</sup> See Mac-Farlane's Lantern. Note 27.



DOUNE CASTLE.  
From a recent photograph.



his resolution. Leaving his attendant with Waverley, after motioning to Edward to remain quiet, and giving his comrade directions in a brief whisper, he retreated, favoured by the irregularity of the ground, in the same direction and in the same manner as they had advanced. Edward, turning his head after him, could perceive him crawling on all fours with the dexterity of an Indian, availing himself of every bush and inequality to escape observation, and never passing over the more exposed parts of his track until the sentinel's back was turned from him. At length he reached the thickets and underwood which partly covered the moor in that direction, and probably extended to the verge of the glen where Waverley had been so long an inhabitant. The Highlander disappeared, but it was only for a few minutes, for he suddenly issued forth from a different part of the thicket, and, advancing boldly upon the open heath as if to invite discovery, he levelled his piece and fired at the sentinel. A wound in the arm proved a disagreeable interruption to the poor fellow's meteorological observations, as well as to the tune of 'Nancy Dawson' which he was whistling. He returned the fire ineffectually, and his comrades, starting up at the alarm, advanced alertly towards the spot from which the first shot had issued. The Highlander, after giving them a full view of his person, dived among the thickets, for his *ruse de guerre* had now perfectly succeeded.

While the soldiers pursued the cause of their disturbance in one direction, Waverley, adopting the hint of his remaining attendant, made the best of his speed in that which his guide originally intended to pursue, and which now (the attention of the soldiers being drawn to a different quarter) was unobserved and unguarded. When they had run about a quarter of a mile, the brow of a rising ground which they had surmounted concealed them from further risk of observation. They still heard, however, at a distance the shouts of the soldiers as they hallooed to each other upon the heath, and they could also hear the distant roll of a drum beating to arms in the same direction. But these hostile sounds were now far in their rear, and died away upon the breeze as they rapidly proceeded.

When they had walked about half an hour, still along open and waste ground of the same description, they came to the stump of an ancient oak, which, from its relics, appeared to have been at one time a tree of very large size. In an adjacent hollow they found several Highlanders, with a horse or two. They had not joined them above a few minutes, which Waver-

ley's attendant employed, in all probability, in communicating the cause of their delay (for the words 'Duncan Duroch' were often repeated), when Duncan himself appeared, out of breath indeed, and with all the symptoms of having run for his life, but laughing, and in high spirits at the success of the stratagem by which he had baffled his pursuers. This indeed Waverley could easily conceive might be a matter of no great difficulty to the active mountaineer, who was perfectly acquainted with the ground, and traced his course with a firmness and confidence to which his pursuers must have been strangers. The alarm which he excited seemed still to continue, for a dropping shot or two were heard at a great distance, which seemed to serve as an addition to the mirth of Duncan and his comrades.

The mountaineer now resumed the arms with which he had entrusted our hero, giving him to understand that the dangers of the journey were happily surmounted. Waverley was then mounted upon one of the horses, a change which the fatigue of the night and his recent illness rendered exceedingly acceptable. His portmanteau was placed on another pony, Duncan mounted a third, and they set forward at a round pace, accompanied by their escort. No other incident marked the course of that night's journey, and at the dawn of morning they attained the banks of a rapid river. The country around was at once fertile and romantic. Steep banks of wood were broken by corn-fields, which this year presented an abundant harvest, already in a great measure cut down.

On the opposite bank of the river, and partly surrounded by a winding of its stream, stood a large and massive castle, the half-ruined turrets of which were already glittering in the first rays of the sun.<sup>1</sup> It was in form an oblong square, of size sufficient to contain a large court in the centre. The towers at each angle of the square rose higher than the walls of the building, and were in their turn surmounted by turrets, differing in height and irregular in shape. Upon one of these a sentinel watched, whose bonnet and plaid, streaming in the wind, declared him to be a Highlander, as a broad white ensign, which floated from another tower, announced that the garrison was held by the insurgent adherents of the House of Stuart.

Passing hastily through a small and mean town, where their appearance excited neither surprise nor curiosity in the

<sup>1</sup> See Castle of Dunc. Note 28.

few peasants whom the labours of the harvest began to summon from their repose, the party crossed an ancient and narrow bridge of several arches, and, turning to the left up an avenue of huge old sycamores, Waverley found himself in front of the gloomy yet picturesque structure which he had admired at a distance. A huge iron-grated door, which formed the exterior defence of the gateway, was already thrown back to receive them; and a second, heavily constructed of oak and studded thickly with iron nails, being next opened, admitted them into the interior court-yard. A gentleman, dressed in the Highland garb and having a white cockade in his bonnet, assisted Waverley to dismount from his horse, and with much courtesy bid him welcome to the castle.

The governor, for so we must term him, having conducted Waverley to a half-ruinous apartment, where, however, there was a small camp-bed, and having offered him any refreshment which he desired, was then about to leave him.

‘Will you not add to your civilities,’ said Waverley, after having made the usual acknowledgment, ‘by having the kindness to inform me where I am, and whether or not I am to consider myself as a prisoner?’

‘I am not at liberty to be so explicit upon this subject as I could wish. Briefly, however, you are in the Castle of Doune, in the District of Menteith, and in no danger whatever.’

‘And how am I assured of that?’

‘By the honour of Donald Stewart, governor of the garrison, and lieutenant-colonel in the service of his Royal Highness Prince Charles Edward.’ So saying, he hastily left the apartment, as if to avoid further discussion.

Exhausted by the fatigues of the night, our hero now threw himself upon the bed, and was in a few minutes fast asleep.



## CHAPTER XXXIX

### *The Journey is Continued*

**B**EFORE Waverley awakened from his repose, the day was far advanced, and he began to feel that he had passed many hours without food. This was soon supplied in form of a copious breakfast, but Colonel Stewart, as if wishing to avoid the queries of his guest, did not again present himself. His compliments were, however, delivered by a servant, with an offer to provide anything in his power that could be useful to Captain Waverley on his journey, which he intimated would be continued that evening. To Waverley's further inquiries, the servant opposed the impenetrable barrier of real or affected ignorance and stupidity. He removed the table and provisions, and Waverley was again consigned to his own meditations.

As he contemplated the strangeness of his fortune, which seemed to delight in placing him at the disposal of others, without the power of directing his own motions, Edward's eye suddenly rested upon his portmanteau, which had been deposited in his apartment during his sleep. The mysterious appearance of Alice in the cottage in the glen immediately rushed upon his mind, and he was about to secure and examine the packet which she had deposited among his clothes, when the servant of Colonel Stewart again made his appearance, and took up the portmanteau upon his shoulders.

'May I not take out a change of linen, my friend?'

'Your honour sall get ane o' the Colonel's ain ruffled sarks, but this maun gang in the baggage-cart.'

And so saying, he very coolly carried off the portmanteau, without waiting further remonstrance, leaving our hero in a state where disappointment and indignation struggled for the mastery. In a few minutes he heard a cart rumble out of the rugged court-yard, and made no doubt that he was now dispossessed, for a space at least, if not for ever, of the only docu-

ments which seemed to promise some light upon the dubious events which had of late influenced his destiny. With such melancholy thoughts he had to beguile about four or five hours of solitude.

When this space was elapsed, the trampling of horse was heard in the court-yard, and Colonel Stewart soon after made his appearance to request his guest to take some further refreshment before his departure. The offer was accepted, for a late breakfast had by no means left our hero incapable of doing honour to dinner, which was now presented. The conversation of his host was that of a plain country gentleman, mixed with some soldier-like sentiments and expressions. He cautiously avoided any reference to the military operations or civil politics of the time; and to Waverley's direct inquiries concerning some of these points replied, that he was not at liberty to speak upon such topics.

When dinner was finished the governor arose, and, wishing Edward a good journey, said that, having been informed by Waverley's servant that his baggage had been sent forward, he had taken the freedom to supply him with such changes of linen as he might find necessary till he was again possessed of his own. With this compliment he disappeared. A servant acquainted Waverley an instant afterwards that his horse was ready.

Upon this hint he descended into the court-yard, and found a trooper holding a saddled horse, on which he mounted and sallied from the portal of Doune Castle, attended by about a score of armed men on horseback. These had less the appearance of regular soldiers than of individuals who had suddenly assumed arms from some pressing motive of unexpected emergency. Their uniform, which was blue and red, an affected imitation of that of French *chasseurs*, was in many respects incomplete, and sate awkwardly upon those who wore it. Waverley's eye, accustomed to look at a well-disciplined regiment, could easily discover that the motions and habits of his escort were not those of trained soldiers, and that, although expert enough in the management of their horses, their skill was that of huntsmen or grooms rather than of troopers. The horses were not trained to the regular pace so necessary to execute simultaneous and combined movements and formations; nor did they seem *bitted* (as it is technically expressed) for the use of the sword. The men, however, were stout, hardy-looking fellows, and might be individually formidable as irregular

cavalry. The commander of this small party was mounted upon an excellent hunter, and, although dressed in uniform, his change of apparel did not prevent Waverley from recognising his old acquaintance, Mr. Falconer of Balmawhapple.

Now, although the terms upon which Edward had parted with this gentleman were none of the most friendly, he would have sacrificed every recollection of their foolish quarrel for the pleasure of enjoying once more the social intercourse of question and answer, from which he had been so long secluded. But apparently the remembrance of his defeat by the Baron of Bradwardine, of which Edward had been the unwilling cause, still rankled in the mind of the low-bred and yet proud laird. He carefully avoided giving the least sign of recognition, riding doggedly at the head of his men, who, though scarce equal in numbers to a sergeant's party, were denominated Captain Falconer's troop, being preceded by a trumpet, which sounded from time to time, and a standard, borne by Cornet Falconer, the laird's younger brother. The lieutenant, an elderly man, had much the air of a low sportsman and boon companion; an expression of dry humour predominated in his countenance over features of a vulgar cast, which indicated habitual intemperance. His cocked hat was set knowingly upon one side of his head, and while he whistled the 'Bob of Dumblain,' under the influence of half a mutchkin of brandy, he seemed to trot merrily forward, with a happy indifference to the state of the country, the conduct of the party, the end of the journey, and all other sublunary matters whatever.

From this wight, who now and then dropped alongside of his horse, Waverley hoped to acquire some information, or at least to beguile the way with talk.

'A fine evening, sir,' was Edward's salutation.

'Ow, ay, sir! a bra' night,' replied the lieutenant, in broad Scotch of the most vulgar description.

'And a fine harvest, apparently,' continued Waverley, following up his first attack.

'Ay, the aits will be got bravely in; but the farmers, deil burst them, and the corn-mongers will make the auld price gude against them as has horses till keep.'

'You perhaps act as quartermaster, sir?'

'Ay, quartermaster, riding-master, and lieutenant,' answered this officer of all work. 'And, to be sure, wha's fitter to look after the breaking and the keeping of the poor beasts than mysell, that bought and sold every ane o' them?'

'And pray, sir, if it be not too great a freedom, may I beg to know where we are going just now?'

'A fule's errand, I fear,' answered this communicative personage.

'In that case,' said Waverley, determined not to spare civility, 'I should have thought a person of your appearance would not have been found on the road.'

'Vera true, vera true, sir,' replied the officer, 'but every why has its wherefore. Ye maun ken, the laird there bought a' thir beasts frae me to munt his troop, and agreed to pay for them according to the necessities and prices of the time. But then he hadna the ready penny, and I hae been advised his bond will not be worth a boddle against the estate, and then I had a' my dealers to settle wi' at Martinmas; and so, as he very kindly offered me this commission, and as the auld Fifteen<sup>1</sup> wad never help me to my siller for sending out naigs against the government, why, conscience! sir, I thought my best chance for payment was e'en to *gae out*<sup>2</sup> mysell; and ye may judge, sir, as I hae dealt a' my life in halters, I think na mickle o' putting my craig in peril of a St. Johnstone's tippet.'<sup>3</sup>

'You are not, then, by profession a soldier?' said Waverley.

'Na, na; thank God,' answered this doughty partizan, 'I wasna bred at sae short a tether; I was brought up to hack and manger. I was bred a horse-couper, sir; and if I might live to see you at Whitson-tryst, or at Stagshawbank, or the winter fair at Hawick, and ye wanted a spanker that would lead the field, I'se be caution I would serve ye easy; for Jamie Jinker was ne'er the lad to impose upon a gentleman. Ye're a gentleman, sir, and should ken a horse's points; ye see that through-ganging thing that Balmawhapple's on; I selled her till him. She was bred out of Lick-the-ladle, that wan the king's plate at Caverton-Edge, by Duke Hamilton's White-Foot,' etc. etc.

But as Jinker was entered full sail upon the pedigree of Balmawhapple's mare, having already got as far as great-grandsire and great-grand-dam, and while Waverley was watching for an opportunity to obtain from him intelligence of more interest, the noble captain checked his horse until they came up, and then, without directly appearing to notice

<sup>1</sup> The Judges of the Supreme Court of Session in Scotland are proverbially termed, among the country people, The Fifteen.

<sup>2</sup> See Note 29.

<sup>3</sup> See Note 30.

Edward, said sternly to the genealogist, 'I thought, lieutenant, my orders were preceese, that no one should speak to the prisoner?'

The metamorphosed horse-dealer was silenced of course, and slunk to the rear, where he consoled himself by entering into a vehement dispute upon the price of hay with a farmer who had reluctantly followed his laird to the field rather than give up his farm, whereof the lease had just expired. Waverley was therefore once more consigned to silence, foreseeing that further attempts at conversation with any of the party would only give Balmawhapple a wished-for opportunity to display the insolence of authority, and the sulky spite of a temper naturally dogged, and rendered more so by habits of low indulgence and the incense of servile adulation.

In about two hours' time the party were near the Castle of Stirling, over whose battlements the union flag was brightened as it waved in the evening sun. To shorten his journey, or perhaps to display his importance and insult the English garrison, Balmawhapple, inclining to the right, took his route through the royal park, which reaches to and surrounds the rock upon which the fortress is situated.

With a mind more at ease Waverley could not have failed to admire the mixture of romance and beauty which renders interesting the scene through which he was now passing — the field which had been the scene of the tournaments of old — the rock from which the ladies beheld the contest, while each made vows for the success of some favourite knight — the towers of the Gothic church, where these vows might be paid — and, surmounting all, the fortress itself, at once a castle and palace; where valour received the prize from royalty, and knights and dames closed the evening amid the revelry of the dance, the song, and the feast. All these were objects fitted to arouse and interest a romantic imagination.

But Waverley had other objects of meditation, and an incident soon occurred of a nature to disturb meditation of any kind. Balmawhapple, in the pride of his heart, as he wheeled his little body of cavalry round the base of the castle, commanded his trumpet to sound a flourish and his standard to be displayed. This insult produced apparently some sensation; for when the cavalcade was at such distance from the southern battery as to admit of a gun being depressed so as to bear upon them, a flash of fire issued from one of the embrasures upon the rock; and ere the report with which it was attended could

be heard, the rushing sound of a cannon-ball passed over Balmawhapple's head, and the bullet, burying itself in the ground at a few yards' distance, covered him with the earth which it drove up. There was no need to bid the party trudge. In fact, every man, acting upon the impulse of the moment, soon brought Mr. Jinker's steeds to show their mettle, and the cavaliers, retreating with more speed than regularity, never took to a trot, as the lieutenant afterwards observed, until an intervening eminence had secured them from any repetition of so undesirable a compliment on the part of Stirling Castle. I must do Balmawhapple, however, the justice to say that he not only kept the rear of his troop, and laboured to maintain some order among them, but, in the height of his gallantry, answered the fire of the castle by discharging one of his horse-pistols at the battlements; although, the distance being nearly half a mile, I could never learn that this measure of retaliation was attended with any particular effect.

The travellers now passed the memorable field of Bannockburn and reached the Torwood, a place glorious or terrible to the recollections of the Scottish peasant, as the feats of Wallace or the cruelties of Wude Willie Grime predominate in his recollection. At Falkirk, a town formerly famous in Scottish history, and soon to be again distinguished as the scene of military events of importance, Balmawhapple proposed to halt and repose for the evening. This was performed with very little regard to military discipline, his worthy quartermaster being chiefly solicitous to discover where the best brandy might be come at. Sentinels were deemed unnecessary, and the only vigils performed were those of such of the party as could procure liquor. A few resolute men might easily have cut off the detachment; but of the inhabitants some were favourable, many indifferent, and the rest overawed. So nothing memorable occurred in the course of the evening, except that Waverley's rest was sorely interrupted by the revellers hallooing forth their Jacobite songs, without remorse or mitigation of voice.

Early in the morning they were again mounted and on the road to Edinburgh, though the pallid visages of some of the troop betrayed that they had spent a night of sleepless debauchery. They halted at Linlithgow, distinguished by its ancient palace, which Sixty Years since was entire and habitable, and whose venerable ruins, *not quite Sixty Years since*, very narrowly escaped the unworthy fate of being con-

verted into a barrack for French prisoners. May repose and blessings attend the ashes of the patriotic statesman<sup>1</sup> who, amongst his last services to Scotland, interposed to prevent this profanation!

As they approached the metropolis of Scotland, through a champaign and cultivated country, the sounds of war began to be heard. The distant yet distinct report of heavy cannon, fired at intervals, apprized Waverley that the work of destruction was going forward. Even Balmawhapple seemed moved to take some precautions, by sending an advanced party in front of his troop, keeping the main body in tolerable order, and moving steadily forward.

Marching in this manner they speedily reached an eminence, from which they could view Edinburgh stretching along the ridgy hill which slopes eastward from the Castle. The latter, being in a state of siege, or rather of blockade, by the northern insurgents, who had already occupied the town for two or three days, fired at intervals upon such parties of Highlanders as exposed themselves, either on the main street or elsewhere in the vicinity of the fortress. The morning being calm and fair, the effect of this dropping fire was to invest the Castle in wreaths of smoke, the edges of which dissipated slowly in the air, while the central veil was darkened ever and anon by fresh clouds poured forth from the battlements; the whole giving, by the partial concealment, an appearance of grandeur and gloom, rendered more terrific when Waverley reflected on the cause by which it was produced, and that each explosion might ring some brave man's knell.

Ere they approached the city the partial cannonade had wholly ceased. Balmawhapple, however, having in his recollection the unfriendly greeting which his troop had received from the battery at Stirling, had apparently no wish to tempt the forbearance of the artillery of the Castle. He therefore left the direct road, and, sweeping considerably to the southward so as to keep out of the range of the cannon, approached the ancient palace of Holyrood without having entered the walls of the city. He then drew up his men in front of that venerable pile, and delivered Waverley to the custody of a guard of Highlanders, whose officer conducted him into the interior of the building.

A long, low, and ill-proportioned gallery, hung with pictures, affirmed to be the portraits of kings, who, if they ever flourished

<sup>1</sup> Lord-President Blair (*Laing*).

at all, lived several hundred years before the invention of painting in oil colours, served as a sort of guard chamber or vestibule to the apartments which the adventurous Charles Edward now occupied in the palace of his ancestors. Officers, both in the Highland and Lowland garb, passed and repassed in haste, or loitered in the hall as if waiting for orders. Secretaries were engaged in making out passes, musters, and returns. All seemed busy, and earnestly intent upon something of importance; but Waverley was suffered to remain seated in the recess of a window, unnoticed by any one, in anxious reflection upon the crisis of his fate, which seemed now rapidly approaching.



## CHAPTER XL

### *An Old and a New Acquaintance*

WHILE he was deep sunk in his reverie, the rustle of tartans was heard behind him, a friendly arm clasped his shoulders, and a friendly voice exclaimed, 'Said the Highland prophet sooth? Or must second-sight go for nothing?'

Waverley turned, and was warmly embraced by Fergus Mac-Ivor. 'A thousand welcomes to Holyrood, once more possessed by her legitimate sovereign! Did I not say we should prosper, and that you would fall into the hands of the Philistines if you parted from us?'

'Dear Fergus!' said Waverley, eagerly returning his greeting. 'It is long since I have heard a friend's voice. Where is Flora?'

'Safe, and a triumphant spectator of our success.'

'In this place?' said Waverley.

'Ay, in this city at least,' answered his friend, 'and you shall see her; but first you must meet a friend whom you little think of, who has been frequent in his inquiries after you.'

Thus saying, he dragged Waverley by the arm out of the guard chamber, and, ere he knew where he was conducted, Edward found himself in a presence room, fitted up with some attempt at royal state.

A young man, wearing his own fair hair, distinguished by the dignity of his mien and the noble expression of his well-formed and regular features, advanced out of a circle of military gentlemen and Highland chiefs by whom he was surrounded. In his easy and graceful manners Waverley afterwards thought he could have discovered his high birth and rank, although the star on his breast and the embroidered garter at his knee had not appeared as its indications.



THE PRINCE EXTENDED HIS HAND TO WAVERLEY.

From a painting by MacDonald.



‘Let me present to your Royal Highness,’ said Fergus, bowing profoundly——

‘The descendant of one of the most ancient and loyal families in England,’ said the young Chevalier, interrupting him. ‘I beg your pardon for interrupting you, my dear Mac-Ivor; but no master of ceremonies is necessary to present a Waverley to a Stuart.’

Thus saying, he extended his hand to Edward with the utmost courtesy, who could not, had he desired it, have avoided rendering him the homage which seemed due to his rank, and was certainly the right of his birth. ‘I am sorry to understand, Mr. Waverley, that, owing to circumstances which have been as yet but ill explained, you have suffered some restraint among my followers in Perthshire and on your march here; but we are in such a situation that we hardly know our friends, and I am even at this moment uncertain whether I can have the pleasure of considering Mr. Waverley as among mine.’

He then paused for an instant; but before Edward could adjust a suitable reply, or even arrange his ideas as to its purport, the Prince took out a paper and then proceeded:—‘I should indeed have no doubts upon this subject if I could trust to this proclamation, set forth by the friends of the Elector of Hanover, in which they rank Mr. Waverley among the nobility and gentry who are menaced with the pains of high-treason for loyalty to their legitimate sovereign. But I desire to gain no adherents save from affection and conviction; and if Mr. Waverley inclines to prosecute his journey to the south, or to join the forces of the Elector, he shall have my passport and free permission to do so; and I can only regret that my present power will not extend to protect him against the probable consequences of such a measure. But,’ continued Charles Edward, after another short pause, ‘if Mr. Waverley should, like his ancestor, Sir Nigel, determine to embrace a cause which has little to recommend it but its justice, and follow a prince who throws himself upon the affections of his people to recover the throne of his ancestors or perish in the attempt, I can only say, that among these nobles and gentlemen he will find worthy associates in a gallant enterprise, and will follow a master who may be unfortunate, but, I trust, will never be ungrateful.’

The politic Chieftain of the race of Ivor knew his advantage in introducing Waverley to this personal interview with the royal adventurer. Unaccustomed to the address and manners

of a polished court, in which Charles was eminently skilful, his words and his kindness penetrated the heart of our hero, and easily outweighed all prudential motives. To be thus personally solicited for assistance by a prince whose form and manners, as well as the spirit which he displayed in this singular enterprise, answered his ideas of a hero of romance; to be courted by him in the ancient halls of his paternal palace, recovered by the sword which he was already bending towards other conquests, gave Edward, in his own eyes, the dignity and importance which he had ceased to consider as his attributes. Rejected, slandered, and threatened upon the one side, he was irresistibly attracted to the cause which the prejudices of education and the political principles of his family had already recommended as the most just. These thoughts rushed through his mind like a torrent, sweeping before them every consideration of an opposite tendency, — the time, besides, admitted of no deliberation, — and Waverley, kneeling to Charles Edward, devoted his heart and sword to the vindication of his rights!

The Prince (for, although unfortunate in the faults and follies of his forefathers, we shall here and elsewhere give him the title due to his birth) raised Waverley from the ground and embraced him with an expression of thanks too warm not to be genuine. He also thanked Fergus Mac-Ivor repeatedly for having brought him such an adherent, and presented Waverley to the various noblemen, chieftains, and officers who were about his person as a young gentleman of the highest hopes and prospects, in whose bold and enthusiastic avowal of his cause they might see an evidence of the sentiments of the English families of rank at this important crisis.<sup>1</sup> Indeed, this was a point much doubted among the adherents of the house of Stuart; and as a well-founded disbelief in the co-operation of the English Jacobites kept many Scottish men of rank from his standard, and diminished the courage of those who had joined it, nothing could be more seasonable for the Chevalier than the open declaration in his favour of the representative of the house of Waverley-Honour, so long known as Cavaliers and Royalists. This Fergus had foreseen from the beginning. He really loved Waverley, because their feelings and projects never thwarted each other; he hoped to see him united with Flora, and he rejoiced that they were effectually engaged in the same cause. But, as we before hinted, he also

<sup>1</sup> See English Jacobites. Note 31.

exulted as a politician in beholding secured to his party a partizan of such consequence; and he was far from being insensible to the personal importance which he himself gained with the Prince from having so materially assisted in making the acquisition.

Charles Edward, on his part, seemed eager to show his attendants the value which he attached to his new adherent, by entering immediately, as in confidence, upon the circumstances of his situation. 'You have been secluded so much from intelligence, Mr. Waverley, from causes of which I am but indistinctly informed, that I presume you are even yet unacquainted with the important particulars of my present situation. You have, however, heard of my landing in the remote district of Moidart, with only seven attendants, and of the numerous chiefs and clans whose loyal enthusiasm at once placed a solitary adventurer at the head of a gallant army. You must also, I think, have learned that the commander-in-chief of the Hanoverian Elector, Sir John Cope, marched into the Highlands at the head of a numerous and well-appointed military force with the intention of giving us battle, but that his courage failed him when we were within three hours' march of each other, so that he fairly gave us the slip and marched northward to Aberdeen, leaving the Low Country open and undefended. Not to lose so favourable an opportunity, I marched on to this metropolis, driving before me two regiments of horse, Gardiner's and Hamilton's, who had threatened to cut to pieces every Highlander that should venture to pass Stirling; and while discussions were carrying forward among the magistracy and citizens of Edinburgh whether they should defend themselves or surrender, my good friend Lochiel (laying his hand on the shoulder of that gallant and accomplished chieftain) saved them the trouble of farther deliberation by entering the gates with five hundred Camerons. Thus far, therefore, we have done well; but, in the meanwhile, this doughty general's nerves being braced by the keen air of Aberdeen, he has taken shipping for Dunbar, and I have just received certain information that he landed there yesterday. His purpose must unquestionably be to march towards us to recover possession of the capital. Now there are two opinions in my council of war: one, that being inferior probably in numbers, and certainly in discipline and military appointments, not to mention our total want of artillery and the weakness of our cavalry, it will be safest to fall back towards the

mountains, and there protract the war until fresh succours arrive from France, and the whole body of the Highland clans shall have taken arms in our favour. The opposite opinion maintains, that a retrograde movement, in our circumstances, is certain to throw utter discredit on our arms and undertaking; and, far from gaining us new partizans, will be the means of disheartening those who have joined our standard. The officers who use these last arguments, among whom is your friend Fergus Mac-Ivor, maintain that, if the Highlanders are strangers to the usual military discipline of Europe, the soldiers whom they are to encounter are no less strangers to their peculiar and formidable mode of attack; that the attachment and courage of the chiefs and gentlemen are not to be doubted; and that, as they will be in the midst of the enemy, their clansmen will as surely follow them; in fine, that having drawn the sword we should throw away the scabbard, and trust our cause to battle and to the God of battles. Will Mr. Waverley favour us with his opinion in these arduous circumstances?’

Waverley coloured high betwixt pleasure and modesty at the distinction implied in this question, and answered, with equal spirit and readiness, that he could not venture to offer an opinion as derived from military skill, but that the counsel would be far the most acceptable to him which should first afford him an opportunity to evince his zeal in his Royal Highness's service.

‘Spoken like a Waverley!’ answered Charles Edward; ‘and that you may hold a rank in some degree corresponding to your name, allow me, instead of the captain's commission which you have lost, to offer you the brevet rank of major in my service, with the advantage of acting as one of my aides-de-camp until you can be attached to a regiment, of which I hope several will be speedily embodied.’

‘Your Royal Highness will forgive me,’ answered Waverley (for his recollection turned to Balmawhapple and his scanty troop), ‘if I decline accepting any rank until the time and place where I may have interest enough to raise a sufficient body of men to make my command useful to your Royal Highness's service. In the meanwhile, I hope for your permission to serve as a volunteer under my friend Fergus Mac-Ivor.’

‘At least,’ said the Prince, who was obviously pleased with this proposal, ‘allow me the pleasure of arming you after the Highland fashion.’ With these words, he unbuckled the broad-

sword which he wore, the belt of which was plaited with silver, and the steel basket-hilt richly and curiously inlaid. 'The blade,' said the Prince, 'is a genuine Andrea Ferrara; it has been a sort of heir-loom in our family; but I am convinced I put it into better hands than my own, and will add to it pistols of the same workmanship. Colonel Mac-Ivor, you must have much to say to your friend; I will detain you no longer from your private conversation; but remember we expect you both to attend us in the evening. It may be perhaps the last night we may enjoy in these halls, and as we go to the field with a clear conscience, we will spend the eve of battle merrily.'

Thus licensed, the Chief and Waverley left the presence-chamber.



## CHAPTER XLI

### *The Mystery Begins to be Cleared up*

**H**OW do you like him?' was Fergus's first question, as they descended the large stone staircase.

'A prince to live and die under,' was Waverley's enthusiastic answer.

'I knew you would think so when you saw him, and I intended you should have met earlier, but was prevented by your sprain. And yet he has his foibles, or rather he has difficult cards to play, and his Irish officers,<sup>1</sup> who are much about him, are but sorry advisers: they cannot discriminate among the numerous pretensions that are set up. Would you think it—I have been obliged for the present to suppress an earl's patent, granted for services rendered ten years ago, for fear of exciting the jealousy, forsooth, of C—— and M——? But you were very right, Edward, to refuse the situation of aide-de-camp. There are two vacant, indeed, but Clanronald and Lochiel, and almost all of us, have requested one for young Aberchallader, and the Lowlanders and the Irish party are equally desirous to have the other for the Master of F——. Now, if either of these candidates were to be superseded in your favour, you would make enemies. And then I am surprised that the Prince should have offered you a majority, when he knows very well that nothing short of lieutenant-colonel will satisfy others, who cannot bring one hundred and fifty men to the field. "But patience, cousin, and shuffle the cards!" It is all very well for the present, and we must have you properly equipped for the evening in your new costume; for, to say truth, your outward man is scarce fit for a court.'

'Why,' said Waverley, looking at his soiled dress, 'my shooting jacket has seen service since we parted; but that probably you, my friend, know as well or better than I.'

<sup>1</sup> See Note 32.

‘You do my second-sight too much honour,’ said Fergus. ‘We were so busy, first with the scheme of giving battle to Cope, and afterwards with our operations in the Lowlands, that I could only give general directions to such of our people as were left in Perthshire to respect and protect you, should you come in their way. But let me hear the full story of your adventures, for they have reached us in a very partial and mutilated manner.’

Waverley then detailed at length the circumstances with which the reader is already acquainted, to which Fergus listened with great attention. By this time they had reached the door of his quarters, which he had taken up in a small paved court, retiring from the street called the Cannongate, at the house of a buxom widow of forty, who seemed to smile very graciously upon the handsome young Chief, she being a person with whom good looks and good-humour were sure to secure an interest, whatever might be the party’s political opinions. Here Callum Beg received them with a smile of recognition. ‘Callum,’ said the Chief, ‘call Shemus an Snachad’ (James of the Needle). This was the hereditary tailor of Vich Ian Vohr. ‘Shemus, Mr. Waverley is to wear the *cath dath* (battle colour, or tartan); his trews must be ready in four hours. You know the measure of a well-made man—two double nails to the small of the leg——’

‘Eleven from haunch to heel, seven round the waist. I give your honour leave to hang Shemus, if there’s a pair of sheers in the Highlands that has a boulder sneck than her’s ain at the *cumadh an truais*’ (shape of the trews).

‘Get a plaid of Mac-Ivor tartan and sash,’ continued the Chieftain, ‘and a blue bonnet of the Prince’s pattern, at Mr. Mouat’s in the Crames. My short green coat, with silver lace and silver buttons, will fit him exactly, and I have never worn it. Tell Ensign Maccombich to pick out a handsome target from among mine. The Prince has given Mr. Waverley broadsword and pistols, I will furnish him with a dirk and purse; add but a pair of low-heeled shoes, and then, my dear Edward (turning to him), you will be a complete son of Ivor.’

These necessary directions given, the Chieftain resumed the subject of Waverley’s adventures. ‘It is plain,’ he said, ‘that you have been in the custody of Donald Bean Lean. You must know that, when I marched away my clan to join the Prince, I laid my injunctions on that worthy member of society to perform a certain piece of service, which done, he was to join me with all the force he could muster. But, instead of doing so,

the gentleman, finding the coast clear, thought it better to make war on his own account, and has scoured the country, plundering, I believe, both friend and foe, under pretence of levying black mail, sometimes as if by my authority, and sometimes (and be cursed to his consummate impudence) in his own great name! Upon my honour, if I live to see the cairn of Benmore again, I shall be tempted to hang that fellow! I recognise his hand particularly in the mode of your rescue from that canting rascal Gilfillan, and I have little doubt that Donald himself played the part of the pedlar on that occasion; but how he should not have plundered you, or put you to ransom, or availed himself in some way or other of your captivity for his own advantage, passes my judgment.'

'When and how did you hear the intelligence of my confinement?' asked Waverley.

'The Prince himself told me,' said Fergus, 'and inquired very minutely into your history. He then mentioned your being at that moment in the power of one of our northern parties—you know I could not ask him to explain particulars—and requested my opinion about disposing of you. I recommended that you should be brought here as a prisoner, because I did not wish to prejudice you farther with the English government, in case you pursued your purpose of going southward. I knew nothing, you must recollect, of the charge brought against you of aiding and abetting high treason, which, I presume, had some share in changing your original plan. That sullen, good-for-nothing brute, Balmawhapple, was sent to escort you from Doune, with what he calls his troop of horse. As to his behaviour, in addition to his natural antipathy to everything that resembles a gentleman, I presume his adventure with Bradwardine rankles in his recollection, the rather that I daresay his mode of telling that story contributed to the evil reports which reached your quondam regiment.'

'Very likely,' said Waverley; 'but now surely, my dear Fergus, you may find time to tell me something of Flora.'

'Why,' replied Fergus, 'I can only tell you that she is well, and residing for the present with a relation in this city. I thought it better she should come here, as since our success a good many ladies of rank attend our military court; and I assure you that there is a sort of consequence annexed to the near relative of such a person as Flora Mac-Ivor, and where there is such a justling of claims and requests, a man must use every fair means to enhance his importance.'

There was something in this last sentence which grated on Waverley's feelings. He could not bear that Flora should be considered as conducing to her brother's preferment by the admiration which she must unquestionably attract; and although it was in strict correspondence with many points of Fergus's character, it shocked him as selfish, and unworthy of his sister's high mind and his own independent pride. Fergus, to whom such manœuvres were familiar, as to one brought up at the French court, did not observe the unfavourable impression which he had unwarily made upon his friend's mind, and concluded by saying, 'that they could hardly see Flora before the evening, when she would be at the concert and ball with which the Prince's party were to be entertained. She and I had a quarrel about her not appearing to take leave of you. I am unwilling to renew it by soliciting her to receive you this morning; and perhaps my doing so might not only be ineffectual, but prevent your meeting this evening.'

While thus conversing, Waverley heard in the court, before the windows of the parlour, a well-known voice. 'I aver to you, my worthy friend,' said the speaker, 'that it is a total dereliction of military discipline; and were you not as it were a tyro, your purpose would deserve strong reprobation. For a prisoner of war is on no account to be coerced with fetters, or debinded in *ergastulo*, as would have been the case had you put this gentleman into the pit of the peel-house at Balmawhapple. I grant, indeed, that such a prisoner may for security be coerced in *carcere*, that is, in a public prison.'

The growling voice of Balmawhapple was heard as taking leave in displeasure, but the word 'land-louper' alone was distinctly audible. He had disappeared before Waverley reached the house in order to greet the worthy Baron of Bradwardine. The uniform in which he was now attired, a blue coat, namely, with gold lace, a scarlet waistcoat and breeches, and immense jack-boots, seemed to have added fresh stiffness and rigidity to his tall, perpendicular figure; and the consciousness of military command and authority had increased, in the same proportion, the self-importance of his demeanour and dogmatism of his conversation.

He received Waverley with his usual kindness, and expressed immediate anxiety to hear an explanation of the circumstances attending the loss of his commission in Gardiner's dragoons; 'not,' he said, 'that he had the least apprehension of his young friend having done aught which could merit such ungenerous

treatment as he had received from government, but because it was right and seemly that the Baron of Bradwardine should be, in point of trust and in point of power, fully able to refute all calumnies against the heir of Waverley-Honour, whom he had so much right to regard as his own son.'

Fergus Mac-Ivor, who had now joined them, went hastily over the circumstances of Waverley's story, and concluded with the flattering reception he had met from the young Chevalier. The Baron listened in silence, and at the conclusion shook Waverley heartily by the hand and congratulated him upon entering the service of his lawful Prince. 'For,' continued he, 'although it has been justly held in all nations a matter of scandal and dishonour to infringe the *sacramentum militare*, and that whether it was taken by each soldier singly, whilk the Romans denominated *per conjurationem*, or by one soldier in name of the rest, yet no one ever doubted that the allegiance so sworn was discharged by the *dimissio*, or discharging of a soldier, whose case would be as hard as that of colliers, salters, and other *adscripti glebæ*, or slaves of the soil, were it to be accounted otherwise. This is something like the brocard expressed by the learned Sanchez in his work *De Jure-jurando*, which you have questionless consulted upon this occasion. As for those who have calumniated you by leasing-making, I protest to Heaven I think they have justly incurred the penalty of the *Memnonia Lex*, also called *Lex Rhemnina*, which is prelected upon by Tullius in his oration *In Verrem*. I should have deemed, however, Mr. Waverley, that before destining yourself to any special service in the army of the Prince, ye might have inquired what rank the old Bradwardine held there, and whether he would not have been peculiarly happy to have had your services in the regiment of horse which he is now about to levy.'

Edward eluded this reproach by pleading the necessity of giving an immediate answer to the Prince's proposal, and his uncertainty at the moment whether his friend the Baron was with the army or engaged upon service elsewhere.

This punctilio being settled, Waverley made inquiry after Miss Bradwardine, and was informed she had come to Edinburgh with Flora Mac-Ivor, under guard of a party of the Cheftain's men. This step was indeed necessary, Tully-Veolan having become a very unpleasant, and even dangerous, place of residence for an unprotected young lady, on account of its vicinity to the Highlands, and also to one or two large villages which, from aversion as much to the caterans as zeal for

presbytery, had declared themselves on the side of government, and formed irregular bodies of partizans, who had frequent skirmishes with the mountaineers, and sometimes attacked the houses of the Jacobite gentry in the braes, or frontier betwixt the mountain and plain.

‘I would propose to you,’ continued the Baron, ‘to walk as far as my quarters in the Luckenbooths, and to admire in your passage the High Street, whilk is, beyond a shadow of dubitation, finer than any street whether in London or Paris. But Rose, poor thing, is sorely discomposed with the firing of the Castle, though I have proved to her from Blondel and Coehorn, that it is impossible a bullet can reach these buildings; and, besides, I have it in charge from his Royal Highness to go to the camp, or leaguer of our army, to see that the men do *conclamare vasa*, that is, truss up their bag and baggage for to-morrow’s march.’

‘That will be easily done by most of us,’ said Mac-Ivor, laughing.

‘Craving you pardon, Colonel Mac-Ivor, not quite so easily as ye seem to opine. I grant most of your folk left the Highlands expedited as it were, and free from the incumbrance of baggage; but it is unspeakable the quantity of useless sprechery which they have collected on their march. I saw one fellow of yours (craving your pardon once more) with a pier-glass upon his back.’

‘Ay,’ said Fergus, still in good-humour, ‘he would have told you, if you had questioned him, “a ganging foot is aye getting.” But come, my dear Baron, you know as well as I that a hundred Uhlans, or a single troop of Schmirschitz’s Pandours, would make more havoc in a country than the knight of the mirror and all the rest of our clans put together.’

‘And that is very true likewise,’ replied the Baron; ‘they are, as the heathen author says, *ferociores in aspectu, mitiores in actu*, of a horrid and grim visage, but more benign in demeanour than their physiognomy or aspect might infer. But I stand here talking to you two youngsters when I should be in the King’s Park.’

‘But you will dine with Waverley and me on your return? I assure you, Baron, though I can live like a Highlander when needs must, I remember my Paris education, and understand perfectly *faire la meilleure chère*.’

‘And wha the deil doubts it,’ quoth the Baron, laughing,

'when ye bring only the cookery and the gude toun must furnish the materials? Weel, I have some business in the toun too; but I'll join you at three, if the vivers can tarry so long.'

So saying, he took leave of his friends and went to look after the charge which had been assigned him.

## CHAPTER XLII

### *A Soldier's Dinner*

**J**AMES OF THE NEEDLE was a man of his word when whisky was no party to the contract; and upon this occasion Callum Beg, who still thought himself in Waverley's debt, since he had declined accepting compensation at the expense of mine host of the Candlestick's person, took the opportunity of discharging the obligation, by mounting guard over the hereditary tailor of Sliochd nan Ivor; and, as he expressed himself, 'targed him tightly' till the finishing of the job. To rid himself of this restraint, Shemus's needle flew through the tartan like lightning; and as the artist kept chanting some dreadful skirmish of Fin Macoul, he accomplished at least three stitches to the death of every hero. The dress was, therefore, soon ready, for the short coat fitted the wearer, and the rest of the apparel required little adjustment.

Our hero having now fairly assumed the 'garb of old Gaul,' well calculated as it was to give an appearance of strength to a figure which, though tall and well-made, was rather elegant than robust, I hope my fair readers will excuse him if he looked at himself in the mirror more than once, and could not help acknowledging that the reflection seemed that of a very handsome young fellow. In fact, there was no disguising it. His light-brown hair — for he wore no periwig, notwithstanding the universal fashion of the time — became the bonnet which surmounted it. His person promised firmness and agility, to which the ample folds of the tartan added an air of dignity. His blue eye seemed of that kind,

Which melted in love, and which kindled in war;

and an air of bashfulness, which was in reality the effect of want of habitual intercourse with the world; gave interest to his features, without injuring their grace or intelligence.



'He's a pratty man, a very pratty man,' said Evan Dhu (now Ensign Maccombich) to Fergus's buxom landlady.

'He's vera weel,' said the Widow Flockhart, 'but no nae-thing sae weel-far'd as your colonel, ensign.'

'I wasna comparing them,' quoth Evan, 'nor was I speaking about his being weel-favoured; but only that Mr. Waverley looks clean-made and *deliver*, and like a proper lad o' his quarters, that will not cry barley in a brulzie. And, indeed, he's gleg aneuch at the broadsword and target. I hae played wi' him mysell at Glennaquoich, and sae has Vich Ian Vohr, often of a Sunday afternoon.'

'Lord forgie ye, Ensign Maccombich,' said the alarmed Presbyterian; 'I'm sure the colonel wad never do the like o' that!'

'Hout! hout! Mrs. Flockhart,' replied the ensign, 'we're young blude, ye ken; and young saints, auld deils.'

'But will ye fight wi' Sir John Cope the morn, Ensign Maccombich?' demanded Mrs. Flockhart of her guest.

'Troth I'se ensure him, an he'll bide us, Mrs. Flockhart,' replied the Gael.

'And will ye face thae tearing chields, the dragoons, Ensign Maccombich?' again inquired the landlady.

'Claw for claw, as Conan said to Satan, Mrs. Flockhart, and the deevil tak the shortest nails.'

'And will the colonel venture on the bagganets himsell?'

'Ye may swear it, Mrs. Flockhart; the very first man will he be, by Saint Phedar.'

'Merciful goodness! and if he's killed amang the red-coats!' exclaimed the soft-hearted widow.

'Troth, if it should sae befall, Mrs. Flockhart, I ken ane that will no be living to weep for him. But we maun a' live the day, and have our dinner; and there's Vich Ian Vohr has packed his *dorlach*, and Mr. Waverley's wearied wi' majoring yonder afore the muckle pier-glass; and that grey auld stoor carle, the Baron o' Bradwardine, that short young Ronald of Ballenkeiroch, he's coming down the close wi' that droghling coghling bailie body they ca' Macwhupple, just like the Laird o' Kittlegab's French cook, wi' his turnspit doggie trindling ahint him, and I am as hungry as a gled, my bonny dow; sae bid Kate set on the broo', and do ye put on your pinnars, for ye ken Vich Ian Vohr winna sit down till ye be at the head o' the table;—and dinna forget the pint bottle o' brandy, my woman.'

This hint produced dinner. Mrs. Flockhart, smiling in her weeds like the sun through a mist, took the head of the table, thinking within herself, perhaps, that she cared not how long the rebellion lasted that brought her into company so much above her usual associates. She was supported by Waverley and the Baron, with the advantage of the Chieftain *vis-à-vis*. The men of peace and of war, that is, Bailie Macwheeble and Ensign Maccombich, after many profound congés to their superiors and each other, took their places on each side of the Chieftain. Their fare was excellent, time, place, and circumstances considered, and Fergus's spirits were extravagantly high. Regardless of danger, and sanguine from temper, youth, and ambition, he saw in imagination all his prospects crowned with success, and was totally indifferent to the probable alternative of a soldier's grave. The Baron apologised slightly for bringing Macwheeble. They had been providing, he said, for the expenses of the campaign. 'And, by my faith,' said the old man, 'as I think this will be my last, so I just end where I began : I hae evermore] found the sinews of war, as a learned author calls the *caisse militaire*, mair difficult to come by than either its flesh, blood, or bones.'

'What! have you raised our only efficient body of cavalry, and got ye none of the lous-d'or out of the Doutelle<sup>1</sup> to help you?'

'No, Glennaquoich; cleverer fellows have been before me.'

'That's a scandal,' said the young Highlander; 'but you will share what is left of my subsidy; it will save you an anxious thought to-night, and will be all one to-morrow, for we shall all be provided for, one way or other, before the sun sets.' Waverley, blushing deeply, but with great earnestness, pressed the same request.

'I thank ye baith, my good lads,' said the Baron, 'but I will not infringe upon your peculium. Bailie Macwheeble has provided the sum which is necessary.'

Here the Bailie shifted and fidgeted about in his seat, and appeared extremely uneasy. At length, after several preliminary hems, and much tautological expression of his devotion to his honour's service, by night or day, living or dead, he began to insinuate, 'that the banks had removed a' their ready cash into the Castle; that, nae doubt, Sandie Goldie, the silversmith, would do mickle for his honour; but there was little time to

<sup>1</sup> The Doutelle was an armed vessel which brought a small supply of money and arms from France for the use of the insurgents.

get the wadset made out; and, doubtless, if his honour Glennaquoich or Mr. Wauverley could accommodate——'

'Let me hear of no such nonsense, sir,' said the Baron, in a tone which rendered Macwheeble mute, 'but proceed as we accorded before dinner, if it be your wish to remain in my service.'

To this peremptory order the Bailie, though he felt as if condemned to suffer a transfusion of blood from his own veins into those of the Baron, did not presume to make any reply. After fidgeting a little while longer, however, he addressed himself to Glennaquoich, and told him, if his honour had mair ready siller than was sufficient for his occasions in the field, he could put it out at use for his honour in safe hands and at great profit at this time.

At this proposal Fergus laughed heartily, and answered, when he had recovered his breath—'Many thanks, Bailie; but you must know, it is a general custom among us soldiers to make our landlady our banker. Here, Mrs. Flockhart,' said he, taking four or five broad pieces out of a well-filled purse and tossing the purse itself, with its remaining contents, into her apron, 'these will serve my occasions; do you take the rest. Be my banker if I live, and my executor if I die; but take care to give something to the Highland cailliachs<sup>1</sup> that shall cry the coronach loudest for the last Vich Ian Vohr.'

'It is the *testamentum militare*,' quoth the Baron, 'whilk, amang the Romans, was privilegiate to be nuncupative.' But the soft heart of Mrs. Flockhart was melted within her at the Chieftain's speech; she set up a lamentable blubbering, and positively refused to touch the bequest, which Fergus was therefore obliged to resume.

'Well, then,' said the Chief, 'if I fall, it will go to the grenadier that knocks my brains out, and I shall take care he works hard for it.'

Bailie Macwheeble was again tempted to put in his oar; for where cash was concerned he did not willingly remain silent. 'Perhaps he had better carry the gowd to Miss Mac-Ivor, in case of mortality or accidents of war. It might tak the form of a *mortis causa* donation in the young leddie's favour, and wad cost but the scrape of a pen to mak it out.'

'The young lady,' said Fergus, 'should such an event happen, will have other matters to think of than these wretched lous-d'or.'

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<sup>1</sup> Old women, on whom devolved the duty of lamenting for the dead, which the Irish call *keening*.

‘True — undeniable — there’s nae doubt o’ that; but your honour kens that a full sorrow ——’

‘Is endurable by most folk more easily than a hungry one? True, Bailie, very true; and I believe there may even be some who would be consoled by such a reflection for the loss of the whole existing generation. But there is a sorrow which knows neither hunger nor thirst; and poor Flora ——’ He paused, and the whole company sympathised in his emotion.

The Baron’s thoughts naturally reverted to the unprotected state of his daughter, and the big tear came to the veteran’s eye. ‘If I fall, Macwheeble, you have all my papers and know all my affairs; be just to Rose.’

The Bailie was a man of earthly mould, after all; a good deal of dirt and dross about him, undoubtedly, but some kindly and just feelings he had, especially where the Baron or his young mistress were concerned. He set up a lamentable howl. ‘If that doleful day should come, while Duncan Macwheeble had a boddle it should be Miss Rose’s. He wald scroll for a plack the sheet or she kenn’d what it was to want; if indeed a’ the bonnie baronie o’ Bradwardine and Tully-Veolan, with the fortalice and manor-place thereof (he kept sobbing and whining at every pause), tofts, crofts, mosses, muirs — outfield, infield — buildings — orchards — dove-cots — with the right of net and coble in the water and loch of Veolan — teinds, parsonage and vicarage — annexis, connexis — rights of pasturage — fuel, feal and divot — parts, pendicles, and pertinents whatsoever — (here he had recourse to the end of his long cravat to wipe his eyes, which overflowed, in spite of him, at the ideas which this technical jargon conjured up) — all as more fully described in the proper evidents and titles thereof — and lying within the parish of Bradwardine and the shire of Perth — if, as aforesaid, they must a’ pass from my master’s child to Inch-Grabbit, wha’s a Whig and a Hanoverian, and be managed by his doer, Jamie Howie, wha’s no fit to be a birlieman, let be a bailie’ ——

The beginning of this lamentation really had something affecting, but the conclusion rendered laughter irresistible. ‘Never mind, Bailie,’ said Ensign Maccombich, ‘for the gude auld times of rugging and riving (pulling and tearing) are come back again, an’ Sneckus Mac-Snackus (meaning, probably, annexis, connexis), and a’ the rest of your friends, maun gie place to the langest claymore.’

‘And that claymore shall be ours, Bailie,’ said the Chieftain, who saw that Macwheeble looked very blank at this intimation.

‘We’ll give them the metal our mountain affords,  
   Lillibulero, bullen a la,  
 And in place of broad-pieces, we’ll pay with broadswords,  
   Lero, lero, etc.  
 With duns and with debts we will soon clear our score,  
   Lillibulero, etc.  
 For the man that’s thus paid will crave payment no more,  
   Lero, lero, etc.<sup>1</sup>

But come, Bailie, be not cast down; drink your wine with a joyous heart; the Baron shall return safe and victorious to Tully-Veolan, and unite Killancureit’s lairdship with his own, since the cowardly half-bred swine will not turn out for the Prince like a gentleman.’

‘To be sure, they lie maist ewest,’ said the Bailie, wiping his eyes, ‘and should naturally fa’ under the same factory.’

‘And I,’ proceeded the Chieftain, ‘shall take care of myself, too; for you must know, I have to complete a good work here, by bringing Mrs. Flockhart into the bosom of the Catholic church, or at least half way, and that is to your Episcopal meeting-house. O Baron! if you heard her fine counter-tenor admonishing Kate and Matty in the morning, you, who understand music, would tremble at the idea of hearing her shriek in the psalmody of Haddo’s Hole.’

‘Lord forgie you, colonel, how ye rin on! But I hope your honours will tak tea before ye gang to the palace, and I maun gang and mask it for you.’

So saying, Mrs. Flockhart left the gentlemen to their own conversation, which, as might be supposed, turned chiefly upon the approaching events of the campaign.

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<sup>1</sup> These lines, or something like them, occur in an old Magazine of the period.

## CHAPTER XLIII

### *The Ball*

ENSIGN MACCOMBICH having gone to the Highland camp upon duty, and Bailie Macwheeble having retired to digest his dinner and Evan Dhu's intimation of martial law in some blind change-house, Waverley, with the Baron and the Chieftain, proceeded to Holyrood House. The two last were in full tide of spirits, and the Baron rallied in his way our hero upon the handsome figure which his new dress displayed to advantage. 'If you have any design upon the heart of a bonny Scotch lassie, I would premonish you, when you address her, to remember and quote the words of Virgilius :—

Nunc insanus amor duri me Martis in armis,  
Tela inter media atque adversos detinet hostes ;

whilk verses Robertson of Struan, Chief of the Clan Donnochy (unless the claims of Lude ought to be preferred *primo loco*), has thus elegantly rendered :

For cruel love has gartan'd low my leg,  
And clad my hurdies in a philabeg.

Although, indeed, ye wear the trews, a garment whilk I approve maist of the twa, as mair ancient and seemly.'

'Or rather,' said Fergus, 'hear my song :

She wadna hae a Lowland laird,  
Nor be an English lady ;  
But she's away with Duncan Græme,  
And he's row'd her in his plaidy.'

By this time they reached the palace of Holyrood, and were announced respectively as they entered the apartments.

It is but too well known how many gentlemen of rank, education, and fortune took a concern in the ill-fated and desperate

undertaking of 1745. The ladies, also, of Scotland very generally espoused the cause of the gallant and handsome young Prince, who threw himself upon the mercy of his countrymen rather like a hero of romance than a calculating politician. It is not, therefore, to be wondered that Edward, who had spent the greater part of his life in the solemn seclusion of Waverley-Honour, should have been dazzled at the liveliness and elegance of the scene now exhibited in the long-deserted halls of the Scottish palace. The accompaniments, indeed, fell short of splendour, being such as the confusion and hurry of the time admitted; still, however, the general effect was striking, and, the rank of the company considered, might well be called brilliant.

It was not long before the lover's eye discovered the object of his attachment. Flora Mac-Ivor was in the act of returning to her seat, near the top of the room, with Rose Bradwardine by her side. Among much elegance and beauty, they had attracted a great degree of the public attention, being certainly two of the handsomest women present. The Prince took much notice of both, particularly of Flora, with whom he danced, a preference which she probably owed to her foreign education and command of the French and Italian languages.

When the bustle attending the conclusion of the dance permitted, Edward almost intuitively followed Fergus to the place where Miss Mac-Ivor was seated. The sensation of hope with which he had nursed his affection in absence of the beloved object seemed to vanish in her presence, and, like one striving to recover the particulars of a forgotten dream, he would have given the world at that moment to have recollected the grounds on which he had founded expectations which now seemed so delusive. He accompanied Fergus with downcast eyes, tingling ears, and the feelings of the criminal who, while the melancholy cart moves slowly through the crowds that have assembled to behold his execution, receives no clear sensation either from the noise which fills his ears or the tumult on which he casts his wandering look.

Flora seemed a little — a very little — affected and discomposed at his approach. 'I bring you an adopted son of Ivor,' said Fergus.

'And I receive him as a second brother,' replied Flora.

There was a slight emphasis on the word, which would have escaped every ear but one that was feverish with apprehension. It was, however, distinctly marked, and, combined with her



PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART.  
*From a painting by an unknown artist; date, about 1747.*





whole tone and manner, plainly intimated, 'I will never think of Mr. Waverley as a more intimate connexion.' Edward stopped, bowed, and looked at Fergus, who bit his lip, a movement of anger which proved that he also had put a sinister interpretation on the reception which his sister had given his friend. 'This, then, is an end of my day-dream!' Such was Waverley's first thought, and it was so exquisitely painful as to banish from his cheek every drop of blood.

'Good God!' said Rose Bradwardine, 'he is not yet recovered!'

These words, which she uttered with great emotion, were overheard by the Chevalier himself, who stepped hastily forward, and, taking Waverley by the hand, inquired kindly after his health, and added that he wished to speak with him. By a strong and sudden effort, which the circumstances rendered indispensable, Waverley recovered himself so far as to follow the Chevalier in silence to a recess in the apartment.

Here the Prince detained him some time, asking various questions about the great Tory and Catholic families of England, their connexions, their influence, and the state of their affections towards the house of Stuart. To these queries Edward could not at any time have given more than general answers, and it may be supposed that, in the present state of his feelings, his responses were indistinct even to confusion. The Chevalier smiled once or twice at the incongruity of his replies, but continued the same style of conversation, although he found himself obliged to occupy the principal share of it, until he perceived that Waverley had recovered his presence of mind. It is probable that this long audience was partly meant to further the idea which the Prince desired should be entertained among his followers, that Waverley was a character of political influence. But it appeared, from his concluding expressions, that he had a different and good-natured motive, personal to our hero, for prolonging the conference. 'I cannot resist the temptation,' he said, 'of boasting of my own discretion as a lady's confidant. You see, Mr. Waverley, that I know all, and I assure you I am deeply interested in the affair. But, my good young friend, you must put a more severe restraint upon your feelings. There are many here whose eyes can see as clearly as mine, but the prudence of whose tongues may not be equally trusted.'

So saying, he turned easily away and joined a circle of officers at a few paces' distance, leaving Waverley to meditate upon his parting expression, which, though not intelligible to

him in its whole purport, was sufficiently so in the caution which the last word recommended. Making, therefore, an effort to show himself worthy of the interest which his new master had expressed, by instant obedience to his recommendation, he walked up to the spot where Flora and Miss Bradwardine were still seated, and having made his compliments to the latter, he succeeded, even beyond his own expectation, in entering into conversation upon general topics.

If, my dear reader, thou hast ever happened to take post-horses at — or at — (one at least of which blanks, or more probably both, you will be able to fill up from an inn near your own residence), you must have observed, and doubtless with sympathetic pain, the reluctant agony with which the poor jades at first apply their galled necks to the collars of the harness. But when the irresistible arguments of the post-boy have prevailed upon them to proceed a mile or two, they will become callous to the first sensation; and being *warm in the harness*, as the said post-boy may term it, proceed as if their withers were altogether unwrung. This simile so much corresponds with the state of Waverley's feelings in the course of this memorable evening, that I prefer it (especially as being, I trust, wholly original) to any more splendid illustration with which Byshe's *Art of Poetry* might supply me.

Exertion, like virtue, is its own reward; and our hero had, moreover, other stimulating motives for persevering in a display of affected composure and indifference to Flora's obvious unkindness. Pride, which supplies its caustic as an useful, though severe, remedy for the wounds of affection, came rapidly to his aid. Distinguished by the favour of a prince; destined, he had room to hope, to play a conspicuous part in the revolution which awaited a mighty kingdom; excelling, probably, in mental acquirements, and equalling at least in personal accomplishments, most of the noble and distinguished persons with whom he was now ranked; young, wealthy, and high-born, — could he, or ought he, to droop beneath the frown of a capricious beauty?

O nymph, unrelenting and cold as thou art,  
My bosom is proud as thine own.

With the feeling expressed in these beautiful lines (which, however, were not then written),<sup>1</sup> Waverley determined upon

<sup>1</sup> They occur in Miss Seward's fine verses, beginning —  
'To thy rocks, stormy Lannow, adieu.'

convincing Flora that he was not to be depressed by a rejection in which his vanity whispered that perhaps she did her own prospects as much injustice as his. And, to aid this change of feeling, there lurked the secret and unacknowledged hope that she might learn to prize his affection more highly, when she did not conceive it to be altogether within her own choice to attract or repulse it. There was a mystic tone of encouragement, also, in the Chevalier's words, though he feared they only referred to the wishes of Fergus in favour of an union between him and his sister. But the whole circumstances of time, place, and incident combined at once to awaken his imagination and to call upon him for a manly and decisive tone of conduct, leaving to fate to dispose of the issue. Should he appear to be the only one sad and disheartened on the eve of battle, how greedily would the tale be commented upon by the slander which had been already but too busy with his fame! Never, never, he internally resolved, shall my unprovoked enemies possess such an advantage over my reputation.

Under the influence of these mixed sensations, and cheered at times by a smile of intelligence and approbation from the Prince as he passed the group, Waverley exerted his powers of fancy, animation, and eloquence, and attracted the general admiration of the company. The conversation gradually assumed the tone best qualified for the display of his talents and acquisitions. The gaiety of the evening was exalted in character, rather than checked, by the approaching dangers of the morrow. All nerves were strung for the future, and prepared to enjoy the present. This mood of mind is highly favourable for the exercise of the powers of imagination, for poetry, and for that eloquence which is allied to poetry. Waverley, as we have elsewhere observed, possessed at times a wonderful flow of rhetoric; and on the present occasion, he touched more than once the higher notes of feeling, and then again ran off in a wild voluntary of fanciful mirth. He was supported and excited by kindred spirits, who felt the same impulse of mood and time; and even those of more cold and calculating habits were hurried along by the torrent. Many ladies declined the dance, which still went forward, and under various pretences joined the party to which the 'handsome young Englishman' seemed to have attached himself. He was presented to several of the first rank, and his manners, which for the present were altogether free from the bashful restraint

by which, in a moment of less excitation, they were usually clouded, gave universal delight.

Flora Mac-Ivor appeared to be the only female present who regarded him with a degree of coldness and reserve; yet even she could not suppress a sort of wonder at talents which, in the course of their acquaintance, she had never seen displayed with equal brilliancy and impressive effect. I do not know whether she might not feel a momentary regret at having taken so decisive a resolution upon the addresses of a lover who seemed fitted so well to fill a high place in the highest stations of society. Certainly she had hitherto accounted among the incurable deficiencies of Edward's disposition the *mauvaise honte* which, as she had been educated in the first foreign circles, and was little acquainted with the shyness of English manners, was in her opinion too nearly related to timidity and imbecility of disposition. But if a passing wish occurred that Waverley could have rendered himself uniformly thus amiable and attractive, its influence was momentary; for circumstances had arisen since they met which rendered in her eyes the resolution she had formed respecting him final and irrevocable.

With opposite feelings Rose Bradwardine bent her whole soul to listen. She felt a secret triumph at the public tribute paid to one whose merit she had learned to prize too early and too fondly. Without a thought of jealousy, without a feeling of fear, pain, or doubt, and undisturbed by a single selfish consideration, she resigned herself to the pleasure of observing the general murmur of applause. When Waverley spoke, her ear was exclusively filled with his voice; when others answered, her eye took its turn of observation, and seemed to watch his reply. Perhaps the delight which she experienced in the course of that evening, though transient, and followed by much sorrow, was in its nature the most pure and disinterested which the human mind is capable of enjoying.

'Baron,' said the Chevalier, 'I would not trust my mistress in the company of your young friend. He is really, though perhaps somewhat romantic, one of the most fascinating young men whom I have ever seen.'

'And by my honour, sir,' replied the Baron, 'the lad can sometimes be as dowff as a sexagenary like myself. If your Royal Highness had seen him dreaming and dozing about the banks of Tully-Veolan like an hypochondriac person, or, as Burton's *Anatomia* hath it, a phrenesiatic or lethargic patient,

you would wonder where he hath sae suddenly acquired all this fine sprack festivity and jocularity.'

'Truly,' said Fergus Mac-Ivor, 'I think it can only be the inspiration of the tartans; for, though Waverley be always a young fellow of sense and honour, I have hitherto often found him a very absent and inattentive companion.'

'We are the more obliged to him,' said the Prince, 'for having reserved for this evening qualities which even such intimate friends had not discovered. But come, gentlemen, the night advances, and the business of to-morrow must be early thought upon. Each take charge of his fair partner, and honour a small refreshment with your company.'

He led the way to another suite of apartments, and assumed the seat and canopy at the head of a long range of tables with an air of dignity, mingled with courtesy, which well became his high birth and lofty pretensions. An hour had hardly flown away when the musicians played the signal for parting so well known in Scotland.<sup>1</sup>

'Good-night, then,' said the Chevalier, rising; 'Good-night, and joy be with you! Good-night, fair ladies, who have so highly honoured a proscribed and banished Prince! Good-night, my brave friends; may the happiness we have this evening experienced be an omen of our return to these our paternal halls, speedily and in triumph, and of many and many future meetings of mirth and pleasure in the palace of Holyrood!'

When the Baron of Bradwardine afterwards mentioned this adieu of the Chevalier, he never failed to repeat, in a melancholy tone,

'Audiit, et voti Phœbus succedere partem  
Mente dedit; partem volucres dispersit in auras;

which,' as he added, 'is weel rendered into English metre by my friend Bangour :

Ae half the prayer wi' Phœbus grace did find,  
The t'other half he whistled down the wind.'

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<sup>1</sup> Which is, or was wont to be, the old air of 'Good-night and joy be wi' you a'.'

## CHAPTER XLIV

### *The March*

THE conflicting passions and exhausted feelings of Waverley had resigned him to late but sound repose. He was dreaming of Glennaquoich, and had transferred to the halls of Ian nan Chaistel the festal train which so lately graced those of Holyrood. The pibroch too was distinctly heard; and this at least was no delusion, for the 'proud step of the chief piper' of the 'chlain Mac-Ivor' was perambulating the court before the door of his Chieftain's quarters, and as Mrs. Flockhart, apparently no friend to his minstrelsy, was pleased to observe, 'garring the very stane-and-lime wa's dingle wi' his screeching.' Of course it soon became too powerful for Waverley's dream, with which it had at first rather harmonised.

The sound of Callum's brogues in his apartment (for Mac-Ivor had again assigned Waverley to his care) was the next note of parting. 'Winna yer honour bang up? Vich Ian Vohr and ta Prince are awa to the lang green glen ahint the clachan, tat they ca' the King's Park,<sup>1</sup> and mony âne's on his ain shanks the day that will be carried on ither folk's ere night.'

Waverley sprung up, and, with Callum's assistance and instructions, adjusted his tartans in proper costume. Callum told him also, 'tat his leather *dorlack* wi' the lock on her was come frae Doune, and she was awa again in the wain wi' Vich Ian Vohr's walise.'

By this periphrasis Waverley readily apprehended his port-manteau was intended. He thought upon the mysterious packet of the maid of the cavern, which seemed always to escape him when within his very grasp. But this was no time for indulgence of curiosity; and having declined Mrs. Flock-

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<sup>1</sup> The main body of the Highland army encamped, or rather bivouacked, in that part of the King's Park which lies towards the village of Duddingston.

hart's compliment of a *morning*, i. e. a matutinal dram, being probably the only man in the Chevalier's army by whom such a courtesy would have been rejected, he made his adieus and departed with Callum.

'Callum,' said he, as they proceeded down a dirty close to gain the southern skirts of the Canongate, 'what shall I do for a horse?'

'Ta deil ane ye maun think o',' said Callum. 'Vich Ian Vohr's marching on foot at the head o' his kin (not to say ta Prince, wha does the like), wi' his target on his shoulder; and ye maun e'en be neighbour-like.'

'And so I will, Callum, give me my target; so, there we are fixed. How does it look?'

'Like the bra' Highlander tat's painted on the board afore the mickle change-house they ca' Luckie Middlemass's,' answered Callum; meaning, I must observe, a high compliment, for in his opinion Luckie Middlemass's sign was an exquisite specimen of art. Waverley, however, not feeling the full force of this polite simile, asked him no further questions.

Upon extricating themselves from the mean and dirty suburbs of the metropolis, and emerging into the open air, Waverley felt a renewal both of health and spirits, and turned his recollection with firmness upon the events of the preceding evening, and with hope and resolution towards those of the approaching day.

When he had surmounted a small craggy eminence called St. Leonard's Hill, the King's Park, or the hollow between the mountain of Arthur's Seat and the rising grounds on which the southern part of Edinburgh is now built, lay beneath him, and displayed a singular and animating prospect. It was occupied by the army of the Highlanders, now in the act of preparing for their march. Waverley had already seen something of the kind at the hunting-match which he attended with Fergus Mac-Ivor; but this was on a scale of much greater magnitude, and incomparably deeper interest. The rocks, which formed the background of the scene, and the very sky itself, rang with the clang of the bagpipers, summoning forth, each with his appropriate pibroch, his chieftain and clan. The mountaineers, rousing themselves from their couch under the canopy of heaven with the hum and bustle of a confused and irregular multitude, like bees alarmed and arming in their hives, seemed to possess all the pliability of movement fitted to execute military manœuvres. Their motions appeared spontaneous and confused,



but the result was order and regularity ; so that a general must have praised the conclusion, though a martinet might have ridiculed the method by which it was attained.

The sort of complicated medley created by the hasty arrangements of the various clans under their respective banners, for the purpose of getting into the order of march, was in itself a gay and lively spectacle. They had no tents to strike, having generally, and by choice, slept upon the open field, although the autumn was now waning and the nights began to be frosty. For a little space, while they were getting into order, there was exhibited a changing, fluctuating, and confused appearance of waving tartans and floating plumes, and of banners displaying the proud gathering word of Clanronald, *Ganion Coheriga* (Gainsay who dares); *Loch-Sloy*, the watchword of the MacFarlanes; *Forth, fortune, and fill the fetters*, the motto of the Marquis of Tullibardine; *Bydand*, that of Lord Lewis Gordon; and the appropriate signal words and emblems of many other chieftains and clans.

At length the mixed and wavering multitude arranged themselves into a narrow and dusky column of great length, stretching through the whole extent of the valley. In the front of the column the standard of the Chevalier was displayed, bearing a red cross upon a white ground, with the motto *Tandem Triumphans*. The few cavalry, being chiefly Lowland gentry, with their domestic servants and retainers, formed the advanced guard of the army; and their standards, of which they had rather too many in respect of their numbers, were seen waving upon the extreme verge of the horizon. Many horsemen of this body, among whom Waverley accidentally remarked Balmawhapple and his lieutenant, Jinker (which last, however, had been reduced, with several others, by the advice of the Baron of Bradwardine, to the situation of what he called reformed officers, or reformadoes), added to the liveliness, though by no means to the regularity, of the scene, by galloping their horses as fast forward as the press would permit, to join their proper station in the van. The fascinations of the Circes of the High Street, and the potations of strength with which they had been drenched over night, had probably detained these heroes within the walls of Edinburgh somewhat later than was consistent with their morning duty. Of such loiterers, the prudent took the longer and circuitous, but more open, route to attain their place in the march, by keeping at some distance from the infantry, and making their way through

the inclosures to the right, at the expense of leaping over or pulling down the dry-stone fences. The irregular appearance and vanishing of these small parties of horsemen, as well as the confusion occasioned by those who endeavoured, though generally without effect, to press to the front through the crowd of Highlanders, maugre their curses, oaths, and opposition, added to the picturesque wildness what it took from the military regularity of the scene.

While Waverley gazed upon this remarkable spectacle, rendered yet more impressive by the occasional discharge of cannon-shot from the Castle at the Highland guards as they were withdrawn from its vicinity to join their main body, Callum, with his usual freedom of interference, reminded him that Vich Ian Vohr's folk were nearly at the head of the column of march which was still distant, and that 'they would gang very fast after the cannon fired.' Thus admonished, Waverley walked briskly forward, yet often casting a glance upon the darksome clouds of warriors who were collected before and beneath him. A nearer view, indeed, rather diminished the effect impressed on the mind by the more distant appearance of the army. The leading men of each clan were well armed with broad-sword, target, and fusee, to which all added the dirk, and most the steel pistol. But these consisted of gentlemen, that is, relations of the chief, however distant, and who had an immediate title to his countenance and protection. Finer and hardier men could not have been selected out of any army in Christendom; while the free and independent habits which each possessed, and which each was yet so well taught to subject to the command of his chief, and the peculiar mode of discipline adopted in Highland warfare, rendered them equally formidable by their individual courage and high spirit, and from their rational conviction of the necessity of acting in unison, and of giving their national mode of attack the fullest opportunity of success.

But, in a lower rank to these, there were found individuals of an inferior description, the common peasantry of the Highland country, who, although they did not allow themselves to be so called, and claimed often, with apparent truth, to be of more ancient descent than the masters whom they served, bore, nevertheless, the livery of extreme penury, being indifferently accoutred, and worse armed, half naked, stunted in growth, and miserable in aspect. Each important clan had some of those Helots attached to them: thus, the Mac-Couls, though tracing

their descent from Comhal, the father of Finn or Fingal, were a sort of Gibeonites, or hereditary servants to the Stuarts of Appine; the Macbeths, descended from the unhappy monarch of that name, were subjects to the Morays and clan Donnachy, or Robertsons of Athole; and many other examples might be given, were it not for the risk of hurting any pride of clanship which may yet be left, and thereby drawing a Highland tempest into the shop of my publisher. Now these same Helots, though forced into the field by the arbitrary authority of the chieftains under whom they hewed wood and drew water, were in general very sparingly fed, ill dressed, and worse armed. The latter circumstance was indeed owing chiefly to the general disarming act, which had been carried into effect ostensibly through the whole Highlands, although most of the chieftains contrived to elude its influence by retaining the weapons of their own immediate clansmen, and delivering up those of less value, which they collected from these inferior satellites. It followed, as a matter of course, that, as we have already hinted, many of these poor fellows were brought to the field in a very wretched condition.

From this it happened that, in bodies, the van of which were admirably well armed in their own fashion, the rear resembled actual banditti. Here was a pole-axe, there a sword without a scabbard; here a gun without a lock, there a scythe set straight upon a pole; and some had only their dirks, and bludgeons or stakes pulled out of hedges. The grim, uncombed, and wild appearance of these men, most of whom gazed with all the admiration of ignorance upon the most ordinary productions of domestic art, created surprise in the Lowlands, but it also created terror. So little was the condition of the Highlands known at that late period that the character and appearance of their population, while thus sallying forth as military adventurers, conveyed to the south-country Lowlanders as much surprise as if an invasion of African Negroes or Esquimaux Indians had issued forth from the northern mountains of their own native country. It cannot therefore be wondered if Waverley, who had hitherto judged of the Highlanders generally from the samples which the policy of Fergus had from time to time exhibited, should have felt damped and astonished at the daring attempt of a body not then exceeding four thousand men, and of whom not above half the number, at the utmost, were armed, to change the fate and alter the dynasty of the British kingdoms.

As he moved along the column, which still remained stationary, an iron gun, the only piece of artillery possessed by the army which meditated so important a revolution, was fired as the signal of march. The Chevalier had expressed a wish to leave this useless piece of ordnance behind him; but, to his surprise, the Highland chiefs interposed to solicit that it might accompany their march, pleading the prejudices of their followers, who, little accustomed to artillery, attached a degree of absurd importance to this field-piece, and expected it would contribute essentially to a victory which they could only owe to their own muskets and broadswords. Two or three French artillerymen were therefore appointed to the management of this military engine, which was drawn along by a string of Highland ponies, and was, after all, only used for the purpose of firing signals.<sup>1</sup>

No sooner was its voice heard upon the present occasion, than the whole line was in motion. A wild cry of joy from the advancing battalions rent the air, and was then lost in the shrill clangour of the bagpipes, as the sound of these, in their turn, was partially drowned by the heavy tread of so many men put at once into motion. The banners glittered and shook as they moved forward, and the horse hastened to occupy their station as the advanced guard, and to push on reconnoitring parties to ascertain and report the motions of the enemy. They vanished from Waverley's eye as they wheeled round the base of Arthur's Seat, under the remarkable ridge of basaltic rocks which fronts the little lake of Duddingston.

The infantry followed in the same direction, regulating their pace by another body which occupied a road more to the southward. It cost Edward some exertion of activity to attain the place which Fergus's followers occupied in the line of march.

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<sup>1</sup> See Note 33.

## CHAPTER XLV

### *An Incident Gives Rise to Unavailing Reflections*

WHEN Waverley reached that part of the column which was filled by the clan of Mac-Ivor, they halted, formed, and received him with a triumphant flourish upon the bagpipes and a loud shout of the men, most of whom knew him personally, and were delighted to see him in the dress of their country and of their sept. 'You shout,' said a Highlander of a neighbouring clan to Evan Dhu, 'as if the Chieftain were just come to your head.'

'*Mar e Bran is e a brathair*, If it be not Bran, it is Bran's brother,' was the proverbial reply of Maccombich.<sup>1</sup>

'O, then, it is the handsome Sassenach duinhé-wassel that is to be married to Lady Flora?'

'That may be, or it may not be; and it is neither your matter nor mine, Gregor.'

Fergus advanced to embrace the volunteer, and afford him a warm and hearty welcome; but he thought it necessary to apologise for the diminished numbers of his battalion (which did not exceed three hundred men) by observing he had sent a good many out upon parties.

The real fact, however, was, that the defection of Donald Bean Lean had deprived him of at least thirty hardy fellows, whose services he had fully reckoned upon, and that many of his occasional adherents had been recalled by their several chiefs to the standards to which they most properly owed their allegiance. The rival chief of the great northern branch, also, of his own clan had mustered his people, although he had not yet declared either for the government or for the Chevalier, and by his intrigues had in some degree diminished the force with which Fergus took the field. To make amends for these

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<sup>1</sup> Bran, the well-known dog of Fingal, is often the theme of Highland proverb as well as song.

disappointments, it was universally admitted that the followers of Vich Ian Vohr, in point of appearance, equipment, arms, and dexterity in using them, equalled the most choice troops which followed the standard of Charles Edward. Old Ballenkeiroch acted as his major; and, with the other officers who had known Waverley when at Glennaquoich, gave our hero a cordial reception, as the sharer of their future dangers and expected honours.

The route pursued by the Highland army, after leaving the village of Duddingston, was for some time the common post-road betwixt Edinburgh and Haddington, until they crossed the Esk at Musselburgh, when, instead of keeping the low grounds towards the sea, they turned more inland, and occupied the brow of the eminence called Carberry Hill, a place already distinguished in Scottish history as the spot where the lovely Mary surrendered herself to her insurgent subjects. This direction was chosen because the Chevalier had received notice that the army of the government, arriving by sea from Aberdeen, had landed at Dunbar, and quartered the night before to the west of Haddington, with the intention of falling down towards the sea-side, and approaching Edinburgh by the lower coast-road. By keeping the height, which overhung that road in many places, it was hoped the Highlanders might find an opportunity of attacking them to advantage. The army therefore halted upon the ridge of Carberry Hill, both to refresh the soldiers and as a central situation from which their march could be directed to any point that the motions of the enemy might render most advisable. While they remained in this position a messenger arrived in haste to desire Mac-Ivor to come to the Prince, adding that their advanced post had had a skirmish with some of the enemy's cavalry, and that the Baron of Bradwardine had sent in a few prisoners.

Waverley walked forward out of the line to satisfy his curiosity, and soon observed five or six of the troopers who, covered with dust, had galloped in to announce that the enemy were in full march westward along the coast. Passing still a little farther on, he was struck with a groan which issued from a hovel. He approached the spot, and heard a voice, in the provincial English of his native county, which endeavoured, though frequently interrupted by pain, to repeat the Lord's Prayer. The voice of distress always found a ready answer in our hero's bosom. He entered the hovel, which seemed to be intended for what is called, in the pastoral counties of Scotland,

a smearing-house; and in its obscurity Edward could only at first discern a sort of red bundle; for those who had stripped the wounded man of his arms and part of his clothes had left him the dragoon-cloak in which he was enveloped.

'For the love of God,' said the wounded man, as he heard Waverley's step, 'give me a single drop of water!'

'You shall have it,' answered Waverley, at the same time raising him in his arms, bearing him to the door of the hut, and giving him some drink from his flask.

'I should know that voice,' said the man; but looking on Waverley's dress with a bewildered look — 'no, this is not the young squire!'

This was the common phrase by which Edward was distinguished on the estate of Waverley-Honour, and the sound now thrilled to his heart with the thousand recollections which the well-known accents of his native country had already contributed to awaken. 'Houghton!' he said, gazing on the ghastly features which death was fast disfiguring, 'can this be you?'

'I never thought to hear an English voice again,' said the wounded man; 'they left me to live or die here as I could, when they found I would say nothing about the strength of the regiment. But, O squire! how could you stay from us so long, and let us be tempted by that fiend of the pit, Ruffin? we should have followed you through flood and fire, to be sure.'

'Ruffin! I assure you, Houghton, you have been vilely imposed upon.'

'I often thought so,' said Houghton; 'though they showed us your very seal; and so Tims was shot and I was reduced to the ranks.'

'Do not exhaust your strength in speaking,' said Edward; 'I will get you a surgeon presently.'

He saw Mac-Ivor approaching, who was now returning from head-quarters, where he had attended a council of war, and hastened to meet him. 'Brave news!' shouted the Chief; 'we shall be at it in less than two hours. The Prince has put himself at the head of the advance, and, as he drew his sword, called out, "My friends, I have thrown away the scabbard." Come, Waverley, we move instantly.'

'A moment — a moment; this poor prisoner is dying; where shall I find a surgeon?'

'Why, where should you? We have none, you know, but two or three French fellows, who, I believe, are little better than *garçons apothécaires*.'

‘But the man will bleed to death.’

‘Poor fellow!’ said Fergus, in a momentary fit of compassion; then instantly added, ‘But it will be a thousand men’s fate before night; so come along.’

‘I cannot; I tell you he is a son of a tenant of my uncle’s.’

‘O, if he’s a follower of yours he must be looked to; I’ll send Callum to you; but *diaoul! ceade millia molligheart*,’ continued the impatient Chieftain, ‘what made an old soldier like Bradwardine send dying men here to cumber us?’

Callum came with his usual alertness; and, indeed, Waverley rather gained than lost in the opinion of the Highlanders by his anxiety about the wounded man. They would not have understood the general philanthropy which rendered it almost impossible for Waverley to have passed any person in such distress; but, as apprehending that the sufferer was one of his *following*, they unanimously allowed that Waverley’s conduct was that of a kind and considerate chieftain, who merited the attachment of his people. In about a quarter of an hour poor Humphrey breathed his last, praying his young master, when he returned to Waverley-Honour, to be kind to old Job Houghton and his dame, and conjuring him not to fight with these wild petticoat-men against old England.

When his last breath was drawn, Waverley, who had beheld with sincere sorrow, and no slight tinge of remorse, the final agonies of mortality, now witnessed for the first time, commanded Callum to remove the body into the hut. This the young Highlander performed, not without examining the pockets of the defunct, which, however, he remarked had been pretty well spung’d. He took the cloak, however, and proceeding with the provident caution of a spaniel hiding a bone, concealed it among some furze and carefully marked the spot, observing, that if he chanced to return that way, it would be an excellent rokelay for his auld mother Elspat.

It was by a considerable exertion that they regained their place in the marching column, which was now moving rapidly forward to occupy the high grounds above the village of Tranent, between which and the sea lay the purposed march of the opposite army.

This melancholy interview with his late sergeant forced many unavailing and painful reflections upon Waverley’s mind. It was clear from the confession of the man that Colonel Gardiner’s proceedings had been strictly warranted, and even rendered indispensable, by the steps taken in Edward’s name



to induce the soldiers of his troop to mutiny. The circumstance of the seal he now, for the first time, recollected, and that he had lost it in the cavern of the robber, Bean Lean. That the artful villain had secured it, and used it as the means of carrying on an intrigue in the regiment for his own purposes, was sufficiently evident; and Edward had now little doubt that in the packet placed in his portmanteau by his daughter he should find farther light upon his proceedings. In the meanwhile the repeated expostulation of Houghton—‘Ah, squire, why did you leave us?’ rung like a knell in his ears.

‘Yes,’ he said, ‘I have indeed acted towards you with thoughtless cruelty. I brought you from your paternal fields, and the protection of a generous and kind landlord, and when I had subjected you to all the rigour of military discipline, I shunned to bear my own share of the burden, and wandered from the duties I had undertaken, leaving alike those whom it was my business to protect, and my own reputation, to suffer under the artifices of villainy. O, indolence and indecision of mind! if not in yourselves vices, to how much exquisite misery and mischief do you frequently prepare the way!’

## CHAPTER XLVI

### *The Eve of Battle*

**A**LTHOUGH the Highlanders marched on very fast, the sun was declining when they arrived upon the brow of those high grounds which command an open and extensive plain stretching northward to the sea, on which are situated, but at a considerable distance from each other, the small villages of Seaton and Cockenzie, and the larger one of Preston. One of the low coast-roads to Edinburgh passed through this plain, issuing upon it from the inclosures of Seaton House, and at the town or village of Preston again entering the defiles of an enclosed country. By this way the English general had chosen to approach the metropolis, both as most commodious for his cavalry, and being probably of opinion that by doing so he would meet in front with the Highlanders advancing from Edinburgh in the opposite direction. In this he was mistaken; for the sound judgment of the Chevalier, or of those to whose advice he listened, left the direct passage free, but occupied the strong ground by which it was overlooked and commanded.

When the Highlanders reached the heights above the plain described, they were immediately formed in array of battle along the brow of the hill. Almost at the same instant the van of the English appeared issuing from among the trees and inclosures of Seaton, with the purpose of occupying the level plain between the high ground and the sea; the space which divided the armies being only about half a mile in breadth. Waverley could plainly see the squadrons of dragoons issue, one after another, from the defiles, with their videttes in front, and form upon the plain, with their front opposed to that of the Prince's army. They were followed by a train of field-pieces, which, when they reached the flank of the dragoons, were also brought into line and pointed against the heights. The march was continued by three or four regiments of infan-

try marching in open column, their fixed bayonets showing like successive hedges of steel, and their arms glancing like lightning, as, at a signal given, they also at once wheeled up, and were placed in direct opposition to the Highlanders. A second train of artillery, with another regiment of horse, closed the long march, and formed on the left flank of the infantry, the whole line facing southward.

While the English army went through these evolutions, the Highlanders showed equal promptitude and zeal for battle. As fast as the clans came upon the ridge which fronted their enemy, they were formed into line, so that both armies got into complete order of battle at the same moment. When this was accomplished, the Highlanders set up a tremendous yell, which was re-echoed by the heights behind them. The regulars, who were in high spirits, returned a loud shout of defiance, and fired one or two of their cannon upon an advanced post of the Highlanders. The latter displayed great earnestness to proceed instantly to the attack, Evan Dhu urging to Fergus, by way of argument, that 'the *sidier roy* was tottering like an egg upon a staff, and that they had a' the vantage of the onset, for even a haggis (God bless her!) could charge down hill.'

But the ground through which the mountaineers must have descended, although not of great extent, was impracticable in its character, being not only marshy but intersected with walls of dry stone, and traversed in its whole length by a very broad and deep ditch, circumstances which must have given the musketry of the regulars dreadful advantages before the mountaineers could have used their swords, on which they were taught to rely. The authority of the commanders was therefore interposed to curb the impetuosity of the Highlanders, and only a few marksmen were sent down the descent to skirmish with the enemy's advanced posts and to reconnoitre the ground.

Here, then, was a military spectacle of no ordinary interest or usual occurrence. The two armies, so different in aspect and discipline, yet each admirably trained in its own peculiar mode of war, upon whose conflict the temporary fate at least of Scotland appeared to depend, now faced each other like two gladiators in the arena, each meditating upon the mode of attacking their enemy. The leading officers and the general's staff of each army could be distinguished in front of their lines, busied with spy-glasses to watch each other's motions, and occupied in despatching the orders and receiving the intelligence conveyed by the aides-de-camp and orderly men, who gave

life to the scene by galloping along in different directions, as if the fate of the day depended upon the speed of their horses. The space between the armies was at times occupied by the partial and irregular contest of individual sharp-shooters, and a hat or bonnet was occasionally seen to fall, as a wounded man was borne off by his comrades. These, however, were but trifling skirmishes, for it suited the views of neither party to advance in that direction. From the neighbouring hamlets the peasantry cautiously showed themselves, as if watching the issue of the expected engagement; and at no great distance in the bay were two square-rigged vessels, bearing the English flag, whose tops and yards were crowded with less timid spectators.

When this awful pause had lasted for a short time, Fergus, with another chieftain, received orders to detach their clans towards the village of Preston, in order to threaten the right flank of Cope's army and compel him to a change of position. To enable him to execute these orders, the Chief of Glennaquoich occupied the churchyard of Tranent, a commanding situation, and a convenient place, as Evan Dhu remarked, 'for any gentleman who might have the misfortune to be killed, and chanced to be curious about Christian burial.' To check or dislodge this party, the English general detached two guns, escorted by a strong party of cavalry. They approached so near that Waverley could plainly recognise the standard of the troop he had formerly commanded, and hear the trumpets and kettle-drums sound the signal of advance which he had so often obeyed. He could hear, too, the well-known word given in the English dialect by the equally well-distinguished voice of the commanding officer, for whom he had once felt so much respect. It was at that instant that, looking around him, he saw the wild dress and appearance of his Highland associates, heard their whispers in an uncouth and unknown language, looked upon his own dress, so unlike that which he had worn from his infancy, and wished to awake from what seemed at the moment a dream, strange, horrible, and unnatural. 'Good God!' he muttered, 'am I then a traitor to my country, a renegade to my standard, and a foe, as that poor dying wretch expressed himself, to my native England!'

Ere he could digest or smother the recollection, the tall military form of his late commander came full in view, for the purpose of reconnoitring. 'I can hit him now,' said Callum, cautiously raising his fusée over the wall under which he lay couched, at scarce sixty yards' distance.

Edward felt as if he was about to see a parricide committed in his presence ; for the venerable grey hair and striking countenance of the veteran recalled the almost paternal respect with which his officers universally regarded him. But ere he could say 'Hold !' an aged Highlander who lay beside Callum Beg stopped his arm. 'Spare your shot,' said the seer, 'his hour is not yet come. But let him beware of to-morrow ; I see his winding-sheet high upon his breast.'

Callum, flint to other considerations, was penetrable to superstition. He turned pale at the words of the *taishatr*, and recovered his piece. Colonel Gardiner, unconscious of the danger he had escaped, turned his horse round and rode slowly back to the front of his regiment.

By this time the regular army had assumed a new line, with one flank inclined towards the sea and the other resting upon the village of Preston ; and, as similar difficulties occurred in attacking their new position, Fergus and the rest of the detachment were recalled to their former post. This alteration created the necessity of a corresponding change in General Cope's army, which was again brought into a line parallel with that of the Highlanders. In these manœuvres on both sides the daylight was nearly consumed, and both armies prepared to rest upon their arms for the night in the lines which they respectively occupied.

'There will be nothing done to-night,' said Fergus to his friend Waverley ; 'ere we wrap ourselves in our plaids, let us go see what the Baron is doing in the rear of the line.'

When they approached his post, they found the good old careful officer, after having sent out his night patrols and posted his sentinels, engaged in reading the Evening Service of the Episcopal Church to the remainder of his troop. His voice was loud and sonorous, and though his spectacles upon his nose, and the appearance of Saunders Saunderson, in military array, performing the functions of clerk, had something ludicrous, yet the circumstances of danger in which they stood, the military costume of the audience, and the appearance of their horses saddled and picqueted behind them, gave an impressive and solemn effect to the office of devotion.

'I have confessed to-day, ere you were awake,' whispered Fergus to Waverley ; 'yet I am not so strict a Catholic as to refuse to join in this good man's prayers.'

Edward assented, and they remained till the Baron had concluded the service.

As he shut the book, 'Now, lads,' said he, 'have at them in the morning with heavy hands and light consciences.' He then kindly greeted Mac-Ivor and Waverley, who requested to know his opinion of their situation. 'Why, you know Tacitus saith, "*In rebus bellicis maxime dominatur Fortuna*," which is equi-ponderate with our vernacular adage, "Luck can maist in the *mêlée*." But credit me, gentlemen, yon man is not a deacon o' his craft. He damps the spirits of the poor lads he commands by keeping them on the defensive, whilk of itself implies inferiority or fear. Now will they lie on their arms yonder as anxious and as ill at ease as a toad under a harrow, while our men will be quite fresh and blithe for action in the morning. Well, good-night. One thing troubles me, but if to-morrow goes well off, I will consult you about it, Glennaquoich.'

'I could almost apply to Mr. Bradwardine the character which Henry gives of Fluellen,' said Waverley, as his friend and he walked towards their bivouac:

'Though it appears a little out of fashion,  
There is much care and valour in this "Scotchman."'

'He has seen much service,' answered Fergus, 'and one is sometimes astonished to find how much nonsense and reason are mingled in his composition. I wonder what can be troubling his mind; probably something about Rose. Hark! the English are setting their watch.'

The roll of the drum and shrill accompaniment of the fifes swelled up the hill — died away — resumed its thunder — and was at length hushed. The trumpets and kettle-drums of the cavalry were next heard to perform the beautiful and wild point of war appropriated as a signal for that piece of nocturnal duty, and then finally sunk upon the wind with a shrill and mournful cadence.

The friends, who had now reached their post, stood and looked round them ere they lay down to rest. The western sky twinkled with stars, but a frost-mist, rising from the ocean, covered the eastern horizon, and rolled in white wreaths along the plain where the adverse army lay couched upon their arms. Their advanced posts were pushed as far as the side of the great ditch at the bottom of the descent, and had kindled large fires at different intervals, gleaming with obscure and hazy lustre through the heavy fog which encircled them with a doubtful halo.

The Highlanders, 'thick as leaves in Valombrosa,' lay

stretched upon the ridge of the hill, buried (excepting their sentinels) in the most profound repose. 'How many of these brave fellows will sleep more soundly before to-morrow night, Fergus!' said Waverley, with an involuntary sigh.

'You must not think of that,' answered Fergus, whose ideas were entirely military. 'You must only think of your sword, and by whom it was given. All other reflections are now too LATE.'

With the opiate contained in this undeniable remark Edward endeavoured to lull the tumult of his conflicting feelings. The Chieftain and he, combining their plaids, made a comfortable and warm couch. Callum, sitting down at their head (for it was his duty to watch upon the immediate person of the Chief), began a long mournful song in Gaelic, to a low and uniform tune, which, like the sound of the wind at a distance, soon lulled them to sleep.

## CHAPTER XLVII

### *The Conflict*

WHEN Fergus Mac-Ivor and his friend had slept for a few hours, they were awakened and summoned to attend the Prince. The distant village-clock was heard to toll three as they hastened to the place where he lay. He was already surrounded by his principal officers and the chiefs of clans. A bundle of pease-straw, which had been lately his couch, now served for his seat. Just as Fergus reached the circle, the consultation had broken up. 'Courage, my brave friends!' said the Chevalier, 'and each one put himself instantly at the head of his command; a faithful friend<sup>1</sup> has offered to guide us by a practicable, though narrow and circuitous, route, which, sweeping to our right, traverses the broken ground and morass, and enables us to gain the firm and open plain upon which the enemy are lying. This difficulty surmounted, Heaven and your good swords must do the rest.'

The proposal spread unanimous joy, and each leader hastened to get his men into order with as little noise as possible. The army, moving by its right from off the ground on which they had rested, soon entered the path through the morass, conducting their march with astonishing silence and great rapidity. The mist had not risen to the higher grounds, so that for some time they had the advantage of star-light. But this was lost as the stars faded before approaching day, and the head of the marching column, continuing its descent, plunged as it were into the heavy ocean of fog, which rolled its white waves over the whole plain, and over the sea by which it was bounded. Some difficulties were now to be encountered, inseparable from darkness, a narrow, broken, and marshy path, and the necessity of preserving union in the march. These, however, were less inconvenient to Highlanders, from their habits of life, than they

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<sup>1</sup> See Anderson of Whitburgh. Note 34.



would have been to any other troops, and they continued a steady and swift movement.

As the clan of Ivor approached the firm ground, following the track of those who preceded them, the challenge of a patrol was heard through the mist, though they could not see the dragoon by whom it was made — 'Who goes there?'

'Hush!' cried Fergus, 'hush! Let none answer, as he values his life; press forward;' and they continued their march with silence and rapidity.

The patrol fired his carabine upon the body, and the report was instantly followed by the clang of his horse's feet as he galloped off. '*Hylax in limine latrat*,' said the Baron of Bradwardine, who heard the shot; 'that loon will give the alarm.'

The clan of Fergus had now gained the firm plain, which had lately borne a large crop of corn. But the harvest was gathered in, and the expanse was unbroken by tree, bush, or interruption of any kind. The rest of the army were following fast, when they heard the drums of the enemy beat the general. Surprise, however, had made no part of their plan, so they were not disconcerted by this intimation that the foe was upon his guard and prepared to receive them. It only hastened their dispositions for the combat, which were very simple.

The Highland army, which now occupied the eastern end of the wide plain, or stubble field, so often referred to, was drawn up in two lines, extending from the morass towards the sea. The first was destined to charge the enemy, the second to act as a reserve. The few horse, whom the Prince headed in person, remained between the two lines. The adventurer had intimated a resolution to charge in person at the head of his first line; but his purpose was deprecated by all around him, and he was with difficulty induced to abandon it.

Both lines were now moving forward, the first prepared for instant combat. The clans of which it was composed formed each a sort of separate phalanx, narrow in front, and in depth ten, twelve, or fifteen files, according to the strength of the following. The best-armed and best-born, for the words were synonymous, were placed in front of each of these irregular subdivisions. The others in the rear shouldered forward the front, and by their pressure added both physical impulse and additional ardour and confidence to those who were first to encounter the danger.

'Been with your plaid, Waverley,' cried Fergus, throwing

off his own; 'we'll win silks for our tartans before the sun is above the sea.'

The clansmen on every side stript their plaids, prepared their arms, and there was an awful pause of about three minutes, during which the men, pulling off their bonnets, raised their faces to heaven and uttered a short prayer; then pulled their bonnets over their brows and began to move forward, at first slowly. Waverley felt his heart at that moment throb as it would have burst from his bosom. It was not fear, it was not ardour: it was a compound of both, a new and deeply energetic impulse, that with its first emotion chilled and astounded, then fevered and maddened his mind. The sounds around him combined to exalt his enthusiasm; the pipes played, and the clans rushed forward, each in its own dark column. As they advanced they mended their pace, and the muttering sounds of the men to each other began to swell into a wild cry.

At this moment the sun, which was now risen above the horizon, dispelled the mist. The vapours rose like a curtain, and showed the two armies in the act of closing. The line of the regulars was formed directly fronting the attack of the Highlanders; it glittered with the appointments of a complete army, and was flanked by cavalry and artillery. But the sight impressed no terror on the assailants.

'Forward, sons of Ivor,' cried their Chief, 'or the Camerons will draw the first blood!' They rushed on with a tremendous yell.

The rest is well known. The horse, who were commanded to charge the advancing Highlanders in the flank, received an irregular fire from their fusees as they ran on, and, seized with a disgraceful panic, wavered, halted, disbanded, and galloped from the field. The artillerymen, deserted by the cavalry, fled after discharging their pieces, and the Highlanders, who dropped their guns when fired and drew their broadswords, rushed with headlong fury against the infantry.

It was at this moment of confusion and terror that Waverley remarked an English officer, apparently of high rank, standing, alone and unsupported, by a field-piece, which, after the flight of the men by whom it was wrought, he had himself levelled and discharged against the clan of Mac-Ivor, the nearest group of Highlanders within his aim. Struck with his tall, martial figure, and eager to save him from inevitable destruction, Waverley outstripped for an instant even the speediest of the

warriors, and, reaching the spot first, called to him to surrender. The officer replied by a thrust with his sword, which Waverley received in his target, and in turning it aside the Englishman's weapon broke. At the same time the battle-axe of Dugald Mahony was in the act of descending upon the officer's head. Waverley intercepted and prevented the blow, and the officer, perceiving further resistance unavailing, and struck with Edward's generous anxiety for his safety, resigned the fragment of his sword, and was committed by Waverley to Dugald, with strict charge to use him well, and not to pillage his person, promising him, at the same time, full indemnification for the spoil.

On Edward's right the battle for a few minutes raged fierce and thick. The English infantry, trained in the wars in Flanders, stood their ground with great courage. But their extended files were pierced and broken in many places by the close masses of the clans; and in the personal struggle which ensued the nature of the Highlanders' weapons, and their extraordinary fierceness and activity, gave them a decided superiority over those who had been accustomed to trust much to their array and discipline, and felt that the one was broken and the other useless. Waverley, as he cast his eyes towards this scene of smoke and slaughter, observed Colonel Gardiner, deserted by his own soldiers in spite of all his attempts to rally them, yet spurring his horse through the field to take the command of a small body of infantry, who, with their backs arranged against the wall of his own park (for his house was close by the field of battle), continued a desperate and unavailing resistance. Waverley could perceive that he had already received many wounds, his clothes and saddle being marked with blood. To save this good and brave man became the instant object of his most anxious exertions. But he could only witness his fall. Ere Edward could make his way among the Highlanders, who, furious and eager for spoil, now thronged upon each other, he saw his former commander brought from his horse by the blow of a scythe, and beheld him receive, while on the ground, more wounds than would have let out twenty lives. When Waverley came up, however, perception had not entirely fled. The dying warrior seemed to recognise Edward, for he fixed his eye upon him with an upbraiding, yet sorrowful, look, and appeared to struggle for utterance. But he felt that death was dealing closely with him, and resigning his purpose, and folding his hands as if in devotion, he gave up his soul to

his Creator. The look with which he regarded Waverley in his dying moments did not strike him so deeply at that crisis of hurry and confusion as when it recurred to his imagination at the distance of some time.<sup>1</sup>

Loud shouts of triumph now echoed over the whole field. The battle was fought and won, and the whole baggage, artillery, and military stores of the regular army remained in possession of the victors. Never was a victory more complete. Scarce any escaped from the battle, excepting the cavalry, who had left it at the very onset, and even these were broken into different parties and scattered all over the country. So far as our tale is concerned, we have only to relate the fate of Balmawhapple, who, mounted on a horse as headstrong and stiff-necked as his rider, pursued the flight of the dragoons above four miles from the field of battle, when some dozen of the fugitives took heart of grace, turned round, and cleaving his skull with their broadswords, satisfied the world that the unfortunate gentleman had actually brains, the end of his life thus giving proof of a fact greatly doubted during its progress. His death was lamented by few. Most of those who knew him agreed in the pithy observation of Ensign Maccombich, that there 'was mair *tint* (lost) at Sheriff-Muir.' His friend, Lieutenant Jinker, bent his eloquence only to exculpate his favourite mare from any share in contributing to the catastrophe. 'He had tauld the laird a thousand times,' he said, 'that it was a burning shame to put a martingale upon the puir thing, when he would needs ride her wi' a curb of half a yard lang; and that he could na but bring himsell (not to say her) to some mischief, by flinging her down, or otherwise; whereas, if he had had a wee bit rinnin ring on the snaffle, she wad ha' rein'd as cannily as a cadger's pownie.'

Such was the elegy of the Laird of Balmawhapple.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See Death of Colonel Gardiner. Note 35.

<sup>2</sup> See Note 36.

## CHAPTER XLVIII

### *An Unexpected Embarrassment*

WHEN the battle was over, and all things coming into order, the Baron of Bradwardine, returning from the duty of the day, and having disposed those under his command in their proper stations, sought the Chieftain of Glennaquoich and his friend Edward Waverley. He found the former busied in determining disputes among his clansmen about points of precedence and deeds of valour, besides sundry high and doubtful questions concerning plunder. The most important of the last respected the property of a gold watch, which had once belonged to some unfortunate English officer. The party against whom judgment was awarded consoled himself by observing, 'She (*i. e.* the watch, which he took for a living animal) died the very night Vich Ian Vohr gave her to Murdoch;' the machine, having, in fact, stopped for want of winding up.<sup>1</sup>

It was just when this important question was decided that the Baron of Bradwardine, with a careful and yet important expression of countenance, joined the two young men. He descended from his reeking charger, the care of which he recommended to one of his grooms. 'I seldom ban, sir,' said he to the man; 'but if you play any of your hound's-foot tricks, and leave puir Berwick before he's sorted, to rin after spuilzie, deil be wi' me if I do not give your craig a thraw.' He then stroked with great complacency the animal which had borne him through the fatigues of the day, and having taken a tender leave of him — 'Weel, my good young friends, a glorious and decisive victory,' said he; 'but these loons of troopers fled ower soon. I should have liked to have shown you the true points of the *prælium equestre*, or equestrian combat, whilk their cowardice has postponed, and which I hold to be the pride and terror of warfare. Weel, I have fought once more in this old

<sup>1</sup> See Note 37.

quarrel, though I admit I could not be so far *ben* as you lads, being that it was my point of duty to keep together our hand-ful of horse. And no cavalier ought in any wise to begrudge honour that befalls his companions, even though they are ordered upon thrice his danger, whilk, another time, by the blessing of God, may be his own case. But, Glennaquoich, and you, Mr. Waverley, I pray ye to give me your best advice on a matter of mickle weight, and which deeply affects the honour of the house of Bradwardine. I crave your pardon, Ensign Maccombich, and yours, Inveraughlin, and yours, Edderalshendrach, and yours, sir.'

The last person he addressed was Ballenkeiroch, who, remembering the death of his son, loured on him with a look of savage defiance. The Baron, quick as lightning at taking umbrage, had already bent his brow when Glennaquoich dragged his major from the spot, and remonstrated with him, in the authoritative tone of a chieftain, on the madness of reviving a quarrel in such a moment.

'The ground is cumbered with carcasses,' said the old mountaineer, turning sullenly away; '*one more* would hardly have been kenn'd upon it; and if it wasna for yoursell, Vich Ian Vohr, that one should be Bradwardine's or mine.'

The Chief soothed while he hurried him away; and then returned to the Baron. 'It is Ballenkeiroch,' he said, in an under and confidential voice, 'father of the young man who fell eight years since in the unlucky affair at the mains.'

'Ah!' said the Baron, instantly relaxing the doubtful sternness of his features, 'I can take mickle frae a man to whom I have unhappily rendered sic a displeasure as that. Ye were right to apprise me, Glennaquoich; he may look as black as midnight at Martinmas ere Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine shall say he does him wrang. Ah! I have nae male lineage, and I should bear with one I have made childless, though you are aware the blood-wit was made up to your ain satisfaction by assythment, and that I have since expedited letters of slains. Weel, as I have said, I have no male issue, and yet it is needful that I maintain the honour of my house; and it is on that score I prayed ye for your peculiar and private attention.'

The two young men awaited to hear him, in anxious curiosity.

'I doubt na, lads,' he proceeded, 'but your education has been sae seen to that ye understand the true nature of the feudal tenures?'

Fergus, afraid of an endless dissertation, answered, 'Intimately, Baron,' and touched Waverley as a signal to express no ignorance.

'And ye are aware, I doubt not, that the holding of the barony of Bradwardine is of a nature alike honourable and peculiar, being blanch (which Craig opines ought to be Latinated *blancum*, or rather *francum*, a free holding) *pro servitio detrahendi, seu exuendi, caligas regis post battalliam*.' Here Fergus turned his falcon eye upon Edward, with an almost imperceptible rise of his eyebrow, to which his shoulders corresponded in the same degree of elevation. 'Now, twa points of dubitation occur to me upon this topic. First, whether this service, or feudal homage, be at any event due to the person of the Prince, the words being, *per expressum, caligas REGIS*, the boots of the king himself; and I pray your opinion anent that particular before we proceed farther.'

'Why, he is Prince Regent,' answered Mac-Ivor, with laudable composure of countenance; 'and in the court of France all the honours are rendered to the person of the Regent which are due to that of the King. Besides, were I to pull off either of their boots, I would render that service to the young Chevalier ten times more willingly than to his father.'

'Ay, but I talk not of personal predilections. However, your authority is of great weight as to the usages of the court of France; and doubtless the Prince, as *alter ego*, may have a right to claim the *homagium* of the great tenants of the crown, since all faithful subjects are commanded, in the commission of regency, to respect him as the King's own person. Far, therefore, be it from me to diminish the lustre of his authority by withholding this act of homage, so peculiarly calculated to give it splendour; for I question if the Emperor of Germany hath his boots taken off by a free baron of the empire. But here lieth the second difficulty — the Prince wears no boots, but simply brogues and trews.'

This last dilemma had almost disturbed Fergus's gravity.

'Why,' said he, 'you know, Baron, the proverb tells us, "It's ill taking the breeks off a Highlandman," and the boots are here in the same predicament.'

'The word *caligæ*, however,' continued the Baron, 'though I admit that, by family tradition, and even in our ancient evidents, it is explained "lie-boots," means, in its primitive sense, rather sandals; and Caius Cæsar, the nephew and successor of Caius Tiberius, received the agnomen of Caligula, *a caligulis*

*sive caligis levioribus, quibus adolescentior usus fuerat in exercitu Germanici patris sui.* And the *caligæ* were also proper to the monastic bodies; for we read in an ancient *glossarium* upon the rule of St. Benedict, in the Abbey of St. Amand, that *caligæ* were tied with latches.

‘That will apply to the brogues,’ said Fergus.

‘It will so, my dear Glennaquoich, and the words are express : *Caligæ dictæ sunt quia ligantur; nam socci non ligantur, sed tantum intromittuntur*; that is, *caligæ* are denominated from the ligatures wherewith they are bound; whereas *socci*, which may be analogous to our mules, whilk the English denominate slippers, are only slipped upon the feet. The words of the charter are also alternative, *exuere seu detrahere*; that is, to *undo*, as in the case of sandals or brogues, and to *pull off*, as we say vernacularly concerning boots. Yet I would we had more light; but I fear there is little chance of finding hereabout any erudite author *de re vestiaria*.

‘I should doubt it very much,’ said the Chieftain, looking around on the straggling Highlanders, who were returning loaded with spoils of the slain, ‘though the *res vestiaria* itself seems to be in some request at present.’

This remark coming within the Baron’s idea of jocularly, he honoured it with a smile, but immediately resumed what to him appeared very serious business.

‘Bailie Macwheeble indeed holds an opinion that this honorary service is due, from its very nature, *si petatur tantum*; only if his Royal Highness shall require of the great tenant of the crown to perform that personal duty; and indeed he pointed out the case in Dirleton’s *Doubts and Queries*, Grippit *versus* Spicer, anent the eviction of an estate *ob non solutum canonem*; that is, for non-payment of a feu-duty of three pepper-corns a-year, whilk were tax to be worth seven-eighths of a penny Scots, in whilk the defender was assoilzied. But I deem it safest, wi’ your good favour, to place myself in the way of rendering the Prince this service, and to proffer performance thereof; and I shall cause the Bailie to attend with a schedule of a protest, whilk he has here prepared (taking out a paper), intimating, that if it shall be his Royal Highness’s pleasure to accept of other assistance at pulling off his *caligæ* (whether the same shall be rendered boots or brogues) save that of the said Baron of Bradwardine, who is in presence ready and willing to perform the same, it shall in no wise impinge upon or prejudice the right of the said Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine



to perform the said service in future; nor shall it give any esquire, valet of the chamber, squire, or page, whose assistance it may please his Royal Highness to employ, any right, title, or ground for evicting from the said Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine the estate and barony of Bradwardine, and others held as aforesaid, by the due and faithful performance thereof.'

Fergus highly applauded this arrangement; and the Baron took a friendly leave of them, with a smile of contented importance upon his visage.

'Long live our dear friend the Baron,' exclaimed the Chief, as soon as he was out of hearing, 'for the most absurd original that exists north of the Tweed! I wish to heaven I had recommended him to attend the circle this evening with a boot-ketch under his arm. I think he might have adopted the suggestion if it had been made with suitable gravity.'

'And how can you take pleasure in making a man of his worth so ridiculous?'

'Begging pardon, my dear Waverley, you are as ridiculous as he. Why, do you not see that the man's whole mind is wrapped up in this ceremony? He has heard and thought of it since infancy as the most august privilege and ceremony in the world; and I doubt not but the expected pleasure of performing it was a principal motive with him for taking up arms. Depend upon it, had I endeavoured to divert him from exposing himself he would have treated me as an ignorant, conceited coxcomb, or perhaps might have taken a fancy to cut my throat; a pleasure which he once proposed to himself upon some point of etiquette not half so important, in his eyes, as this matter of boots or brogues, or whatever the *caligæ* shall finally be pronounced by the learned. But I must go to headquarters, to prepare the Prince for this extraordinary scene. My information will be well taken, for it will give him a hearty laugh at present, and put him on his guard against laughing when it might be very *mal-à-propos*. So, *au revoir*, my dear Waverley.'

## CHAPTER XLIX

### *The English Prisoner*

THE first occupation of Waverley, after he departed from the Chieftain, was to go in quest of the officer whose life he had saved. He was guarded, along with his companions in misfortune, who were very numerous, in a gentleman's house near the field of battle.

On entering the room where they stood crowded together, Waverley easily recognised the object of his visit, not only by the peculiar dignity of his appearance, but by the appendage of Dugald Mahony, with his battle-axe, who had stuck to him from the moment of his captivity as if he had been skewered to his side. This close attendance was perhaps for the purpose of securing his promised reward from Edward, but it also operated to save the English gentleman from being plundered in the scene of general confusion; for Dugald sagaciously argued that the amount of the salvage which he might be allowed would be regulated by the state of the prisoner when he should deliver him over to Waverley. He hastened to assure Waverley, therefore, with more words than he usually employed, that he had 'keepit ta *sidier roy* haill, and that he wasna a plack the waur since the fery moment when his honour forbad her to gie him a bit clamhewit wi' her Lochaber-axe.'

Waverley assured Dugald of a liberal recompense, and, approaching the English officer, expressed his anxiety to do anything which might contribute to his convenience under his present unpleasant circumstances.

'I am not so inexperienced a soldier, sir,' answered the Englishman, 'as to complain of the fortune of war. I am only grieved to see those scenes acted in our own island which I have often witnessed elsewhere with comparative indifference.'

'Another such day as this,' said Waverley, 'and I trust the

cause of your regrets will be removed, and all will again return to peace and order.'

The officer smiled and shook his head. 'I must not forget my situation so far as to attempt a formal confutation of that opinion; but, notwithstanding your success and the valour which achieved it, you have undertaken a task to which your strength appears wholly inadequate.'

At this moment Fergus pushed into the press.

'Come, Edward, come along; the Prince has gone to Pinkie House for the night; and we must follow, or lose the whole ceremony of the *caligæ*. Your friend, the Baron, has been guilty of a great piece of cruelty; he has insisted upon dragging Bailie Macwheeble out to the field of battle. Now, you must know, the Bailie's greatest horror is an armed Highlander or a loaded gun; and there he stands, listening to the Baron's instructions concerning the protest, ducking his head like a sea-gull at the report of every gun and pistol that our idle boys are firing upon the fields, and undergoing, by way of penance, at every symptom of flinching a severe rebuke from his patron, who would not admit the discharge of a whole battery of cannon, within point-blank distance, as an apology for neglecting a discourse in which the honour of his family is interested.'

'But how has Mr. Bradwardine got him to venture so far?' said Edward.

'Why, he had come as far as Musselburgh, I fancy, in hopes of making some of our wills; and the peremptory commands of the Baron dragged him forward to Preston after the battle was over. He complains of one or two of our ragamuffins having put him in peril of his life by presenting their pieces at him; but as they limited his ransom to an English penny, I don't think we need trouble the provost-marshal upon that subject. So come along, Waverley.'

'Waverley!' said the English officer, with great emotion; 'the nephew of Sir Everard Waverley, of ——shire?'

'The same, sir,' replied our hero, somewhat surprised at the tone in which he was addressed.

'I am at once happy and grieved,' said the prisoner, 'to have met with you.'

'I am ignorant, sir,' answered Waverley, 'how I have deserved so much interest.'

'Did your uncle never mention a friend called Talbot?'

'I have heard him talk with great regard of such a person,' replied Edward; 'a colonel, I believe, in the army, and the

husband of Lady Emily Blaudeville; but I thought Colonel Talbot had been abroad.'

'I am just returned,' answered the officer; 'and being in Scotland, thought it my duty to act where my services promised to be useful. Yes, Mr. Waverley, I am that Colonel Talbot, the husband of the lady you have named; and I am proud to acknowledge that I owe alike my professional rank and my domestic happiness to your generous and noble-minded relative. Good God! that I should find his nephew in such a dress, and engaged in such a cause!'

'Sir,' said Fergus, haughtily, 'the dress and cause are those of men of birth and honour.'

'My situation forbids me to dispute your assertion,' said Colonel Talbot; 'otherwise it were no difficult matter to show that neither courage nor pride of lineage can gild a bad cause. But, with Mr. Waverley's permission, and yours, sir, if yours also must be asked, I would willingly speak a few words with him on affairs connected with his own family.'

'Mr. Waverley, sir, regulates his own motions. You will follow me, I suppose, to Pinkie,' said Fergus, turning to Edward, 'when you have finished your discourse with this new acquaintance?' So saying, the Chief of Glennaquoich adjusted his plaid with rather more than his usual air of haughty assumption and left the apartment.

The interest of Waverley readily procured for Colonel Talbot the freedom of adjourning to a large garden belonging to his place of confinement. They walked a few paces in silence, Colonel Talbot apparently studying how to open what he had to say; at length he addressed Edward.

'Mr. Waverley, you have this day saved my life; and yet I would to God that I had lost it, ere I had found you wearing the uniform and cockade of these men.'

'I forgive your reproach, Colonel Talbot; it is well meant, and your education and prejudices render it natural. But there is nothing extraordinary in finding a man whose honour has been publicly and unjustly assailed in the situation which promised most fair to afford him satisfaction on his calumniators.'

'I should rather say, in the situation most likely to confirm the reports which they have circulated,' said Colonel Talbot, 'by following the very line of conduct ascribed to you. Are you aware, Mr. Waverley, of the infinite distress, and even danger, which your present conduct has occasioned to your nearest relatives?'

‘Danger!’

‘Yes, sir, danger. When I left England your uncle and father had been obliged to find bail to answer a charge of treason, to which they were only admitted by the exertion of the most powerful interest. I came down to Scotland with the sole purpose of rescuing you from the gulf into which you have precipitated yourself; nor can I estimate the consequences to your family of your having openly joined the rebellion, since the very suspicion of your intention was so perilous to them. Most deeply do I regret that I did not meet you before this last and fatal error.’

‘I am really ignorant,’ said Waverley, in a tone of reserve, ‘why Colonel Talbot should have taken so much trouble on my account.’

‘Mr. Waverley,’ answered Talbot, ‘I am dull at apprehending irony; and therefore I shall answer your words according to their plain meaning. I am indebted to your uncle for benefits greater than those which a son owes to a father. I acknowledge to him the duty of a son; and as I know there is no manner in which I can requite his kindness so well as by serving you, I will serve you, if possible, whether you will permit me or no. The personal obligation which you have this day laid me under (although, in common estimation, as great as one human being can bestow on another) adds nothing to my zeal on your behalf; nor can that zeal be abated by any coolness with which you may please to receive it.’

‘Your intentions may be kind, sir,’ said Waverley, drily; ‘but your language is harsh, or at least peremptory.’

‘On my return to England,’ continued Colonel Talbot, ‘after long absence, I found your uncle, Sir Everard Waverley, in the custody of a king’s messenger, in consequence of the suspicion brought upon him by your conduct. He is my oldest friend — how often shall I repeat it? — my best benefactor! he sacrificed his own views of happiness to mine; he never uttered a word, he never harboured a thought, that benevolence itself might not have thought or spoken. I found this man in confinement, rendered harsher to him by his habits of life, his natural dignity of feeling, and — forgive me, Mr. Waverley — by the cause through which this calamity had come upon him. I cannot disguise from you my feelings upon this occasion; they were most painfully unfavourable to you. Having by my family interest, which you probably know is not inconsiderable, succeeded in obtaining Sir Everard’s release, I set out for

Scotland. I saw Colonel Gardiner, a man whose fate alone is sufficient to render this insurrection for ever execrable. In the course of conversation with him I found that, from late circumstances, from a re-examination of the persons engaged in the mutiny, and from his original good opinion of your character, he was much softened towards you; and I doubted not that, if I could be so fortunate as to discover you, all might yet be well. But this unnatural rebellion has ruined all. I have, for the first time in a long and active military life, seen Britons disgrace themselves by a panic flight, and that before a foe without either arms or discipline. And now I find the heir of my dearest friend — the son, I may say, of his affections — sharing a triumph for which he ought the first to have blushed. Why should I lament Gardiner? his lot was happy compared to mine!

There was so much dignity in Colonel Talbot's manner, such a mixture of military pride and manly sorrow, and the news of Sir Everard's imprisonment was told in so deep a tone of feeling, that Edward stood mortified, abashed, and distressed in presence of the prisoner who owed to him his life not many hours before. He was not sorry when Fergus interrupted their conference a second time.

'His Royal Highness commands Mr. Waverley's attendance.' Colonel Talbot threw upon Edward a reproachful glance, which did not escape the quick eye of the Highland Chief. '*His immediate attendance,*' he repeated, with considerable emphasis. Waverley turned again towards the Colonel.

'We shall meet again,' he said; 'in the meanwhile, every possible accommodation ——'

'I desire none,' said the Colonel; 'let me fare like the meanest of those brave men who, on this day of calamity, have preferred wounds and captivity to flight; I would almost exchange places with one of those who have fallen to know that my words have made a suitable impression on your mind.'

'Let Colonel Talbot be carefully secured,' said Fergus to the Highland officer who commanded the guard over the prisoners; 'it is the Prince's particular command; he is a prisoner of the utmost importance.'

'But let him want no accommodation suitable to his rank,' said Waverley.

'Consistent always with secure custody,' reiterated Fergus. The officer signified his acquiescence in both commands, and

Edward followed Fergus to the garden-gate, where Callum Beg, with three saddle-horses, awaited them. Turning his head, he saw Colonel Talbot re-conducted to his place of confinement by a file of Highlanders; he lingered on the threshold of the door and made a signal with his hand towards Waverley, as if enforcing the language he had held towards him.

‘Horses,’ said Fergus, as he mounted, ‘are now as plenty as blackberries; every man may have them for the catching. Come, let Callum adjust your stirrups, and let us to Pinkie House<sup>1</sup> as fast as these *ci-devant* dragoon-horses choose to carry us.’

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<sup>1</sup> Charles Edward took up his quarters after the battle at Pinkie House, adjoining to Musselburgh.

## CHAPTER L

### *Rather Unimportant*

**I** WAS turned back,' said Fergus to Edward, as they galloped from Preston to Pinkie House, 'by a message from the Prince. But I suppose you know the value of this most noble Colonel Talbot as a prisoner. He is held one of the best officers among the red-coats, a special friend and favourite of the Elector himself, and of that dreadful hero, the Duke of Cumberland, who has been summoned from his triumphs at Fontenoy to come over and devour us poor Highlanders alive. Has he been telling you how the bells of St. James's ring? Not "turn again, Whittington," like those of Bow, in the days of yore?'

'Fergus!' said Waverley, with a reproachful look.

'Nay, I cannot tell what to make of you,' answered the Chief of Mac-Ivor, 'you are blown about with every wind of doctrine. Here have we gained a victory unparalleled in history, and your behaviour is praised by every living mortal to the skies, and the Prince is eager to thank you in person, and all our beauties of the White Rose are pulling caps for you; —and you, the *preux chevalier* of the day, are stooping on your horse's neck like a butter-woman riding to market, and looking as black as a funeral!'

'I am sorry for poor Colonel Gardiner's death; he was once very kind to me.'

'Why, then, be sorry for five minutes, and then be glad again; his chance to-day may be ours to-morrow; and what does it signify? The next best thing to victory is honourable death; but it is a *pis-aller*, and one would rather a foe had it than one's self.'

'But Colonel Talbot has informed me that my father and uncle are both imprisoned by government on my account.'

'We'll put in bail, my boy; old Andrew Ferrara<sup>1</sup> shall lodge

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<sup>1</sup> See Note 38.



his security ; and I should like to see him put to justify it in Westminster Hall !’

‘ Nay, they are already at liberty, upon bail of a more civic disposition.’

‘ Then why is thy noble spirit cast down, Edward ? Dost think that the Elector’s ministers are such doves as to set their enemies at liberty at this critical moment if they could or durst confine and punish them ? Assure thyself that either they have no charge against your relations on which they can continue their imprisonment, or else they are afraid of our friends, the jolly Cavaliers of old England. At any rate, you need not be apprehensive upon their account ; and we will find some means of conveying to them assurances of your safety.’

Edward was silenced but not satisfied with these reasons. He had now been more than once shocked at the small degree of sympathy which Fergus exhibited for the feelings even of those whom he loved, if they did not correspond with his own mood at the time, and more especially if they thwarted him while earnest in a favourite pursuit. Fergus sometimes indeed observed that he had offended Waverley, but, always intent upon some favourite plan or project of his own, he was never sufficiently aware of the extent or duration of his displeasure, so that the reiteration of these petty offences somewhat cooled the volunteer’s extreme attachment to his officer.

The Chevalier received Waverley with his usual favour, and paid him many compliments on his distinguished bravery. He then took him apart, made many inquiries concerning Colonel Talbot, and when he had received all the information which Edward was able to give concerning him and his connexions, he proceeded — ‘ I cannot but think, Mr. Waverley, that since this gentleman is so particularly connected with our worthy and excellent friend, Sir Everard Waverley, and since his lady is of the house of Blandeville, whose devotion to the true and loyal principles of the Church of England is so generally known, the Colonel’s own private sentiments cannot be unfavourable to us, whatever mask he may have assumed to accommodate himself to the times.’

‘ If I am to judge from the language he this day held to me, I am under the necessity of differing widely from your Royal Highness.’

‘ Well, it is worth making a trial at least. I therefore entrust you with the charge of Colonel Talbot, with power to act concerning him as you think most advisable ; and I hope

you will find means of ascertaining what are his real dispositions towards our Royal Father's restoration.'

'I am convinced,' said Waverley, bowing, 'that if Colonel Talbot chooses to grant his parole, it may be securely depended upon; but if he refuses it, I trust your Royal Highness will devolve on some other person than the nephew of his friend the task of laying him under the necessary restraint.'

'I will trust him with no person but you,' said the Prince, smiling, but peremptorily repeating his mandate; 'it is of importance to my service that there should appear to be a good intelligence between you, even if you are unable to gain his confidence in earnest. You will therefore receive him into your quarters, and in case he declines giving his parole, you must apply for a proper guard. I beg you will go about this directly. We return to Edinburgh to-morrow.'

Being thus remanded to the vicinity of Preston, Waverley lost the Baron of Bradwardine's solemn act of homage. So little, however, was he at this time in love with vanity, that he had quite forgotten the ceremony in which Fergus had laboured to engage his curiosity. But next day a formal *Gazette* was circulated, containing a detailed account of the battle of Glads-muir, as the Highlanders chose to denominate their victory. It concluded with an account of the court afterwards held by the Chevalier at Pinkie House, which contained this among other high-flown descriptive paragraphs:—

'Since that fatal treaty which annihilates Scotland as an independant nation, it has not been our happiness to see her princes receive, and her nobles discharge, those acts of feudal homage which, founded upon the splendid actions of Scottish valour, recall the memory of her early history, with the manly and chivalrous simplicity of the ties which united to the Crown the homage of the warriors by whom it was repeatedly upheld and defended. But on the evening of the 20th our memories were refreshed with one of those ceremonies which belong to the ancient days of Scotland's glory. After the circle was formed, Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine, of that ilk, colonel in the service, etc. etc. etc., came before the Prince, attended by Mr. D. Macwheeble, the Bailie of his ancient barony of Bradwardine (who, we understand, has been lately named a commissary), and, under form of instrument, claimed permission to perform to the person of his Royal Highness, as representing his father, the service used and wont, for which, under a charter of Robert Bruce (of which the original was

produced and inspected by the Masters of his Royal Highness's Chancery for the time being), the claimant held the barony of Bradwardine and lands of Tully-Veolan. His claim being admitted and registered, his Royal Highness having placed his foot upon a cushion, the baron of Bradwardine, kneeling upon his right knee, proceeded to undo the latchet of the brogue, or low-heeled Highland shoe, which our gallant young hero wears in compliment to his brave followers. When this was performed, his Royal Highness declared the ceremony completed; and, embracing the gallant veteran, protested that nothing but compliance with an ordinance of Robert Bruce could have induced him to receive even the symbolical performance of a menial office from hands which had fought so bravely to put the crown upon the head of his father. The Baron of Bradwardine then took instruments in the hands of Mr. Commissary Maewheele, bearing that all points and circumstances of the act of homage had been *rite et solenniter acta et peracta*; and a corresponding entry was made in the protocol of the Lord High Chamberlain and in the record of Chancery. We understand that it is in contemplation of his Royal Highness, when his Majesty's pleasure can be known, to raise Colonel Bradwardine to the peerage, by the title of Viscount Bradwardine of Bradwardine and Tully-Veolan, and that, in the meanwhile, his Royal Highness, in his father's name and authority, has been pleased to grant him an honourable augmentation to his paternal coat of arms, being a budget or boot-jack, disposed saltier-wise with a naked broadsword, to be borne in the dexter cantle of the shield; and, as an additional motto, on a scroll beneath, the words, "Draw and draw off."

'Were it not for the recollection of Fergus's raillery,' thought Waverley to himself, when he had perused this long and grave document, 'how very tolerably would all this sound, and how little should I have thought of connecting it with any ludicrous idea! Well, after all, everything has its fair as well as its seamy side; and truly I do not see why the Baron's boot-jack may not stand as fair in heraldry as the water-buckets, waggons, cart-wheels, plough-socks, shuttles, candlesticks, and other ordinaries, conveying ideas of anything save chivalry, which appear in the arms of some of our most ancient gentry.'

This, however, is an episode in respect to the principal story.

When Waverley returned to Preston and rejoined Colonel Talbot, he found him recovered from the strong and obvious

emotions with which a concurrence of unpleasing events had affected him. He had regained his natural manner, which was that of an English gentleman and soldier, manly, open and generous, but not unsusceptible of prejudice against those of a different country, or who opposed him in political tenets. When Waverley acquainted Colonel Talbot with the Chevalier's purpose to commit him to his charge, 'I did not think to have owed so much obligation to that young gentleman,' he said, 'as is implied in this destination. I can at least cheerfully join in the prayer of the honest Presbyterian clergyman, that, as he has come among us seeking an earthly crown, his labours may be speedily rewarded with a heavenly one.<sup>1</sup> I shall willingly give my parole not to attempt an escape without your knowledge, since, in fact, it was to meet you that I came to Scotland; and I am glad it has happened even under this predicament. But I suppose we shall be but a short time together. Your Chevalier (that is a name we may both give to him), with his plaids and blue caps, will, I presume, be continuing his crusade southward?'

'Not as I hear; I believe the army makes some stay in Edinburgh to collect reinforcements.'

'And to besiege the Castle?' said Talbot, smiling sarcastically. 'Well, unless my old commander, General Preston, turn false metal, or the Castle sink into the North Loch, events which I deem equally probable, I think we shall have some time to make up our acquaintance. I have a guess that this gallant Chevalier has a design that I should be your proselyte; and, as I wish you to be mine, there cannot be a more fair proposal than to afford us fair conference together. But, as I spoke to-day under the influence of feelings I rarely give way to, I hope you will excuse my entering again upon controversy till we are somewhat better acquainted.'

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<sup>1</sup> The clergyman's name was Mac-Vicar. Protected by the cannon of the Castle, he preached every Sunday in the West Kirk while the Highlanders were in possession of Edinburgh; and it was in presence of some of the Jacobites that he prayed for Prince Charles Edward in the terms quoted in the text.

## CHAPTER LI

### *Intrigues of Love and Politics*

IT is not necessary to record in these pages the triumphant entrance of the Chevalier into Edinburgh after the decisive affair at Preston. One circumstance, however, may be noticed, because it illustrates the high spirit of Flora Mac-Ivor. The Highlanders by whom the Prince was surrounded, in the license and extravagance of this joyful moment, fired their pieces repeatedly, and one of these having been accidentally loaded with ball, the bullet grazed the young lady's temple as she waved her handkerchief from a balcony.<sup>1</sup> Fergus, who beheld the accident, was at her side in an instant; and, on seeing that the wound was trifling, he drew his broadsword with the purpose of rushing down upon the man by whose carelessness she had incurred so much danger, when, holding him by the plaid, 'Do not harm the poor fellow,' she cried; 'for Heaven's sake, do not harm him! but thank God with me that the accident happened to Flora Mac-Ivor; for had it befallen a Whig, they would have pretended that the shot was fired on purpose.'

Waverley escaped the alarm which this accident would have occasioned to him, as he was unavoidably delayed by the necessity of accompanying Colonel Talbot to Edinburgh.

They performed the journey together on horseback, and for some time, as if to sound each other's feelings and sentiments, they conversed upon general and ordinary topics.

When Waverley again entered upon the subject which he had most at heart, the situation, namely, of his father and his uncle, Colonel Talbot seemed now rather desirous to alleviate than to aggravate his anxiety. This appeared particularly to be the case when he heard Waverley's history, which he did not scruple to confide to him.

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<sup>1</sup> See Note 39.

‘And so,’ said the Colonel, ‘there has been no malice prepense, as lawyers, I think, term it, in this rash step of yours; and you have been trepanned into the service of this Italian knight-errant by a few civil speeches from him and one or two of his Highland recruiting sergeants? It is sadly foolish, to be sure, but not nearly so bad as I was led to expect. However, you cannot desert, even from the Pretender, at the present moment; that seems impossible. But I have little doubt that, in the dissensions incident to this heterogeneous mass of wild and desperate men, some opportunity may arise, by availing yourself of which you may extricate yourself honourably from your rash engagement before the bubble burst. If this can be managed, I would have you go to a place of safety in Flanders which I shall point out. And I think I can secure your pardon from government after a few months’ residence abroad.’

‘I cannot permit you, Colonel Talbot,’ answered Waverley, ‘to speak of any plan which turns on my deserting an enterprise in which I may have engaged hastily, but certainly voluntarily, and with the purpose of abiding the issue.’

‘Well,’ said Colonel Talbot, smiling, ‘leave me my thoughts and hopes at least at liberty, if not my speech. But have you never examined your mysterious packet?’

‘It is in my baggage,’ replied Edward; ‘we shall find it in Edinburgh.’

In Edinburgh they soon arrived. Waverley’s quarters had been assigned to him, by the Prince’s express orders, in a handsome lodging, where there was accommodation for Colonel Talbot. His first business was to examine his portmanteau, and, after a very short search, out tumbled the expected packet. Waverley opened it eagerly. Under a blank cover, simply addressed to E. Waverley, Esq., he found a number of open letters. The uppermost were two from Colonel Gardiner addressed to himself. The earliest in date was a kind and gentle remonstrance for neglect of the writer’s advice respecting the disposal of his time during his leave of absence, the renewal of which, he reminded Captain Waverley, would speedily expire. ‘Indeed,’ the letter proceeded, ‘had it been otherwise, the news from abroad and my instructions from the War Office must have compelled me to recall it, as there is great danger, since the disaster in Flanders, both of foreign invasion and insurrection among the disaffected at home. I therefore entreat you will repair as soon as possible to the headquarters of the regiment; and I am concerned to add that this is still the more necessary as there is

some discontent in your troop, and I postpone inquiry into particulars until I can have the advantage of your assistance.'

The second letter, dated eight days later, was in such a style as might have been expected from the Colonel's receiving no answer to the first. It reminded Waverley of his duty as a man of honour, an officer, and a Briton; took notice of the increasing dissatisfaction of his men, and that some of them had been heard to hint that their Captain encouraged and approved of their mutinous behaviour; and, finally, the writer expressed the utmost regret and surprise that he had not obeyed his commands by repairing to headquarters, reminded him that his leave of absence had been recalled, and conjured him, in a style in which paternal remonstrance was mingled with military authority, to redeem his error by immediately joining his regiment. 'That I may be certain,' concluded the letter, 'that this actually reaches you, I despatch it by Corporal Tims of your troop, with orders to deliver it into your own hand.'

Upon reading these letters Waverley, with great bitterness of feeling, was compelled to make the *amende honorable* to the memory of the brave and excellent writer; for surely, as Colonel Gardiner must have had every reason to conclude they had come safely to hand, less could not follow, on their being neglected, than that third and final summons, which Waverley actually received at Glenaquoich, though too late to obey it. And his being superseded, in consequence of his apparent neglect of this last command, was so far from being a harsh or severe proceeding, that it was plainly inevitable. The next letter he unfolded was from the major of the regiment, acquainting him that a report to the disadvantage of his reputation was public in the country, stating, that one Mr. Falconer of Ballihopple, or some such name, had proposed in his presence a treasonable toast; which he permitted to pass in silence, although it was so gross an affront to the royal family that a gentleman in company, not remarkable for his zeal for government, had nevertheless taken the matter up, and that, supposing the account true, Captain Waverley had thus suffered another, comparatively unconcerned, to resent an affront directed against him personally as an officer, and to go out with the person by whom it was offered. The major concluded that no one of Captain Waverley's brother officers could believe this scandalous story, but that it was necessarily their joint opinion that his own honour, equally with that of the regiment, depended upon its being instantly contradicted by his authority, etc. etc. etc.

‘What do you think of all this?’ said Colonel Talbot, to whom Waverley handed the letters after he had perused them.

‘Think! it renders thought impossible. It is enough to drive me mad.’

‘Be calm, my young friend; let us see what are these dirty scrawls that follow.’

The first was addressed, ‘For Master W. Ruffin, These.’ — ‘Dear sur, sum of our yong gulpins will not bite, thof I tuold them you shoed me the squoire’s own seel. But Tims will deliver you the lettrs as desired, and tell ould Addem he gave them to squoir’s hond, as to be sure yours is the same, and shall be ready for signal, and hoy for Hoy Church and Sacheffel, as fadur sings at harvest-whome.

‘Yours, deer Sur,  
H. H.

‘Poscriff. — Do’e tell squoire we longs to heer from him, and has dootings about his not writing himself, and Lifetenant Bottler is smoky.’

‘This Ruffin, I suppose, then, is your Donald of the Cavern, who has intercepted your letters, and carried on a correspondence with the poor devil Houghton, as if under your authority?’

‘It seems too true. But who can Addem be?’

‘Possibly Adam, for poor Gardiner, a sort of pun on his name.’

The other letters were to the same purpose; and they soon received yet more complete light upon Donald Bean’s machinations.

John Hodges, one of Waverley’s servants, who had remained with the regiment and had been taken at Preston, now made his appearance. He had sought out his master with the purpose of again entering his service. From this fellow they learned that some time after Waverley had gone from the headquarters of the regiment, a pedlar, called Ruthven, Ruffin, or Rivane, known among the soldiers by the name of Wily Will, had made frequent visits to the town of Dundee. He appeared to possess plenty of money, sold his commodities very cheap, seemed always willing to treat his friends at the ale-house, and easily ingratiated himself with many of Waverley’s troop, particularly Sergeant Houghton and one Tims, also a non-commissioned officer. To these he unfolded, in Waverley’s name, a plan for leaving the regiment and joining him in the



Highlands, where report said the clans had already taken arms in great numbers. The men, who had been educated as Jacobites, so far as they had any opinion at all, and who knew their landlord, Sir Everard, had always been supposed to hold such tenets, easily fell into the snare. That Waverley was at a distance in the Highlands was received as a sufficient excuse for transmitting his letters through the medium of the pedlar; and the sight of his well-known seal seemed to authenticate the negotiations in his name, where writing might have been dangerous. The cabal, however, began to take air, from the premature mutinous language of those concerned. Willy Will justified his appellative; for, after suspicion arose, he was seen no more. When the *Gazette* appeared in which Waverley was superseded, great part of his troop broke out into actual mutiny, but were surrounded and disarmed by the rest of the regiment. In consequence of the sentence of a court-martial, Houghton and Tims were condemned to be shot, but afterwards permitted to cast lots for life. Houghton, the survivor, showed much penitence, being convinced, from the rebukes and explanations of Colonel Gardiner, that he had really engaged in a very heinous crime. It is remarkable that, as soon as the poor fellow was satisfied of this, he became also convinced that the instigator had acted without authority from Edward, saying, 'If it was dishonourable and against Old England, the squire could know nought about it; he never did, or thought to do, anything dishonourable, no more didn't Sir Everard, nor none of them afore him, and in that belief he would live and die that Ruffin had done it all of his own head.'

The strength of conviction with which he expressed himself upon this subject, as well as his assurances that the letters intended for Waverley had been delivered to Ruthven, made that revolution in Colonel Gardiner's opinion which he expressed to Talbot.

The reader has long since understood that Donald Bean Lean played the part of tempter on this occasion. His motives were shortly these. Of an active and intriguing spirit, he had been long employed as a subaltern agent and spy by those in the confidence of the Chevalier, to an extent beyond what was suspected even by Fergus Mac-Ivor, whom, though obliged to him for protection, he regarded with fear and dislike. To success in this political department he naturally looked for raising himself by some bold stroke above his present hazardous and precarious trade of rapine. He was particularly employed

in learning the strength of the regiments in Scotland, the character of the officers, etc., and had long had his eye upon Waverley's troop as open to temptation. Donald even believed that Waverley himself was at bottom in the Stuart interest, which seemed confirmed by his long visit to the Jacobite Baron of Bradwardine. When, therefore, he came to his cave with one of Glennaquoich's attendants, the robber, who could never appreciate his real motive, which was mere curiosity, was so sanguine as to hope that his own talents were to be employed in some intrigue of consequence, under the auspices of this wealthy young Englishman. Nor was he undeceived by Waverley's neglecting all hints and openings afforded for explanation. His conduct passed for prudent reserve, and somewhat piqued Donald Bean, who, supposing himself left out of a secret where confidence promised to be advantageous, determined to have his share in the drama, whether a regular part were assigned him or not. For this purpose during Waverley's sleep he possessed himself of his seal, as a token to be used to any of the troopers whom he might discover to be possessed of the captain's confidence. His first journey to Dundee, the town where the regiment was quartered, undeceived him in his original supposition, but opened to him a new field of action. He knew there would be no service so well rewarded by the friends of the Chevalier as seducing a part of the regular army to his standard. For this purpose he opened the machinations with which the reader is already acquainted, and which form a clue to all the intricacies and obscurities of the narrative previous to Waverley's leaving Glennaquoich.

By Colonel Talbot's advice, Waverley declined detaining in his service the lad whose evidence had thrown additional light on these intrigues. He represented to him, that it would be doing the man an injury to engage him in a desperate undertaking, and that, whatever should happen, his evidence would go some length at least in explaining the circumstances under which Waverley himself had embarked in it. Waverley therefore wrote a short state of what had happened to his uncle and his father, cautioning them, however, in the present circumstances, not to attempt to answer his letter. Talbot then gave the young man a letter to the commander of one of the English vessels of war cruising in the frith, requesting him to put the bearer ashore at Berwick, with a pass to proceed to —shire. He was then furnished with money to make an expeditious

journey, and directed to get on board the ship by means of bribing a fishing-boat, which, as they afterwards learned, he easily effected.

Tired of the attendance of Callum Beg, who, he thought, had some disposition to act as a spy on his motions, Waverley hired as a servant a simple Edinburgh swain, who had mounted the white cockade in a fit of spleen and jealousy, because Jenny Jop had danced a whole night with Corporal Bullock of the Fusileers.

## CHAPTER LII

### *Intrigues of Society and Love*

COLONEL TALBOT became more kindly in his demeanour towards Waverley after the confidence he had reposed in him, and, as they were necessarily much together, the character of the Colonel rose in Waverley's estimation. There seemed at first something harsh in his strong expressions of dislike and censure, although no one was in the general case more open to conviction. The habit of authority had also given his manners some peremptory hardness, notwithstanding the polish which they had received from his intimate acquaintance with the higher circles. As a specimen of the military character, he differed from all whom Waverley had as yet seen. The soldiership of the Baron of Bradwardine was marked by pedantry; that of Major Melville by a sort of martinet attention to the minutiae and technicalities of discipline, rather suitable to one who was to manœuvre a battalion than to him who was to command an army; the military spirit of Fergus was so much warped and blended with his plans and political views, that it was less that of a soldier than of a petty sovereign. But Colonel Talbot was in every point the English soldier. His whole soul was devoted to the service of his king and country, without feeling any pride in knowing the theory of his art with the Baron, or its practical minutiae with the Major, or in applying his science to his own particular plans of ambition, like the Chieftain of Glennaquoich. Added to this, he was a man of extended knowledge and cultivated taste, although strongly tinged, as we have already observed, with those prejudices which are peculiarly English.

The character of Colonel Talbot dawned upon Edward by degrees; for the delay of the Highlanders in the fruitless siege of Edinburgh Castle occupied several weeks, during which Waverley had little to do excepting to seek such amusement

as society afforded. He would willingly have persuaded his new friend to become acquainted with some of his former intimates. But the Colonel, after one or two visits, shook his head, and declined farther experiment. Indeed he went farther, and characterised the Baron as the most intolerable formal pedant he had ever had the misfortune to meet with, and the Chief of Glennaquoich as a Frenchified Scotchman, possessing all the cunning and plausibility of the nation where he was educated, with the proud, vindictive, and turbulent humour of that of his birth. 'If the devil,' he said, 'had sought out an agent expressly for the purpose of embroiling this miserable country, I do not think he could find a better than such a fellow as this, whose temper seems equally active, supple, and mischievous, and who is followed, and implicitly obeyed, by a gang of such cut-throats as those whom you are pleased to admire so much.'

The ladies of the party did not escape his censure. He allowed that Flora Mac-Ivor was a fine woman, and Rose Bradwardine a pretty girl. But he alleged that the former destroyed the effect of her beauty by an affectation of the grand airs which she had probably seen practised in the mock court of St. Germain's. As for Rose Bradwardine, he said it was impossible for any mortal to admire such a little uninformed thing, whose small portion of education was as ill adapted to her sex or youth as if she had appeared with one of her father's old campaign-coats upon her person for her sole garment. Now much of this was mere spleen and prejudice in the excellent Colonel, with whom the white cockade on the breast, the white rose in the hair, and the Mac at the beginning of a name would have made a devil out of an angel; and indeed he himself jocularly allowed that he could not have endured Venus herself if she had been announced in a drawing-room by the name of Miss Mac-Jupiter.

Waverley, it may easily be believed, looked upon these young ladies with very different eyes. During the period of the siege he paid them almost daily visits, although he observed with regret that his suit made as little progress in the affections of the former as the arms of the Chevalier in subduing the fortress. She maintained with rigour the rule she had laid down of treating him with indifference, without either affecting to avoid him or to shun intercourse with him. Every word, every look, was strictly regulated to accord with her system, and neither the dejection of Waverley nor the

anger which Fergus scarcely suppressed could extend Flora's attention to Edward beyond that which the most ordinary politeness demanded. On the other hand, Rose Bradwardine gradually rose in Waverley's opinion. He had several opportunities of remarking that, as her extreme timidity wore off, her manners assumed a higher character; that the agitating circumstances of the stormy time seemed to call forth a certain dignity of feeling and expression which he had not formerly observed; and that she omitted no opportunity within her reach to extend her knowledge and refine her taste.

Flora Mac-Ivor called Rose her pupil, and was attentive to assist her in her studies, and to fashion both her taste and understanding. It might have been remarked by a very close observer that in the presence of Waverley she was much more desirous to exhibit her friend's excellences than her own. But I must request of the reader to suppose that this kind and disinterested purpose was concealed by the most cautious delicacy, studiously shunning the most distant approach to affectation. So that it was as unlike the usual exhibition of one pretty woman affecting to *prôner* another as the friendship of David and Jonathan might be to the intimacy of two Bond Street loungers. The fact is that, though the effect was felt, the cause could hardly be observed. Each of the ladies, like two excellent actresses, were perfect in their parts, and performed them to the delight of the audience; and such being the case, it was almost impossible to discover that the elder constantly ceded to her friend that which was most suitable to her talents.

But to Waverley Rose Bradwardine possessed an attraction which few men can resist, from the marked interest which she took in everything that affected him. She was too young and too inexperienced to estimate the full force of the constant attention which she paid to him. Her father was too abstractedly immersed in learned and military discussions to observe her partiality, and Flora Mac-Ivor did not alarm her by remonstrance, because she saw in this line of conduct the most probable chance of her friend securing at length a return of affection.

The truth is, that in her first conversation after their meeting Rose had discovered the state of her mind to that acute and intelligent friend, although she was not herself aware of it. From that time Flora was not only determined upon the final rejection of Waverley's addresses, but became anxious

that they should, if possible, be transferred to her friend. Nor was she less interested in this plan, though her brother had from time to time talked, as between jest and earnest, of paying his suit to Miss Bradwardine. She knew that Fergus had the true continental latitude of opinion respecting the institution of marriage, and would not have given his hand to an angel unless for the purpose of strengthening his alliances and increasing his influence and wealth. The Baron's whim of transferring his estate to the distant heir-male, instead of his own daughter, was therefore likely to be an insurmountable obstacle to his entertaining any serious thoughts of Rose Bradwardine. Indeed, Fergus's brain was a perpetual workshop of scheme and intrigue, of every possible kind and description; while, like many a mechanic of more ingenuity than steadiness, he would often unexpectedly, and without any apparent motive, abandon one plan and go earnestly to work upon another, which was either fresh from the forge of his imagination or had at some former period been flung aside half finished. It was therefore often difficult to guess what line of conduct he might finally adopt upon any given occasion.

Although Flora was sincerely attached to her brother, whose high energies might indeed have commanded her admiration even without the ties which bound them together, she was by no means blind to his faults, which she considered as dangerous to the hopes of any woman who should found her ideas of a happy marriage in the peaceful enjoyment of domestic society and the exchange of mutual and engrossing affection. The real disposition of Waverley, on the other hand, notwithstanding his dreams of tented fields and military honour, seemed exclusively domestic. He asked and received no share in the busy scenes which were constantly going on around him, and was rather annoyed than interested by the discussion of contending claims, rights, and interests which often passed in his presence. All this pointed him out as the person formed to make happy a spirit like that of Rose, which corresponded with his own.

She remarked this point in Waverley's character one day while she sat with Miss Bradwardine. 'His genius and elegant taste,' answered Rose, 'cannot be interested in such trifling discussions. What is it to him, for example, whether the Chief of the Macindallaghers, who has brought out only fifty men, should be a colonel or a captain? and how could Mr. Waverley be supposed to interest himself in the violent altercation

between your brother and young Corrinaschian whether the post of honour is due to the eldest cadet of a clan or the youngest?’

‘My dear Rose, if he were the hero you suppose him he would interest himself in these matters, not indeed as important in themselves, but for the purpose of mediating between the ardent spirits who actually do make them the subject of discord. You saw when Corrinaschian raised his voice in great passion, and laid his hand upon his sword, Waverley lifted his head as if he had just awaked from a dream, and asked with great composure what the matter was.’

‘Well, and did not the laughter they fell into at his absence of mind serve better to break off the dispute than anything he could have said to them?’

‘True, my dear,’ answered Flora; ‘but not quite so creditably for Waverley as if he had brought them to their senses by force of reason.’

‘Would you have him peacemaker general between all the gunpowder Highlanders in the army? I beg your pardon, Flora, your brother, you know, is out of the question; he has more sense than half of them. But can you think the fierce, hot, furious spirits of whose brawls we see much and hear more, and who terrify me out of my life every day in the world, are at all to be compared to Waverley?’

‘I do not compare him with those uneducated men, my dear Rose. I only lament that, with his talents and genius, he does not assume that place in society for which they eminently fit him, and that he does not lend their full impulse to the noble cause in which he has enlisted. Are there not Lochiel, and P——, and M——, and G——, all men of the highest education as well as the first talents, — why will he not stoop like them to be alive and useful? I often believe his zeal is frozen by that proud cold-blooded Englishman whom he now lives with so much.’

‘Colonel Talbot? he is a very disagreeable person, to be sure. He looks as if he thought no Scottish woman worth the trouble of handing her a cup of tea. But Waverley is so gentle, so well informed——’

‘Yes,’ said Flora, smiling, ‘he can admire the moon and quote a stanza from Tasso.’

‘Besides, you know how he fought,’ added Miss Bradwardine.

‘For mere fighting,’ answered Flora, ‘I believe all men



(that is, who deserve the name) are pretty much alike ; there is generally more courage required to run away. They have besides, when confronted with each other, a certain instinct for strife, as we see in other male animals, such as dogs, bulls, and so forth. But high and perilous enterprise is not Waverley's forte. He would never have been his celebrated ancestor Sir Nigel, but only Sir Nigel's eulogist and poet. I will tell you where he will be at home, my dear, and in his place—in the quiet circle of domestic happiness, lettered indolence, and elegant enjoyments of Waverley-Honour. And he will refit the old library in the most exquisite Gothic taste, and garnish its shelves with the rarest and most valuable volumes ; and he will draw plans and landscapes, and write verses, and rear temples, and dig grottoes ; and he will stand in a clear summer night in the colonnade before the hall, and gaze on the deer as they stray in the moonlight, or lie shadowed by the boughs of the huge old fantastic oaks ; and he will repeat verses to his beautiful wife, who will hang upon his arm ;—and he will be a happy man.'

And she will be a happy woman, thought poor Rose. But she only sighed and dropped the conversation.

## CHAPTER LIII

### *Fergus a Suitor*

W AVERLEY had, indeed, as he looked closer into the state of the Chevalier's court, less reason to be satisfied with it. It contained, as they say an acorn includes all the ramifications of the future oak, as many seeds of *tracasserie* and intrigue as might have done honour to the court of a large empire. Every person of consequence had some separate object, which he pursued with a fury that Waverley considered as altogether disproportioned to its importance. Almost all had their reasons for discontent, although the most legitimate was that of the worthy old Baron, who was only distressed on account of the common cause.

'We shall hardly,' said he one morning to Waverley when they had been viewing the Castle — 'we shall hardly gain the obsidional crown, which you wot well was made of the roots or grain which takes root within the place besieged, or it may be of the herb woodbind, *parietaria*, or pellitory; we shall not, I say, gain it by this same blockade or leaguer of Edinburgh Castle.' For this opinion he gave most learned and satisfactory reasons, that the reader may not care to hear repeated.

Having escaped from the old gentleman, Waverley went to Fergus's lodgings by appointment, to await his return from Holyrood House. 'I am to have a particular audience to-morrow,' said Fergus to Waverley overnight, 'and you must meet me to wish me joy of the success which I securely anticipate.'

The morrow came, and in the Chief's apartment he found Ensign Maccombich waiting to make report of his turn of duty in a sort of ditch which they had dug across the Castle-hill and called a trench. In a short time the Chief's voice was heard on the stair in a tone of impatient fury: 'Callum! why, Callum Beg! Diaoul!' He entered the room with all the marks of a

man agitated by a towering passion ; and there were few upon whose features rage produced a more violent effect. The veins of his forehead swelled when he was in such agitation ; his nostril became dilated ; his cheek and eye inflamed ; and his look that of a demoniac. These appearances of half-suppressed rage were the more frightful because they were obviously caused by a strong effort to temper with discretion an almost ungovernable paroxysm of passion, and resulted from an internal conflict of the most dreadful kind, which agitated his whole frame of mortality.

As he entered the apartment he unbuckled his broadsword, and throwing it down with such violence that the weapon rolled to the other end of the room, 'I know not what,' he exclaimed, 'withholds me from taking a solemn oath that I will never more draw it in his cause. Load my pistols, Callum, and bring them hither instantly — instantly !' Callum, whom nothing ever startled, dismayed, or disconcerted, obeyed very coolly. Evan Dhu, upon whose brow the suspicion that his Chief had been insulted called up a corresponding storm, swelled in sullen silence, awaiting to learn where or upon whom vengeance was to descend.

'So, Waverley, you are there,' said the Chief, after a moment's recollection. 'Yes, I remember I asked you to share my triumph, and you have come to witness my — disappointment we shall call it.' Evan now presented the written report he had in his hand, which Fergus threw from him with great passion. 'I wish to God,' he said, 'the old den would tumble down upon the heads of the fools who attack and the knaves who defend it ! I see, Waverley, you think I am mad. Leave us, Evan, but be within call.'

'The Colonel's in an unco kippage,' said Mrs. Flockhart to Evan as he descended ; 'I wish he may be weel, — the very veins on his brent brow are swelled like whip-cord ; wad he no tak something ?'

'He usually lets blood for these fits,' answered the Highland ancient with great composure.

When this officer left the room, the Chieftain gradually reassumed some degree of composure. 'I know, Waverley,' he said, 'that Colonel Talbot has persuaded you to curse ten times a-day your engagement with us ; nay, never deny it, for I am at this moment tempted to curse my own. Would you believe it, I made this very morning two suits to the Prince, and he has rejected them both ; what do you think of it ?'

‘What can I think,’ answered Waverley, ‘till I know what your requests were?’

‘Why, what signifies what they were, man? I tell you it was I that made them — I to whom he owes more than to any three who have joined the standard; for I negotiated the whole business, and brought in all the Perthshire men when not one would have stirred. I am not likely, I think, to ask anything very unreasonable, and if I did, they might have stretched a point. Well, but you shall know all, now that I can draw my breath again with some freedom. You remember my earl’s patent; it is dated some years back, for services then rendered; and certainly my merit has not been diminished, to say the least, by my subsequent behaviour. Now, sir, I value this bauble of a coronet as little as you can, or any philosopher on earth; for I hold that the chief of such a clan as the Sliochd nan Ivor is superior in rank to any earl in Scotland. But I had a particular reason for assuming this cursed title at this time. You must know that I learned accidentally that the Prince has been pressing that old foolish Baron of Bradwardine to disinherit his male heir, or nineteenth or twentieth cousin, who has taken a command in the Elector of Hanover’s militia, and to settle his estate upon your pretty little friend Rose; and this, as being the command of his king and overlord, who may alter the destination of a fief at pleasure, the old gentleman seems well reconciled to.’

‘And what becomes of the homage?’

‘Curse the homage! I believe Rose is to pull off the queen’s slipper on her coronation-day, or some such trash. Well, sir, as Rose Bradwardine would always have made a suitable match for me but for this idiotical predilection of her father for the heir-male, it occurred to me there now remained no obstacle unless that the Baron might expect his daughter’s husband to take the name of Bradwardine (which you know would be impossible in my case), and that this might be evaded by my assuming the title to which I had so good a right, and which, of course, would supersede that difficulty. If she was to be also Viscountess Bradwardine in her own right after her father’s demise, so much the better; I could have no objection.’

‘But, Fergus,’ said Waverley, ‘I had no idea that you had any affection for Miss Bradwardine, and you are always sneering at her father.’

‘I have as much affection for Miss Bradwardine, my good friend, as I think it necessary to have for the future mistress of

my family and the mother of my children. She is a very pretty, intelligent girl, and is certainly of one of the very first Lowland families; and, with a little of Flora's instructions and forming, will make a very good figure. As to her father, he is an original, it is true, and an absurd one enough; but he has given such severe lessons to Sir Hew Halbert, that dear defunct the Laird of Balmawhapple, and others, that nobody dare laugh at him, so his absurdity goes for nothing. I tell you there could have been no earthly objection—none. I had settled the thing entirely in my own mind.'

'But had you asked the Baron's consent,' said Waverley, 'or Rose's?'

'To what purpose? To have spoke to the Baron before I had assumed my title would have only provoked a premature and irritating discussion on the subject of the change of name, when, as Earl of Glennaquoich, I had only to propose to him to carry his d—d bear and boot-jack *party per pale*, or in a scutcheon of pretence, or in a separate shield perhaps—any way that would not blemish my own coat of arms. And as to Rose, I don't see what objection she could have made if her father was satisfied.'

'Perhaps the same that your sister makes to me, you being satisfied.'

Fergus gave a broad stare at the comparison which this supposition implied, but cautiously suppressed the answer which rose to his tongue. 'O, we should easily have arranged all that. So, sir, I craved a private interview, and this morning was assigned; and I asked you to meet me here, thinking, like a fool, that I should want your countenance as bride's-man. Well, I state my pretensions—they are not denied; the promises so repeatedly made and the patent granted—they are acknowledged. But I propose, as a natural consequence, to assume the rank which the patent bestowed. I have the old story of the jealousy of C—— and M—— trump up against me. I resist this pretext, and offer to procure their written acquiescence, in virtue of the date of my patent as prior to their silly claims; I assure you I would have had such a consent from them, if it had been at the point of the sword. And then out comes the real truth; and he dares to tell me to my face that my patent must be suppressed for the present, for fear of disgusting that rascally coward and *fainéant* (naming the rival chief of his own clan), who has no better title to be a chieftain than I to be Emperor of China, and who is

pleased to shelter his dastardly reluctance to come out, agreeable to his promise twenty times pledged, under a pretended jealousy of the Prince's partiality to me. And, to leave this miserable driveller without a pretence for his cowardice, the Prince asks it as a personal favour of me, forsooth, not to press my just and reasonable request at this moment. After this, put your faith in princes !'

'And did your audience end here ?'

'End ? O no ! I was determined to leave him no pretence for his ingratitude, and I therefore stated, with all the composure I could muster, — for I promise you I trembled with passion, — the particular reasons I had for wishing that his Royal Highness would impose upon me any other mode of exhibiting my duty and devotion, as my views in life made what at any other time would have been a mere trifle at this crisis a severe sacrifice ; and then I explained to him my full plan.'

'And what did the Prince answer ?'

'Answer ? why — it is well it is written, "Curse not the king, no, not in thy thought !" — why, he answered that truly he was glad I had made him my confidant, to prevent more grievous disappointment, for he could assure me, upon the word of a prince, that Miss Bradwardine's affections were engaged, and he was under a particular promise to favour them. "So, my dear Fergus," said he, with his most gracious cast of smile, "as the marriage is utterly out of question, there need be no hurry, you know, about the earldom." And so he glided off and left me *planté là*.'

'And what did you do ?'

'I'll tell you what I *could* have done at that moment — sold myself to the devil or the Elector, whichever offered the dearest revenge. However, I am now cool. I know he intends to marry her to some of his rascally Frenchmen or his Irish officers, but I will watch them close ; and let the man that would supplant me look well to himself. *Bisogna coprirsi, Signor*.'

After some further conversation, unnecessary to be detailed, Waverley took leave of the Chieftain, whose fury had now subsided into a deep and strong desire of vengeance, and returned home, scarce able to analyse the mixture of feelings which the narrative had awakened in his own bosom.

## CHAPTER LIV

### ‘To One Thing Constant Never’

I AM the very child of caprice,’ said Waverley to himself, as he bolted the door of his apartment and paced it with hasty steps. ‘What is it to me that Fergus Mac-Ivor should wish to marry Rose Bradwardine? I love her not; I might have been loved by her perhaps; but I rejected her simple, natural, and affecting attachment, instead of cherishing it into tenderness, and dedicated myself to one who will never love mortal man, unless old Warwick, the King-maker, should arise from the dead. The Baron too—I would not have cared about his estate, and so the name would have been no stumbling-block. The devil might have taken the barren moors and drawn off the royal *caligæ* for anything I would have minded. But, framed as she is for domestic affection and tenderness, for giving and receiving all those kind and quiet attentions which sweeten life to those who pass it together, she is sought by Fergus Mac-Ivor. He will not use her ill, to be sure; of that he is incapable. But he will neglect her after the first month; he will be too intent on subduing some rival chieftain or circumventing some favourite at court, on gaining some heathy hill and lake or adding to his bands some new troop of caterans, to inquire what she does, or how she amuses herself.

And then will canker sorrow eat her bud,  
And chase the native beauty from her cheek;  
And she will look as hollow as a ghost,  
And dim and meagre as an ague fit,  
And so she ’ll die.

And such a catastrophe of, the most gentle creature on earth might have been prevented if Mr. Edward Waverley had had his eyes! Upon my word, I cannot understand how I thought Flora so much, that is, so *very* much, handsomer than Rose. She is taller indeed, and her manner more formed; but many

people think Miss Bradwardine's more natural; and she is certainly much younger. I should think Flora is two years older than I am. I will look at them particularly this evening.'

And with this resolution Waverley went to drink tea (as the fashion was Sixty Years since) at the house of a lady of quality attached to the cause of the Chevalier, where he found, as he expected, both the ladies. All rose as he entered, but Flora immediately resumed her place and the conversation in which she was engaged. Rose, on the contrary, almost imperceptibly made a little way in the crowded circle for his advancing the corner of a chair. 'Her manner, upon the whole, is most engaging,' said Waverley to himself.

A dispute occurred whether the Gaelic or Italian language was most liquid, and best adapted for poetry; the opinion for the Gaelic, which probably might not have found supporters elsewhere, was here fiercely defended by seven Highland ladies, who talked at the top of their lungs, and screamed the company deaf with examples of Celtic *euphonia*. Flora, observing the Lowland ladies sneer at the comparison, produced some reasons to show that it was not altogether so absurd; but Rose, when asked for her opinion, gave it with animation in praise of Italian, which she had studied with Waverley's assistance. 'She has a more correct ear than Flora, though a less accomplished musician,' said Waverley to himself. 'I suppose Miss Mac-Ivor will next compare Mac-Murrough nan Fonn to Ariosto!'

Lastly, it so befell that the company differed whether Fergus should be asked to perform on the flute, at which he was an adept, or Waverley invited to read a play of Shakspeare; and the lady of the house good-humouredly undertook to collect the votes of the company for poetry or music, under the condition that the gentleman whose talents were not laid under contribution that evening should contribute them to enliven the next. It chanced that Rose had the casting vote. Now Flora, who seemed to impose it as a rule upon herself never to countenance any proposal which might seem to encourage Waverley, had voted for music, providing the Baron would take his violin to accompany Fergus. 'I wish you joy of your taste, Miss Mac-Ivor,' thought Edward, as they sought for his book. 'I thought it better when we were at Glennaquoich; but certainly the Baron is no great performer, and Shakspeare is worth listening to.'

'Romeo and Juliet' was selected, and Edward read with



taste, feeling, and spirit several scenes from that play. All the company applauded with their hands, and many with their tears. Flora, to whom the drama was well known, was among the former; Rose, to whom it was altogether new, belonged to the latter class of admirers. 'She has more feeling too,' said Waverley, internally.

The conversation turning upon the incidents of the play and upon the characters, Pergus declared that the only one worth naming, as a man of fashion and spirit, was Mercutio. 'I could not,' he said, 'quite follow all his old-fashioned wit, but he must have been a very pretty fellow, according to the ideas of his time.'

'And it was a shame,' said Ensign Maccombich, who usually followed his Colonel everywhere, 'for that Tibbert, or Taggart, or whatever was his name, to stick him under the other gentleman's arm while he was redding the fray.'

The ladies, of course, declared loudly in favour of Romeo, but this opinion did not go undisputed. The mistress of the house and several other ladies severely reprobated the levity with which the hero transfers his affections from Rosalind to Juliet. Flora remained silent until her opinion was repeatedly requested, and then answered, she thought the circumstance objected to not only reconcilable to nature, but such as in the highest degree evinced the art of the poet. 'Romeo is described,' said she, 'as a young man peculiarly susceptible of the softer passions; his love is at first fixed upon a woman who could afford it no return; this he repeatedly tells you, —

From love's weak, childish bow she lives unharmed;

and again —

She hath forsworn to love.

Now, as it was impossible that Romeo's love, supposing him a reasonable being, could continue to subsist without hope, the poet has, with great art, seized the moment when he was reduced actually to despair to throw in his way an object more accomplished than her by whom he had been rejected, and who is disposed to repay his attachment. I can scarce conceive a situation more calculated to enhance the ardour of Romeo's affection for Juliet than his being at once raised by her from the state of drooping melancholy in which he appears first upon the scene to the ecstatic state in which he exclaims —

— come what sorrow can,  
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy  
That one short moment gives me in her sight.'

'Good now, Miss Mac-Ivor,' said a young lady of quality, 'do you mean to cheat us out of our prerogative? will you persuade us love cannot subsist without hope, or that the lover must become fickle if the lady is cruel? O fie! I did not expect such an unsentimental conclusion.'

'A lover, my dear Lady Betty,' said Flora, 'may, I conceive, persevere in his suit under very discouraging circumstances. Affection can (now and then) withstand very severe storms of rigour, but not a long polar frost of downright indifference. Don't, even with *your* attractions, try the experiment upon any lover whose faith you value. Love will subsist on wonderfully little hope, but not altogether without it.'

'It will be just like Duncan Mac-Girdie's mare,' said Evan, 'if your ladyships please; he wanted to use her by degrees to live without meat, and just as he had put her on a straw a-day the poor thing died!'

Evan's illustration set the company a-laughing, and the discourse took a different turn. Shortly afterwards the party broke up, and Edward returned home, musing on what Flora had said. 'I will love my Rosalind no more,' said he; 'she has given me a broad enough hint for that; and I will speak to her brother and resign my suit. But for a Juliet—would it be handsome to interfere with Fergus's pretensions? though it is impossible they can ever succeed; and should they miscarry, what then? why then *alors comme alors*.' And with this resolution of being guided by circumstances did our hero commit himself to repose.

## CHAPTER LV

### *A Brave Man in Sorrow*

IF my fair readers should be of opinion that my hero's levity in love is altogether unpardonable, I must remind them that all his griefs and difficulties did not arise from that sentimental source. Even the lyric poet who complains so feelingly of the pains of love could not forget, that at the same time he was 'in debt and in drink,' which, doubtless, were great aggravations of his distress. There were, indeed, whole days in which Waverley thought neither of Flora nor Rose Bradwardine, but which were spent in melancholy conjectures on the probable state of matters at Waverley-Honour, and the dubious issue of the civil contest in which he was pledged. Colonel Talbot often engaged him in discussions upon the justice of the cause he had espoused. 'Not,' he said, 'that it is possible for you to quit it at this present moment, for, come what will, you must stand by your rash engagement. But I wish you to be aware that the right is not with you; that you are fighting against the real interests of your country; and that you ought, as an Englishman and a patriot, to take the first opportunity to leave this unhappy expedition before the snow-ball melts.'

In such political disputes Waverley usually opposed the common arguments of his party, with which it is unnecessary to trouble the reader. But he had little to say when the Colonel urged him to compare the strength by which they had undertaken to overthrow the government with that which was now assembling very rapidly for its support. To this statement Waverley had but one answer: 'If the cause I have undertaken be perilous, there would be the greater disgrace in abandoning it.' And in his turn he generally silenced Colonel Talbot, and succeeded in changing the subject.

One night, when, after a long dispute of this nature, the friends had separated and our hero had retired to bed, he was

awakened about midnight by a suppressed groan. He started up and listened; it came from the apartment of Colonel Talbot, which was divided from his own by a wainscotted partition, with a door of communication. Waverley approached this door and distinctly heard one or two deep-drawn sighs. What could be the matter? The Colonel had parted from him apparently in his usual state of spirits. He must have been taken suddenly ill. Under this impression he opened the door of communication very gently, and perceived the Colonel, in his night-gown, seated by a table, on which lay a letter and picture. He raised his head hastily, as Edward stood uncertain whether to advance or retire, and Waverley perceived that his cheeks were stained with tears.

As if ashamed at being found giving way to such emotion, Colonel Talbot rose with apparent displeasure, and said, with some sternness, 'I think, Mr. Waverley, my own apartment and the hour might have secured even a prisoner against——'

'Do not say *intrusion*, Colonel Talbot; I heard you breathe hard and feared you were ill; that alone could have induced me to break in upon you.'

'I am well,' said the Colonel, 'perfectly well.'

'But you are distressed,' said Edward; 'is there anything can be done?'

'Nothing, Mr. Waverley; I was only thinking of home, and some unpleasant occurrences there.'

'Good God, my uncle!' exclaimed Waverley.

'No, it is a grief entirely my own. I am ashamed you should have seen it disarm me so much; but it must have its course at times, that it may be at others more decently supported. I would have kept it secret from you; for I think it will grieve you, and yet you can administer no consolation. But you have surprised me,—I see you are surprised yourself,—and I hate mystery. Read that letter.'

The letter was from Colonel Talbot's sister, and in these words:—

'I received yours, my dearest brother, by Hodges. Sir E. W. and Mr. R. are still at large, but are not permitted to leave London. I wish to Heaven I could give you as good an account of matters in the square. But the news of the unhappy affair at Preston came upon us, with the dreadful addition that you were among the fallen. You know Lady Emily's state of health, when your friendship for Sir E. induced you to leave her. She was

much harassed with the sad accounts from Scotland of the rebellion having broken out; but kept up her spirits, as, she said, it became your wife, and for the sake of the future heir, so long hoped for in vain. Alas, my dear brother, these hopes are now ended! Notwithstanding all my watchful care, this unhappy rumour reached her without preparation. She was taken ill immediately; and the poor infant scarce survived its birth. Would to God this were all! But although the contradiction of the horrible report by your own letter has greatly revived her spirits, yet Dr. — apprehends, I grieve to say, serious, and even dangerous, consequences to her health, especially from the uncertainty in which she must necessarily remain for some time, aggravated by the ideas she has formed of the ferocity of those with whom you are a prisoner.

‘Do therefore, my dear brother, as soon as this reaches you, endeavour to gain your release, by parole, by ransom, or any way that is practicable. I do not exaggerate Lady Emily’s state of health; but I must not — dare not — suppress the truth. — Ever, my dear Philip, your most affectionate sister,

LUCY TALBOT.’

Edward stood motionless when he had perused this letter; for the conclusion was inevitable, that, by the Colonel’s journey in quest of him, he had incurred this heavy calamity. It was severe enough, even in its irremediable part; for Colonel Talbot and Lady Emily, long without a family, had fondly exulted in the hopes which were now blasted. But this disappointment was nothing to the extent of the threatened evil; and Edward, with horror, regarded himself as the original cause of both.

Ere he could collect himself sufficiently to speak, Colonel Talbot had recovered his usual composure of manner, though his troubled eye denoted his mental agony.

‘She is a woman, my young friend, who may justify even a soldier’s tears.’ He reached him the miniature, exhibiting features which fully justified the eulogium; ‘and yet, God knows, what you see of her there is the least of the charms she possesses — possessed, I should perhaps say — but God’s will be done.’

‘You must fly — you must fly instantly to her relief. It is not — it shall not be too late.’

‘Fly? how is it possible? I am a prisoner, upon parole.’

‘I am your keeper; I restore your parole; I am to answer for you.’

‘You cannot do so consistently with your duty; nor can I accept a discharge from you, with due regard to my own honour; you would be made responsible.’

‘I will answer it with my head, if necessary,’ said Waverley impetuously. ‘I have been the unhappy cause of the loss of your child, make me not the murderer of your wife.’

‘No, my dear Edward,’ said Talbot, taking him kindly by the hand, ‘you are in no respect to blame; and if I concealed this domestic distress for two days, it was lest your sensibility should view it in that light. You could not think of me, hardly knew of my existence, when I left England in quest of you. It is a responsibility, Heaven knows, sufficiently heavy for mortality, that we must answer for the foreseen and direct result of our actions; for their indirect and consequential operation the great and good Being, who alone can foresee the dependence of human events on each other, hath not pronounced his frail creatures liable.’

‘But that you should have left Lady Emily,’ said Waverley, with much emotion, ‘in the situation of all others the most interesting to a husband, to seek a ——’

‘I only did my duty,’ answered Colonel Talbot, calmly, ‘and I do not, ought not, to regret it. If the path of gratitude and honour were always smooth and easy, there would be little merit in following it; but it moves often in contradiction to our interest and passions, and sometimes to our better affections. These are the trials of life, and this, though not the least bitter’ (the tears came unbidden to his eyes), ‘is not the first which it has been my fate to encounter. But we will talk of this to-morrow,’ he said, wringing Waverley’s hands. ‘Good-night; strive to forget it for a few hours. It will dawn, I think, by six, and it is now past two. Good-night.’

Edward retired, without trusting his voice with a reply.

## CHAPTER LVI

### *Exertion*

WHEN Colonel Talbot entered the breakfast-parlour next morning, he learned from Waverley's servant that our hero had been abroad at an early hour and was not yet returned. The morning was well advanced before he again appeared. He arrived out of breath, but with an air of joy that astonished Colonel Talbot.

'There,' said he, throwing a paper on the table, 'there is my morning's work. Alick, pack up the Colonel's clothes. Make haste, make haste.'

The Colonel examined the paper with astonishment. It was a pass from the Chevalier to Colonel Talbot, to repair to Leith, or any other port in possession of his Royal Highness's troops, and there to embark for England or elsewhere, at his free pleasure; he only giving his parole of honour not to bear arms against the house of Stuart for the space of a twelve-month.

'In the name of God,' said the Colonel, his eyes sparkling with eagerness, 'how did you obtain this?'

'I was at the Chevalier's levee as soon as he usually rises. He was gone to the camp at Duddingston. I pursued him thither, asked and obtained an audience—but I will tell you not a word more, unless I see you begin to pack.'

'Before I know whether I can avail myself of this passport, or how it was obtained?'

'O, you can take out the things again, you know. Now I see you busy, I will go on. When I first mentioned your name, his eyes sparkled almost as bright as yours did two minutes since. "Had you," he earnestly asked, "shown any sentiments favourable to his cause?" "Not in the least, nor was there any hope you would do so." His countenance fell. I requested your freedom. "Impossible," he said; "your

importance as a friend and confidant of such and such personages made my request altogether extravagant." I told him my own story and yours; and asked him to judge what my feelings must be by his own. He has a heart, and a kind one, Colonel Talbot, you may say what you please. He took a sheet of paper and wrote the pass with his own hand. "I will not trust myself with my council," he said; "they will argue me out of what is right. I will not endure that a friend, valued as I value you, should be loaded with the painful reflections which must afflict you in case of further misfortune in Colonel Talbot's family; nor will I keep a brave enemy a prisoner under such circumstances. Besides," said he, "I think I can justify myself to my prudent advisers by pleading the good effect such lenity will produce on the minds of the great English families with whom Colonel Talbot is connected."

'There the politician peeped out,' said the Colonel.

'Well, at least he concluded like a king's son: "Take the passport; I have added a condition for form's sake; but if the Colonel objects to it, let him depart without giving any parole whatever. I come here to war with men, but not to distress or endanger women."'

'Well, I never thought to have been so much indebted to the Pretend——'

'To the Prince,' said Waverley, smiling.

'To the Chevalier,' said the Colonel; 'it is a good travelling name, and which we may both freely use. Did he say anything more?'

'Only asked if there was anything else he could oblige me in; and when I replied in the negative, he shook me by the hand, and wished all his followers were as considerate, since some friends of mine not only asked all he had to bestow, but many things which were entirely out of his power, or that of the greatest sovereign upon earth. Indeed, he said, no prince seemed, in the eyes of his followers, so like the Deity as himself, if you were to judge from the extravagant requests which they daily preferred to him.'

'Poor young gentleman,' said the Colonel, 'I suppose he begins to feel the difficulties of his situation. Well, dear Waverley, this is more than kind, and shall not be forgotten while Philip Talbot can remember anything. My life—pshaw—let Emily thank you for that; this is a favour worth fifty lives. I cannot hesitate on giving my parole in the circum-



stances ; there it is (he wrote it out in form). And now, how am I to get off ?

‘All that is settled : your baggage is packed, my horses wait, and a boat has been engaged, by the Prince’s permission, to put you on board the “Fox” frigate. I sent a messenger down to Leith on purpose.’

‘That will do excellently well. Captain Beaver is my particular friend ; he will put me ashore at Berwick or Shields, from whence I can ride post to London ; and you must entrust me with the packet of papers which you recovered by means of your Miss Bean Lean. I may have an opportunity of using them to your advantage. But I see your Highland friend, Glen—— what do you call his barbarous name ? and his orderly with him ; I must not call him his orderly cut-throat any more, I suppose. See how he walks as if the world were his own, with the bonnet on one side of his head and his plaid puffed out across his breast ! I should like now to meet that youth where my hands were not tied : I would tame his pride, or he should tame mine.’

‘For shame, Colonel Talbot ! you swell at sight of tartan as the bull is said to do at scarlet. You and Mac-Ivor have some points not much unlike, so far as national prejudice is concerned.’

The latter part of this discourse took place in the street. They passed the Chief, the Colonel and he sternly and punctiliously greeting each other, like two duellists before they take their ground. It was evident the dislike was mutual. ‘I never see that surly fellow that dogs his heels,’ said the Colonel, after he had mounted his horse, ‘but he reminds me of lines I have somewhere heard — upon the stage, I think :

Close behind him  
Stalks sullen Bertram, like a sorcerer’s fiend,  
Pressing to be employed.’

‘I assure you, Colonel,’ said Waverley, ‘that you judge too harshly of the Highlanders.’

‘Not a whit, not a whit ; I cannot spare them a jot ; I cannot bate them an ace. Let them stay in their own barren mountains, and puff and swell, and hang their bonnets on the horns of the moon, if they have a mind ; but what business have they to come where people wear breeches, and speak an intelligible language ? I mean intelligible in comparison to their gibberish, for even the Lowlanders talk a kind of English

little better than the Negroes in Jamaica. I could pity the Pr——, I mean the Chevalier himself, for having so many desperadoes about him. And they learn their trade so early. There is a kind of subaltern imp, for example, a sort of sucking devil, whom your friend Glena—Glenamuck there, has sometimes in his train. To look at him, he is about fifteen years; but he is a century old in mischief and villainy. He was playing at quoits the other day in the court; a gentleman, a decent-looking person enough, came past, and as a quoit hit his shin, he lifted his cane; but my young bravo whips out his pistol, like Beau Clincher in the *Trip to the Jubilee*, and had not a scream of *Gardez l'eau* from an upper window set all parties scampering for fear of the inevitable consequences, the poor gentleman would have lost his life by the hands of that little cockatrice.'

'A fine character you'll give of Scotland upon your return, Colonel Talbot.'

'O, Justice Shallow,' said the Colonel, 'will save me the trouble—"Barren, barren, beggars all, beggars all. Marry, good air,"—and that only when you are fairly out of Edinburgh, and not yet come to Leigh, as is our case at present.'

In a short time they arrived at the seaport.

The boat rock'd at the pier of Leith,  
Full loud the wind blew down the ferry;  
The ship rode at the Berwick Law.

'Farewell, Colonel; may you find all as you would wish it! Perhaps we may meet sooner than you expect; they talk of an immediate route to England.'

'Tell me nothing of that,' said Talbot; 'I wish to carry no news of your motions.'

'Simply, then, adieu. Say, with a thousand kind greetings, all that is dutiful and affectionate to Sir Everard and Aunt Rachel. Think of me as kindly as you can, speak of me as indulgently as your conscience will permit, and once more adieu.'

'And adieu, my dear Waverley; many, many thanks for your kindness. Unplaid yourself on the first opportunity. I shall ever think on you with gratitude, and the worst of my censure shall be, *Que diable alloit-il faire dans cette galère?*'

And thus they parted, Colonel Talbot going on board of the boat and Waverley returning to Edinburgh.

## CHAPTER LVII

### *The March*

**I**T is not our purpose to intrude upon the province of history. We shall therefore only remind our readers that about the beginning of November the Young Chevalier, at the head of about six thousand men at the utmost, resolved to peril his cause on an attempt to penetrate into the centre of England, although aware of the mighty preparations which were made for his reception. They set forward on this crusade in weather which would have rendered any other troops incapable of marching, but which in reality gave these active mountaineers advantages over a less hardy enemy. In defiance of a superior army lying upon the Borders, under Field-Marshal Wade, they besieged and took Carlisle, and soon afterwards prosecuted their daring march to the southward.

As Colonel Mac-Ivor's regiment marched in the van of the clans, he and Waverley, who now equalled any Highlander in the endurance of fatigue, and was become somewhat acquainted with their language, were perpetually at its head. They marked the progress of the army, however, with very different eyes. Fergus, all air and fire, and confident against the world in arms, measured nothing but that every step was a yard nearer London. He neither asked, expected, nor desired any aid except that of the clans to place the Stuarts once more on the throne; and when by chance a few adherents joined the standard, he always considered them in the light of new claimants upon the favours of the future monarch, who, he concluded, must therefore subtract for their gratification so much of the bounty which ought to be shared among his Highland followers.

Edward's views were very different. He could not but observe that in those towns in which they proclaimed James the Third, 'no man cried, God bless him.' The mob stared and

listened, heartless, stupified, and dull, but gave few signs even of that boisterous spirit which induces them to shout upon all occasions for the mere exercise of their most sweet voices. The Jacobites had been taught to believe that the north-western counties abounded with wealthy squires and hardy yeomen, devoted to the cause of the White Rose. But of the wealthier Tories they saw little. Some fled from their houses, some feigned themselves sick, some surrendered themselves to the government as suspected persons. Of such as remained, the ignorant gazed with astonishment, mixed with horror and aversion, at the wild appearance, unknown language, and singular garb of the Scottish clans. And to the more prudent their scanty numbers, apparent deficiency in discipline, and poverty of equipment seemed certain tokens of the calamitous termination of their rash undertaking. Thus the few who joined them were such as bigotry of political principle blinded to consequences, or whose broken fortunes induced to hazard all on a risk so desperate.

The Baron of Bradwardine being asked what he thought of these recruits, took a long pinch of snuff, and answered drily, 'that he could not but have an excellent opinion of them, since they resembled precisely the followers who attached themselves to the good King David at the cave of Adullam — *videlicet*, every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, which the vulgate renders bitter of soul; and doubtless,' he said, 'they will prove mighty men of their hands, and there is much need that they should, for I have seen many a sour look cast upon us.'

But none of these considerations moved Fergus. He admired the luxuriant beauty of the country, and the situation of many of the seats which they passed. 'Is Waverley-Honour like that house, Edward?'

'It is one-half larger.'

'Is your uncle's park as fine a one as that?'

'It is three times as extensive, and rather resembles a forest than a mere park.'

'Flora will be a happy woman.'

'I hope Miss Mac-Ivor will have much reason for happiness unconnected with Waverley-Honour.'

'I hope so too; but to be mistress of such a place will be a pretty addition to the sum total.'

'An addition, the want of which, I trust, will be amply supplied by some other means.'

‘How,’ said Fergus, stopping short and turning upon Waverley — ‘how am I to understand that, Mr. Waverley? Had I the pleasure to hear you aright?’

‘Perfectly right, Fergus.’

‘And am I to understand that you no longer desire my alliance and my sister’s hand?’

‘Your sister has refused mine,’ said Waverley, ‘both directly and by all the usual means by which ladies repress undesired attentions.’

‘I have no idea,’ answered the Chieftain, ‘of a lady dismissing or a gentleman withdrawing his suit, after it has been approved of by her legal guardian, without giving him an opportunity of talking the matter over with the lady. You did not, I suppose, expect my sister to drop into your mouth like a ripe plum the first moment you chose to open it?’

‘As to the lady’s title to dismiss her lover, Colonel,’ replied Edward, ‘it is a point which you must argue with her, as I am ignorant of the customs of the Highlands in that particular. But as to my title to acquiesce in a rejection from her without an appeal to your interest, I will tell you plainly, without meaning to undervalue Miss Mac-Ivor’s admitted beauty and accomplishments, that I would not take the hand of an angel, with an empire for her dowry, if her consent were extorted by the importunity of friends and guardians, and did not flow from her own free inclination.’

‘An angel, with the dowry of an empire,’ repeated Fergus, in a tone of bitter irony, ‘is not very likely to be pressed upon a — shire squire. But, sir,’ changing his tone, ‘if Flora Mac-Ivor have not the dowry of an empire, she is *my* sister; and that is sufficient at least to secure her against being treated with anything approaching to levity.’

‘She is Flora Mac-Ivor, sir,’ said Waverley, with firmness, ‘which to me, were I capable of treating *any* woman with levity, would be a more effectual protection.’

The brow of the Chieftain was now fully clouded; but Edward felt too indignant at the unreasonable tone which he had adopted to avert the storm by the least concession. They both stood still while this short dialogue passed, and Fergus seemed half disposed to say something more violent, but, by a strong effort, suppressed his passion, and, turning his face forward, walked sullenly on. As they had always hitherto walked together, and almost constantly side by side, Waverley pursued his course silently in the same direction, determined to

let the Chief take his own time in recovering the good-humour which he had so unreasonably discarded, and firm in his resolution not to bate him an inch of dignity.

After they had marched on in this sullen manner about a mile, Fergus resumed the discourse in a different tone. 'I believe I was warm, my dear Edward, but you provoke me with your want of knowledge of the world. You have taken pet at some of Flora's prudery, or high-flying notions of loyalty, and now, like a child, you quarrel with the plaything you have been crying for, and beat me, your faithful keeper, because my arm cannot reach to Edinburgh to hand it to you. I am sure, if I was passionate, the mortification of losing the alliance of such a friend, after your arrangement had been the talk of both Highlands and Lowlands, and that without so much as knowing why or wherefore, might well provoke calmer blood than mine. I shall write to Edinburgh and put all to rights; that is, if you desire I should do so; as indeed I cannot suppose that your good opinion of Flora, it being such as you have often expressed to me, can be at once laid aside.'

'Colonel Mac-Ivor,' said Edward, who had no mind to be hurried farther or faster than he chose in a matter which he had already considered as broken off, 'I am fully sensible of the value of your good offices; and certainly, by your zeal on my behalf in such an affair, you do me no small honour. But as Miss Mac-Ivor has made her election freely and voluntarily, and as all my attentions in Edinburgh were received with more than coldness, I cannot, in justice either to her or myself, consent that she should again be harassed upon this topic. I would have mentioned this to you some time since, but you saw the footing upon which we stood together, and must have understood it. Had I thought otherwise I would have earlier spoken; but I had a natural reluctance to enter upon a subject so painful to us both.'

'O, very well, Mr. Waverley,' said Fergus, haughtily, 'the thing is at an end. I have no occasion to press my sister upon any man.'

'Nor have I any occasion to court repeated rejection from the same young lady,' answered Edward, in the same tone.

'I shall make due inquiry, however,' said the Chieftain, without noticing the interruption, 'and learn what my sister thinks of all this; we will then see whether it is to end here.'

'Respecting such inquiries, you will of course be guided by your own judgment,' said Waverley. 'It is, I am aware,

impossible Miss Mac-Ivor can change her mind ; and were such an un-supposable case to happen, it is certain I will not change mine. I only mention this to prevent any possibility of future misconstruction.'

Gladly at this moment would Mac-Ivor have put their quarrel to a personal arbitrement ; his eye flashed fire, and he measured Edward as if to choose where he might best plant a mortal wound. But although we do not now quarrel according to the modes and figures of Caranza or Vincent Saviola, no one knew better than Fergus that there must be some decent pretext for a mortal duel. For instance, you may challenge a man for treading on your corn in a crowd, or for pushing you up to the wall, or for taking your seat in the theatre ; but the modern code of honour will not permit you to found a quarrel upon your right of compelling a man to continue addresses to a female relative which the fair lady has already refused. So that Fergus was compelled to stomach this supposed affront until the whirligig of time, whose motion he promised himself he would watch most sedulously, should bring about an opportunity of revenge.

Waverley's servant always led a saddle-horse for him in the rear of the battalion to which he was attached, though his master seldom rode. But now, incensed at the domineering and unreasonable conduct of his late friend, he fell behind the column and mounted his horse, resolving to seek the Baron of Bradwardine, and request permission to volunteer in his troop instead of the Mac-Ivor regiment.

'A happy time of it I should have had,' thought he, after he was mounted, 'to have been so closely allied to this superb specimen of pride and self-opinion and passion. A colonel ! why, he should have been a generalissimo. A petty chief of three or four hundred men ! his pride might suffice for the Cham of Tartary — the Grand Seignior — the Great Mogul ! I am well free of him. Were Flora an angel, she would bring with her a second Lucifer of ambition and wrath for a brother-in-law.'

The Baron, whose learning (like Sancho's jests while in the Sierra Morena) seemed to grow mouldy for want of exercise, joyfully embraced the opportunity of Waverley's offering his service in his regiment, to bring it into some exertion. The good-natured old gentleman, however, laboured to effect a reconciliation between the two quondam friends. Fergus turned a cold ear to his remonstrances, though he gave them a

respectful hearing ; and as for Waverley, he saw no reason why he should be the first in courting a renewal of the intimacy which the Chieftain had so unreasonably disturbed. The Baron then mentioned the matter to the Prince, who, anxious to prevent quarrels in his little army, declared he would himself remonstrate with Colonel Mac-Ivor on the unreasonableness of his conduct. But, in the hurry of their march, it was a day or two before he had an opportunity to exert his influence in the manner proposed.

In the meanwhile Waverley turned the instructions he had received while in Gardiner's dragoons to some account, and assisted the Baron in his command as a sort of adjutant. '*Parmi les aveugles un borgne est roi*,' says the French proverb ; and the cavalry, which consisted chiefly of Lowland gentlemen, their tenants and servants, formed a high opinion of Waverley's skill and a great attachment to his person. This was indeed partly owing to the satisfaction which they felt at the distinguished English volunteer's leaving the Highlanders to rank among them ; for there was a latent grudge between the horse and foot, not only owing to the difference of the services, but because most of the gentlemen, living near the Highlands, had at one time or other had quarrels with the tribes in their vicinity, and all of them looked with a jealous eye on the Highlanders' avowed pretensions to superior valour and utility in the Prince's service.



## CHAPTER LVIII

### *The Confusion of King Agramant's Camp*

IT was Waverley's custom sometimes to ride a little apart from the main body, to look at any object of curiosity which occurred on the march. They were now in Lancashire, when, attracted by a castellated old hall, he left the squadron for half an hour to take a survey and slight sketch of it. As he returned down the avenue he was met by Ensign Maccombich. This man had contracted a sort of regard for Edward since the day of his first seeing him at Tully-Veolan and introducing him to the Highlands. He seemed to loiter, as if on purpose to meet with our hero. Yet, as he passed him, he only approached his stirrup and pronounced the single word 'Beware!' and then walked swiftly on, shunning all further communication.

Edward, somewhat surprised at this hint, followed with his eyes the course of Evan, who speedily disappeared among the trees. His servant, Alick Polwarth, who was in attendance, also looked after the Highlander, and then riding up close to his master, said,

'The ne'er be in me, sir, if I think you're safe amang thae Highland rinthereouts.'

'What do you mean, Alick?' said Waverley.

'The Mac-Ivors, sir, hae gotten it into their heads that ye hae affronted their young leddy, Miss Flora; and I hae heard mae than ane say, they wadna tak muckle to mak a black-cock o' ye; and ye ken weel enough there's mony o' them wadna mind a bawbee the weising a ball through the Prince himsell, an the Chief gae them the wink, or whether he did or no, if they thought it a thing that would please him when it was dune.'

Waverley, though confident that Fergus Mac-Ivor was incapable of such treachery, was by no means equally sure of the

forbearance of his followers. He knew that, where the honour of the Chief or his family was supposed to be touched, the happiest man would be he that could first avenge the stigma; and he had often heard them quote a proverb, 'That the best revenge was the most speedy and most safe.' Coupling this with the hint of Evan, he judged it most prudent to set spurs to his horse and ride briskly back to the squadron. Ere he reached the end of the long avenue, however, a ball whistled past him, and the report of a pistol was heard.

'It was that deevil's buckie, Callum Beg,' said Alick; 'I saw him whisk away through among the reises.'

Edward, justly incensed at this act of treachery, galloped out of the avenue, and observed the battalion of Mac-Ivor at some distance moving along the common in which it terminated. He also saw an individual running very fast to join the party; this he concluded was the intended assassin, who, by leaping an inclosure, might easily make a much shorter path to the main body than he could find on horseback. Unable to contain himself, he commanded Alick to go to the Baron of Bradwardine, who was at the head of his regiment about half a mile in front, and acquaint him with what had happened. He himself immediately rode up to Fergus's regiment. The Chief himself was in the act of joining them. He was on horseback, having returned from waiting on the Prince. On perceiving Edward approaching, he put his horse in motion towards him.

'Colonel Mac-Ivor,' said Waverley, without any farther salutation, 'I have to inform you that one of your people has this instant fired at me from a lurking-place.'

'As that,' answered Mac-Ivor, 'excepting the circumstance of a lurking-place, is a pleasure which I presently propose to myself, I should be glad to know which of my clansmen dared to anticipate me.'

'I shall certainly be at your command whenever you please'; the gentleman who took your office upon himself is your page there, Callum Beg.'

'Stand forth from the ranks, Callum! Did you fire at Mr. Waverley?'

'No,' answered the unblushing Callum.

'You did,' said Alick Polwarth, who was already returned, having met a trooper by whom he despatched an account of what was going forward to the Baron of Bradwardine, while he himself returned to his master at full gallop, neither sparing the rowels of his spurs nor the sides of his horse. 'You

did; I saw you as plainly as I ever saw the auld kirk at Coudingham.

'You lie,' replied Callum, with his usual impenetrable obstinacy. The combat between the knights would certainly, as in the days of chivalry, have been preceded by an encounter between the squires (for Alick was a stout-hearted Merseman, and feared the bow of Cupid far more than a Highlander's dirk or claymore), but Fergus, with his usual tone of decision, demanded Callum's pistol. The cock was down, the pan and muzzle were black with the smoke; it had been that instant fired.

'Take that,' said Fergus, striking the boy upon the head with the heavy pistol-butt with his whole force—'take that for acting without orders, and lying to disguise it.' Callum received the blow without appearing to flinch from it, and fell without sign of life. 'Stand still, upon your lives!' said Fergus to the rest of the clan; 'I blow out the brains of the first man who interferes between Mr. Waverley and me.' They stood motionless; Evan Dhu alone showed symptoms of vexation and anxiety. Callum lay on the ground bleeding copiously, but no one ventured to give him any assistance. It seemed as if he had gotten his death-blow.

'And now for you, Mr. Waverley; please to turn your horse twenty yards with me upon the common.' Waverley complied; and Fergus, confronting him when they were a little way from the line of march, said, with great affected coolness, 'I could not but wonder, sir, at the fickleness of taste which you were pleased to express the other day. But it was not an angel, as you justly observed, who had charms for you, unless she brought an empire for her fortune. I have now an excellent commentary upon that obscure text.'

'I am at a loss even to guess at your meaning, Colonel Mac-Ivor, unless it seems plain that you intend to fasten a quarrel upon me.'

'Your affected ignorance shall not serve you, sir. The Prince—the Prince himself has acquainted me with your manœuvres. I little thought that your engagements with Miss Bradwardine were the reason of your breaking off your intended match with my sister. I suppose the information that the Baron had altered the destination of his estate was quite a sufficient reason for slighting your friend's sister and carrying off your friend's mistress.'

'Did the Prince tell you I was engaged to Miss Bradwardine?' said Waverley. 'Impossible.'

‘He did, sir,’ answered Mac-Ivor; ‘so, either draw and defend yourself or resign your pretensions to the lady.’

‘This is absolute madness,’ exclaimed Waverley, ‘or some strange mistake!’

‘O! no evasion! draw your sword!’ said the infuriated Chieftain, his own already unsheathed.

‘Must I fight in a madman’s quarrel?’

‘Then give up now, and for ever, all pretensions to Miss Bradwardine’s hand.’

‘What title have you,’ cried Waverley, utterly losing command of himself—‘what title have you, or any man living, to dictate such terms to me?’ And he also drew his sword.

At this moment the Baron of Bradwardine, followed by several of his troop, came up on the spur, some from curiosity, others to take part in the quarrel which they indistinctly understood had broken out between the Mac-Ivors and their corps. The clan, seeing them approach, put themselves in motion to support their Chieftain, and a scene of confusion commenced which seemed likely to terminate in bloodshed. A hundred tongues were in motion at once. The Baron lectured, the Chieftain stormed, the Highlanders screamed in Gaelic, the horsemen cursed and swore in Lowland Scotch. At length matters came to such a pass that the Baron threatened to charge the Mac-Ivors unless they resumed their ranks, and many of them, in return, presented their fire-arms at him and the other troopers. The confusion was privately fostered by old Ballenkeiroch, who made no doubt that his own day of vengeance was arrived, when, behold! a cry arose of ‘Room! make way! *place à Monseigneur! place à Monseigneur!*’ This announced the approach of the Prince, who came up with a party of Fitz-James’s foreign dragoons that acted as his body guard. His arrival produced some degree of order. The Highlanders reassumed their ranks, the cavalry fell in and formed squadron, and the Baron and Chieftain were silent.

The Prince called them and Waverley before him. Having heard the original cause of the quarrel through the villainy of Callum Beg, he ordered him into custody of the provost-marshal for immediate execution, in the event of his surviving the chastisement inflicted by his Chieftain. Fergus, however, in a tone betwixt claiming a right and asking a favour, requested he might be left to his disposal, and promised his punishment should be exemplary. To deny this might have seemed to encroach on the patriarchal authority of the

Chieftains, of which they were very jealous, and they were not persons to be disobliged. Callum was therefore left to the justice of his own tribe.

The Prince next demanded to know the new cause of quarrel between Colonel Mac-Ivor and Waverley. There was a pause. Both gentlemen found the presence of the Baron of Bradwardine (for by this time all three had approached the Chevalier by his command) an insurmountable barrier against entering upon a subject where the name of his daughter must unavoidably be mentioned. They turned their eyes on the ground, with looks in which shame and embarrassment were mingled with displeasure. The Prince, who had been educated amongst the discontented and mutinous spirits of the court of St. Germain, where feuds of every kind were the daily subject of solicitude to the dethroned sovereign, had served his apprenticeship, as old Frederick of Prussia would have said, to the trade of royalty. To promote or restore concord among his followers was indispensable. Accordingly he took his measures.

‘Monsieur de Beaujeu!’

‘Monseigneur!’ said a very handsome French cavalry officer who was in attendance.

‘Ayez la bonté d’alligner ces montagnards là, ainsi que la cavalerie, s’il vous plait, et de les remettre à la marche. Vous parlez si bien l’Anglois, cela ne vous donneroit pas beaucoup de peine.’

‘Ah! pas de tout, Monseigneur,’ replied Mons. le Comte de Beaujeu, his head bending down to the neck of his little prancing highly-managed charger. Accordingly he *piaffed* away, in high spirits and confidence, to the head of Fergus’s regiment, although understanding not a word of Gaelic and very little English.

‘Messieurs les sauvages Écossois — dat is, gentilmans savages, have the goodness d’arranger vous.’

The clan, comprehending the order more from the gesture than the words, and seeing the Prince himself present, hastened to dress their ranks.

‘Ah! ver well! dat is fort bien!’ said the Count de Beaujeu.

‘Gentilmans sauvages! mais, très bien. Eh bien! Qu’est ce que vous appelez visage, Monsieur?’ (to a lounging trooper who stood by him). ‘Ah, oui! *face*. Je vous remercie, Monsieur. Gentilshommes, have de goodness to make de face to de right par file, dat is, by files. Marsh! Mais, très bien; encore, Messieurs; il faut vous mettre à la marche. . . . Marchez

done, au nom de Dieu, parceque j'ai oublié le mot Anglois; mais vous êtes des braves gens, et me comprenez très bien.

The Count next hastened to put the cavalry in motion. 'Gentilman's cavalry, you must fall in. Ah! par ma foi, I did not say fall off! I am a fear de little gross fat gentilman is moche hurt. Ah, mon Dieu! c'est le Commissaire qui nous a apporté les premières nouvelles de cet maudit fracas. Je suis trop fâché, Monsieur!'

But poor Macwheeble, who, with a sword stuck across him; and a white cockade as large as a pancake, now figured in the character of a commissary, being overturned in the bustle occasioned by the troopers hastening to get themselves in order in the Prince's presence, before he could rally his galloway, slunk to the rear amid the unrestrained laughter of the spectators.

'Eh bien, Messieurs, wheel to de right. Ah! dat is it! Eh, Monsieur de Bradwardine, ayez la bonté de vous mettre à la tête de votre régiment, car, par Dieu, je n'en puis plus!'

The Baron of Bradwardine was obliged to go to the assistance of Monsieur de Beaujeu, after he had fairly expended his few English military phrases. One purpose of the Chevalier was thus answered. The other he proposed was, that in the eagerness to hear and comprehend commands issued through such an indistinct medium in his own presence, the thoughts of the soldiers in both corps might get a current different from the angry channel in which they were flowing at the time.

Charles Edward was no sooner left with the Chieftain and Waverley, the rest of his attendants being at some distance, than he said, 'If I owed less to your disinterested friendship, I could be most seriously angry with both of you for this very extraordinary and causeless broil, at a moment when my father's service so decidedly demands the most perfect unanimity. But the worst of my situation is, that my very best friends hold they have liberty to ruin themselves, as well as the cause they are engaged in, upon the slightest caprice.'

Both the young men protested their resolution to submit every difference to his arbitration. 'Indeed,' said Edward, 'I hardly know of what I am accused. I sought Colonel Mac-Ivor merely to mention to him that I had narrowly escaped assassination at the hand of his immediate dependant, a dastardly revenge which I knew him to be incapable of authorising. As to the cause for which he is disposed to fasten a quarrel upon me, I am ignorant of it, unless it be that he

accuses me, most unjustly, of having engaged the affections of a young lady in prejudice of his pretensions.'

'If there is an error,' said the Chieftain, 'it arises from a conversation which I held this morning with his Royal Highness himself.'

'With me?' said the Chevalier; 'how can Colonel Mac-Ivor have so far misunderstood me?'

He then led Fergus aside, and, after five minutes' earnest conversation, spurred his horse towards Edward. 'Is it possible—nay, ride up, Colonel, for I desire no secrets—is it possible, Mr. Waverley, that I am mistaken in supposing that you are an accepted lover of Miss Bradwardine? a fact of which I was by circumstances, though not by communication from you, so absolutely convinced that I alleged it to Vich Ian Vohr this morning as a reason why, without offence to him, you might not continue to be ambitious of an alliance which to an unengaged person, even though once repulsed, holds out too many charms to be lightly laid aside.'

'Your Royal Highness,' said Waverley, 'must have founded on circumstances altogether unknown to me, when you did me the distinguished honour of supposing me an accepted lover of Miss Bradwardine. I feel the distinction implied in the supposition, but I have no title to it. For the rest, my confidence in my own merit is too justly slight to admit of my hoping for success in any quarter after positive rejection.'

The Chevalier was silent for a moment, looking steadily at them both, and then said, 'Upon my word, Mr. Waverley, you are a less happy man than I conceived I had very good reason to believe you. But now, gentlemen, allow me to be umpire in this matter, not as Prince Regent but as Charles Stuart, a brother adventurer with you in the same gallant cause. Lay my pretensions to be obeyed by you entirely out of view, and consider your own honour, and how far it is well or becoming to give our enemies the advantage and our friends the scandal of showing that, few as we are, we are not united. And forgive me if I add, that the names of the ladies who have been mentioned crave more respect from us all than to be made themes of discord.'

He took Fergus a little apart and spoke to him very earnestly for two or three minutes, and then returning to Waverley, said, 'I believe I have satisfied Colonel Mac-Ivor that his resentment was founded upon a misconception, to which, indeed, I myself gave rise; and I trust Mr. Waverley

is too generous to harbour any recollection of what is past when I assure him that such is the case. You must state this matter properly to your clan, Vich Ian Vohr, to prevent a recurrence of their precipitate violence.' Fergus bowed. 'And now, gentlemen, let me have the pleasure to see you shake hands.'

They advanced coldly, and with measured steps, each apparently reluctant to appear most forward in concession. They did, however, shake hands, and parted, taking a respectful leave of the Chevalier.

Charles Edward<sup>1</sup> then rode to the head of the Mac-Ivors, threw himself from his horse, begged a drink out of old Ballenkeiroch's canteen, and marched about half a mile along with them, inquiring into the history and connexions of Sliochd nan Ivor; adroitly using the few words of Gaelic he possessed, and affecting a great desire to learn it more thoroughly. He then mounted his horse once more, and galloped to the Baron's cavalry, which was in front, halted them, and examined their accoutrements and state of discipline; took notice of the principal gentlemen, and even of the cadets; inquired after their ladies, and commended their horses; rode about an hour with the Baron of Bradwardine, and endured three long stories about Field-Marshal the Duke of Berwick.

'Ah, Beaujeu, mon cher ami,' said he, as he returned to his usual place in the line of march, 'que mon métier de prince errant est ennuyant, par fois. Mais, courage! c'est le grand jeu, après tout.'

<sup>1</sup> See Note 40.



## CHAPTER LIX

### *A Skirmish*

THE reader need hardly be reminded that, after a council of war held at Derby on the 5th of December, the Highlanders relinquished their desperate attempt to penetrate farther into England, and, greatly to the dissatisfaction of their young and daring leader, positively determined to return northward. They commenced their retreat accordingly, and, by the extreme celerity of their movements, outstripped the motions of the Duke of Cumberland, who now pursued them with a very large body of cavalry.

This retreat was a virtual resignation of their towering hopes. None had been so sanguine as Fergus Mac-Ivor; none, consequently, was so cruelly mortified at the change of measures. He argued, or rather remonstrated, with the utmost vehemence at the council of war; and, when his opinion was rejected, shed tears of grief and indignation. From that moment his whole manner was so much altered that he could scarcely have been recognised for the same soaring and ardent spirit, for whom the whole earth seemed too narrow but a week before. The retreat had continued for several days, when Edward, to his surprise, early on the 12th of December, received a visit from the Chieftain in his quarters, in a hamlet about half-way between Shap and Penrith.

Having had no intercourse with the Chieftain since their rupture, Edward waited with some anxiety an explanation of this unexpected visit; nor could he help being surprised, and somewhat shocked, with the change in his appearance. His eye had lost much of its fire; his cheek was hollow, his voice was languid, even his gait seemed less firm and elastic than it was wont; and his dress, to which he used to be particularly attentive, was now carelessly flung about him. He invited

Edward to walk out with him by the little river in the vicinity ; and smiled in a melancholy manner when he observed him take down and buckle on his sword.

As soon as they were in a wild sequestered path by the side of the stream, the Chief broke out — ‘ Our fine adventure is now totally ruined, Waverley, and I wish to know what you intend to do ; — nay, never stare at me, man. I tell you I received a packet from my sister yesterday, and, had I got the information it contains sooner, it would have prevented a quarrel which I am always vexed when I think of. In a letter written after our dispute, I acquainted her with the cause of it ; and she now replies to me that she never had, nor could have, any purpose of giving you encouragement ; so that it seems I have acted like a madman. Poor Flora ! she writes in high spirits ; what a change will the news of this unhappy retreat make in her state of mind ! ’

Waverley, who was really much affected by the deep tone of melancholy with which Fergus spoke, affectionately entreated him to banish from his remembrance any unkindness which had arisen between them, and they once more shook hands, but now with sincere cordiality. Fergus again inquired of Waverley what he intended to do. ‘ Had you not better leave this luckless army, and get down before us into Scotland, and embark for the Continent from some of the eastern ports that are still in our possession ? When you are out of the kingdom, your friends will easily negotiate your pardon ; and, to tell you the truth, I wish you would carry Rose Bradwardine with you as your wife, and take Flora also under your joint protection. ’ — Edward looked surprised. — ‘ She loves you, and I believe you love her, though, perhaps, you have not found it out, for you are not celebrated for knowing your own mind very pointedly. ’ He said this with a sort of smile.

‘ How, ’ answered Edward, ‘ can you advise me to desert the expedition in which we are all embarked ? ’

‘ Embarked ? ’ said Fergus ; ‘ the vessel is going to pieces, and it is full time for all who can to get into the long-boat and leave her. ’

‘ Why, what will other gentlemen do ? ’ answered Waverley, ‘ and why did the Highland Chiefs consent to this retreat if it is so ruinous ? ’

‘ O, ’ replied Mac-Ivor, ‘ they think that, as on former occasions, the heading, hanging, and forfeiting will chiefly fall to the lot of the Lowland gentry ; that they will be left secure

in their poverty and their fastnesses, there, according to their proverb, "to listen to the wind upon the hill till the waters abate." But they will be disappointed; they have been too often troublesome to be so repeatedly passed over, and this time John Bull has been too heartily frightened to recover his good-humour for some time. The Hanoverian ministers always deserved to be hanged for rascals; but now, if they get the power in their hands, — as, sooner or later, they must, since there is neither rising in England nor assistance from France, — they will deserve the gallows as fools if they leave a single clan in the Highlands in a situation to be again troublesome to government. Ay, they will make root-and-branch-work, I warrant them.'

'And while you recommend flight to me,' said Edward, — 'a counsel which I would rather die than embrace, — what are your own views?'

'O,' answered Fergus, with a melancholy air, 'my fate is settled. Dead or captive I must be before to-morrow.'

'What do you mean by that, my friend?' said Edward. 'The enemy is still a day's march in our rear, and if he comes up, we are still strong enough to keep him in check. Remember Gladsmuir.'

'What I tell you is true notwithstanding, so far as I am individually concerned.'

'Upon what authority can you found so melancholy a prediction?' asked Waverley.

'On one which never failed a person of my house. I have seen,' he said, lowering his voice, 'I have seen the Bodach Glas.'

'Bodach Glas?'

'Yes; have you been so long at Glennaquoich, and never heard of the Grey Spectre? though indeed there is a certain reluctance among us to mention him.'

'No, never.'

'Ah! it would have been a tale for poor Flora to have told you. Or, if that hill were Benmore, and that long blue lake, which you see just winding towards yon mountainous country, were Loch Tay, or my own Loch an Ri, the tale would be better suited with scenery. However, let us sit down on this knoll; even Saddleback and Ulswater will suit what I have to say better than the English hedgerows, inclosures, and farm-houses. You must know, then, that when my ancestor, Ian nan Chaistel, wasted Northumberland, there was associated

with him in the expedition a sort of Southland Chief, or captain of a band of Lowlanders, called Halbert Hall. In their return through the Cheviots they quarrelled about the division of the great booty they had acquired, and came from words to blows. The Lowlanders were cut off to a man, and their chief fell the last, covered with wounds by the sword of my ancestor. Since that time his spirit has crossed the Vich Ian Vohr of the day when any great disaster was impending, but especially before approaching death. My father saw him twice, once before he was made prisoner at Sheriff-Muir, another time on the morning of the day on which he died.'

'How can you, my dear Fergus, tell such nonsense with a grave face?'

'I do not ask you to believe it; but I tell you the truth, ascertained by three hundred years' experience at least, and last night by my own eyes.'

'The particulars, for heaven's sake!' said Waverley, with eagerness.

'I will, on condition you will not attempt a jest on the subject. Since this unhappy retreat commenced I have scarce ever been able to sleep for thinking of my clan, and of this poor Prince, whom they are leading back like a dog in a string, whether he will or no, and of the downfall of my family. Last night I felt so feverish that I left my quarters and walked out, in hopes the keen frosty air would brace my nerves—I cannot tell how much I dislike going on, for I know you will hardly believe me. However—I crossed a small footbridge, and kept walking backwards and forwards, when I observed with surprise by the clear moonlight a tall figure in a grey plaid, such as shepherds wear in the south of Scotland, which, move at what pace I would, kept regularly about four yards before me.'

'You saw a Cumberland peasant in his ordinary dress, probably.'

'No; I thought so at first, and was astonished at the man's audacity in daring to dog me. I called to him, but received no answer. I felt an anxious throbbing at my heart, and to ascertain what I dreaded, I stood still and turned myself on the same spot successively to the four points of the compass. By Heaven, Edward, turn where I would, the figure was instantly before my eyes, at precisely the same distance! I was then convinced it was the Bodach Glas. My hair bristled and my knees shook. I manned myself, however, and determined to return to my quarters. My ghastly visitant glided before me

(for I cannot say he walked) until he reached the footbridge; there he stopped and turned full round. I must either wade the river or pass him as close as I am to you. A desperate courage, founded on the belief that my death was near, made me resolve to make my way in despite of him. I made the sign of the cross, drew my sword, and uttered, "In the name of God, Evil Spirit, give place!" "Vich Ian Vohr," it said, in a voice that made my very blood curdle, "beware of to-morrow!" It seemed at that moment not half a yard from my sword's point; but the words were no sooner spoken than it was gone, and nothing appeared further to obstruct my passage. I got home and threw myself on my bed, where I spent a few hours heavily enough; and this morning, as no enemy was reported to be near us, I took my horse and rode forward to make up matters with you. I would not willingly fall until I am in charity with a wronged friend.'

Edward had little doubt that this phantom was the operation of an exhausted frame and depressed spirits, working on the belief common to all Highlanders in such superstitions. He did not the less pity Fergus, for whom, in his present distress, he felt all his former regard revive. With the view of diverting his mind from these gloomy images, he offered, with the Baron's permission, which he knew he could readily obtain, to remain in his quarters till Fergus's corps should come up, and then to march with them as usual. The Chief seemed much pleased, yet hesitated to accept the offer.

'We are, you know, in the rear, the post of danger in a retreat.'

'And therefore the post of honour.'

'Well,' replied the Chieftain, 'let Alick have your horse in readiness, in case we should be overmatched, and I shall be delighted to have your company once more.'

The rear-guard were late in making their appearance, having been delayed by various accidents and by the badness of the roads. At length they entered the hamlet. When Waverley joined the clan Mac-Ivor, arm-in-arm with their Chieftain, all the resentment they had entertained against him seemed blown off at once. Evan Dhu received him with a grin of congratulation; and even Callum, who was running about as active as ever, pale indeed, and with a great patch on his head, appeared delighted to see him.

'That gallows-bird's skull,' said Fergus, 'must be harder than marble; the lock of the pistol was actually broken.'

‘How could you strike so young a lad so hard?’ said Waverley, with some interest.

‘Why, if I did not strike hard sometimes, the rascals would forget themselves.’

They were now in full march, every caution being taken to prevent surprise. Fergus’s people, and a fine clan regiment from Badenoch, commanded by Cluny Mac-Pherson, had the rear. They had passed a large open moor, and were entering into the inclosures which surround a small village called Clifton. The winter sun had set, and Edward began to rally Fergus upon the false predictions of the Grey Spirit. ‘The ides of March are not past,’ said Mac-Ivor, with a smile; when, suddenly casting his eyes back on the moor, a large body of cavalry was indistinctly seen to hover upon its brown and dark surface. To line the inclosures facing the open ground and the road by which the enemy must move from it upon the village was the work of a short time. While these manœuvres were accomplishing, night sunk down, dark and gloomy, though the moon was at full. Sometimes, however, she gleamed forth a dubious light upon the scene of action.

The Highlanders did not long remain undisturbed in the defensive position they had adopted. Favoured by the night, one large body of dismounted dragoons attempted to force the inclosures, while another, equally strong, strove to penetrate by the highroad. Both were received by such a heavy fire as disconcerted their ranks and effectually checked their progress. Unsatisfied with the advantage thus gained, Fergus, to whose ardent spirit the approach of danger seemed to restore all its elasticity, drawing his sword and calling out ‘Claymore!’ encouraged his men, by voice and example, to break through the hedge which divided them and rush down upon the enemy. Mingling with the dismounted dragoons, they forced them, at the sword-point, to fly to the open moor, where a considerable number were cut to pieces. But the moon, which suddenly shone out, showed to the English the small number of assailants, disordered by their own success. Two squadrons of horse moving to the support of their companions, the Highlanders endeavoured to recover the inclosures. But several of them, amongst others their brave Chieftain, were cut off and surrounded before they could effect their purpose. Waverley, looking eagerly for Fergus, from whom, as well as from the retreating body of his followers, he had been separated in the darkness and tumult, saw him, with Evan Dhu and Callum, defending

themselves desperately against a dozen of horsemen, who were hewing at them with their long broadswords. The moon was again at that moment totally overclouded, and Edward, in the obscurity, could neither bring aid to his friends nor discover which way lay his own road to rejoin the rear-guard. After once or twice narrowly escaping being slain or made prisoner by parties of the cavalry whom he encountered in the darkness, he at length reached an inclosure, and, clambering over it, concluded himself in safety and on the way to the Highland forces, whose pipes he heard at some distance. For Fergus hardly a hope remained, unless that he might be made prisoner. Revolving his fate with sorrow and anxiety, the superstition of the Bodach Glas recurred to Edward's recollection, and he said to himself, with internal surprise, 'What, can the devil speak truth?'<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> See Skirmish at Clifton. Note 41.

## CHAPTER LX

### *Chapter of Accidents*

EDWARD was in a most unpleasant and dangerous situation. He soon lost the sound of the bagpipes; and, what was yet more unpleasant, when, after searching long in vain and scrambling through many inclosures, he at length approached the highroad, he learned, from the unwelcome noise of kettledrums and trumpets, that the English cavalry now occupied it, and consequently were between him and the Highlanders. Precluded, therefore, from advancing in a straight direction, he resolved to avoid the English military and endeavour to join his friends by making a circuit to the left, for which a beaten path, deviating from the main road in that direction, seemed to afford facilities. The path was muddy and the night dark and cold; but even these inconveniences were hardly felt amidst the apprehensions which falling into the hands of the King's forces reasonably excited in his bosom.

After walking about three miles, he at length reached a hamlet. Conscious that the common people were in general unfavourable to the cause he had espoused, yet desirous, if possible, to procure a horse and guide to Penrith, where he hoped to find the rear, if not the main body, of the Chevalier's army, he approached the alehouse of the place. There was a great noise within; he paused to listen. A round English oath or two, and the burden of a campaign song, convinced him the hamlet also was occupied by the Duke of Cumberland's soldiers. Endeavouring to retire from it as softly as possible, and blessing the obscurity which hitherto he had murmured against, Waverley groped his way the best he could along a small paling, which seemed the boundary of some cottage garden. As he reached the gate of this little inclosure, his outstretched hand was grasped by that of a female, whose voice at the same time uttered, 'Edward, is't thou, man?'



‘Here is some unlucky mistake,’ thought Edward, struggling, but gently, to disengage himself.

‘Naen o’ thy foun, now, man, or the red cwoats will hear thee; they hae been houlerying and poulerying every ane that past alehouse door this noight to make them drive their waggons and sick loike. Come into feyther’s, or they’ll do ho a mischief.’

‘A good hint,’ thought Waverley, following the girl through the little garden into a brick-paved kitchen, where she set herself to kindle a match at an expiring fire, and with the match to light a candle. She had no sooner looked on Edward than she dropped the light, with a shrill scream of ‘O feyther, feyther!’

The father, thus invoked, speedily appeared — a sturdy old farmer, in a pair of leather breeches, and boots pulled on without stockings, having just started from his bed; the rest of his dress was only a Westmoreland statesman’s *robe-de-chambre* — that is, his shirt. His figure was displayed to advantage by a candle which he bore in his left hand; in his right he brandished a poker.

‘What hast ho here, wench?’

‘O!’ cried the poor girl, almost going off in hysterics, ‘I thought it was Ned Williams, and it is one of the plaid-men.’

‘And what was thee ganging to do wi’ Ned Williams at this time o’ noight?’ To this, which was, perhaps, one of the numerous class of questions more easily asked than answered, the rosy-cheeked damsel made no reply, but continued sobbing and wringing her hands.

‘And thee, lad, dost ho know that the dragoons be a town? dost ho know that, mon? ad, they’ll sliver thee loike a turnip, mon.’

‘I know my life is in great danger,’ said Waverley, ‘but if you can assist me, I will reward you handsomely. I an no Scotchman, but an unfortunate English gentleman.’

‘Be ho Scot or no,’ said the honest farmer, ‘I wish thou hadst kept the other side of the hallan. But since thou art here, Jacob Jopson will betray no man’s bluid; and the plaids were gay canny, and did not do so much mischief when they were here yesterday.’ Accordingly, he set seriously about sheltering and refreshing our hero for the night. The fire was speedily rekindled, but with precaution against its light being seen from without. The jolly yeoman cut a rasher of bacon, which Cicely soon broiled, and her father added a swingeing tankard of his best ale. It was settled that Edward should remain there till the troops marched in the morning, then hire

or buy a horse from the farmer, and, with the best directions that could be obtained, endeavour to overtake his friends. A clean, though coarse, bed received him after the fatigues of this unhappy day.

With the morning arrived the news that the Highlanders had evacuated Penrith, and marched off towards Carlisle; that the Duke of Cumberland was in possession of Penrith, and that detachments of his army covered the roads in every direction. To attempt to get through undiscovered would be an act of the most frantic temerity. Ned Williams (the right Edward) was now called to council by Cicely and her father. Ned, who perhaps did not care that his handsome namesake should remain too long in the same house with his sweetheart, for fear of fresh mistakes, proposed that Waverley, exchanging his uniform and plaid for the dress of the country, should go with him to his father's farm near Ulswater, and remain in that undisturbed retirement until the military movements in the country should have ceased to render his departure hazardous. A price was also agreed upon, at which the stranger might board with Farmer Williams, if he thought proper, till he could depart with safety. It was of moderate amount; the distress of his situation, among this honest and simple-hearted race, being considered as no reason for increasing their demand.

The necessary articles of dress were accordingly procured, and, by following by-paths known to the young farmer, they hoped to escape any unpleasant *rencontre*. A recompense for their hospitality was refused peremptorily by old Jopson and his cherry-cheeked daughter; a kiss paid the one and a hearty shake of the hand the other. Both seemed anxious for their guest's safety, and took leave of him with kind wishes.

In the course of their route Edward, with his guide, traversed those fields which the night before had been the scene of action. A brief gleam of December's sun shone sadly on the broad heath, which, towards the spot where the great north-west road entered the inclosures of Lord Lonsdale's property, exhibited dead bodies of men and horses, and the usual companions of war, a number of carrion-crows, hawks, and ravens.

'And this, then, was thy last field,' said Waverley to himself, his eye filling at the recollection of the many splendid points of Fergus's character, and of their former intimacy, all his passions and imperfections forgotten — 'here fell the last Vich Ian Vohr, on a nameless heath; and in an obscure night-skirmish was quenched that ardent spirit, who thought it little to cut a way

for his master to the British throne ! Ambition, policy, bravery, all far beyond their sphere, here learned the fate of mortals. The sole support, too, of a sister whose spirit, as proud and unbending, was even more exalted than thine own ; here ended all thy hopes for Flora, and the long and valued line which it was thy boast to raise yet more highly by thy adventurous valour !

As these ideas pressed on Waverley's mind, he resolved to go upon the open heath and search if, among the slain, he could discover the body of his friend, with the pious intention of procuring for him the last rites of sepulture. The timorous young man who accompanied him remonstrated upon the danger of the attempt, but Edward was determined. The followers of the camp had already stripped the dead of all they could carry away ; but the country people, unused to scenes of blood, had not yet approached the field of action, though some stood fearfully gazing at a distance. About sixty or seventy dragoons lay slain within the first inclosure, upon the highroad, and on the open moor. Of the Highlanders, not above a dozen had fallen, chiefly those who, venturing too far on the moor, could not regain the strong ground. He could not find the body of Fergus among the slain. On a little knoll, separated from the others, lay the carcasses of three English dragoons, two horses, and the page Callum Beg, whose hard skull a trooper's broadsword had, at length, effectually cloven. It was possible his clan had carried off the body of Fergus ; but it was also possible he had escaped, especially as Evan Dhu, who would never leave his Chief, was not found among the dead ; or he might be prisoner, and the less formidable denunciation inferred from the appearance of the Bodach Glas might have proved the true one. The approach of a party sent for the purpose of compelling the country people to bury the dead, and who had already assembled several peasants for that purpose, now obliged Edward to rejoin his guide, who awaited him in great anxiety and fear under shade of the plantations.

After leaving this field of death, the rest of their journey was happily accomplished. At the house of Farmer Williams, Edward passed for a young kinsman, educated for the church, who was come to reside there till the civil tumults permitted him to pass through the country. This silenced suspicion among the kind and simple yeomanry of Cumberland, and accounted sufficiently for the grave manners and retired habits of the new guest. The precaution became more necessary

than Waverley had anticipated, as a variety of incidents prolonged his stay at Fasthwaite, as the farm was called.

A tremendous fall of snow rendered his departure impossible for more than ten days. When the roads began to become a little practicable, they successively received news of the retreat of the Chevalier into Scotland; then, that he had abandoned the frontiers, retiring upon Glasgow; and that the Duke of Cumberland had formed the siege of Carlisle. His army, therefore, cut off all possibility of Waverley's escaping into Scotland in that direction. On the eastern border Marshal Wade, with a large force, was advancing upon Edinburgh: and all along the frontier, parties of militia, volunteers, and partizans were in arms to suppress insurrection, and apprehend such stragglers from the Highland army as had been left in England. The surrender of Carlisle, and the severity with which the rebel garrison were threatened, soon formed an additional reason against venturing upon a solitary and hopeless journey through a hostile country and a large army, to carry the assistance of a single sword to a cause which seemed altogether desperate.

In this lonely and secluded situation, without the advantage of company or conversation with men of cultivated minds, the arguments of Colonel Talbot often recurred to the mind of our hero. A still more anxious recollection haunted his slumbers—it was the dying look and gesture of Colonel Gardiner. Most devoutly did he hope, as the rarely occurring post brought news of skirmishes with various success, that it might never again be his lot to draw his sword in civil conflict. Then his mind turned to the supposed death of Fergus, to the desolate situation of Flora, and, with yet more tender recollection, to that of Rose Bradwardine, who was destitute of the devoted enthusiasm of loyalty, which to her friend hallowed and exalted misfortune. These reveries he was permitted to enjoy, undisturbed by queries or interruption; and it was in many a winter walk by the shores of Ulswater that he acquired a more complete mastery of a spirit tamed by adversity than his former experience had given him; and that he felt himself entitled to say firmly, though perhaps with a sigh, that the romance of his life was ended, and that its real history had now commenced. He was soon called upon to justify his pretensions by reason and philosophy.

## CHAPTER LXI

### *A Journey to London*

THE family at Fasthwaite was soon attached to Edward. He had, indeed, that gentleness and urbanity which almost universally attracts corresponding kindness ; and to their simple ideas his learning gave him consequence, and his sorrows interest. The last he ascribed, evasively, to the loss of a brother in the skirmish near Clifton ; and in that primitive state of society, where the ties of affection were highly deemed of, his continued depression excited sympathy, but not surprise.

In the end of January his more lively powers were called out by the happy union of Edward Williams, the son of his host, with Cicely Jopson. Our hero would not cloud with sorrow the festivity attending the wedding of two persons to whom he was so highly obliged. He therefore exerted himself, danced, sung, played at the various games of the day, and was the blithest of the company. The next morning, however, he had more serious matters to think of.

The clergyman who had married the young couple was so much pleased with the supposed student of divinity, that he came next day from Penrith on purpose to pay him a visit. This might have been a puzzling chapter had he entered into any examination of our hero's supposed theological studies ; but fortunately he loved better to hear and communicate the news of the day. He brought with him two or three old newspapers, in one of which Edward found a piece of intelligence that soon rendered him deaf to every word which the Reverend Mr. Twigtythe was saying upon the news from the north, and the prospect of the Duke's speedily overtaking and crushing the rebels. This was an article in these, or nearly these words :

'Died at his house, in Hill Street, Berkeley Square, upon the 10th inst., Richard Waverley, Esq., second son of Sir Giles

Waverley of Waverley-Honour, etc. etc. He died of a lingering disorder, augmented by the unpleasant predicament of suspicion in which he stood, having been obliged to find bail to a high amount to meet an impending accusation of high-treason. An accusation of the same grave crime hangs over his elder brother, Sir Everard Waverley, the representative of that ancient family; and we understand the day of his trial will be fixed early in the next month, unless Edward Waverley, son of the deceased Richard, and heir to the Baronet, shall surrender himself to justice. In that case we are assured it is his Majesty's gracious purpose to drop further proceedings upon the charge against Sir Everard. This unfortunate young gentleman is ascertained to have been in arms in the Pretender's service, and to have marched along with the Highland troops into England. But he has not been heard of since the skirmish at Clifton, on the 18th December last.'

Such was this distracting paragraph. 'Good God!' exclaimed Waverley, 'am I then a parricide? Impossible! My father, who never showed the affection of a father while he lived, cannot have been so much affected by my supposed death as to hasten his own; no, I will not believe it, it were distraction to entertain for a moment such a horrible idea. But it were, if possible, worse than parricide to suffer any danger to hang over my noble and generous uncle, who has ever been more to me than a father, if such evil can be averted by any sacrifice on my part!'

While these reflections passed like the stings of scorpions through Waverley's sensorium, the worthy divine was startled in a long disquisition on the battle of Falkirk by the ghastliness which they communicated to his looks, and asked him if he was ill? Fortunately the bride, all smirk and blush, had just entered the room. Mrs. Williams was none of the brightest of women, but she was good-natured, and readily concluding that Edward had been shocked by disagreeable news in the papers, interfered so judiciously, that, without exciting suspicion, she drew off Mr. Twigtythe's attention, and engaged it until he soon after took his leave. Waverley then explained to his friends that he was under the necessity of going to London with as little delay as possible.

One cause of delay, however, did occur, to which Waverley had been very little accustomed. His purse, though well stocked when he first went to Tully-Veolan, had not been reinforced since that period; and although his life since had

not been of a nature to exhaust it hastily, for he had lived chiefly with his friends or with the army, yet he found that, after settling with his kind landlord, he should be too poor to encounter the expense of travelling post. The best course, therefore, seemed to be to get into the great north road about Borough-bridge, and there take a place in the northern diligence, a huge old-fashioned tub, drawn by three horses, which completed the journey from Edinburgh to London (God willing, as the advertisement expressed it) in three weeks. Our hero, therefore, took an affectionate farewell of his Cumberland friends, whose kindness he promised never to forget, and tacitly hoped one day to acknowledge by substantial proofs of gratitude. After some petty difficulties and vexatious delays, and after putting his dress into a shape better befitting his rank, though perfectly plain and simple, he accomplished crossing the country, and found himself in the desired vehicle *vis-à-vis* to Mrs. Nosebag, the lady of Lieutenant Nosebag, adjutant and riding-master of the — dragoons, a jolly woman of about fifty, wearing a blue habit, faced with scarlet, and grasping a silver-mounted horse-whip.

This lady was one of those active members of society who take upon them *faire le frais de conversation*. She had just returned from the north, and informed Edward how nearly her regiment had cut the petticoat people into ribands at Falkirk, 'only somehow there was one of those nasty, awkward marshes, that they are never without in Scotland, I think, and so our poor dear little regiment suffered something, as my Nosebag says, in that unsatisfactory affair. You, sir, have served in the dragoons?' Waverley was taken so much at unawares that he acquiesced.

'O, I knew it at once; I saw you were military from your air, and I was sure you could be none of the foot-wobblers, as my Nosebag calls them. What regiment, pray?' Here was a delightful question. Waverley, however, justly concluded that this good lady had the whole army-list by heart; and, to avoid detection by adhering to truth, answered, 'Gardiner's dragoons, ma'am; but I have retired some time.'

'O aye, those as won the race at the battle of Preston, as my Nosebag says. Pray, sir, were you there?'

'I was so unfortunate, madam,' he replied, 'as to witness that engagement.'

'And that was a misfortune that few of Gardiner's stood to witness, I believe, sir — ha! ha! ha! I beg your pardon; but a soldier's wife loves a joke.'

‘Devil confound you,’ thought Waverley; ‘what infernal luck has penned me up with this inquisitive hag!’

Fortunately the good lady did not stick long to one subject. ‘We are coming to Ferrybridge now,’ she said, ‘where there was a party of *ours* left to support the beadles, and constables, and justices, and these sort of creatures that are examining papers and stopping rebels, and all that.’ They were hardly in the inn before she dragged Waverley to the window, exclaiming, ‘Yonder comes Corporal Bridoon, of our poor dear troop; he’s coming with the constable man. Bridoon’s one of my lambs, as Nosebag calls ’em. Come, Mr. — a — a — pray, what’s your name, sir?’

‘Butler, ma’am,’ said Waverley, resolved rather to make free with the name of a former fellow-officer than run the risk of detection by inventing one not to be found in the regiment.

‘O, you got a troop lately, when that shabby fellow, Waverley, went over to the rebels? Lord, I wish our old cross Captain Crump would go over to the rebels, that Nosebag might get the troop! Lord, what can Bridoon be standing swinging on the bridge for? I’ll be hanged if he a’nt hazy, as Nosebag says. Come, sir, as you and I belong to the service, we’ll go put the rascal in mind of his duty.’

Waverley, with feelings more easily conceived than described, saw himself obliged to follow this doughty female commander. The gallant trooper was as like a lamb as a drunk corporal of dragoons, about six feet high, with very broad shoulders, and very thin legs, not to mention a great scar across his nose, could well be. Mrs. Nosebag addressed him with something which, if not an oath, sounded very like one, and commanded him to attend to his duty. ‘You be d—d for a —,’ commenced the gallant cavalier; but, looking up in order to suit the action to the words, and also to enforce the epithet which he meditated with an adjective applicable to the party, he recognised the speaker, made his military salam, and altered his tone. ‘Lord love your handsome face, Madam Nosebag, is it you? Why, if a poor fellow does happen to fire a slug of a morning, I am sure you were never the lady to bring him to harm.’

‘Well, you rascallion, go, mind your duty; this gentleman and I belong to the service; but be sure you look after that shy cock in the slouched hat that sits in the corner of the coach. I believe he’s one of the rebels in disguise.’



‘D—n her gooseberry wig,’ said the corporal, when she was out of hearing, ‘that gimlet-eyed jade — mother adjutant, as we call her — is a greater plague to the regiment than prevot-marshal, sergeant-major, and old Hubble-de-Shuff, the colonel, into the bargain. Come, Master Constable, let’s see if this shy cock, as she calls him (who, by the way, was a Quaker from Leeds, with whom Mrs. Nosebag had had some tart argument on the legality of bearing arms), will stand godfather to a sup of brandy, for your Yorkshire ale is cold on my stomach.’

The vivacity of this good lady, as it helped Edward out of this scrape, was like to have drawn him into one or two others. In every town where they stopped she wished to examine the *corps de garde*, if there was one, and once very narrowly missed introducing Waverley to a recruiting-sergeant of his own regiment. Then she Captain’d and Butler’d him till he was almost mad with vexation and anxiety; and never was he more rejoiced in his life at the termination of a journey than when the arrival of the coach in London freed him from the attentions of Madam Nosebag.

## CHAPTER LXII

### *What's to be Done Next?*

IT was twilight when they arrived in town; and having shaken off his companions, and walked through a good many streets to avoid the possibility of being traced by them, Edward took a hackney-coach and drove to Colonel Talbot's house, in one of the principal squares at the west end of the town. That gentleman, by the death of relations, had succeeded since his marriage to a large fortune, possessed considerable political interest, and lived in what is called great style.

When Waverley knocked at his door he found it at first difficult to procure admittance, but at length was shown into an apartment where the Colonel was at table. Lady Emily, whose very beautiful features were still pallid from indisposition, sat opposite to him. The instant he heard Waverley's voice, he started up and embraced him. 'Frank Stanley, my dear boy, how d'ye do? Emily, my love, this is young Stanley.'

The blood started to the lady's cheek as she gave Waverley a reception in which courtesy was mingled with kindness, while her trembling hand and faltering voice showed how much she was startled and discomposed. Dinner was hastily replaced, and while Waverley was engaged in refreshing himself, the Colonel proceeded — 'I wonder you have come here, Frank; the Doctors tell me the air of London is very bad for your complaints. You should not have risked it. But I am delighted to see you, and so is Emily, though I fear we must not reckon upon your staying long.'

'Some particular business brought me up,' muttered Waverley.

'I supposed so, but I sha'n't allow you to stay long. Spontoon' (to an elderly military-looking servant out of livery),

'take away these things, and answer the bell yourself, if I ring. Don't let any of the other fellows disturb us. My nephew and I have business to talk of.'

When the servants had retired, 'In the name of God, Waverley, what has brought you here? It may be as much as your life is worth.'

'Dear Mr. Waverley,' said Lady Emily, 'to whom I owe so much more than acknowledgments can ever pay, how could you be so rash?'

'My father — my uncle — this paragraph,' — he handed the paper to Colonel Talbot.

'I wish to Heaven these scoundrels were condemned to be squeezed to death in their own presses,' said Talbot. 'I am told there are not less than a dozen of their papers now published in town, and no wonder that they are obliged to invent lies to find sale for their journals. It is true, however, my dear Edward, that you have lost your father; but as to this flourish of his unpleasant situation having grated upon his spirits and hurt his health — the truth is — for though it is harsh to say so now, yet it will relieve your mind from the idea of weighty responsibility — the truth then is, that Mr. Richard Waverley, through this whole business, showed great want of sensibility, both to your situation and that of your uncle; and the last time I saw him, he told me, with great glee, that, as I was so good as take charge of your interests, he had thought it best to patch up a separate negotiation for himself, and make his peace with government through some channels which former connections left still open to him.'

'And my uncle, my dear uncle?'

'Is in no danger whatever. It is true (looking at the date of the paper) there was a foolish report some time ago to the purport here quoted, but it is entirely false. Sir Everard is gone down to Waverley-Honour, freed from all uneasiness, unless upon your own account. But you are in peril yourself; your name is in every proclamation; warrants are out to apprehend you. How and when did you come here?'

Edward told his story at length, suppressing his quarrel with Fergus; for, being himself partial to Highlanders, he did not wish to give any advantage to the Colonel's national prejudice against them.

'Are you sure it was your friend Glen's foot-boy you saw dead in Clifton Moor?'

'Quite positive.'

‘Then that little limb of the devil has cheated the gallows, for cut-throat was written in his face; though’ (turning to Lady Emily) ‘it was a very handsome face too. But for you, Edward, I wish you would go down again to Cumberland, or rather I wish you had never stirred from thence, for there is an embargo in all the seaports, and a strict search for the adherents of the Pretender; and the tongue of that confounded woman will wag in her head like the clack of a mill, till somehow or other she will detect Captain Butler to be a feigned personage.’

‘Do you know anything,’ asked Waverley, ‘of my fellow-traveller?’

‘Her husband was my sergeant-major for six years; she was a buxom widow, with a little money; he married her, was steady, and got on by being a good drill. I must send Spontoon to see what she is about; he will find her out among the old regimental connections. To-morrow you must be indisposed, and keep your room from fatigue. Lady Emily is to be your nurse, and Spontoon and I your attendants. You bear the name of a near relation of mine, whom none of my present people ever saw, except Spontoon; so there will be no immediate danger. So pray feel your head ache and your eyes grow heavy as soon as possible, that you may be put upon the sick-list; and, Emily, do you order an apartment for Frank Stanley, with all the attentions which an invalid may require.’

In the morning the Colonel visited his guest. ‘Now,’ said he, ‘I have some good news for you. Your reputation as a gentleman and officer is effectually cleared of neglect of duty and accession to the mutiny in Gardiner’s regiment. I have had a correspondence on this subject with a very zealous friend of yours, your Scottish parson, Morton; his first letter was addressed to Sir Everard; but I relieved the good Baronet of the trouble of answering it. You must know, that your free-booting acquaintance, Donald of the Cave, has at length fallen into the hands of the Philistines. He was driving off the cattle of a certain proprietor, called Killan — something or other —’

‘Killancureit?’

‘The same. Now the gentleman being, it seems, a great farmer, and having a special value for his breed of cattle, being, moreover, rather of a timid disposition, had got a party of soldiers to protect his property. So Donald ran his head unawares into the lion’s mouth, and was defeated and made prisoner. Being ordered for execution, his conscience was assailed on the one hand by a Catholic priest, on the other by

your friend Morton. He repulsed the Catholic chiefly on account of the doctrine of extreme unction, which this economical gentleman considered as an excessive waste of oil. So his conversion from a state of impenitence fell to Mr. Morton's share, who, I daresay, acquitted himself excellently, though I suppose Donald made but a queer kind of Christian after all. He confessed, however, before a magistrate, one Major Melville, who seems to have been a correct, friendly sort of person, his full intrigue with Houghton, explaining particularly how it was carried on, and fully acquitting you of the least accession to it. He also mentioned his rescuing you from the hands of the volunteer officer, and sending you, by orders of the Pret—Chevalier, I mean—as a prisoner to Doune, from whence he understood you were carried prisoner to Edinburgh. These are particulars which cannot but tell in your favour. He hinted that he had been employed to deliver and protect you, and rewarded for doing so; but he would not confess by whom, alleging that, though he would not have minded breaking any ordinary oath to satisfy the curiosity of Mr. Morton, to whose pious admonitions he owed so much, yet, in the present case he had been sworn to silence upon the edge of his dirk,<sup>1</sup> which, it seems, constituted, in his opinion, an inviolable obligation.'

'And what is become of him?'

'Oh, he was hanged at Stirling after the rebels raised the siege, with his lieutenant and four plaids besides; he having the advantage of a gallows more lofty than his friends.'

'Well, I have little cause either to regret or rejoice at his death; and yet he has done me both good and harm to a very considerable extent.'

'His confession, at least, will serve you materially, since it wipes from your character all those suspicions which gave the accusation against you a complexion of a nature different from that with which so many unfortunate gentlemen, now or lately in arms against the government, may be justly charged. Their treason—I must give it its name, though you participate in its guilt—is an action arising from mistaken virtue, and therefore cannot be classed as a disgrace, though it be doubtless highly criminal. Where the guilty are so numerous, clemency must be extended to far the greater number; and I have little doubt of procuring a remission for you, providing we can keep you out of the claws of justice till she has selected and gorged upon her victims; for in this, as in other cases, it will be according to

<sup>1</sup> See Note 42.

the vulgar proverb, "First come, first served." Besides, government are desirous at present to intimidate the English Jacobites, among whom they can find few examples for punishment. This is a vindictive and timid feeling which will soon wear off, for of all nations the English are least blood-thirsty by nature. But it exists at present, and you must therefore be kept out of the way in the meantime.'

Now entered Spontoon with an anxious countenance. By his regimental acquaintances he had traced out Madam Nosebag, and found her full of ire, fuss, and fidget at discovery of an impostor who had travelled from the north with her under the assumed name of Captain Butler of Gardiner's dragoons. She was going to lodge an information on the subject, to have him sought for as an emissary of the Pretender; but Spontoon (an old soldier), while he pretended to approve, contrived to make her delay her intention. No time, however, was to be lost: the accuracy of this good dame's description might probably lead to the discovery that Waverley was the pretended Captain Butler, an identification fraught with danger to Edward, perhaps to his uncle, and even to Colonel Talbot. Which way to direct his course was now, therefore, the question.

'To Scotland,' said Waverley.

'To Scotland?' said the Colonel; 'with what purpose? not to engage again with the rebels, I hope?'

'No; I considered my campaign ended when, after all my efforts, I could not rejoin them; and now, by all accounts, they are gone to make a winter campaign in the Highlands, where such adherents as I am would rather be burdensome than useful. Indeed, it seems likely that they only prolong the war to place the Chevalier's person out of danger, and then to make some terms for themselves. To burden them with my presence would merely add another party, whom they would not give up and could not defend. I understand they left almost all their English adherents in garrison at Carlisle, for that very reason. And on a more general view, Colonel, to confess the truth, though it may lower me in your opinion, I am heartily tired of the trade of war, and am, as Fletcher's Humorous Lieutenant says, "even as weary of this fighting——"'

'Fighting! pooh, what have you seen but a skirmish or two? Ah! if you saw war on the grand scale—sixty or a hundred thousand men in the field on each side!'

'I am not at all curious, Colonel. "Enough," says our homely proverb, "is as good as a feast." The plumed troops

and the big war used to enchant me in poetry ; but the night marches, vigils, couches under the wintry sky, and such accompaniments of the glorious trade, are not at all to my taste in practice ; then for dry blows, I had *my* fill of fighting at Clifton, where I escaped by a hair's-breadth half a dozen times ; and you, I should think ——' He stopped.

'Had enough of it at Preston ? you mean to say,' answered the Colonel laughing ; 'but 't is my vocation, Hal.'

'It is not mine though,' said Waverley ; 'and having honourably got rid of the sword, which I drew only as a volunteer, I am quite satisfied with my military experience, and shall be in no hurry to take it up again.'

'I am very glad you are of that mind ; but then what would you do in the north ?'

'In the first place, there are some seaports on the eastern coast of Scotland still in the hands of the Chevalier's friends ; should I gain any of them, I can easily embark for the Continent.'

'Good ; your second reason ?'

'Why, to speak the very truth, there is a person in Scotland upon whom I now find my happiness depends more than I was always aware, and about whose situation I am very anxious.'

'Then Emily was right, and there is a love affair in the case after all ? And which of these two pretty Scotchwomen, whom you insisted upon my admiring, is the distinguished fair ? not Miss Glen—— I hope.'

'No.'

'Ah, pass for the other ; simplicity may be improved, but pride and conceit never. Well, I don't discourage you ; I think it will please Sir Everard, from what he said when I jested with him about it ; only I hope that intolerable papa, with his brogue, and his snuff, and his Latin, and his insufferable long stories about the Duke of Berwick, will find it necessary hereafter to be an inhabitant of foreign parts. But as to the daughter, though I think you might find as fitting a match in England, yet if your heart be really set upon this Scotch rosebud, why the Baronet has a great opinion of her father and of his family, and he wishes much to see you married and settled, both for your own sake and for that of the three ermines passant, which may otherwise pass away altogether. But I will bring you his mind fully upon the subject, since you are debarred correspondence for the present, for I think you will not be long in Scotland before me.'

‘Indeed! and what can induce you to think of returning to Scotland? No relenting longings towards the land of mountains and floods, I am afraid.’

‘None, on my word; but Emily’s health is now, thank God, re-established, and, to tell you the truth, I have little hopes of concluding the business which I have at present most at heart until I can have a personal interview with his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief; for, as Fluellen says, “the duke doth love me well, and I thank heaven I have deserved some love at his hands.” I am now going out for an hour or two to arrange matters for your departure; your liberty extends to the next room, Lady Emily’s parlour, where you will find her when you are disposed for music, reading, or conversation. We have taken measures to exclude all servants but Spontoon, who is as true as steel.’

In about two hours Colonel Talbot returned, and found his young friend conversing with his lady; she pleased with his manners and information, and he delighted at being restored, though but for a moment, to the society of his own rank, from which he had been for some time excluded.

‘And now,’ said the Colonel, ‘hear my arrangements, for there is little time to lose. This youngster, Edward Waverley, alias Williams, alias Captain Butler, must continue to pass by his fourth *alias* of Francis Stanley, my nephew; he shall set out to-morrow for the North, and the chariot shall take him the first two stages. Spontoon shall then attend him; and they shall ride post as far as Huntingdon; and the presence of Spontoon, well known on the road as my servant, will check all disposition to inquiry. At Huntingdon you will meet the real Frank Stanley. He is studying at Cambridge; but, a little while ago, doubtful if Emily’s health would permit me to go down to the North myself, I procured him a passport from the secretary of state’s office to go in my stead. As he went chiefly to look after you, his journey is now unnecessary. He knows your story; you will dine together at Huntingdon; and perhaps your wise heads may hit upon some plan for removing or diminishing the danger of your farther progress northward. And now (taking out a morocco case), let me put you in funds for the campaign.’

‘I am ashamed, my dear Colonel —’

‘Nay,’ said Colonel Talbot, ‘you should command my purse in any event; but this money is your own. Your father, considering the chance of your being attainted, left me his trustee



for your advantage. So that you are worth above £15,000, besides Brere-wood Lodge — a very independent person, I promise you. There are bills here for £200; any larger sum you may have, or credit abroad, as soon as your motions require it.'

The first use which occurred to Waverley of his newly-acquired wealth was to write to honest Farmer Jopson, requesting his acceptance of a silver tankard on the part of his friend Williams, who had not forgotten the night of the eighteenth December last. He begged him at the same time carefully to preserve for him his Highland garb and accoutrements, particularly the arms, curious in themselves, and to which the friendship of the donors gave additional value. Lady Emily undertook to find some suitable token of remembrance likely to flatter the vanity and please the taste of Mrs. Williams; and the Colonel, who was a kind of farmer, promised to send the Ulswater patriarch an excellent team of horses for cart and plough.

One happy day Waverley spent in London; and, travelling in the manner projected, he met with Frank Stanley at Huntingdon. The two young men were acquainted in a minute.

'I can read my uncle's riddle,' said Stanley; 'the cautious old soldier did not care to hint to me that I might hand over to you this passport, which I have no occasion for; but if it should afterwards come out as the rattle-pated trick of a young Cantab, *cela ne tire à rien*. You are therefore to be Francis Stanley, with this passport.' This proposal appeared in effect to alleviate a great part of the difficulties which Edward must otherwise have encountered at every turn; and accordingly he scrupled not to avail himself of it, the more especially as he had discarded all political purposes from his present journey, and could not be accused of furthering machinations against the government while travelling under protection of the secretary's passport.

The day passed merrily away. The young student was inquisitive about Waverley's campaigns, and the manners of the Highlands, and Edward was obliged to satisfy his curiosity by whistling a pibroch, dancing a strathspey, and singing a Highland song. The next morning Stanley rode a stage northward with his new friend, and parted from him with great reluctance, upon the remonstrances of Spontoon, who, accustomed to submit to discipline, was rigid in enforcing it.

## CHAPTER LXIII

### *Desolation*

WAVERLEY riding post, as was the usual fashion of the period, without any adventure save one or two queries, which the talisman of his passport sufficiently answered, reached the borders of Scotland. Here he heard the tidings of the decisive battle of Culloden. It was no more than he had long expected, though the success at Falkirk had thrown a faint and setting gleam over the arms of the Chevalier. Yet it came upon him like a shock, by which he was for a time altogether unmanned. The generous, the courteous, the noble-minded adventurer was then a fugitive, with a price upon his head; his adherents, so brave, so enthusiastic, so faithful, were dead, imprisoned, or exiled. Where, now, was the exalted and high-souled Fergus, if, indeed, he had survived the night at Clifton? Where the pure-hearted and primitive Baron of Bradwardine, whose foibles seemed foils to set off the disinterestedness of his disposition, the genuine goodness of his heart, and his unshaken courage? Those who clung for support to these fallen columns, Rose and Flora, where were they to be sought, and in what distress must not the loss of their natural protectors have involved them? Of Flora he thought with the regard of a brother for a sister; of Rose with a sensation yet more deep and tender. It might be still his fate to supply the want of those guardians they had lost. Agitated by these thoughts he precipitated his journey.

When he arrived in Edinburgh, where his inquiries must necessarily commence, he felt the full difficulty of his situation. Many inhabitants of that city had seen and known him as Edward Waverley; how, then, could he avail himself of a passport as Francis Stanley? He resolved, therefore, to avoid all company, and to move northward as soon as possible. He was, however, obliged to wait a day or two in expectation of a letter from Colonel Talbot, and he was also to leave his own

address, under his feigned character, at a place agreed upon. With this latter purpose he sallied out in the dusk through the well-known streets, carefully shunning observation, but in vain : one of the first persons whom he met at once recognised him. It was Mrs. Flockhart, Fergus Mac-Ivor's good-humoured landlady.

'Gude guide us, Mr. Waverley, is this you? na, ye needna be feared for me. I wad betray nae gentleman in your circumstances. Eh, lack a-day! lack a-day! here's a change o' markets; how merry Colonel Mac-Ivor and you used to be in our house!' And the good-natured widow shed a few natural tears. As there was no resisting her claim of acquaintance, Waverley acknowledged it with a good grace, as well as the danger of his own situation. 'As it's near the darkening, sir, wad ye just step in by to our house and tak a dish o' tea? and I am sure if ye like to sleep in the little room, I wad tak care ye are no disturbed, and naebody wad ken ye; for Kate and Matty, the limmers, gaed aff wi' twa o' Hawley's dragoons, and I hae twa new queans instead o' them.'

Waverley accepted her invitation, and engaged her lodging for a night or two, satisfied he should be safer in the house of this simple creature than anywhere else. When he entered the parlour his heart swelled to see Fergus's bonnet, with the white cockade, hanging beside the little mirror.

'Ay,' said Mrs. Flockhart, sighing, as she observed the direction of his eyes, 'the puir Colonel bought a new ane just the day before they marched, and I winna let them tak that ane down, but just to brush it ilka day mysell; and whiles I look at it till I just think I hear him cry to Callum to bring him his bonnet, as he used to do when he was ganging out. It's unco silly — the neighbours ca' me a Jacobite, but they may say their say — I am sure it's no for that — but he was as kind-hearted a gentleman as ever lived, and as weel-fa'rd too. Oh, d' ye ken, sir, when he is to suffer?'

'Suffer! Good heaven! Why, where is he?'

'Eh, Lord's sake! d' ye no ken? The poor Hieland body, Dugald Mahony, cam here a while syne, wi' ane o' his arms cuttit off, and a sair clour in the head — ye'll mind Dugald, he carried aye an axe on his shoulther — and he cam here just begging, as I may say, for something to eat. Aweel, he tauld us the Chief, as they ca'd him (but I aye ca' him the Colonel), and Ensign Maccombich, that ye mind weel, were ta'en somewhere beside the English border, when it was sae dark that his folk never missed him till it was ower late, and they were like to

gang clean daft. And he said that little Callum Beg (he was a bauld mischievous callant that) and your honour were killed that same night in the tuilzie, and mony mae braw men. But he grat when he spak o' the Colonel, ye never saw the like. And now the word gangs the Colonel is to be tried, and to suffer wi' them that were ta'en at Carlisle.'

'And his sister?'

'Ay, that they ca'd the Lady Flora—weel, she's away up to Carlisle to him, and lives wi' some grand Papist lady thereabouts to be near him.'

'And,' said Edward, 'the other young lady?'

'Whilk other? I ken only of ae sister the Colonel had.'

'I mean Miss Bradwardine,' said Edward.

'Ou, ay; the laird's daughter,' said his landlady. 'She was a very bonny lassie, poor thing, but far shyder than Lady Flora.'

'Where is she, for God's sake?'

'Ou, wha kens where ony o' them is now? puir things, they're sair ta'en down for their white cockades and their white roses; but she gaed north to her father's in Perthshire, when the government troops cam back to Edinbro'. There was some pretty men amang them, and ane Major Whacker was quartered on me, a very ceevil gentleman,—but O, Mr. Waverley, he was naething sae weel fa'rd as the puir Colonel.'

'Do you know what is become of Miss Bradwardine's father?'

'The auld laird? na, naebody kens that. But they say he fought very hard in that bluidy battle at Inverness; and Deacon Clank, the white-iron smith, says that the government folk are sair agane him for having been *out* twice; and troth he might hae ta'en warning, but there's nae fule like an auld fule. The puir Colonel was only out ance.'

Such conversation contained almost all the good-natured widow knew of the fate of her late lodgers and acquaintances; but it was enough to determine Edward, at all hazards, to proceed instantly to Tully-Veolan, where he concluded he should see, or at least hear, something of Rose. He therefore left a letter for Colonel Talbot at the place agreed upon, signed by his assumed name, and giving for his address the post-town next to the Baron's residence.

From Edinburgh to Perth he took post-horses, resolving to make the rest of his journey on foot; a mode of travelling to which he was partial, and which had the advantage of permitting a deviation from the road when he saw parties of military at a distance. His campaign had considerably strengthened

his constitution and improved his habits of enduring fatigue. His baggage he sent before him as opportunity occurred.

As he advanced northward, the traces of war became visible. Broken carriages, dead horses, unroofed cottages, trees felled for palisades, and bridges destroyed or only partially repaired — all indicated the movements of hostile armies. In those places where the gentry were attached to the Stuart cause, their houses seemed dismantled or deserted, the usual course of what may be called ornamental labour was totally interrupted, and the inhabitants were seen gliding about, with fear, sorrow, and dejection on their faces.

It was evening when he approached the village of Tully-Veolan, with feelings and sentiments — how different from those which attended his first entrance! Then, life was so new to him that a dull or disagreeable day was one of the greatest misfortunes which his imagination anticipated, and it seemed to him that his time ought only to be consecrated to elegant or amusing study, and relieved by social or youthful frolic. Now, how changed! how saddened, yet how elevated was his character, within the course of a very few months! Danger and misfortune are rapid, though severe teachers. ‘A sadder and a wiser man,’ he felt in internal confidence and mental dignity a compensation for the gay dreams which in his case experience had so rapidly dissolved.

As he approached the village he saw, with surprise and anxiety, that a party of soldiers were quartered near it, and, what was worse, that they seemed stationary there. This he conjectured from a few tents which he beheld glimmering upon what was called the Common Moor. To avoid the risk of being stopped and questioned in a place where he was so likely to be recognised, he made a large circuit, altogether avoiding the hamlet, and approaching the upper gate of the avenue by a by-path well known to him. A single glance announced that great changes had taken place. One half of the gate, entirely destroyed and split up for firewood, lay in piles, ready to be taken away; the other swung uselessly about upon its loosened hinges. The battlements above the gate were broken and thrown down, and the carved bears, which were said to have done sentinel’s duty upon the top for centuries, now, hurled from their posts, lay among the rubbish. The avenue was cruelly wasted. Several large trees were felled and left lying across the path; and the cattle of the villagers, and the more rude hoofs of dragoon horses, had poached into black mud the verdant turf which Waverley had so much admired.

Upon entering the court-yard, Edward saw the fears realised which these circumstances had excited. The place had been sacked by the King's troops, who, in wanton mischief, had even attempted to burn it; and though the thickness of the walls had resisted the fire, unless to a partial extent, the stables and out-houses were totally consumed. The towers and pinnacles of the main building were scorched and blackened; the pavement of the court broken and shattered; the doors torn down entirely, or hanging by a single hinge; the windows dashed in and demolished, and the court strewn with articles of furniture broken into fragments. The accessories of ancient distinction, to which the Baron, in the pride of his heart, had attached so much importance and veneration, were treated with peculiar contumely. The fountain was demolished, and the spring which had supplied it now flooded the court-yard. The stone basin seemed to be destined for a drinking-trough for cattle, from the manner in which it was arranged upon the ground. The whole tribe of bears, large and small, had experienced as little favour as those at the head of the avenue, and one or two of the family pictures, which seemed to have served as targets for the soldiers, lay on the ground in tatters. With an aching heart, as may well be imagined, Edward viewed this wreck of a mansion so respected. But his anxiety to learn the fate of the proprietors, and his fears as to what that fate might be, increased with every step. When he entered upon the terrace new scenes of desolation were visible. The balustrade was broken down, the walls destroyed, the borders overgrown with weeds, and the fruit-trees cut down or grubbed up. In one compartment of this old-fashioned garden were two immense horse-chestnut trees, of whose size the Baron was particularly vain; too lazy, perhaps, to cut them down, the spoilers, with malevolent ingenuity, had mined them and placed a quantity of gunpowder in the cavity. One had been shivered to pieces by the explosion, and the fragments lay scattered around, encumbering the ground it had so long shadowed. The other mine had been more partial in its effect. About one-fourth of the trunk of the tree was torn from the mass, which, mutilated and defaced on the one side, still spread on the other its ample and undiminished boughs.<sup>1</sup>

Amid these general marks of ravage, there were some which

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<sup>1</sup> A pair of chestnut trees, destroyed, the one entirely and the other in part, by such a mischievous and wanton act of revenge, grew at Invergarry Castle, the fortress of MacDonald of Glengarry.

more particularly addressed the feelings of Waverley. Viewing the front of the building thus wasted and defaced, his eyes naturally sought the little balcony which more properly belonged to Rose's apartment, her *troisième*, or rather *cinquième, étage*. It was easily discovered, for beneath it lay the stage-flowers and shrubs with which it was her pride to decorate it, and which had been hurled from the bartizan; several of her books were mingled with broken flower-pots and other remnants. Among these Waverley distinguished one of his own, a small copy of Ariosto, and gathered it as a treasure, though wasted by the wind and rain.

While, plunged in the sad reflections which the scene excited, he was looking around for some one who might explain the fate of the inhabitants, he heard a voice from the interior of the building singing, in well-remembered accents, an old Scottish song :

'They came upon us in the night,  
And brake my bower and slew my knight;  
My servants a' for life did flee,  
And left us in extremitie.

They slew my knight, to me sae dear;  
They slew my knight, and drave his gear;<sup>1</sup>  
The moon may set, the sun may rise,  
But a deadly sleep has closed his eyes.'

'Alas,' thought Edward, 'is it thou? Poor helpless being, art thou alone left, to gibber and moan, and fill with thy wild and unconnected scraps of minstrelsy the halls that protected thee?' He then called; first low, and then louder, 'Davie — Davie Gellatley!'

The poor simpleton showed himself from among the ruins of a sort of greenhouse, that once terminated what was called the Terrace-walk, but at first sight of a stranger retreated, as if in terror. Waverley, remembering his habits, began to whistle a tune to which he was partial, which Davie had expressed great pleasure in listening to, and had picked up from him by the ear. Our hero's minstrelsy no more equalled that of Blondel than poor Davie resembled Cœur de Lion; but the melody had the same effect of producing recognition. Davie again stole from his lurking-place, but timidly, while Waverley, afraid of frightening him, stood making the most encouraging signals he could devise. 'It's his ghaist,' muttered Davie; yet, coming nearer, he seemed to acknowledge his living

<sup>1</sup> The first three couplets are from an old ballad, called the Border Widow's Lament.

acquaintance. The poor fool himself appeared the ghost of what he had been. The peculiar dress in which he had been attired in better days showed only miserable rags of its whimsical finery, the lack of which was oddly supplied by the remnants of tapestried hangings, window-curtains, and shreds of pictures with which he had bedizened his tatters. His face, too, had lost its vacant and careless air, and the poor creature looked hollow-eyed, meagre, half-starved, and nervous to a pitiable degree. After long hesitation, he at length approached Waverley with some confidence, stared him sadly in the face, and said, 'A' dead and gane — a' dead and gane.'

'Who are dead?' said Waverley, forgetting the incapacity of Davie to hold any connected discourse.

'Baron, and Bailie, and Saunders Saunderson, and Lady Rose that sang sae sweet — a' dead and gane — dead and gane ;

But follow, follow me,  
While glowworms light the lea,  
I'll show ye where the dead should be —  
Each in his shroud,  
While winds pipe loud,  
And the red moon peeps dim through the cloud.  
Follow, follow me ;  
Brave should lie be  
That treads by night the dead man's lea.'

With these words, chanted in a wild and earnest tone, he made a sign to Waverley to follow him, and walked rapidly towards the bottom of the garden, tracing the bank of the stream which, it may be remembered, was its eastern boundary. Edward, over whom an involuntary shuddering stole at the import of his words, followed him in some hope of an explanation. As the house was evidently deserted, he could not expect to find among the ruins any more rational informer.

Davie, walking very fast, soon reached the extremity of the garden, and scrambled over the ruins of the wall that once had divided it from the wooded glen in which the old tower of Tully-Veolan was situated. He then jumped down into the bed of the stream, and, followed by Waverley, proceeded at a great pace, climbing over some fragments of rock and turning with difficulty round others. They passed beneath the ruins of the castle ; Waverley followed, keeping up with his guide with difficulty, for the twilight began to fall. Following the descent of the stream a little lower, he totally lost him, but a twinkling light which he now discovered among the tangled



copse-wood and bushes seemed a surer guide. He soon pursued a very uncouth path; and by its guidance at length reached the door of a wretched hut. A fierce barking of dogs was at first heard, but it stilled at his approach. A voice sounded from within, and he held it most prudent to listen before he advanced.

‘Wha hast thou brought here, thou unsonsy villain, thou?’ said an old woman, apparently in great indignation. He heard Davie Gellatley in answer whistle a part of the tune by which he had recalled himself to the simpleton’s memory, and had now no hesitation to knock at the door. There was a dead silence instantly within, except the deep growling of the dogs; and he next heard the mistress of the hut approach the door, not probably for the sake of undoing a latch, but of fastening a bolt. To prevent this Waverley lifted the latch himself.

In front was an old wretched-looking woman, exclaiming, ‘Wha comes into folk’s houses in this gate, at this time o’ the night?’ On one side, two grim and half-starved deer greyhounds laid aside their ferocity at his appearance, and seemed to recognise him. On the other side, half concealed by the open door, yet apparently seeking that concealment reluctantly, with a cocked pistol in his right hand and his left in the act of drawing another from his belt, stood a tall bony gaunt figure in the remnants of a faded uniform and a beard of three weeks’ growth. It was the Baron of Bradwardine. It is unnecessary to add, that he threw aside his weapon and greeted Waverley with a hearty embrace.

## CHAPTER LXIV

### *Comparing of Notes*

THE Baron's story was short, when divested of the adages and commonplaces, Latin, English, and Scotch, with which his erudition garnished it. He insisted much upon his grief at the loss of Edward and of Glennaquoich, fought the fields of Falkirk and Culloden, and related how, after all was lost in the last battle, he had returned home, under the idea of more easily finding shelter among his own tenants and on his own estate than elsewhere. A party of soldiers had been sent to lay waste his property, for clemency was not the order of the day. Their proceedings, however, were checked by an order from the civil court. The estate, it was found, might not be forfeited to the crown to the prejudice of Malcolm Bradwardine of Inch-Grabbit, the heir-male, whose claim could not be prejudiced by the Baron's attainder, as deriving no right through him, and who, therefore, like other heirs of entail in the same situation, entered upon possession. But, unlike many in similar circumstances, the new laird speedily showed that he intended utterly to exclude his predecessor from all benefit or advantage in the estate, and that it was his purpose to avail himself of the old Baron's evil fortune to the full extent. This was the more ungenerous, as it was generally known that, from a romantic idea of not prejudicing this young man's right as heir-male, the Baron had refrained from settling his estate on his daughter.

This selfish injustice was resented by the country people, who were partial to their old master, and irritated against his successor. In the Baron's own words, 'The matter did not coincide with the feelings of the commons of Bradwardine; Mr. Waverley; and the tenants were slack and repugnant in payment of their mails and duties; and when my kinsman came to the village wi' the new factor, Mr. James Howie,

to lift the rents, some wanchancy person—I suspect John Heatherblutter, the auld gamekeeper, that was out wi' me in the year fifteen—fired a shot at him in the gloaming, whereby he was so affrighted, that I may say with Tullius *In Catilinam*, “*Abiit, evasit, erupit, effugit.*” He fled, sir, as one may say, incontinent to Stirling. And now he hath advertised the estate for sale, being himself the last substitute in the entail. And if I were to lament about sic matters, this would grieve me mair than its passing from my immediate possession, whilk, by the course of nature, must have happened in a few years; whereas now it passes from the lineage that should have possessed it in *sæcula sæculorum*. But God's will be done, *humana perpessi sumus*. Sir John of Bradwardine—Black Sir John, as he is called—who was the common ancestor of our house and the Inch-Grabbits, little thought such a person would have sprung from his loins. Meantime, he has accused me to some of the *primates*, the rulers for the time, as if I were a cut-throat, and an abettor of bravoos and assassins and coupe-jarrets. And they have sent soldiers here to abide on the estate, and hunt me like a partridge upon the mountains, as Scripture says of good King David, or like our valiant Sir William Wallace—not that I bring myself into comparison with either. I thought, when I heard you at the door, they had driven the auld deer to his den at last; and so I e'en proposed to die at bay, like a buck of the first head. But now, Janet, canna ye gie us something for supper?’

‘Ou ay, sir, I'll brander the moor-fowl that John Heatherblutter brought in this morning; and ye see puir Davie's roasting the black hen's eggs. I daur say, Mr. Wauverley, ye never kend that a' the eggs that were sae weel roasted at supper in the Ha'-house were aye turned by our Davie? there's no the like o' him ony gate for powtering wi' his fingers amang the het peat-ashes and roasting eggs.’ Davie all this while lay with his nose almost in the fire, nuzzling amang the ashes, kicking his heels, mumbling to himself, turning the eggs as they lay in the hot embers, as if to confute the proverb, that ‘there goes reason to roasting of eggs,’ and justify the eulogium which poor Janet poured out upon

Him whom she loved, her idiot boy.

‘Davie's on sae silly as folk tak him for, Mr. Wauverley; he wadna hae brought you here unless he had kend ye was a friend to his Honour; indeed the very dogs kend ye, Mr.

Wauverley, for ye was aye kind to beast and body. I can tell you a story o' Davie, wi' his Honour's leave. His Honour, ye see, being under hiding in thae sair times — the mair's the pity — he lies a' day, and whiles a' night, in the cove in the dern hag; but though it's a bieldy enough bit, and the auld gude-man o' Corse-Cleugh has panged it wi' a kemple o' strae amaist, yet when the country's quiet, and the night very cauld, his Honour whiles creeps down here to get a warm at the ingle and a sleep among the blankets, and gangs awa in the morning. And so, ae morning, siccan a fright as I got! Twa unlucky red-coats were up for black-fishing, or some siccan ploy — for the neb o' them's never out o' mischief — and they just got a glisk o' his Honour as he gaed into the wood, and banged aff a gun at him. I out like a jer-falcon, and cried — “Wad they shoot an honest woman's poor innocent bairn?” And I fleyt at them, and threepit it was my son; and they damned and swuir at me that it was the auld rebel, as the villains ca'd his Honour; and Davie was in the wood, and heard the tuilzie, and he, just out o' his ain head, got up the auld grey mantle that his Honour had flung off him to gang the faster, and he cam out o' the very same bit o' the wood, majoring and looking about sae like his Honour, that they were clean beguiled, and thought they had letten aff their gun at crack-brained Sawney, as they ca' him; and they gae me saxpence, and twa saumon fish, to say naething about it. Na, na, Davie's no just like other folk, puir fallow; but he's no sae silly as folk tak him for. But, to be sure, how can we do eneugh for his Honour, when we and ours have lived on his ground this twa hundred years; and when he keepit my puir Jamie at school and college, and even at the Ha'-house, till he gaed to a better place; and when he saved me frae being ta'en to Perth as a witch — Lord forgi'e them that would touch sic a puir silly auld body! — and has maintained puir Davie at heck and manger maist feck o' his life?”

Waverley at length found an opportunity to interrupt Janet's narrative by an inquiry after Miss Bradwardine.

‘She's weel and safe, thank God! at the Duchran,’ answered the Baron; ‘the laird's distantly related to us, and more nearly to my chaplain, Mr. Rubrick; and, though he be of Whig principles, yet he's not forgetful of auld friendship at this time. The Bailie's doing what he can to save something out of the wreck for puir Rose; but I doubt, I doubt, I shall never see her again, for I maun lay my banes in some far country.’

‘Hout na, your Honour,’ said old Janet, ‘ye were just as ill aff in the feifteen, and got the bonnie baronie back, an’ a’. And now the eggs is ready, and the muir cock’s brandered, and there’s ilk ane a trencher and some saut, and the heel o’ the white loaf that cam frae the Bailie’s; and there’s plenty o’ brandy in the greybeard that Luckie Maclearie sent down, and winna ye be suppered like princes?’

‘I wish one Prince, at least, of our acquaintance may be no worse off,’ said the Baron to Waverley, who joined him in cordial hopes for the safety of the unfortunate Chevalier.

They then began to talk of their future prospects. The Baron’s plan was very simple. It was, to escape to France, where, by the interest of his old friends, he hoped to get some military employment, of which he still conceived himself capable. He invited Waverley to go with him, a proposal in which he acquiesced, providing the interest of Colonel Talbot should fail in procuring his pardon. Tacitly he hoped the Baron would sanction his addresses to Rose, and give him a right to assist him in his exile; but he forbore to speak on this subject until his own fate should be decided. They then talked of Glennaquoich, for whom the Baron expressed great anxiety, although, he observed, he was ‘the very Achilles of Horatius Flaccus,—

*Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer;*

which,’ he continued, ‘has been thus rendered (vernacularly) by Struan Robertson:

*A fiery etter-cap, a fractious chiel,  
As het as ginger, and as stieve as steel.’*

Flora had a large and unqualified share of the good old man’s sympathy.

It was now wearing late. Old Janet got into some kind of kennel behind the hallan; Davie had been long asleep and snoring between Ban and Buscar. These dogs had followed him to the hut after the mansion-house was deserted, and there constantly resided; and their ferocity, with the old woman’s reputation of being a witch, contributed a good deal to keep visitors from the glen. With this view, Bailie Macwheeble provided Janet underhand with meal for their maintenance, and also with little articles of luxury for his patron’s use, in supplying which much precaution was necessarily used. After

some compliments, the Baron occupied his usual couch, and Waverley reclined in an easy chair of tattered velvet, which had once garnished the state bed-room of Tully-Veolan (for the furniture of this mansion was now scattered through all the cottages in the vicinity), and went to sleep as comfortably as if he had been in a bed of down.

## CHAPTER LXV

### *More Explanation*

WITH the first dawn of day, old Janet was scuttling about the house to wake the Baron, who usually slept sound and heavily.

‘I must go back,’ he said to Waverley, ‘to my cove; will you walk down the glen wi’ me?’

They went out together, and followed a narrow and entangled foot-path, which the occasional passage of anglers or wood-cutters had traced by the side of the stream. On their way the Baron explained to Waverley that he would be under no danger in remaining a day or two at Tully-Veolan, and even in being seen walking about, if he used the precaution of pretending that he was looking at the estate as agent or surveyor for an English gentleman who designed to be purchaser. With this view he recommended to him to visit the Bailie, who still lived at the factor’s house, called Little Veolan, about a mile from the village, though he was to remove at next term. Stanley’s passport would be an answer to the officer who commanded the military; and as to any of the country people who might recognize Waverley, the Baron assured him he was in no danger of being betrayed by them.

‘I believe,’ said the old man, ‘half the people of the barony know that their poor auld laird is somewhere hereabout; for I see they do not suffer a single bairn to come here a bird-nesting; a practice whilk, when I was in full possession of my power as baron, I was unable totally to inhibit. Nay, I often finds bits of things in my way, that the poor bodies, God help them! leave there, because they think they may be useful to me. I hope they will get a wiser master, and as kind a one as I was.’

A natural sigh closed the sentence; but the quiet equanimity with which the Baron endured his misfortunes had something

in it venerable and even sublime. There was no fruitless repining, no turbid melancholy; he bore his lot, and the hardships which it involved, with a good-humoured, though serious composure, and used no violent language against the prevailing party.

‘I did what I thought my duty,’ said the good old man, ‘and questionless they are doing what they think theirs. It grieves me sometimes to look upon these blackened walls of the house of my ancestors; but doubtless officers cannot always keep the soldier’s hand from depredation and spuilzie; and Gustavus Adolphus himself, as ye may read in Colonel Munro his *Expedition with the Worthy Scotch Regiment called Mackay’s Regiment*, did often permit it. Indeed I have myself seen as sad sights as Tully-Veolan now is when I served with the Maréchal Duke of Berwick. To be sure we may say with Virgilius Maro, *Fuimus Troes* — and there’s the end of an auld sang. But houses and families and men have a’ stood lang eneugh when they have stood till they fall with honour; and now I hae gotten a house that is not unlike a *domus ultima*’ — they were now standing below a steep rock. ‘We poor Jacobites,’ continued the Baron, looking up, ‘are now like the conies in Holy Scripture (which the great traveller Pococke calleth Jerboa), a feeble people, that make our abode in the rocks. So, fare you well, my good lad, till we meet at Janet’s in the even; for I must get into my Patmos, which is no easy matter for my auld stiff limbs.’

With that he began to ascend the rock, striding, with the help of his hands, from one precarious footstep to another, till he got about half-way up, where two or three bushes concealed the mouth of a hole, resembling an oven, into which the Baron insinuated, first his head and shoulders, and then, by slow gradation, the rest of his long body; his legs and feet finally disappearing, coiled up like a huge snake entering his retreat, or a long pedigree introduced with care and difficulty into the narrow pigeon-hole of an old cabinet. Waverley had the curiosity to clamber up and look in upon him in his den, as the lurking-place might well be termed. Upon the whole, he looked not unlike that ingenious puzzle called ‘a reel in a bottle,’ the marvel of children (and of some grown people too, myself for one), who can neither comprehend the mystery how it has got in or how it is to be taken out. The cave was very narrow, too low in the roof to admit of his standing, or almost of his sitting up, though he made some awkward attempts at



the latter posture. His sole amusement was the perusal of his old friend Titus Livius, varied by occasionally scratching Latin proverbs and texts of Scripture with his knife on the roof and walls of his fortalice, which were of sandstone. As the cave was dry, and filled with clean straw and withered fern, 'it made,' as he said, coiling himself up with an air of snugness and comfort which contrasted strangely with his situation, 'unless when the wind was due north, a very passable *gite* for an old soldier.' Neither, as he observed, was he without sentries for the purpose of reconnoitring. Davie and his mother were constantly on the watch to discover and avert danger; and it was singular what instances of address seemed dictated by the instinctive attachment of the poor simpleton when his patron's safety was concerned.

With Janet, Edward now sought an interview. He had recognised her at first sight as the old woman who had nursed him during his sickness after his delivery from Gifted Gilfillan. The hut also, though a little repaired and somewhat better furnished, was certainly the place of his confinement; and he now recollected on the common moor of Tully-Veolan the trunk of a large decayed tree, called the *trysting-tree*, which he had no doubt was the same at which the Highlanders rendezvoused on that memorable night. All this he had combined in his imagination the night before; but reasons which may probably occur to the reader prevented him from catechising Janet in the presence of the Baron.

He now commenced the task in good earnest; and the first question was, Who was the young lady that visited the hut during his illness? Janet paused for a little; and then observed, that to keep the secret now would neither do good nor ill to anybody.

'It was just a leddy that hasna her equal in the world — Miss Rose Bradwardine!'

'Then Miss Rose was probably also the author of my deliverance,' inferred Waverley, delighted at the confirmation of an idea which local circumstances had already induced him to entertain.

'I wot weel, Mr. Wauverley, and that was she e'en; but sair, sair angry and affronted wad she hae been, puir thing, if she had thought ye had been ever to ken a word about the matter; for she gar'd me speak aye Gaelic when ye was in hearing, to mak ye trow we were in the Hielands. I can speak it weel enough, for my mother was a Hieland woman.'

A few more questions now brought out the whole mystery

respecting Waverley's deliverance from the bondage in which he left Cairnvreckan. Never did music sound sweeter to an amateur than the drowsy tautology with which old Janet detailed every circumstance thrilled upon the ears of Waverley. But my reader is not a lover, and I must spare his patience, by attempting to condense within reasonable compass the narrative which old Janet spread through a harangue of nearly two hours.

When Waverley communicated to Fergus the letter he had received from Rose Bradwardine by Davie Gellatley, giving an account of Tully-Veolan being occupied by a small party of soldiers, that circumstance had struck upon the busy and active mind of the Chieftain. Eager to distress and narrow the posts of the enemy, desirous to prevent their establishing a garrison so near him, and willing also to oblige the Baron — for he often had the idea of marriage with Rose floating through his brain — he resolved to send some of his people to drive out the red-coats and to bring Rose to Glennaquoich. But just as he had ordered Evan with a small party on this duty, the news of Cope's having marched into the Highlands, to meet and disperse the forces of the Chevalier ere they came to a head, obliged him to join the standard with his whole forces.

He sent to order Donald Bean to attend him ; but that cautious freebooter, who well understood the value of a separate command, instead of joining, sent various apologies which the pressure of the times compelled Fergus to admit as current, though not without the internal resolution of being revenged on him for his procrastination, time and place convenient. However, as he could not amend the matter, he issued orders to Donald to descend into the Low Country, drive the soldiers from Tully-Veolan, and, paying all respect to the mansion of the Baron, to take his abode somewhere near it, for protection of his daughter and family, and to harass and drive away any of the armed volunteers or small parties of military which he might find moving about the vicinity.

As this charge formed a sort of roving commission, which Donald proposed to interpret in the way most advantageous to himself, as he was relieved from the immediate terrors of Fergus, and as he had, from former secret services, some interest in the councils of the Chevalier, he resolved to make hay while the sun shone. He achieved without difficulty the task of driving the soldiers from Tully-Veolan ; but, although he did not venture to encroach upon the interior of the family, or to disturb Miss

Rose, being unwilling to make himself a powerful enemy in the Chevalier's army,

For well he knew the Baron's wrath was deadly ;

yet he set about to raise contributions and exactions upon the tenantry, and otherwise to turn the war to his own advantage. Meanwhile he mounted the white cockade, and waited upon Rose with a pretext of great devotion for the service in which her father was engaged, and many apologies for the freedom he must necessarily use for the support of his people. It was at this moment that Rose learned, by open-mouthed fame, with all sorts of exaggeration, that Waverley had killed the smith at Cairnvreckan, in an attempt to arrest him ; had been cast into a dungeon by Major Melville of Cairnvreckan, and was to be executed by martial law within three days. In the agony which these tidings excited she proposed to Donald Bean the rescue of the prisoner. It was the very sort of service which he was desirous to undertake, judging it might constitute a merit of such a nature as would make amends for any peccadilloes which he might be guilty of in the country. He had the art, however, pleading all the while duty and discipline, to hold off, until poor Rose, in the extremity of her distress, offered to bribe him to the enterprise with some valuable jewels which had been her mother's.

Donald Bean, who had served in France, knew, and perhaps over-estimated, the value of these trinkets. But he also perceived Rose's apprehensions of its being discovered that she had parted with her jewels for Waverley's liberation. Resolved this scruple should not part him and the treasure, he voluntarily offered to take an oath that he would never mention Miss Rose's share in the transaction ; and, foreseeing convenience in keeping the oath and no probable advantage in breaking it, he took the engagement—in order, as he told his lieutenant, to deal handsomely by the young lady—in the only mode and form which, by a mental paction with himself, he considered as binding : he swore secrecy upon his drawn dirk. He was the more especially moved to this act of good faith by some attentions that Miss Bradwardine showed to his daughter Alice, which, while they gained the heart of the mountain damsel, highly gratified the pride of her father. Alice, who could now speak a little English, was very communicative in return for Rose's kindness, readily confided to her the whole papers respecting the intrigue with Gardiner's regiment, of which she was the depositary, and

as readily undertook, at her instance, to restore them to Waverley without her father's knowledge. 'For they may oblige the bonnie young lady and the handsome young gentleman,' said Alice, 'and what use has my father for a whin bits o' scared paper?'

The reader is aware that she took an opportunity of executing this purpose on the eve of Waverley's leaving the glen.

How Donald executed his enterprise the reader is aware. But the expulsion of the military from Tully-Veolan had given alarm, and while he was lying in wait for Gilfillan, a strong party, such as Donald did not care to face, was sent to drive back the insurgents in their turn, to encamp there, and to protect the country. The officer, a gentleman and a disciplinarian, neither intruded himself on Miss Bradwardine, whose unprotected situation he respected, nor permitted his soldiers to commit any breach of discipline. He formed a little camp upon an eminence near the house of Tully-Veolan, and placed proper guards at the passes in the vicinity. This unwelcome news reached Donald Bean Lean as he was returning to Tully-Veolan. Determined, however, to obtain the guerdon of his labour, he resolved, since approach to Tully-Veolan was impossible, to deposit his prisoner in Janet's cottage, a place the very existence of which could hardly have been suspected even by those who had long lived in the vicinity, unless they had been guided thither, and which was utterly unknown to Waverley himself. This effected, he claimed and received his reward. Waverley's illness was an event which deranged all their calculations. Donald was obliged to leave the neighbourhood with his people, and to seek more free course for his adventures elsewhere. At Rose's earnest entreaty, he left an old man, a herbalist, who was supposed to understand a little of medicine, to attend Waverley during his illness.

In the meanwhile, new and fearful doubts started in Rose's mind. They were suggested by old Janet, who insisted that, a reward having been offered for the apprehension of Waverley, and his own personal effects being so valuable, there was no saying to what breach of faith Donald might be tempted. In an agony of grief and terror, Rose took the daring resolution of explaining to the Prince himself the danger in which Mr. Waverley stood, judging that, both as a politician and a man of honour and humanity, Charles Edward would interest himself to prevent his falling into the hands of the opposite party. This letter she at first thought of sending anonymously, but

naturally feared it would not in that case be credited. She therefore subscribed her name, though with reluctance and terror, and consigned it in charge to a young man who, at leaving his farm to join the Chevalier's army, made it his petition to her to have some sort of credentials to the adventurer, from whom he hoped to obtain a commission.

The letter reached Charles Edward on his descent to the Lowlands, and, aware of the political importance of having it supposed that he was in correspondence with the English Jacobites, he caused the most positive orders to be transmitted to Donald Bean Lean to transmit Waverley, safe and uninjured, in person or effects, to the governor of Doune Castle. The freebooter durst not disobey, for the army of the Prince was now so near him that punishment might have followed; besides, he was a politician as well as a robber, and was unwilling to cancel the interest created through former secret services by being refractory on this occasion. He therefore made a virtue of necessity, and transmitted orders to his lieutenant to convey Edward to Doune, which was safely accomplished in the mode mentioned in a former chapter. The governor of Doune was directed to send him to Edinburgh as a prisoner, because the Prince was apprehensive that Waverley, if set at liberty, might have resumed his purpose of returning to England, without affording him an opportunity of a personal interview. In this, indeed, he acted by the advice of the Chieftain of Glen-naquoich, with whom it may be remembered the Chevalier communicated upon the mode of disposing of Edward, though without telling him how he came to learn the place of his confinement.

This, indeed, Charles Edward considered as a lady's secret; for although Rose's letter was couched in the most cautious and general terms, and professed to be written merely from motives of humanity and zeal for the Prince's service, yet she expressed so anxious a wish that she should not be known to have interfered, that the Chevalier was induced to suspect the deep interest which she took in Waverley's safety. This conjecture, which was well founded, led, however, to false inferences. For the emotion which Edward displayed on approaching Flora and Rose at the ball of Holyrood was placed by the Chevalier to the account of the latter; and he concluded that the Baron's views about the settlement of his property, or some such obstacle, thwarted their mutual inclinations. Common fame, it is true, frequently gave Waverley to Miss Mac-Ivor; but the

Prince knew that common fame is very prodigal in such gifts; and, watching attentively the behaviour of the ladies towards Waverley, he had no doubt that the young Englishman had no interest with Flora, and was beloved by Rose Bradwardine. Desirous to bind Waverley to his service, and wishing also to do a kind and friendly action, the Prince next assailed the Baron on the subject of settling his estate upon his daughter. Mr. Bradwardine acquiesced; but the consequence was that Fergus was immediately induced to prefer his double suit for a wife and an earldom, which the Prince rejected in the manner we have seen. The Chevalier, constantly engaged in his own multiplied affairs, had not hitherto sought any explanation with Waverley, though often meaning to do so. But after Fergus's declaration he saw the necessity of appearing neutral between the rivals, devoutly hoping that the matter, which now seemed fraught with the seeds of strife, might be permitted to lie over till the termination of the expedition. When, on the march to Derby, Fergus, being questioned concerning his quarrel with Waverley, alleged as the cause that Edward was desirous of retracting the suit he had made to his sister, the Chevalier plainly told him that he had himself observed Miss Mac-Ivor's behaviour to Waverley, and that he was convinced Fergus was under the influence of a mistake in judging of Waverley's conduct, who, he had every reason to believe, was engaged to Miss Bradwardine. The quarrel which ensued between Edward and the Chieftain is, I hope, still in the remembrance of the reader. These circumstances will serve to explain such points of our narrative as, according to the custom of story-tellers, we deemed it fit to leave unexplained, for the purpose of exciting the reader's curiosity.

When Janet had once finished the leading facts of this narrative, Waverley was easily enabled to apply the clue which they afforded to other mazes of the labyrinth in which he had been engaged. To Rose Bradwardine, then, he owed the life which he now thought he could willingly have laid down to serve her. A little reflection convinced him, however, that to live for her sake was more convenient and agreeable, and that, being possessed of independence, she might share it with him either in foreign countries or in his own. The pleasure of being allied to a man of the Baron's high worth, and who was so much valued by his uncle Sir Everard, was also an agreeable consideration, had anything been wanting to recommend the match. His absurdities, which had appeared grotesquely

ludicrous during his prosperity, seemed, in the sunset of his fortune, to be harmonised and assimilated with the noble features of his character, so as to add peculiarity without exciting ridicule. His mind occupied with such projects of future happiness, Edward sought Little Veolan, the habitation of Mr. Duncan Macwheeble.



BAILIE MACWHEEBLE AT BREAKFAST.  
From a painting by James Eckford Lauder, R.S.A.





## CHAPTER LXVI

Now is Cupid a child of conscience — he makes restitution.

SHAKESPEARE.

**M**R. DUNCAN MACWHEEBLE, no longer Commissary or Bailie, though still enjoying the empty name of the latter dignity, had escaped proscription by an early secession from the insurgent party and by his insignificance.

Edward found him in his office, immersed among papers and accounts. Before him was a large bicker of oatmeal porridge, and at the side thereof a horn spoon and a bottle of two-penny. Eagerly running his eye over a voluminous law-paper, he from time to time shovelled an immense spoonful of these nutritive viands into his capacious mouth. A pot-bellied Dutch bottle of brandy which stood by intimated either that this honest limb of the law had taken his *morning* already, or that he meant to season his porridge with such digestive; or perhaps both circumstances might reasonably be inferred. His night-cap and morning-gown had whilome been of tartan, but, equally cautious and frugal, the honest Bailie had got them dyed black, lest their original ill-omened colour might remind his visitors of his unlucky excursion to Derby. To sum up the picture, his face was daubed with snuff up to the eyes, and his fingers with ink up to the knuckles. He looked dubiously at Waverley as he approached the little green rail which fenced his desk and stool from the approach of the vulgar. Nothing could give the Bailie more annoyance than the idea of his acquaintance being claimed by any of the unfortunate gentlemen who were now so much more likely to need assistance than to afford profit. But this was the rich young Englishman; who knew what might be his situation? He was the Baron's friend too; what was to be done?

While these reflections gave an air of absurd perplexity to the poor man's visage, Waverley, reflecting on the communica-

tion he was about to make to him, of a nature so ridiculously contrasted with the appearance of the individual, could not help bursting out a-laughing, as he checked the propensity to exclaim with Syphax —

Cato's a proper person to intrust  
A love-tale with.

As Mr. Macwheeble had no idea of any person laughing heartily who was either encircled by peril or oppressed by poverty, the hilarity of Edward's countenance greatly relieved the embarrassment of his own, and, giving him a tolerably hearty welcome to Little Veolan, he asked what he would choose for breakfast. His visitor had, in the first place, something for his private ear, and begged leave to bolt the door. Duncan by no means liked this precaution, which savoured of danger to be apprehended; but he could not now draw back.

Convinced he might trust this man, as he could make it his interest to be faithful, Edward communicated his present situation and future schemes to Macwheeble. The wily agent listened with apprehension when he found Waverley was still in a state of proscription; was somewhat comforted by learning that he had a passport; rubbed his hands with glee when he mentioned the amount of his present fortune; opened huge eyes when he heard the brilliancy of his future expectations; but when he expressed his intention to share them with Miss Rose Bradwardine, ecstasy had almost deprived the honest man of his senses. The Bailie started from his three-footed stool like the Pythoness from her tripod; flung his best wig out of the window, because the block on which it was placed stood in the way of his career; chucked his cap to the ceiling, caught it as it fell; whistled 'Tullochgòrum'; danced a Highland fling with inimitable grace and agility, and then threw himself exhausted into a chair, exclaiming, 'Lady Wauverley! ten thousand a-year the least penny! Lord preserve my poor understanding!'

'Amen with all my heart,' said Waverley; 'but now, Mr. Macwheeble, let us proceed to business.' This word had somewhat a sedative effect, but the Bailie's head, as he expressed himself, was still 'in the bees.' He mended his pen, however, marked half a dozen sheets of paper with an ample marginal fold, whipped down Dallas of St. Martin's *Styles* from a shelf, where that venerable work roosted with Stair's *Institutions*, Dirleton's *Doubts*, Balfour's *Practiques*, and a parcel of old

account-books, opened the volume at the article Contract of Marriage, and prepared to make what he called a 'sma' minute to prevent parties frae resiling.'

With some difficulty Waverley made him comprehend that he was going a little too fast. He explained to him that he should want his assistance, in the first place, to make his residence safe for the time, by writing to the officer at Tully-Veolan that Mr. Stanley, an English gentleman nearly related to Colonel Talbot, was upon a visit of business at Mr. Macwheeble's, and, knowing the state of the country, had sent his passport for Captain Foster's inspection. This produced a polite answer from the officer, with an invitation to Mr. Stanley to dine with him, which was declined (as may easily be supposed) under pretence of business.

Waverley's next request was, that Mr. Macwheeble would despatch a man and horse to —, the post-town at which Colonel Talbot was to address him, with directions to wait there until the post should bring a letter for Mr. Stanley, and then to forward it to Little Veolan with all speed. In a moment the Bailie was in search of his apprentice (or servitor, as he was called Sixty Years since), Jock Scriver, and in not much greater space of time Jock was on the back of the white pony.

'Tak care ye guide him weel, sir, for he's aye been short in the wind since — ahem — Lord be gude to me! (in a low voice), I was gaun to come out wi' — since I rode whip and spur to fetch the Chevalier to redd Mr. Wauverley and Vich Ian Vohr; and an uncanny coup I gat for my pains. Lord forgie your honour! I might hae broken my neck; but troth it was in a venture, mae ways nor ane; but this maks amends for a'. Lady Wauverley! ten thousand a-year! Lord be gude unto me!'

'But you forget, Mr. Macwheeble, we want the Baron's consent — the lady's —'

'Never fear, I'se be caution for them; I'se gie you my personal warrandice. Ten thousand a-year! it dings Balma-whapple out and out — a year's rent's worth a' Balmawhapple, fee and life-rent! Lord make us thankful!'

To turn the current of his feelings, Edward inquired if he had heard anything lately of the Chieftain of Glennaquoich.

'Not one word,' answered Macwheeble, 'but that he was still in Carlisle Castle, and was soon to be panelled for his life. I dinna wish the young gentleman ill,' he said, 'but I hope that they that hae got him will keep him, and no let him back

to this Hieland border to plague us wi' black-mail and a' manner o' violent, wrongous, and masterfu' oppression and spoliation, both by himself and others of his causing, sending, and hounding out; and he couldna tak care o' the siller when he had gotten it neither, but flung it a' into yon idle quean's lap at Edinburgh; but light come light game. For my part, I never wish to see a kilt in the country again, nor a red-coat, nor a gun, for that matter, unless it were to shoot a paitrick; they're a' tarr'd wi' ae stick. And when they have done ye wrang, even when ye hae gotten decreet of spuilzie, oppression, and violent profits against them, what better are ye? They hae na a plack to pay ye; ye need never extract it.'

With such discourse, and the intervening topics of business, the time passed until dinner, Macwheeble meanwhile promising to devise some mode of introducing Edward at the Duchran, where Rose at present resided, without risk of danger or suspicion; which seemed no very easy task, since the laird was a very zealous friend to government. The poultry-yard had been laid under requisition, and cockylecky and Scotch collops soon reeked in the Bailie's little parlour. The landlord's corkscrew was just introduced into the muzzle of a pint bottle of claret (cribbed possibly from the cellars of Tully-Veolan), when the sight of the grey pony passing the window at full trot induced the Bailie, but with due precaution, to place it aside for the moment. Enter Jock Scriver with a packet for Mr. Stanley; it is Colonel Talbot's seal, and Edward's fingers tremble as he undoes it. Two official papers, folded, signed, and sealed in all formality, drop out. They were hastily picked up by the Bailie, who had a natural respect for everything resembling a deed, and, glancing sliely on their titles, his eyes, or rather spectacles, are greeted with 'Protection by his Royal Highness to the person of Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine, Esq., of that ilk, commonly called Baron of Bradwardine, forfeited for his accession to the late rebellion.' The other proves to be a protection of the same tenor in favour of Edward Waverley, Esq. Colonel Talbot's letter was in these words:—

'MY DEAR EDWARD,

'I am just arrived here, and yet I have finished my business; it has cost me some trouble though, as you shall hear. I waited upon his Royal Highness immediately on my arrival, and found him in no very good humour for my purpose. Three or four Scotch gentlemen were just leaving his levee.

After he had expressed himself to me very courteously ; "Would you think it," he said, "Talbot, here have been half a dozen of the most respectable gentlemen and best friends to government north of the Forth, Major Melville of Cairnvreckan, Rubrick of Duchran, and others, who have fairly wrung from me, by their downright importunity, a present protection and the promise of a future pardon for that stubborn old rebel whom they call Baron of Bradwardine. They allege that his high personal character, and the clemency which he showed to such of our people as fell into the rebels' hands, should weigh in his favour, especially as the loss of his estate is likely to be a severe enough punishment. Rubrick has undertaken to keep him at his own house till things are settled in the country ; but it's a little hard to be forced in a manner to pardon such a mortal enemy to the House of Brunswick." This was no favourable moment for opening my business ; however, I said I was rejoiced to learn that his Royal Highness was in the course of granting such requests, as it emboldened me to present one of the like nature in my own name. He was very angry, but I persisted ; I mentioned the uniform support of our three votes in the house, touched modestly on services abroad, though valuable only in his Royal Highness's having been pleased kindly to accept them, and founded pretty strongly on his own expressions of friendship and good-will. He was embarrassed, but obstinate. I hinted the policy of detaching, on all future occasions, the heir of such a fortune as your uncle's from the machinations of the disaffected. But I made no impression. I mentioned the obligations which I lay under to Sir Everard and to you personally, and claimed, as the sole reward of my services, that he would be pleased to afford me the means of evincing my gratitude. I perceived that he still meditated a refusal, and, taking my commission from my pocket, I said (as a last resource) that, as his Royal Highness did not, under these pressing circumstances, think me worthy of a favour which he had not scrupled to grant to other gentlemen whose services I could hardly judge more important than my own, I must beg leave to deposit, with all humility, my commission in his Royal Highness's hands, and to retire from the service. He was not prepared for this ; he told me to take up my commission, said some handsome things of my services, and granted my request. You are therefore once more a free man, and I have promised for you that you will be a good boy in future, and remember what you owe to the

lenity of government. Thus you see *my* prince can be as generous as *yours*. I do not pretend, indeed, that he confers a favour with all the foreign graces and compliments of your Chevalier errant; but he has a plain English manner, and the evident reluctance with which he grants your request indicates the sacrifice which he makes of his own inclination to your wishes. My friend, the adjutant-general, has procured me a duplicate of the Baron's protection (the original being in Major Melville's possession), which I send to you, as I know that if you can find him you will have pleasure in being the first to communicate the joyful intelligence. He will of course repair to the Duchran without loss of time, there to ride quarantine for a few weeks. As for you, I give you leave to escort him thither, and to stay a week there, as I understand a certain fair lady is in that quarter. And I have the pleasure to tell you that whatever progress you can make in her good graces will be highly agreeable to Sir Everard and Mrs. Rachel, who will never believe your views and prospects settled, and the three ermines passant in actual safety, until you present them with a Mrs. Edward Waverley. Now, certain love-affaires of my own — a good many years since — interrupted some measures which were then proposed in favour of the three ermines passant; so I am bound in honour to make them amends. Therefore make good use of your time, for, when your week is expired, it will be necessary that you go to London to plead your pardon in the law courts.

‘Ever, dear Waverley, yours most truly,

‘PHILIP TALBOT.’

## CHAPTER LXVII

Happy's the wooing,  
That's not long a-doing.

WHEN the first rapturous sensation occasioned by these excellent tidings had somewhat subsided, Edward proposed instantly to go down to the glen to acquaint the Baron with their import. But the cautious Bailie justly observed that, if the Baron were to appear instantly in public, the tenantry and villagers might become riotous in expressing their joy, and give offence to 'the powers that be,' a sort of persons for whom the Bailie always had unlimited respect. He therefore proposed that Mr. Waverley should go to Janet Gellatley's and bring the Baron up under cloud of night to Little Veolan, where he might once more enjoy the luxury of a good bed. In the meanwhile, he said, he himself would go to Captain Foster and show him the Baron's protection, and obtain his countenance for harbouring him that night, and he would have horses ready on the morrow to set him on his way to the Duchran along with Mr. Stanley, 'whilk denomination, I apprehend, your honour will for the present retain,' said the Bailie.

'Certainly, Mr. Macwheeble; but will you not go down to the glen yourself in the evening to meet your patron?'

'That I wad wi' a' my heart; and mickle obliged to your honour for putting me in mind o' my bounden duty. But it will be past sunset afore I get back frae the Captain's, and at these unsonsy hours the glen has a bad name; there's something no that canny about auld Janet Gellatley. The Laird he'll no believe thae things, but he was aye ower rash and venturesome, and feared neither man nor deevil, and sae's seen o't. But right sure am I Sir George Mackenyie says, that no divine can doubt there are witches, since the Bible says thou shalt not suffer them to live; and that no lawyer in Scotland can doubt it, since it is punishable with death by our



law. So there's baith law and gospel for it. An his honour winna believe the Leviticus, he might aye believe the Statute-book; but he may tak his ain way o't; it's a' ane to Duncan Macwhebble. However, I shall send to ask up auld Janet this e'en; it's best no to lightly them that have that character; and we'll want Davie to turn the spit, for I'll gar Eppie put down a fat goose to the fire for your honours to your supper.'

When it was near sunset Waverley hastened to the hut; and he could not but allow that superstition had chosen no improper locality, or unfit object, for the foundation of her fantastic terrors. It resembled exactly the description of Spenser :

There, in a gloomy hollow glen, she found  
 A little cottage built of sticks and reeds,  
 In homely wise, and wall'd with sods around,  
 In which a witch did dwell in loathly weeds,  
 And wilful want, all careless of her needs;  
 So choosing solitary to abide  
 Far from all neighbours, that her devilish deeds,  
 And hellish arts, from people she might hide,  
 And hurt far off, unknown, whomsoever she espied.

He entered the cottage with these verses in his memory. Poor old Janet, bent double with age and bleared with peat-smoke, was tottering about the hut with a birch broom, muttering to herself as she endeavoured to make her hearth and floor a little clean for the reception of her expected guests. Waverley's step made her start, look up, and fall a-trembling, so much had her nerves been on the rack for her patron's safety. With difficulty Waverley made her comprehend that the Baron was now safe from personal danger; and when her mind had admitted that joyful news, it was equally hard to make her believe that he was not to enter again upon possession of his estate. 'It behoved to be,' she said, 'he wad get it back again; naebody wad be sae gripple as to tak his gear after they had gien him a pardon: and for that Incl-Grabbit, I could whiles wish mysell a witch for his sake, if I werena feared the Enemy wad tak me at my word.' Waverley then gave her some money, and promised that her fidelity should be rewarded. 'How can I be rewarded, sir, sae weel as just to see my auld maister and Miss Rose come back and bruik their ain?'

Waverley now took leave of Janet, and soon stood beneath the Baron's Patmos. At a low whistle he observed the veteran peeping out to reconnoitre, like an old badger with

his head out of his hole.' 'Ye hae come rather early, my good lad,' said he, descending; 'I question if the red-coats hae beat the tattoo yet, and we're not safe till then.'

'Good news cannot be told too soon,' said Waverley; and with infinite joy communicated to him the happy tidings. The old man stood for a moment in silent devotion, then exclaimed, 'Praise be to God! I shall see my bairn again.'

'And never, I hope, to part with her more,' said Waverley.

'I trust in God not, unless it be to win the means of supporting her; for my things are but in a bruckle state; — but what signifies world's gear?'

'And if,' said Waverley modestly, 'there were a situation in life which would put Miss Bradwardine beyond the uncertainty of fortune, and in the rank to which she was born, would you object to it, my dear Baron, because it would make one of your friends the happiest man in the world?' The Baron turned and looked at him with great earnestness. 'Yes,' continued Edward, 'I shall not consider my sentence of banishment as repealed unless you will give me permission to accompany you to the Duchran, and ——'

The Baron seemed collecting all his dignity to make a suitable reply to what, at another time, he would have treated as the propounding a treaty of alliance between the houses of Bradwardine and Waverley. But his efforts were in vain; the father was too mighty for the Baron; the pride of birth and rank were swept away; in the joyful surprise a slight convulsion passed rapidly over his features, as he gave way to the feelings of nature, threw his arms around Waverley's neck, and sobbed out—'My son, my son! if I had been to search the world, I would have made my choice here.' Edward returned the embrace with great sympathy of feeling, and for a little while they both kept silence. At length it was broken by Edward. 'But Miss Bradwardine?'

'She had never a will but her old father's; besides, you are a likely youth, of honest principles and high birth; no, she never had any other will than mine, and in my proudest days I could not have wished a mair eligible espousal for her than the nephew of my excellent old friend, Sir Everard. But I hope, young man, ye deal na rashly in this matter? I hope ye hae secured the approbation of your ain friends and allies, particularly of your uncle, who is *in loco parentis*? Ah! we maun tak heed o' that.' Edward assured him that Sir Everard would think himself highly honoured in the flattering reception

his proposal had met with, and that it had his entire approbation; in evidence of which he put Colonel Talbot's letter into the Baron's hand. The Baron read it with great attention. 'Sir Everard,' he said, 'always despised wealth in comparison of honour and birth; and indeed he hath no occasion to court the *Diva Pecunia*. Yet I now wish, since this Malcolm turns out such a parricide, for I can call him no better, as to think of alienating the family inheritance—I now wish (his eyes fixed on a part of the roof which was visible above the trees) that I could have left Rose the auld hurley-house and the riggs belonging to it. And yet,' said he, resuming more cheerfully, 'it's maybe as weel as it is; for, as Baron of Bradwardine, I might have thought it my duty to insist upon certain compliances respecting name and bearings, whilk now, as a landless laird wi' a tocherless daughter, no one can blame me for departing from.'

'Now, Heaven be praised!' thought Edward, 'that Sir Everard does not hear these scruples! The three ermines passant and rampant bear would certainly have gone together by the ears.' He then, with all the ardour of a young lover, assured the Baron that he sought for his happiness only in Rose's heart and hand, and thought himself as happy in her father's simple approbation as if he had settled an earldom upon his daughter.

They now reached Little Veolan. The goose was smoking on the table, and the Bailie brandished his knife and fork. A joyous greeting took place between him and his patron. The kitchen, too, had its company. Auld Janet was established at the ingle-nook; Davie had turned the spit to his immortal honour; and even Ban and Buscar, in the liberality of Macwheeble's joy, had been stuffed to the throat with food, and now lay snoring on the floor.

The next day conducted the Baron and his young friend to the Duchran, where the former was expected, in consequence of the success of the nearly unanimous application of the Scottish friends of government in his favour. This had been so general and so powerful that it was almost thought his estate might have been saved, had it not passed into the rapacious hands of his unworthy kinsman, whose right, arising out of the Baron's attainder, could not be affected by a pardon from the crown. The old gentleman, however, said, with his usual spirit, he was more gratified by the hold he possessed in the good opinion of his neighbours than he would have been in being 'rehabilitated and restored *in integrum*, had it been found practicable.'

We shall not attempt to describe the meeting of the father and daughter, loving each other so affectionately, and separated under such perilous circumstances. Still less shall we attempt to analyse the deep blush of Rose at receiving the compliments of Waverley, or stop to inquire whether she had any curiosity respecting the particular cause of his journey to Scotland at that period. We shall not even trouble the reader with the humdrum details of a courtship Sixty Years since. It is enough to say that, under so strict a martinet as the Baron, all things were conducted in due form. He took upon himself, the morning after their arrival, the task of announcing the proposal of Waverley to Rose, which she heard with a proper degree of maiden timidity. Fame does, however, say that Waverley had the evening before found five minutes to apprise her of what was coming, while the rest of the company were looking at three twisted serpents which formed a *jet d'eau* in the garden.

My fair readers will judge for themselves ; but, for my part, I cannot conceive how so important an affair could be communicated in so short a space of time ; at least, it certainly took a full hour in the Baron's mode of conveying it.

Waverley was now considered as a received lover in all the forms. He was made, by dint of smirking and nodding on the part of the lady of the house, to sit next Miss Bradwardine at dinner, to be Miss Bradwardine's partner at cards. If he came into the room, she of the four Miss Rubricks who chanced to be next Rose was sure to recollect that her thimble or her scissors were at the other end of the room, in order to leave the seat nearest to Miss Bradwardine vacant for his occupation. And sometimes, if papa and mamma were not in the way to keep them on their good behaviour, the misses would titter a little. The old Laird of Duchran would also have his occasional jest, and the old lady her remark. Even the Baron could not refrain ; but here Rose escaped every embarrassment but that of conjecture, for his wit was usually couched in a Latin quotation. The very footmen sometimes grinned too broadly, the maidservants giggled mayhap too loud, and a provoking air of intelligence seemed to pervade the whole family. Alice Bean, the pretty maid of the cavern, who, after her father's *misfortune*, as she called it, had attended Rose as *fille-de-chambre*, smiled and smirked with the best of them. Rose and Edward, however, endured all these little vexatious circumstances as other folks have done before and since, and probably contrived to obtain

some indemnification, since they are not supposed, on the whole, to have been particularly unhappy during Waverley's six days' stay at the Duchran.

It was finally arranged that Edward should go to Waverley-Honour to make the necessary arrangements for his marriage, thence to London to take the proper measures for pleading his pardon, and return as soon as possible to claim the hand of his plighted bride. He also intended in his journey to visit Colonel Talbot; but, above all, it was his most important object to learn the fate of the unfortunate Chief of Glennaquoich; to visit him at Carlisle, and to try whether anything could be done for procuring, if not a pardon, a commutation at least, or alleviation, of the punishment to which he was almost certain of being condemned; and, in case of the worst, to offer the miserable Flora an asylum with Rose, or otherwise to assist her views in any mode which might seem possible. The fate of Fergus seemed hard to be averted. Edward had already striven to interest his friend, Colonel Talbot, in his behalf; but had been given distinctly to understand by his reply that his credit in matters of that nature was totally exhausted.

The Colonel was still in Edinburgh, and proposed to wait there for some months upon business confided to him by the Duke of Cumberland. He was to be joined by Lady Emily, to whom easy travelling and goat's whey were recommended, and who was to journey northward under the escort of Francis Stanley. Edward, therefore, met the Colonel at Edinburgh, who wished him joy in the kindest manner on his approaching happiness, and cheerfully undertook many commissions which our hero was necessarily obliged to delegate to his charge. But on the subject of Fergus he was inexorable. He satisfied Edward, indeed, that his interference would be unavailing; but, besides, Colonel Talbot owned that he could not conscientiously use any influence in favour of that unfortunate gentleman. 'Justice,' he said, 'which demanded some penalty of those who had wrapped the whole nation in fear and in mourning, could not perhaps have selected a fitter victim. He came to the field with the fullest light upon the nature of his attempt. He had studied and understood the subject. His father's fate could not intimidate him; the lenity of the laws which had restored to him his father's property and rights could not melt him. That he was brave, generous, and possessed many good qualities only rendered him the more dangerous; that he was enlightened and accomplished made his crime the less excusable; that he

was an enthusiast in a wrong cause only made him the more fit to be its martyr. Above all, he had been the means of bringing many hundreds of men into the field who, without him, would never have broken the peace of the country.

‘I repeat it,’ said the Colonel, ‘though Heaven knows with a heart distressed for him as an individual, that this young gentleman has studied and fully understood the desperate game which he has played. He threw for life or death, a coronet or a coffin; and he cannot now be permitted, with justice to the country, to draw stakes because the dice have gone against him.’

Such was the reasoning of those times, held even by brave and humane men towards a vanquished enemy. Let us devoutly hope that, in this respect at least, we shall never see the scenes or hold the sentiments that were general in Britain Sixty Years since.



bich — you, and each of you, stand attainted of high treason. What have you to say for yourselves why the Court should not pronounce judgment against you, that you die according to law?’

Fergus, as the presiding Judge was putting on the fatal cap of judgment, placed his own bonnet upon his head, regarded him with a steadfast and stern look, and replied in a firm voice, ‘I cannot let this numerous audience suppose that to such an appeal I have no answer to make. But what I have to say you would not bear to hear, for my defence would be your condemnation. Proceed, then, in the name of God, to do what is permitted to you. Yesterday and the day before you have condemned loyal and honourable blood to be poured forth like water. Spare not mine. Were that of all my ancestors in my veins, I would have perilled it in this quarrel.’ He resumed his seat and refused again to rise.

Evan Maccombich looked at him with great earnestness, and, rising up, seemed anxious to speak; but the confusion of the court, and the perplexity arising from thinking in a language different from that in which he was to express himself, kept him silent. There was a murmur of compassion among the spectators, from the idea that the poor fellow intended to plead the influence of his superior as an excuse for his crime. The Judge commanded silence, and encouraged Evan to proceed.

‘I was only ganging to say, my lord,’ said Evan, in what he meant to be an insinuating manner, ‘that if your excellent honour and the honourable Court would let Vich Ian Vohr go free just this once, and let him gae back to France, and nò to trouble King George’s government again, that only six o’ the very best of his clan will be willing to be justified in his stead; and if you ’ll just let me gae down to Glennaquoich, I’ll fetch them up to ye mysell, to head or hang, and you may begin wi’ me the very first man.’

Notwithstanding the solemnity of the occasion, a sort of laugh was heard in the court at the extraordinary nature of the proposal. The Judge checked this indecency, and Evan, looking sternly around, when the murmur abated, ‘If the Saxon gentlemen are laughing,’ he said, ‘because a poor man, such as me, thinks my life, or the life of six of my degree, is worth that of Vich Ian Vohr, it’s like enough they may be very right; but if they laugh because they think I would not keep my word and come back to redeem him, I can tell them they ken neither the heart of a Hielandman nor the honour of a gentleman.’



There was no farther inclination to laugh among the audience, and a dead silence ensued.

The Judge then pronounced upon both prisoners the sentence of the law of high treason, with all its horrible accompaniments. The execution was appointed for the ensuing day. 'For you, Fergus Mac-Ivor,' continued the Judge, 'I can hold out no hope of mercy. You must prepare against to-morrow for your last sufferings here, and your great audit hereafter.'

'I desire nothing else, my lord,' answered Fergus, in the same manly and firm tone.

The hard eyes of Evan, which had been perpetually bent on his Chief, were moistened with a tear. 'For you, poor ignorant man,' continued the Judge, 'who, following the ideas in which you have been educated, have this day given us a striking example how the loyalty due to the king and state alone is, from your unhappy ideas of clanship, transferred to some ambitious individual who ends by making you the tool of his crimes—for you, I say, I feel so much compassion that, if you can make up your mind to petition for grace, I will endeavour to procure it for you. Otherwise——'

'Grace me no grace,' said Evan; 'since you are to shed Vich Ian Vohr's blood, the only favour I would accept from you is to bid them loose my hands and gie me my claymore, and bide you just a minute sitting where you are!'

'Remove the prisoners,' said the Judge; 'his blood be upon his own head.'

Almost stupified with his feelings, Edward found that the rush of the crowd had conveyed him out into the street ere he knew what he was doing. His immediate wish was to see and speak with Fergus once more. He applied at the Castle where his unfortunate friend was confined, but was refused admittance. 'The High Sheriff,' a non-commissioned officer said, 'had requested of the governor that none should be admitted to see the prisoner excepting his confessor and his sister.'

'And where was Miss Mac-Ivor?' They gave him the direction. It was the house of a respectable Catholic family near Carlisle.

Repulsed from the gate of the Castle, and not venturing to make application to the High Sheriff or Judges in his own unpopular name, he had recourse to the solicitor who came down in Fergus's behalf. This gentleman told him that it was thought the public mind was in danger of being debauched by the account of the last moments of these persons, as given by

the friends of the Pretender; that there had been a resolution, therefore, to exclude all such persons as had not the plea of near kindred for attending upon them. Yet he promised (to oblige the heir of Waverley-Honour) to get him an order for admittance to the prisoner the next morning, before his irons were knocked off for execution.

‘Is it of Fergus Mac-Ivor they speak thus,’ thought Waverley, ‘or do I dream? Of Fergus, the bold, the chivalrous, the free-minded, the lofty chieftain of a tribe devoted to him? Is it he, that I have seen lead the chase and head the attack, the brave, the active, the young, the noble, the love of ladies, and the theme of song,—is it he who is ironed like a malefactor, who is to be dragged on a hurdle to the common gallows, to die a lingering and cruel death, and to be mangled by the hand of the most outcast of wretches? Evil indeed was the spectre that boded such a fate as this to the brave Chief of Glennaquoich!’

With a faltering voice he requested the solicitor to find means to warn Fergus of his intended visit, should he obtain permission to make it. He then turned away from him, and, returning to the inn, wrote a scarcely intelligible note to Flora Mac-Ivor, intimating his purpose to wait upon her that evening. The messenger brought back a letter in Flora’s beautiful Italian hand, which seemed scarce to tremble even under this load of misery. ‘Miss Flora Mac-Ivor,’ the letter bore, ‘could not refuse to see the dearest friend of her dear brother, even in her present circumstances of unparalleled distress.’

When Edward reached Miss Mac-Ivor’s present place of abode he was instantly admitted. In a large and gloomy tapestried apartment Flora was seated by a latticed window, sewing what seemed to be a garment of white flannel. At a little distance sat an elderly woman, apparently a foreigner, and of a religious order. She was reading in a book of Catholic devotion, but when Waverley entered laid it on the table and left the room. Flora rose to receive him, and stretched out her hand, but neither ventured to attempt speech. Her fine complexion was totally gone; her person considerably emaciated; and her face and hands as white as the purest statuary marble, forming a strong contrast with her sable dress and jet-black hair. Yet, amid these marks of distress there was nothing negligent or ill-arranged about her attire; even her hair, though totally without ornament, was disposed with her usual

attention to neatness. The first words she uttered were, 'Have you seen him?'

'Alas, no,' answered Waverley, 'I have been refused admittance.'

'It accords with the rest,' she said; 'but we must submit. Shall you obtain leave, do you suppose?'

'For — for — to-morrow,' said Waverley; but muttering the last word so faintly that it was almost unintelligible.

'Ay, then or never,' said Flora, 'until' — she added, looking upward — 'the time when, I trust, we shall all meet. But I hope you will see him while earth yet bears him. He always loved you at his heart, though — but it is vain to talk of the past.'

'Vain indeed!' echoed Waverley.

'Or even of the future, my good friend,' said Flora, 'so far as earthly events are concerned; for how often have I pictured to myself the strong possibility of this horrid issue, and tasked myself to consider how I could support my part; and yet how far has all my anticipation fallen short of the unimaginable bitterness of this hour!'

'Dear Flora, if your strength of mind ——'

'Ay, there it is,' she answered, somewhat wildly; 'there is, Mr. Waverley, there is a busy devil at my heart that whispers — but it were madness to listen to it — that the strength of mind on which Flora prided herself has murdered her brother!'

'Good God! how can you give utterance to a thought so shocking?'

'Ay, is it not so? but yet it haunts me like a phantom; I know it is unsubstantial and vain; but it *will* be present; will intrude its horrors on my mind; will whisper that my brother, as volatile as ardent, would have divided his energies amid a hundred objects. It was I who taught him to concentrate them and to gage all on this dreadful and desperate cast. Oh that I could recollect that I had but once said to him, "He that striketh with the sword shall die by the sword"; that I had but once said, "Remain at home; reserve yourself, your vassals, your life, for enterprises within the reach of man." But O, Mr. Waverley, I spurred his fiery temper, and half of his ruin at least lies with his sister!'

The horrid idea which she had intimated, Edward endeavoured to combat by every incoherent argument that occurred to him. He recalled to her the principles on which both thought it their duty to act, and in which they had been educated.

‘Do not think I have forgotten them,’ she said, looking up with eager quickness; ‘I do not regret his attempt because it was wrong! — O no! on that point I am armed — but because it was impossible it could end otherwise than thus.’

‘Yet it did not always seem so desperate and hazardous as it was; and it would have been chosen by the bold spirit of Fergus whether you had approved it or no; your counsels only served to give unity and consistence to his conduct; to dignify, but not to precipitate, his resolution.’ Flora had soon ceased to listen to Edward, and was again intent upon her needle-work.

‘Do you remember,’ she said, looking up with a ghastly smile, ‘you once found me making Fergus’s bride-favours, and now I am sewing his bridal garment. Our friends here,’ she continued, with suppressed emotion, ‘are to give hallowed earth in their chapel to the bloody relics of the last Vich Ian Vohr. But they will not all rest together; no — his head! — I shall not have the last miserable consolation of kissing the cold lips of my dear, dear Fergus!’

The unfortunate Flora here, after one or two hysterical sobs, fainted in her chair. The lady, who had been attending in the ante-room, now entered hastily, and begged Edward to leave the room, but not the house.

When he was recalled, after the space of nearly half an hour, he found that, by a strong effort, Miss Mac-Ivor had greatly composed herself. It was then he ventured to urge Miss Bradwardine’s claim to be considered as an adopted sister, and empowered to assist her plans for the future.

‘I have had a letter from my dear Rose,’ she replied, ‘to the same purpose. Sorrow is selfish and engrossing, or I would have written to express that, even in my own despair, I felt a gleam of pleasure at learning her happy prospects, and at hearing that the good old Baron has escaped the general wreck. Give this to my dearest Rose; it is her poor Flora’s only ornament of value, and was the gift of a princess.’ She put into his hands a case containing the chain of diamonds with which she used to decorate her hair. ‘To me it is in future useless. The kindness of my friends has secured me a retreat in the convent of the Scottish Benedictine nuns in Paris. To-morrow — if indeed I can survive to-morrow — I set forward on my journey with this venerable sister. And now, Mr. Waverley, adieu! May you be as happy with Rose as your amiable dispositions deserve; and think sometimes on the

friends you have lost. Do not attempt to see me again; it would be mistaken kindness.'

She gave him her hand, on which Edward shed a torrent of tears, and with a faltering step withdrew from the apartment, and returned to the town of Carlisle. At the inn he found a letter from his law friend intimating that he would be admitted to Fergus next morning as soon as the Castle gates were opened, and permitted to remain with him till the arrival of the Sheriff gave signal for the fatal procession.

## CHAPTER LXIX

A darker departure is near,  
The death drum is muffled, and sable the bier.

CAMPBELL.

AFTER a sleepless night, the first dawn of morning found Waverley on the esplanade in front of the old Gothic gate of Carlisle Castle. But he paced it long in every direction before the hour when, according to the rules of the garrison, the gates were opened and the drawbridge lowered. He produced his order to the sergeant of the guard and was admitted.

The place of Fergus's confinement was a gloomy and vaulted apartment in the central part of the Castle; a huge old tower, supposed to be of great antiquity, and surrounded by outworks, seemingly of Henry VIII.'s time, or somewhat later. The grating of the large old-fashioned bars and bolts, withdrawn for the purpose of admitting Edward, was answered by the clash of chains, as the unfortunate Chieftain, strongly and heavily fettered, shuffled along the stone floor of his prison to fling himself into his friend's arms.

'My dear Edward,' he said, in a firm and even cheerful voice, 'this is truly kind. I heard of your approaching happiness with the highest pleasure. And how does Rose? and how is our old whimsical friend the Baron? Well, I trust, since I see you at freedom. And how will you settle precedence between the three ermines passant and the bear and boot-jack?'

'How, O how, my dear Fergus, can you talk of such things at such a moment!'

'Why, we have entered Carlisle with happier auspices, to be sure; on the 16th of November last, for example, when we marched in side by side, and hoisted the white flag on these ancient towers. But I am no boy, to sit down and weep because the luck has gone against me. I knew the stake

which I risked; we played the game boldly and the forfeit shall be paid manfully. And now, since my time is short, let me come to the questions that interest me most — the Prince? has he escaped the bloodhounds?’

‘He has, and is in safety.’

‘Praised be God for that! Tell me the particulars of his escape.’

Waverley communicated that remarkable history, so far as it had then transpired, to which Fergus listened with deep interest. He then asked after several other friends; and made many minute inquiries concerning the fate of his own clansmen. They had suffered less than other tribes who had been engaged in the affair; for, having in a great measure dispersed and returned home after the captivity of their Chieftain, according to the universal custom of the Highlanders, they were not in arms when the insurrection was finally suppressed, and consequently were treated with less rigour. This Fergus heard with great satisfaction.

‘You are rich,’ he said, ‘Waverley, and you are generous. When you hear of these poor Mac-Ivors being distressed about their miserable possessions by some harsh overseer or agent of government, remember you have worn their tartan and are an adopted son of their race. The Baron, who knows our manners and lives near our country, will apprise you of the time and means to be their protector. Will you promise this to the last Vich Ian Vohr?’

Edward, as may well be believed, pledged his word; which he afterwards so amply redeemed that his memory still lives in these glens by the name of the Friend of the Sons of Ivor.

‘Would to God,’ continued the Chieftain, ‘I could bequeath to you my rights to the love and obedience of this primitive and brave race; or at least, as I have striven to do, persuade poor Evan to accept of his life upon their terms, and be to you what he has been to me, the kindest, the bravest, the most devoted —’

The tears which his own fate could not draw forth fell fast for that of his foster-brother.

‘But,’ said he, drying them, ‘that cannot be. You cannot be to them Vich Ian Vohr; and these three magic words,’ said he, half smiling, ‘are the only *Open Sesame* to their feelings and sympathies, and poor Evan must attend his foster-brother in death, as he has done through his whole life.’

‘And I am sure,’ said Maccombich, raising himself from the

floor, on which, for fear of interrupting their conversation, he had lain so still that, in the obscurity of the apartment, Edward was not aware of his presence—‘I am sure Evan never desired or deserved a better end than just to die with his Chieftain.’

‘And now,’ said Fergus, ‘while we are upon the subject of clanship—what think you now of the prediction of the Bodach Glas?’ Then, before Edward could answer, ‘I saw him again last night: he stood in the slip of moonshine which fell from that high and narrow window towards my bed. “Why should I fear him?” I thought; “to-morrow, long ere this time, I shall be as immaterial as he.”’ “False spirit,” I said, “art thou come to close thy walks on earth and to enjoy thy triumph in the fall of the last descendant of thine enemy?” The spectre seemed to beckon and to smile as he faded from my sight. What do you think of it? I asked the same question of the priest, who is a good and sensible man; he admitted that the church allowed that such apparitions were possible, but urged me not to permit my mind to dwell upon it, as imagination plays us such strange tricks. What do you think of it?’

‘Much as your confessor,’ said Waverley, willing to avoid dispute upon such a point at such a moment. A tap at the door now announced that good man, and Edward retired while he administered to both prisoners the last rites of religion, in the mode which the Church of Rome prescribes.

In about an hour he was re-admitted; soon after, a file of soldiers entered with a blacksmith, who struck the fetters from the legs of the prisoners.

‘You see the compliment they pay to our Highland strength and courage; we have lain chained here like wild beasts, till our legs are cramped into palsy, and when they free us they send six soldiers with loaded muskets to prevent our taking the castle by storm!’

Edward afterwards learned that these severe precautions had been taken in consequence of a desperate attempt of the prisoners to escape, in which they had very nearly succeeded.

Shortly afterwards the drums of the garrison beat to arms. ‘This is the last turn-out,’ said Fergus, ‘that I shall hear and obey. And now, my dear, dear Edward, ere we part let us speak of Flora—a subject which awakes the tenderest feeling that yet thrills within me.’

‘We part not *here*!’ said Waverley.

‘O yes, we do; you must come no farther. Not that I fear



what is to follow for myself,' he said proudly. 'Nature has her tortures as well as art, and how happy should we think the man who escapes from the throes of a mortal and painful disorder in the space of a short half hour? And this matter, spin it out as they will, cannot last longer. But what a dying man can suffer firmly may kill a living friend to look upon. This same law of high treason,' he continued, with astonishing firmness and composure, 'is one of the blessings, Edward, with which your free country has accommodated poor old Scotland; her own jurisprudence, as I have heard, was much milder. But I suppose one day or other — when there are no longer any wild Highlanders to benefit by its tender mercies — they will blot it from their records as levelling them with a nation of cannibals. The mummery, too, of exposing the senseless head — they have not the wit to grace mine with a paper coronet; there would be some satire in that, Edward. I hope they will set it on the Scotch gate though, that I may look, even after death, to the blue hills of my own country, which I love so dearly. The Baron would have added,

*Moritur, et moriens dulces reminiscitur Argos.*

A bustle, and the sound of wheels and horses' feet, was now heard in the court-yard of the Castle. 'As I have told you why you must not follow me, and these sounds admonish me that my time flies fast, tell me how you found poor Flora.'

Waverley, with a voice interrupted by suffocating sensations, gave some account of the state of her mind.

'Poor Flora!' answered the Chief, 'she could have borne her own sentence of death, but not mine. You, Waverley, will soon know the happiness of mutual affection in the married state — long, long may Rose and you enjoy it! — but you can never know the purity of feeling which combines two orphans like Flora and me, left alone as it were in the world, and being all in all to each other from our very infancy. But her strong sense of duty and predominant feeling of loyalty will give new nerve to her mind after the immediate and acute sensation of this parting has passed away. She will then think of Fergus as of the heroes of our race, upon whose deeds she loved to dwell.'

'Shall she not see you then?' asked Waverley. 'She seemed to expect it.'

'A necessary deceit will spare her the last dreadful parting. I could not part with her without tears, and I cannot bear that these men should think they have power to extort them. She

was made to believe she would see me at a later hour, and this letter, which my confessor will deliver, will apprise her that all is over.'

An officer now appeared and intimated that the High Sheriff and his attendants waited before the gate of the Castle to claim the bodies of Fergus Mac-Ivor and Evan Maccombich. 'I come,' said Fergus. Accordingly, supporting Edward by the arm and followed by Evan Dhu and the priest, he moved down the stairs of the tower, the soldiers bringing up the rear. The court was occupied by a squadron of dragoons and a battalion of infantry, drawn up in hollow square. Within their ranks was the sledge or hurdle on which the prisoners were to be drawn to the place of execution, about a mile distant from Carlisle. It was painted black, and drawn by a white horse. At one end of the vehicle sat the executioner, a horrid-looking fellow, as beseemed his trade, with the broad axe in his hand; at the other end, next the horse, was an empty seat for two persons. Through the deep and dark Gothic archway that opened on the drawbridge were seen on horseback the High Sheriff and his attendants, whom the etiquette betwixt the civil and military powers did not permit to come farther. 'This is well GOT UP for a closing scene,' said Fergus, smiling disdainfully as he gazed around upon the apparatus of terror. Evan Dhu exclaimed with some eagerness, after looking at the dragoons, 'These are the very chields that galloped off at Gladsmuir, before we could kill a dozen o' them. They look bold enough now, however.' The priest entreated him to be silent.

The sledge now approached, and Fergus, turning round, embraced Waverley, kissed him on each side of the face, and stepped nimbly into his place. Evan sat down by his side. The priest was to follow in a carriage belonging to his patron, the Catholic gentleman at whose house Flora resided. As Fergus waved his hand to Edward the ranks closed around the sledge, and the whole procession began to move forward. There was a momentary stop at the gateway, while the governor of the Castle and the High Sheriff went through a short ceremony, the military officer there delivering over the persons of the criminals to the civil power. 'God save King George!' said the High Sheriff. When the formality concluded, Fergus stood erect in the sledge, and, with a firm and steady voice, replied, 'God save King *James!*' These were the last words which Waverley heard him speak.

The procession resumed its march, and the sledge vanished

from beneath the portal, under which it had stopped for an instant. The dead march was then heard, and its melancholy sounds were mingled with those of a muffled peal tolled from the neighbouring cathedral. The sound of the military music died away as the procession moved on; the sullen clang of the bells was soon heard to sound alone.

The last of the soldiers had now disappeared from under the vaulted archway through which they had been filing for several minutes; the court-yard was now totally empty, but Waverley still stood there as if stupified, his eyes fixed upon the dark pass where he had so lately seen the last glimpse of his friend. At length a female servant of the governor's, struck with compassion at the stupified misery which his countenance expressed, asked him if he would not walk into her master's house and sit down? She was obliged to repeat her question twice ere he comprehended her, but at length it recalled him to himself. Declining the courtesy by a hasty gesture, he pulled his hat over his eyes, and, leaving the Castle, walked as swiftly as he could through the empty streets till he regained his inn, then rushed into an apartment and bolted the door.

In about an hour and a half, which seemed an age of unutterable suspense, the sound of the drums and fifes performing a lively air, and the confused murmur of the crowd which now filled the streets, so lately deserted, apprised him that all was finished, and that the military and populace were returning from the dreadful scene. I will not attempt to describe his sensations.

In the evening the priest made him a visit, and informed him that he did so by directions of his deceased friend, to assure him that Fergus Mac-Ivor had died as he lived, and remembered his friendship to the last. He added, he had also seen Flora, whose state of mind seemed more composed since all was over. With her and sister Theresa the priest proposed next day to leave Carlisle for the nearest seaport from which they could embark for France. Waverley forced on this good man a ring of some value and a sum of money to be employed (as he thought might gratify Flora) in the services of the Catholic church for the memory of his friend. '*Fungarque inani munere,*' he repeated, as the ecclesiastic retired. 'Yet why not class these acts of remembrance with other honours, with which affection in all sects pursues the memory of the dead?'

The next morning ere day-light he took leave of the town of Carlisle, promising to himself never again to enter its walls.

He dared hardly look back towards the Gothic battlements of the fortified gate under which he passed, for the place is surrounded with an old wall. 'They're no there,' said Alick Polwarth, who guessed the cause of the dubious look which Waverley cast backward, and who, with the vulgar appetite for the horrible, was master of each detail of the butchery — 'The heads are ower the Scotch yate, as they ca' it. It's a great pity of Evan Dhu, who was a very weel-meaning, good-natured man, to be a Hielandman; and indeed so was the Laird o' Glennaquoich too, for that matter, when he wasna in ane o' his turrivies.'

## CHAPTER LXX

### *Dulce Domum*

THE impression of horror with which Waverley left Carlisle softened by degrees into melancholy, a gradation which was accelerated by the painful yet soothing task of writing to Rose ; and, while he could not suppress his own feelings of the calamity, he endeavoured to place it in a light which might grieve her without shocking her imagination. The picture which he drew for her benefit he gradually familiarised to his own mind, and his next letters were more cheerful, and referred to the prospects of peace and happiness which lay before them. Yet, though his first horrible sensations had sunk into melancholy, Edward had reached his native country before he could, as usual on former occasions, look round for enjoyment upon the face of nature.

He then, for the first time since leaving Edinburgh, began to experience that pleasure which almost all feel who return to a verdant, populous, and highly cultivated country from scenes of waste desolation or of solitary and melancholy grandeur. But how were those feelings enhanced when he entered on the domain so long possessed by his forefathers ; recognised the old oaks of Waverley-Chace ; thought with what delight he should introduce Rose to all his favourite haunts ; beheld at length the towers of the venerable hall arise above the woods which embowered it, and finally threw himself into the arms of the venerable relations to whom he owed so much duty and affection !

The happiness of their meeting was not tarnished by a single word of reproach. On the contrary, whatever pain Sir Everard and Mrs. Rachel had felt during Waverley's perilous engagement with the young Chevalier, it assorted too well with the principles in which they had been brought up to incur reprobation, or even censure. Colonel Talbot also had smoothed the way with great address for Edward's favourable reception by dwelling upon his gallant behaviour in the military character,

particularly his bravery and generosity at Preston; until, warmed at the idea of their nephew's engaging in single combat, making prisoner, and saving from slaughter so distinguished an officer as the Colonel himself, the imagination of the Baronet and his sister ranked the exploits of Edward with those of Wili-bert, Hildebrand, and Nigel, the vaunted heroes of their line.

The appearance of Waverley, embrowned by exercise and dignified by the habits of military discipline, had acquired an athletic and hardy character, which not only verified the Colonel's narration, but surprised and delighted all the inhabitants of Waverley-Honour. They crowded to see, to hear him, and to sing his praises. Mr. Pembroke, who secretly extolled his spirit and courage in embracing the genuine cause of the Church of England, censured his pupil gently, nevertheless, for being so careless of his manuscripts, which indeed, he said, had occasioned him some personal inconvenience, as, upon the Baronet's being arrested by a king's messenger, he had deemed it prudent to retire to a concealment called 'The Priest's Hole,' from the use it had been put to in former days; where, he assured our hero, the butler had thought it safe to venture with food only once in the day, so that he had been repeatedly compelled to dine upon victuals either absolutely cold or, what was worse, only half warm, not to mention that sometimes his bed had not been arranged for two days together. Waverley's mind involuntarily turned to the Patmos of the Baron of Bradwardine, who was well pleased with Janet's fare and a few bunches of straw stowed in a cleft in the front of a sand-cliff; but he made no remarks upon a contrast which could only mortify his worthy tutor.

All was now in a bustle to prepare for the nuptials of Edward, an event to which the good old Baronet and Mrs. Rachel looked forward as if to the renewal of their own youth. The match, as Colonel Talbot had intimated, had seemed to them in the highest degree eligible, having every recommendation but wealth, of which they themselves had more than enough. Mr. Clippurse was therefore summoned to Waverley-Honour, under better auspices than at the commencement of our story. But Mr. Clippurse came not alone; for, being now stricken in years, he had associated with him a nephew, a younger vulture (as our English Juvenal, who tells the tale of Swallow the attorney, might have called him), and they now carried on business as Messrs. Clippurse and Hookem. These worthy gentlemen had directions to make the necessary settlements on the most splendid scale of

liberality, as if Edward were to wed a peeress in her own right, with her paternal estate tacked to the fringe of her ermine.

But before entering upon a subject of proverbial delay, I must remind my reader of the progress of a stone rolled downhill by an idle truant boy (a pastime at which I was myself expert in my more juvenile years); it moves at first slowly, avoiding by inflection every obstacle of the least importance; but when it has attained its full impulse, and draws near the conclusion of its career, it smokes and thunders down, taking a rood at every spring, clearing hedge and ditch like a Yorkshire huntsman, and becoming most furiously rapid in its course when it is nearest to being consigned to rest for ever. Even such is the course of a narrative like that which you are perusing. The earlier events are studiously dwelt upon, that you, kind reader, may be introduced to the character rather by narrative than by the duller medium of direct description; but when the story draws near its close, we hurry over the circumstances, however important, which your imagination must have forestalled, and leave you to suppose those things which it would be abusing your patience to relate at length.

We are, therefore, so far from attempting to trace the dull progress of Messrs. Clippurse and Hookem, or that of their worthy official brethren who had the charge of suing out the pardons of Edward Waverley and his intended father-in-law, that we can but touch upon matters more attractive. The mutual epistles, for example, which were exchanged between Sir Everard and the Baron upon this occasion, though matchless specimens of eloquence in their way, must be consigned to merciless oblivion. Nor can I tell you at length how worthy Aunt Rachel, not without a delicate and affectionate allusion to the circumstances which had transferred Rose's maternal diamonds to the hands of Donald Bean Lean, stocked her casket with a set of jewels that a duchess might have envied. Moreover, the reader will have the goodness to imagine that Job Houghton and his dame were suitably provided for, although they could never be persuaded that their son fell otherwise than fighting by the young squire's side; so that Alick, who, as a lover of truth, had made many needless attempts to expound the real circumstances to them, was finally ordered to say not a word more upon the subject. He indemnified himself, however, by the liberal allowance of desperate battles, grisly executions, and raw-head and bloody-bone stories with which he astonished the servants'-hall.

But although these important matters may be briefly told in narrative, like a newspaper report of a Chancery suit, yet, with all the urgency which Waverley could use, the real time which the law proceedings occupied, joined to the delay occasioned by the mode of travelling at that period, rendered it considerably more than two months ere Waverley, having left England, alighted once more at the mansion of the Laird of Duchran to claim the hand of his plighted bride.

The day of his marriage was fixed for the sixth after his arrival. The Baron of Bradwardine, with whom bridals, christenings, and funerals were festivals of high and solemn import, felt a little hurt that, including the family of the Duchran and all the immediate vicinity who had title to be present on such an occasion, there could not be above thirty persons collected. 'When he was married,' he observed, 'three hundred horse of gentlemen born, besides servants, and some score or two of Highland lairds who never got on horseback, were present on the occasion.'

But his pride found some consolation in reflecting that, he and his son-in-law having been so lately in arms against government, it might give matter of reasonable fear and offence to the ruling powers if they were to collect together the kith, kin, and allies of their houses, arrayed in effier of war, as was the ancient custom of Scotland on these occasions — 'And, without dubitation,' he concluded with a sigh, 'many of those who would have rejoiced most freely upon these joyful espousals are either gone to a better place or are now exiles from their native land.'

The marriage took place on the appointed day. The Reverend Mr. Rubrick, kinsman to the proprietor of the hospitable mansion where it was solemnised, and chaplain to the Baron of Bradwardine, had the satisfaction to unite their hands; and Frank Stanley acted as bridesman, having joined Edward with that view soon after his arrival. Lady Emily and Colonel Talbot had proposed being present; but Lady Emily's health, when the day approached, was found inadequate to the journey. In amends it was arranged that Edward Waverley and his lady, who, with the Baron, proposed an immediate journey to Waverley-Honour, should in their way spend a few days at an estate which Colonel Talbot had been tempted to purchase in Scotland as a very great bargain, and at which he proposed to reside for some time.



## CHAPTER LXXI

This is no mine ain house, I ken by the bigging o't.

*Old Song.*

THE nuptial party travelled in great style. There was a coach and six after the newest pattern, which Sir Everard had presented to his nephew, that dazzled with its splendour the eyes of one half of Scotland; there was the family coach of Mr. Rubrick; — both these were crowded with ladies, — and there were gentlemen on horseback, with their servants, to the number of a round score. Nevertheless, without having the fear of famine before his eyes, Bailie Macwheeble met them in the road to entreat that they would pass by his house at Little Veolan. The Baron stared, and said his son and he would certainly ride by Little Veolan and pay their compliments to the Bailie, but could not think of bringing with them the ‘*haill comitatus nuptialis*, or matrimonial procession.’ He added, ‘that, as he understood that the barony had been sold by its unworthy possessor, he was glad to see his old friend Duncan had regained his situation under the new *Dominus*, or proprietor.’ The Bailie ducked, bowed, and fidgeted; and then again insisted upon his invitation; until the Baron, though rather piqued at the pertinacity of his instances, could not nevertheless refuse to consent without making evident sensations which he was anxious to conceal.

He fell into a deep study as they approached the top of the avenue, and was only startled from it by observing that the battlements were replaced, the ruins cleared away, and (most wonderful of all) that the two great stone bears, those mutilated Dragons of his idolatry, had resumed their posts over the gateway. ‘Now this new proprietor,’ said he to Edward, ‘has shown mair *gusto*, as the Italians call it, in the short time he has had this domain, than that hound Malcolm, though I bred him here mysell, has acquired *vita adhuc durante*. And now I talk of

hounds, is not yon Ban and Buscar who come scouping up the avenue with Davie Gellatley ?’

‘I vote we should go to meet them, sir,’ said Waverley, ‘for I believe the present master of the house is Colonel Talbot, who will expect to see us. We hesitated to mention to you at first that he had purchased your ancient patrimonial property, and even yet, if you do not incline to visit him, we can pass on to the Bailie’s.’

The Baron had occasion for all his magnanimity. However, he drew a long breath, took a long snuff, and observed, since they had brought him so far, he could not pass the Colonel’s gate, and he would be happy to see the new master of his old tenants. He alighted accordingly, as did the other gentlemen and ladies ; he gave his arm to his daughter, and as they descended the avenue pointed out to her how speedily the ‘*Diva Pecunia*’ of the Southron — their tutelary deity, he might call her — had removed the marks of spoliation.’

In truth, not only had the felled trees been removed, but, their stumps being grubbed up and the earth round them levelled and sown with grass, every mark of devastation, unless to an eye intimately acquainted with the spot, was already totally obliterated. There was a similar reformation in the outward man of Davie Gellatley, who met them, every now and then stopping to admire the new suit which graced his person, in the same colours as formerly, but bedizened fine enough to have served Touchstone himself. He danced up with his usual ungainly frolics, first to the Baron and then to Rose, passing his hands over his clothes, crying, ‘Bra’, bra’ Davie,’ and scarce able to sing a bar to an end of his thousand-and-one songs for the breathless extravagance of his joy. The dogs also acknowledged their old master with a thousand gambols. ‘Upon my conscience, Rose,’ ejaculated the Baron, ‘the gratitude o’ thae dumb brutes and of that puir innocent brings the tears into my auld een, while that schellum Malcolm — but I’m obliged to Colonel Talbot for putting my hounds into such good condition, and likewise for puir Davie. But, Rose, my dear, we must not permit them to be a life-rent burden upon the estate.’

As he spoke, Lady Emily, leaning upon the arm of her husband, met the party at the lower gate with a thousand welcomes. After the ceremony of introduction had been gone through, much abridged by the ease and excellent breeding of Lady Emily, she apologised for having used a little art to wile them back to a place which might awaken some painful reflec-

tions — ‘But as it was to change masters, we were very desirous that the Baron ——’

‘Mr. Bradwardine, madam, if you please,’ said the old gentleman.

‘—Mr. Bradwardine, then, and Mr. Waverley should see what we have done towards restoring the mansion of your fathers to its former state.’

The Baron answered with a low bow. Indeed, when he entered the court, excepting that the heavy stables, which had been burnt down, were replaced by buildings of a lighter and more picturesque appearance, all seemed as much as possible restored to the state in which he had left it when he assumed arms some months before. The pigeon-house was replenished; the fountain played with its usual activity; and not only the bear who predominated over its basin, but all the other bears whatsoever, were replaced on their several stations, and renewed or repaired with so much care that they bore no tokens of the violence which had so lately descended upon them. While these minutiae had been so heedfully attended to, it is scarce necessary to add that the house itself had been thoroughly repaired, as well as the gardens, with the strictest attention to maintain the original character of both, and to remove as far as possible all appearance of the ravage they had sustained. The Baron gazed in silent wonder; at length he addressed Colonel Talbot —

‘While I acknowledge my obligation to you, sir, for the restoration of the badge of our family, I cannot but marvel that you have nowhere established your own crest, whilk is, I believe, a mastiff, anciently called a talbot; as the poet has it,

A talbot strong, a sturdy tyke.

At least such a dog is the crest of the martial and renowned Earls of Shrewsbury, to whom your family are probably blood relations.’

‘I believe,’ said the Colonel, smiling, ‘our dogs are whelps of the same litter; for my part, if crests were to dispute precedence, I should be apt to let them, as the proverb says, “fight dog, fight bear.”’

As he made this speech, at which the Baron took another long pinch of snuff, they had entered the house, that is, the Baron, Rose, and Lady Emily, with young Stanley and the Bailie, for Edward and the rest of the party remained on the terrace to examine a new greenhouse stocked with the finest plants. The Baron resumed his favourite topic — ‘However it

may please you to derogate from the honour of your burgonet, Colonel Talbot, which is doubtless your humour, as I have seen in other gentlemen of birth and honour in your country, I must again repeat it as a most ancient and distinguished bearing, as well as that of my young friend Francis Stanley, which is the eagle and child.'

'The bird and bantling they call it in Derbyshire, sir,' said Stanley.

'Ye're a daft callant, sir,' said the Baron, who had a great liking to this young man, perhaps because he sometimes teased him — 'Ye're a daft callant, and I must correct you some of these days,' shaking his great brown fist at him. 'But what I meant to say, Colonel Talbot, is, that yours is an ancient *prosapia*, or descent, and since you have lawfully and justly acquired the estate for you and yours which I have lost for me and mine, I wish it may remain in your name as many centuries as it has done in that of the late proprietor's.'

'That,' answered the Colonel, 'is very handsome, Mr. Bradwardine, indeed.'

'And yet, sir, I cannot but marvel that you, Colonel, whom I noted to have so much of the *amor patriæ* when we met in Edinburgh as even to vilipend other countries, should have chosen to establish your Lares, or household gods, *procul a patriæ finibus*, and in a manner to expatriate yourself.'

'Why really, Baron, I do not see why, to keep the secret of these foolish boys, Waverley and Stanley, and of my wife, who is no wiser, one old soldier should continue to impose upon another. You must know, then, that I have so much of that same prejudice in favour of my native country, that the sum of money which I advanced to the seller of this extensive barony has only purchased for me a box in — shire, called Brerewood Lodge, with about two hundred and fifty acres of land, the chief merit of which is, that it is within a very few miles of Waverley-Honour.'

'And who, then, in the name of Heaven, has bought this property?'

'That,' said the Colonel, 'it is this gentleman's profession to explain.'

The Bailie, whom this reference regarded, and who had all this while shifted from one foot to another with great impatience, 'like a hen,' as he afterwards said, 'upon a het girdle'; and chuckling, he might have added, like the said hen in all the glory of laying an egg, now pushed forward. 'That

I can, that I can, your honour,' drawing from his pocket a budget of papers, and untying the red tape with a hand trembling with eagerness. 'Here is the disposition and assignation by Malcolm Bradwardine of Inch-Grabbit, regularly signed and tested in terms of the statute, whereby, for a certain sum of sterling money presently contented and paid to him, he has disposed, alienated, and conveyed the whole estate and barony of Bradwardine, Tully-Veolan, and others, with the fortalice and manor-place ——'

'For God's sake, to the point, sir; I have all that by heart,' said the Colonel.

'—To Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine, Esq.,' pursued the Bailie, 'his heirs and assignees, simply and irredeemably, to be held either *a me vel de me* ——'

'Pray read short, sir.'

'On the conscience of an honest man, Colonel, I read as short as is consistent with style — under the burden and reservation always ——'

'Mr. Macwheeble, this would outlast a Russian winter; give me leave. In short, Mr. Bradwardine, your family estate is your own once more in full property, and at your absolute disposal, but only burdened with the sum advanced to re-purchase it, which I understand is utterly disproportioned to its value.'

'An auld sang — an auld sang, if it please your honours,' cried the Bailie, rubbing his hands; 'look at the rental book.'

'—Which sum being advanced by Mr. Edward Waverley, chiefly from the price of his father's property which I bought from him, is secured to his lady your daughter and her family by this marriage.'

'It is a catholic security,' shouted the Bailie, 'to Rose Comyne Bradwardine, *alias* Wauverley, in life-rent, and the children of the said marriage in fee; and I made up a wee bit minute of an antenuptial contract, *intuitu matrimonij*, so it cannot be subject to reduction hereafter, as a donation *inter virum et uxorem*.'

It is difficult to say whether the worthy Baron was most delighted with the restitution of his family property or with the delicacy and generosity that left him unfettered to pursue his purpose in disposing of it after his death, and which avoided as much as possible even the appearance of laying him under pecuniary obligation. When his first pause of joy and astonishment was over, his thoughts turned to the unworthy heir-male,

who, he pronounced, had sold his birthright, like Esau, for a mess o' pottage.

'But wha cookit the parritch for him?' exclaimed the Bailie; 'I wad like to ken that;—wha but your honour's to command, Duncan Macwheeble? His honour, young Mr. Wauverley, put it a' into my hand frae the beginning—frae the first calling o' the summons, as I may say. I circumvented them—I played at bogle about the bush wi' them—I cajolled them; and if I havena gien Inch-Grabbit and Jamie Howie a bonnie begunk, they ken themselves. Him a writer! I didna gae slapdash to them wi' our young bra' bridegroom, to gar them haud up the market. Na, na; I scared them wi' our wild tenantry, and the Mac-Ivors, that are but ill settled yet, till they durstna on ony errand whatsoever gang ower the door-stane after gloaming, for fear John Heatherblutter, or some siccan dare-the-deil, should tak a baff at them; then, on the other hand, I befummed them wi' Colonel Talbot; wad they offer to keep up the price again' the Duke's friend? did they na ken wha was master? had they na seen enough, by the sad example of mony a puir misguided unhappy body——'

'Who went to Derby, for example, Mr. Macwheeble?' said the Colonel to him aside.

'O whisht, Colonel, for the love o' God! let that flee stick i' the wa'. There were mony good folk at Derby; and it's ill speaking of halters'—with a sly cast of his eye toward the Baron, who was in a deep reverie.

Starting out of it at once, he took Macwheeble by the button and led him into one of the deep window recesses, whence only fragments of their conversation reached the rest of the party. It certainly related to stamp-paper and parchment; for no other subject, even from the mouth of his patron, and he once more an efficient one, could have arrested so deeply the Bailie's reverent and absorbed attention.

'I understand your honour perfectly; it can be dune as easy as taking out a decret in absence.'

'To her and him, after my demise, and to their heirs-male, but preferring the second son, if God shall bless them with two, who is to carry the name and arms of Bradwardine of that ilk, without any other name or armorial bearings whatsoever.'

'Tut, your honour!' whispered the Bailie, 'I'll mak a slight jotting the morn; it will cost but a charter of resignation *in favorem*; and I'll hae it ready for the next term in Exchequer.'

Their private conversation ended, the Baron was now sum-

moned to do the honours of Tully-Veolan to new guests. These were Major Melville of Cairnvreckan and the Reverend Mr. Morton, followed by two or three others of the Baron's acquaintances, who had been made privy to his having again acquired the estate of his fathers. The shouts of the villagers were also heard beneath in the court-yard; for Saunders Saunderson, who had kept the secret for several days with laudable prudence, had unloosed his tongue upon beholding the arrival of the carriages.

But, while Edward received Major Melville with politeness and the clergyman with the most affectionate and grateful kindness, his father-in-law looked a little awkward, as uncertain how he should answer the necessary claims of hospitality to his guests, and forward the festivity of his tenants. Lady Emily relieved him by intimating that, though she must be an indifferent representative of Mrs. Edward Waverley in many respects, she hoped the Baron would approve of the entertainment she had ordered in expectation of so many guests; and that they would find such other accommodations provided as might in some degree support the ancient hospitality of Tully-Veolan. It is impossible to describe the pleasure which this assurance gave the Baron, who, with an air of gallantry half appertaining to the stiff Scottish laird and half to the officer in the French service, offered his arm to the fair speaker, and led the way, in something between a stride and a minuet step, into the large dining parlour, followed by all the rest of the good company.

By dint of Saunderson's directions and exertions, all here, as well as in the other apartments, had been disposed as much as possible according to the old arrangement; and where new movables had been necessary, they had been selected in the same character with the old furniture. There was one addition to this fine old apartment, however, which drew tears into the Baron's eyes. It was a large and spirited painting, representing Fergus Mac-Ivor and Waverley in their Highland dress, the scene a wild, rocky, and mountainous pass, down which the clan were descending in the background. It was taken from a spirited sketch, drawn while they were in Edinburgh by a young man of high genius, and had been painted on a full-length scale by an eminent London artist. Raeburn himself (whose 'Highland Chiefs' do all but walk out of the canvas) could not have done more justice to the subject; and the ardent, fiery, and impetuous character of the

unfortunate Chief of Glennaquoich was finely contrasted with the contemplative, fanciful, and enthusiastic expression of his happier friend. Beside this painting hung the arms which Waverley had borne in the unfortunate civil war. The whole piece was beheld with admiration and deeper feelings.

Men must, however, eat, in spite both of sentiment and vertu; and the Baron, while he assumed the lower end of the table, insisted that Lady Emily should do the honours of the head, that they might, he said, set a meet example to the *young folk*. After a pause of deliberation, employed in adjusting in his own brain the precedence between the Presbyterian kirk and Episcopal church of Scotland, he requested Mr. Morton, as the stranger, would crave a blessing, observing that Mr. Rubrick, who was at *home*, would return thanks for the distinguished mercies it had been his lot to experience. The dinner was excellent. Saunderson attended in full costume, with all the former domestics, who had been collected, excepting one or two, that had not been heard of since the affair of Culloden. The cellars were stocked with wine which was pronounced to be superb, and it had been contrived that the Bear of the Fountain, in the court-yard, should (for that night only) play excellent brandy punch for the benefit of the lower orders.

When the dinner was over the Baron, about to propose a toast, cast a somewhat sorrowful look upon the sideboard, which, however, exhibited much of his plate, that had either been secreted or purchased by neighbouring gentlemen from the soldiery, and by them gladly restored to the original owner.

‘In the late times,’ he said, ‘those must be thankful who have saved life and land; yet when I am about to pronounce this toast, I cannot but regret an old heir-loom, Lady Emily, a *potaculum potatorium*, Colonel Talbot —’

Here the Baron’s elbow was gently touched by his major-domo, and, turning round, he beheld in the hands of Alexander ab Alexandro the celebrated cup of Saint Duthac, the Blessed Bear of Bradwardine! I question if the recovery of his estate afforded him more rapture. ‘By my honour,’ he said, ‘one might almost believe in brownies and fairies, Lady Emily, when your ladyship is in presence!’

‘I am truly happy,’ said Colonel Talbot, ‘that, by the recovery of this piece of family antiquity, it has fallen within my power to give you some token of my deep interest



in all that concerns my young friend Edward. But that you may not suspect Lady Emily for a sorceress, or me for a conjuror, which is no joke in Scotland, I must tell you that Frank Stanley, your friend, who has been seized with a tartan fever ever since he heard Edward's tales of old Scottish manners, happened to describe to us at second-hand this remarkable cup. My servant, Spontoon, who, like a true old soldier, observes everything and says little, gave me afterwards to understand that he thought he had seen the piece of plate Mr. Stanley mentioned in the possession of a certain Mrs. Nosebag, who, having been originally the helpmate of a pawnbroker, had found opportunity during the late unpleasant scenes in Scotland to trade a little in her old line, and so became the depositary of the more valuable part of the spoil of half the army. You may believe the cup was speedily recovered ; and it will give me very great pleasure if you allow me to suppose that its value is not diminished by having been restored through my means.'

A tear mingled with the wine which the Baron filled, as he proposed a cup of gratitude to Colonel Talbot, and 'The Prosperity of the united Houses of Waverley-Honour and Bradwardine !'

It only remains for me to say that, as no wish was ever uttered with more affectionate sincerity, there are few which, allowing for the necessary mutability of human events, have been upon the whole more happily fulfilled.

## CHAPTER LXXII

### *A Postscript Which Should Have Been a Preface*

OUR journey is now finished, gentle reader ; and if your patience has accompanied me through these sheets, the contract is, on your part, strictly fulfilled. Yet, like the driver who has received his full hire, I still linger near you, and make, with becoming diffidence, a trifling additional claim upon your bounty and good nature. You are as free, however, to shut the volume of the one petitioner as to close your door in the face of the other.

This should have been a prefatory chapter, but for two reasons : First, that most novel readers, as my own conscience reminds me, are apt to be guilty of the sin of omission respecting that same matter of prefaces ; Secondly, that it is a general custom with that class of students to begin with the last chapter of a work ; so that, after all, these remarks, being introduced last in order, have still the best chance to be read in their proper place.

There is no European nation which, within the course of half a century or little more, has undergone so complete a change as this kingdom of Scotland. The effects of the insurrection of 1745, — the destruction of the patriarchal power of the Highland chiefs, — the abolition of the heritable jurisdictions of the Lowland nobility and barons, — the total eradication of the Jacobite party, which, averse to intermingle with the English, or adopt their customs, long continued to pride themselves upon maintaining ancient Scottish manners and customs, — commenced this innovation. The gradual influx of wealth and extension of commerce have since united to render the present people of Scotland a class of beings as different from their grandfathers as the existing English are from those of Queen Elizabeth's time.

The political and economical effects of these changes have been traced by Lord Selkirk with great precision and accuracy. But the change, though steadily and rapidly progressive, has nevertheless been gradual; and, like those who drift down the stream of a deep and smooth river, we are not aware of the progress we have made until we fix our eye on the now distant point from which we have been drifted. Such of the present generation as can recollect the last twenty or twenty-five years of the eighteenth century will be fully sensible of the truth of this statement; especially if their acquaintance and connexions lay among those who in my younger time were facetiously called 'folks of the old leaven,' who still cherished a lingering, though hopeless, attachment to the house of Stuart.

This race has now almost entirely vanished from the land, and with it, doubtless, much absurd political prejudice; but also many living examples of singular and disinterested attachment to the principles of loyalty which they received from their fathers, and of old Scottish faith, hospitality, worth, and honour.

It was my accidental lot, though not born a Highlander (which may be an apology for much bad Gaelic), to reside during my childhood and youth among persons of the above description; and now, for the purpose of preserving some idea of the ancient manners of which I have witnessed the almost total extinction, I have embodied in imaginary scenes, and ascribed to fictitious characters, a part of the incidents which I then received from those who were actors in them. Indeed, the most romantic parts of this narrative are precisely those which have a foundation in fact.

The exchange of mutual protection between a Highland gentleman and an officer of rank in the king's service, together with the spirited manner in which the latter asserted his right to return the favour he had received, is literally true. The accident by a musket shot, and the heroic reply imputed to Flora, relate to a lady of rank not long deceased. And scarce a gentleman who was 'in hiding' after the battle of Culloden but could tell a tale of strange concealments and of wild and hair's-breadth 'scapes as extraordinary as any which I have ascribed to my heroes. Of this, the escape of Charles Edward himself, as the most prominent, is the most striking example. The accounts of the battle of Preston and skirmish at Clifton are taken from the narrative of in-

telligent eye-witnesses, and corrected from the *History of the Rebellion* by the late venerable author of *Douglas*. The Lowland Scottish gentlemen and the subordinate characters are not given as individual portraits, but are drawn from the general habits of the period, of which I have witnessed some remnants in my younger days, and partly gathered from tradition.

It has been my object to describe these persons, not by a caricatured and exaggerated use of the national dialect, but by their habits, manners, and feelings, so as in some distant degree to emulate the admirable Irish portraits drawn by Miss Edgeworth, so different from the 'Teagues' and 'dear joys' who so long, with the most perfect family resemblance to each other, occupied the drama and the novel.

I feel no confidence, however, in the manner in which I have executed my purpose. Indeed, so little was I satisfied with my production, that I laid it aside in an unfinished state, and only found it again by mere accident among other waste papers in an old cabinet, the drawers of which I was rummaging in order to accommodate a friend with some fishing-tackle, after it had been mislaid for several years.

Two works upon similar subjects, by female authors whose genius is highly creditable to their country, have appeared in the interval; I mean Mrs. Hamilton's *Glenburnie* and the late account of *Highland Superstitions*. But the first is confined to the rural habits of Scotland, of which it has given a picture with striking and impressive fidelity; and the traditional records of the respectable and ingenious Mrs. Grant of Laggan are of a nature distinct from the fictitious narrative which I have here attempted.

I would willingly persuade myself that the preceding work will not be found altogether uninteresting. To elder persons it will recall scenes and characters familiar to their youth; and to the rising generation the tale may present some idea of the manners of their forefathers.

Yet I heartily wish that the task of tracing the evanescent manners of his own country had employed the pen of the only man in Scotland who could have done it justice — of him so eminently distinguished in elegant literature, and whose sketches of Colonel Caustic and Umphraville are perfectly blended with the finer traits of national character. I should

in that case have had more pleasure as a reader than I shall ever feel in the pride of a successful author, should these sheets confer upon me that envied distinction. And, as I have inverted the usual arrangement, placing these remarks at the end of the work to which they refer, I will venture on a second violation of form, by closing the whole with a Dedication —

THESE VOLUMES  
BEING RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED  
TO  
OUR SCOTTISH ADDISON,  
HENRY MACKENZIE,  
BY  
AN UNKNOWN ADMIRER  
OF  
HIS GENIUS.

# APPENDICES

## TO THE GENERAL PREFACE

### No. I

#### FRAGMENT<sup>1</sup> OF A ROMANCE WHICH WAS TO HAVE BEEN ENTITLED THOMAS THE RHYMER

#### CHAPTER I

THE sun was nearly set behind the distant mountains of Liddesdale, when a few of the scattered and terrified inhabitants of the village of Hershildoune, which had four days before been burned by a predatory band of English Borderers, were now busied in repairing their ruined dwellings. One high tower in the centre of the village alone exhibited no appearance of devastation. It was surrounded with court walls, and the outer gate was barred and bolted. The bushes and brambles which grew around, and had even insinuated their branches beneath the gate, plainly showed that it must have been many years since it had been opened. While the cottages around lay in smoking ruins, this pile, deserted and desolate as it seemed to be, had suffered nothing from the violence of the invaders; and the wretched beings who were endeavouring to repair their miserable huts against nightfall seemed to neglect the preferable shelter which it might have afforded them without the necessity of labour.

Before the day had quite gone down, a knight, richly armed and mounted upon an ambling hackney, rode slowly into the village. His attendants were a lady, apparently young and beautiful, who rode by his side upon a dapple-grey palfrey; his squire, who carried his helmet and lance, and led his battle-horse, a noble steed, richly caparisoned. A page and four yeomen bearing bows and quivers, short swords, and targets of a span breadth, completed his equipage, which, though small, denoted him to be a man of high rank.

He stopped and addressed several of the inhabitants whom curiosity had withdrawn from their labour to gaze at him; but at the sound of his voice, and still more on perceiving the St. George's Cross in the caps of his followers, they fled, with a loud cry, 'that the Southrons were returned.' The knight endeavoured to expostulate with the fugitives, who were chiefly aged men, women, and children; but their dread of the English name accelerated their flight, and in a few minutes, excepting the knight and his attendants,

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<sup>1</sup> It is not to be supposed that these fragments are given as possessing any intrinsic value of themselves; but there may be some curiosity attached to them, as to the first etchings of a plate, which are accounted interesting by those who have, in any degree, been interested in the more finished works of the artist.

the place was deserted by all. He paced through the village to seek a shelter for the night, and, despairing to find one either in the inaccessible tower or the plundered huts of the peasantry, he directed his course to the left hand, where he spied a small decent habitation, apparently the abode of a man considerably above the common rank. After much knocking, the proprietor at length showed himself at the window, and speaking in the English dialect, with great signs of apprehension, demanded their business. The warrior replied that his quality was an English knight and baron, and that he was travelling to the court of the King of Scotland on affairs of consequence to both kingdoms.

'Pardon my hesitation, noble Sir Knight,' said the old man, as he unbolted and unbarred his doors — 'Pardon my hesitation, but we are here exposed to too many intrusions to admit of our exercising unlimited and unsuspicious hospitality. What I have is yours; and God send your mission may bring back peace and the good days of our old Queen Margaret!'

'Amen, worthy Franklin,' quoth the Knight — 'Did you know her?'

'I came to this country in her train,' said the Franklin; 'and the care of some of her jointure lands which she devolved on me, occasioned my settling here.'

'And how do you, being an Englishman,' said the Knight, 'protect your life and property here, when one of your nation cannot obtain a single night's lodging, or a draught of water were he thirsty?'

'Marry, noble sir,' answered the Franklin, 'use, as they say, will make a man live in a lion's den; and as I settled here in a quiet time, and have never given cause of offence, I am respected by my neighbours, and even, as you see, by our *forayers* from England.'

'I rejoice to hear it, and accept your hospitality. Isabella, my love, our worthy host will provide you a bed. My daughter, good Franklin, is ill at ease. We will occupy your house till the Scottish King shall return from his northern expedition; meanwhile call me Lord Lacy of Chester.'

The attendants of the Baron, assisted by the Franklin, were now busied in disposing of the horses, and arranging the table for some refreshment for Lord Lacy and his fair companion. While they sat down to it, they were attended by their host and his daughter, whom custom did not permit to eat in their presence, and who afterwards withdrew to an outer chamber, where the squire and page (both young men of noble birth) partook of supper, and were accommodated with beds. The yeomen, after doing honour to the rustic cheer of Queen Margaret's bailiff, withdrew to the stable, and each, beside his favourite horse, snored away the fatigues of their journey.

Early on the following morning the travellers were roused by a thundering knocking at the door of the house, accompanied with many demands for instant admission in the roughest tone. The squire and page of Lord Lacy, after buckling on their arms, were about to sally out to chastise these intruders, when the old host, after looking out at a private casement, contrived for reconnoitring his visitors, entreated them, with great signs of terror, to be quiet, if they did not mean that all in the house should be murdered.

He then hastened to the apartment of Lord Lacy, whom he met dressed in a long furred gown and the knightly cap called a *mortier*, irritated at the noise, and demanding to know the cause which had disturbed the repose of the household.

'Noble sir,' said the Franklin, 'one of the most formidable and bloody of the Scottish Border riders is at hand; he is never seen,' added he, faltering with terror, 'so far from the hills but with some bad purpose, and the power of accomplishing it; so hold yourself to your guard, for——'

A loud crash here announced that the door was broken down, and the knight just descended the stair in time to prevent bloodshed betwixt his attendants and the intruders. They were three in number; their chief was tall, bony, and athletic, his spare and muscular frame, as well as the hard-

ness of his features, marked the course of his life to have been fatiguing and perilous. The effect of his appearance was aggravated by his dress, which consisted of a jack or jacket, composed of thick buff leather, on which small plates of iron of a lozenge form were stitched in such a manner as to overlap each other and form a coat of mail, which swayed with every motion of the wearer's body. This defensive armour covered a doublet of coarse grey cloth, and the Borderer had a few half-rusted plates of steel on his shoulders, a two-edged sword, with a dagger hanging beside it, in a buff belt; a helmet, with a few iron bars, to cover the face instead of a visor, and a lance of tremendous and uncommon length, completed his appointments. The looks of the man were as wild and rude as his attire: his keen black eyes never rested one moment fixed upon a single object, but constantly traversed all around, as if they ever sought some danger to oppose, some plunder to seize, or some insult to revenge. The latter seemed to be his present object, for, regardless of the dignified presence of Lord Lacy, he uttered the most incoherent threats against the owner of the house and his guests.

'We shall see — ay, marry shall we — if an English hound is to harbour and reset the Southrons here. Thank the Abbot of Melrose and the good Knight of Coldingnow that have so long kept me from your skirts. But those days are gone, by St. Mary, and you shall find it!'

It is probable the enraged Borderer would not have long continued to vent his rage in empty menaces, had not the entrance of the four yeomen with their bows bent convinced him that the forec was not at this moment on his own side.

Lord Lacy now advanced towards him. 'You intrude upon my privacy, soldier; withdraw yourself and your followers. There is peace betwixt our nations, or my servants should chastise thy presumption.'

'Such peace as ye give such shall you have,' answered the moss-trooper, first pointing with his lance towards the burned village and then almost instantly levelled it against Lord Lacy. The squire drew his sword and severed at one blow the steel head from the truncheon of the spear.

'Arthur Fitzherbert,' said the Baron, 'that stroke has deferred thy knighthood for one year; never must that squire wear the spurs whose unbridled impetuosity can draw unbidden his sword in the presence of his master. Go hence and think on what I have said.'

The squire left the chamber abashed.

'It were vain,' continued Lord Lacy, 'to expect that courtesy from a mountain churl which even my own followers can forget. Yet, before thou drawest thy brand (for the intruder laid his hand upon the hilt of his sword), thou wilt do well to reflect that I come with a safe-conduct from thy king, and have no time to waste in brawls with such as thou.'

'From my king — from my king!' re-echoed the mountaineer. 'I care not that rotten truncheon (striking the shattered spear furiously on the ground) for the King of Fife and Lothian. But Habbie of Cessford will be here belive; and we shall soon know if he will permit an English churl to occupy his hostelry.'

Having uttered these words, accompanied with a lowering glance from under his shaggy black eyebrows, he turned on his heel and left the house with his two followers. They mounted their horses, which they had tied to an outer fence, and vanished in an instant.

'Who is this discourteous ruffian?' said Lord Lacy to the Franklin, who had stood in the most violent agitation during this whole scene.

'His name, noble lord, is Adam Kerr of the Moat, but he is commonly called by his companions the Black Rider of Cheviot. I fear, I fear, he comes hither for no good; but if the Lord of Cessford be near, he will not dare offer any unprovoked outrage.'

'I have heard of that chief,' said the Baron. 'Let me know when he approaches, and do thou, Rodolph (of the eldest yeoman), keep a strict



watch. Adelbert (to the page), attend to arm me.' The page bowed, and the Baron withdrew to the chamber of the Lady Isabella to explain the cause of the disturbance.

No more of the proposed tale was ever written; but the Author's purpose was that it should turn upon a fine legend of superstition which is current in the part of the Borders where he had his residence; where, in the reign of Alexander III. of Scotland, that renowned person Thomas of Hersildoune, called the Rhymer, actually flourished. This personage, the Merlin of Scotland, and to whom some of the adventures which the British bards assigned to Merlin Caledonius, or the Wild, have been transferred by tradition, was, as is well known, a magician, as well as a poet and prophet. He is alleged still to live in the land of Faery, and is expected to return at some great convulsion of society, in which he is to act a distinguished part, a tradition common to all nations, as the belief of the Mahomedans respecting their twelfth Imaum demonstrates.

Now, it chanced many years since that there lived on the Borders a jolly, rattling horse-cowper, who was remarkable for a reckless and fearless temper, which made him much admired and a little dreaded amongst his neighbours. One moonlight night, as he rode over Bowden Moor, on the west side of the Elidon Hills, the scene of Thomas the Rhymer's prophecies, and often mentioned in his story, having a brace of horses along with him which he had not been able to dispose of, he met a man of venerable appearance and singularly antique dress, who, to his great surprise, asked the price of his horses, and began to chaffer with him on the subject. To Canobie Dick, for so shall we call our Border dealer, a chap was a chap, and he would have sold a horse to the devil himself, without minding his cloven hoof, and would have probably cheated Old Nick into the bargain. The stranger paid the price they agreed on, and all that puzzled Dick in the transaction was, that the gold which he received was in unicorns, bonnet-plecs, and other ancient coins, which would have been invaluable to collectors, but were rather troublesome in modern currency. It was gold, however, and therefore Dick contrived to get better value for the coin than he perhaps gave to his customer. By the command of so good a merchant, he brought horses to the same spot more than once, the purchaser only stipulating that he should always come by night, and alone. I do not know whether it was from mere curiosity, or whether some hope of gain mixed with it, but after Dick had sold several horses in this way, he began to complain that dry bargains were unlucky, and to hint that, since his chap must live in the neighbourhood, he ought, in the courtesy of dealing, to treat him to half a mutchkin.

'You may see my dwelling if you will,' said the stranger; 'but if you lose courage at what you see there, you will rue it all your life.'

Dicken, however, laughed the warning to scorn, and, having alighted to secure his horse, he followed the stranger up a narrow foot-path, which led them up the hills to the singular eminence stuck betwixt the most southern and the centre peaks, and called from its resemblance to such an animal in its form the Lucken Hare. At the foot of this eminence, which is almost as famous for witch meetings as the neighbouring windmill of Kippilaw, Dick was somewhat startled to observe that his conductor entered the hillside by a passage or cavern, of which he himself, though well acquainted with the spot, had never seen or heard.

'You may still return,' said his guide, looking ominously back upon him; but Dick scorned to show the white feather, and on they went. They entered a very long range of stables; in every stall stood a coal-black horse; by every horse lay a knight in coal-black armour, with a drawn sword in his hand; but all were as silent, hoof and limb, as if they had been cut out of marble. A great number of torches lent a gloomy lustre to the hall, which, like those of the Caliph Vathek, was of large

dimensions. At the upper end, however, they at length arrived, where a sword and horn lay on an antique table.

'He that shall sound that horn and draw that sword,' said the stranger, who now intimated that he was the famous Thomas of Her-sildoune, 'shall, if his heart fail him not, be king over all broad Britain. So speaks the tongue that cannot lie. But all depends on courage, and much on your taking the sword or the horn first.'

Dick was much disposed to take the sword, but his bold spirit was quailed by the supernatural terrors of the hall, and he thought, to unsheath the sword first might be construed into defiance, and give offence to the powers of the Mountain. He took the bugle with a trembling hand, and [sounded] a feeble note, but loud enough to produce a terrible answer. Thunder rolled in stunning peals through the immense hall; horses and men started to life; the steeds snorted, stamped, grinded their bits, and tossed on high their heads; the warriors sprung to their feet, clashed their armour, and brandished their swords. Dick's terror was extreme at seeing the whole army, which had been so lately silent as the grave, in uproar, and about to rush on him. He dropped the horn, and made a feeble attempt to seize the enchanted sword; but at the same moment a voice pronounced aloud the mysterious words:

'Woe to the coward, that ever he was born,  
Who did not draw the sword before he blew the horn!'

At the same time a whirlwind of irresistible fury howled through the long hall, bore the unfortunate horse-jockey clear out of the mouth of the cavern, and precipitated him over a steep bank of loose stones, where the shepherds found him the next morning, with just breath sufficient to tell his fearful tale, after concluding which he expired.

This legend, with several variations, is found in many parts of Scotland and England; the scene is sometimes laid in some favourite glen of the Highlands, sometimes in the deep coal-mines of Northumberland and Cumberland, which run so far beneath the ocean. It is also to be found in Reginald Scott's book on *Witchcraft*, which was written in the 16th century. It would be in vain to ask what was the original of the tradition. The choice between the horn and sword may, perhaps, include as a moral that it is foolhardy to awaken danger before we have arms in our hands to resist it.

Although admitting of much poetical ornament, it is clear that this legend would have formed but an unhappy foundation for a prose story, and must have degenerated into a mere fairy tale. Dr. John Leyden has beautifully introduced the tradition in his *Scenes of Infancy*:—

Mysterious Rhymers, doom'd by fate's decree,  
Still to revisit Eildon's fated tree;  
Where oft the swain, at dawn of Hallow-day,  
Hears thy fleet barb with wild impatience neigh;  
Say who is he, with summons long and high,  
Shall bid the charmed sleep of ages fly,  
Roll the long sound through Eildon's caverns vast,  
While each dark warrior kindles at the blast:  
The horn, the falchion grasp with mighty hand,  
And peal proud Arthur's march from Fairy-land?  
*Scenes of Infancy, Part I.*

In the same cabinet with the preceding fragment, the following occurred among other *disjecta membra*. It seems to be an attempt at a tale of a different description from the last, but was almost instantly abandoned. The introduction points out the time of the composition to have been about the end of the 18th century.

## THE LORD OF ENNERDALE

A FRAGMENT OF A LETTER FROM JOHN B——, ESQ., OF THAT  
ILK, TO WILLIAM G——, F.R.S.E.

'FILL a bumper,' said the Knight; 'the ladies may spare us a little longer. Fill a bumper to the Archduke Charles.'

The company did due honour to the toast of their landlord.

'The success of the Archduke,' said the ruddy Vicar, 'will tend to further our negotiation at Paris; and if ——'

'Pardon the interruption, Doctor,' quoth a thin emaciated figure, with somewhat of a foreign accent; 'but why should you connect those events, unless to hope that the bravery and victories of our allies may supersede the necessity of a degrading treaty?'

'We begin to feel, Monsieur L'Abbé,' answered the Vicar, with some asperity, 'that a Continental war entered into for the defence of an ally who was unwilling to defend himself, and for the restoration of a royal family, nobility, and priesthood who tamely abandoned their own rights, is a burden too much even for the resources of this country.'

'And was the war then on the part of Great Britain,' rejoined the Abbé, 'a gratuitous exertion of generosity? Was there no fear of the wide-wasting spirit of innovation which had gone abroad? Did not the lally tremble for their property, the clergy for their religion, and every loyal heart for the Constitution? Was it not thought necessary to destroy the building which was on fire, ere the conflagration spread around the vicinity?'

'Yet, if upon trial,' said the Doctor, 'the walls were found to resist our utmost efforts, I see no great prudence in persevering in our labour amid the smouldering ruins.'

'What, Doctor,' said the Baronet, 'must I call to your recollection your own sermon on the late general fast? Did you not encourage us to hope that the Lord of Hosts would go forth with our armies, and that our enemies, who blasphemed him, should be put to shame?'

'It may please a kind father to chasten even his beloved children,' answered the Vicar.

'I think,' said a gentleman near the foot of the table, 'that the Covenanters made some apology of the same kind for the failure of their prophecies at the battle of Dunbar, when their mutinous preachers compelled the prudent Lesley to go down against the Philistines in Gilgal.'

The Vicar fixed a scrutinising and not a very complacent eye upon this intruder. He was a young man of mean stature, and rather a reserved appearance. Early and severe study had quenched in his features the gaiety peculiar to his age, and impressed upon them a premature cast of thoughtfulness. His eye had, however, retained its fire, and his gesture its animation. Had he remained silent, he would have been long unnoticed; but when he spoke there was something in his manner which arrested attention.

'Who is this young man?' said the Vicar in a low voice to his neighbour.

'A Scotchman called Maxwell, on a visit to Sir Henry,' was the answer.

'I thought so, from his accent and his manners,' said the Vicar.

It may be here observed that the northern English retain rather more of the ancient hereditary aversion to their neighbours than their countrymen of the south. The interference of other disputants, each of whom urged his opinion with all the vehemence of wine and politics, rendered the summons to the drawing-room agreeable to the more sober part of the company.

The company dispersed by degrees, and at length the Vicar and the young Scotchman alone remained, besides the Baronet, his lady, daughters, and myself. The clergyman had not, it would seem, forgot the observation

which ranked him with the false prophets of Dunbar, for he addressed Mr. Maxwell upon the first opportunity.

'Hem! I think, sir, you mentioned something about the civil wars of last century? You must be deeply skilled in them indeed, if you can draw any parallel betwixt those and the present civil days — days which I am ready to maintain are the most gloomy that ever darkened the prospects of Britain.'

'God forbid, Doctor, that I should draw a comparison between the present times and those you mention. I am too sensible of the advantages we enjoy over our ancestors. Faction and ambition have introduced division among us; but we are still free from the guilt of civil bloodshed, and from all the evils which flow from it. Our foes, sir, are not those of our own household; and while we continue united and firm, from the attacks of a foreign enemy, however artful or however inveterate, we have, I hope, little to dread.'

'Have you found anything curious, Mr. Maxwell, among the dusty papers?' said Sir Henry, who seemed to dread a revival of political discussion.

'My investigation amongst them led to reflections at which I have just now hinted,' said Maxwell; 'and I think they are pretty strongly exemplified by a story which I have been endeavouring to arrange from some of your family manuscripts.'

'You are welcome to make what use of them you please,' said Sir Henry; 'they have been undisturbed for many a day, and I have often wished for some person as well skilled as you in these old pot-hooks to tell me their meaning.'

'Those I just mentioned,' answered Maxwell, 'relate to a piece of private history, savouring not a little of the marvellous, and intimately connected with your family; if it is agreeable, I can read to you the anecdotes in the modern shape into which I have been endeavouring to throw them, and you can then judge of the value of the originals.'

There was something in this proposal agreeable to all parties. Sir Henry had family pride, which prepared him to take an interest in whatever related to his ancestors. The ladies had dipped deeply into the fashionable reading of the present day. Lady Ratcliffe and her fair daughters had climbed every pass, viewed every pine-shrouded ruin, heard every groan, and lifted every trap-door in company with the noted heroine of Udolpho. They had been heard, however, to observe that the famous incident of the Black Veli singularly resembled the ancient apologue of the mountain in labour, so that they were unquestionably critics as well as admirers. Besides all this, they had valorously mounted *en croupe* behind the ghostly horseman of Prague, through all his seven translators, and followed the footsteps of Moor through the forest of Bohemia. Moreover, it was even hinted (but this was a greater mystery than all the rest) that a certain performance called the *Monk*, in three neat volumes, had been seen by a prying eye in the right-hand drawer of the Indian cabinet of Lady Ratcliffe's dressing-room. Thus predisposed for wonders and signs, Lady Ratcliffe and her nymphs drew their chairs round a large blazing wood-fire and arranged themselves to listen to the tale. To that fire I also approached, moved thereunto partly by the inclemency of the season, and partly that my deafness, which you know, cousin, I acquired during my campaign under Prince Charles Edward, might be no obstacle to the gratification of my curiosity, which was awakened by what had any reference to the fate of such faithful followers of royalty as you well know the house of Ratcliffe have ever been. To this wood-fire the Vicar likewise drew near, and reclined himself conveniently in his chair, seemingly disposed to testify his disrespect for the narration and narrator by falling asleep as soon as he conveniently could. By the side of Maxwell (by the way, I cannot learn that he is in the least related to the Nithsdale family) was placed a small table and a couple of lights, by the assistance of which he read as follows:—

*'Journal of Jan Von Eulen*

'On the 6th November 1645, I, Jan Von Eulen, merchant in Rotterdam, embarked with my only daughter Gertrude on board of the good vessel "Vryheid" of Amsterdam, in order to pass into the unhappy and disturbed kingdom of England. 7th November — a brisk gale — daughter seasick — myself unable to complete the calculation which I have begun of the inheritance left by Jane Lansacke of Carlisle, my late dear wife's sister, the collection of which is the object of my voyage. 8th November — wind still stormy and adverse — a horrid disaster nearly happened — my dear child washed overboard as the vessel lurched to leeward. Memorandum — to reward the young sailor who saved her out of the first moneys which I can recover from the inheritance of her aunt Lansacke. 9th November — calm — P.M. light breezes from N.N.W. I talked with the captain about the inheritance of my sister-in-law, Jane Lansacke. He says he knows the principal subject, which will not exceed L.1000 in value. N.B. He is a cousin to a family of Petersons, which was the name of the husband of my sister-in-law; so there is room to hope it may be worth more than he reports. 10th November, 10 A.M. May God pardon all our sins! — An English frigate, bearing the Parliament flag, has appeared in the offing, and gives chase. — 11 A.M. She nears us every moment, and the captain of our vessel prepares to clear for action. — May God again have mercy upon us!'

'Here,' said Maxwell, 'the journal with which I have opened the narration ends somewhat abruptly.'

'I am glad of it,' said Lady Ratcliffe.

'But, Mr. Maxwell,' said young Frank, Sir Henry's grandchild, 'shall we not hear how the battle ended?'

I do not know, cousin, whether I have not formerly made you acquainted with the abilities of Frank Ratcliffe. There is not a battle fought between the troops of the Prince and of the Government during the years 1745-46, of which he is not able to give an account. It is true, I have taken particular pains to fix the events of this important period upon his memory by frequent repetition.

'No, my dear,' said Maxwell, in answer to young Frank Ratcliffe — 'No, my dear, I cannot tell you the exact particulars of the engagement, but its consequences appear from the following letter, despatched by Gertrude Von Eulen, daughter of our journalist, to a relation in England, from whom she implored assistance. After some general account of the purpose of the voyage and of the engagement her narrative proceeds thus:—

'The noise of the cannon had hardly ceased before the sounds of a language to me but half known, and the confusion on board our vessel, informed me that the captors had boarded us and taken possession of our vessel. I went on deck, where the first spectacle that met my eyes was a young man, mate of our vessel, who, though disfigured and covered with blood, was loaded with irons, and whom they were forcing over the side of the vessel into a boat. The two principal persons among our enemies appeared to be a man of a tall thin figure, with a high-crowned hat and long neckband, and short-cropped head of hair, accompanied by a bluff, open-looking elderly man in a naval uniform. "Yarely! yarely! pull away, my hearts," said the latter, and the boat bearing the unlucky young man soon carried him on board the frigate. Perhaps you will blame me for mentioning this circumstance; but consider, my dear cousin, this man saved my life, and his fate, even when my own and my father's were in the balance, could not but affect me nearly.

"In the name of Him who is jealous, even to slaying," said the first——'

*Cetera desunt*

## No. II

CONCLUSION OF MR. STRUTT'S ROMANCE OF

## QUEENHOO HALL

BY THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY

## CHAPTER IV

## A HUNTING PARTY — AN ADVENTURE — A DELIVERANCE

THE next morning the bugles were sounded by day-break in the court of Lord Boteler's mansion, to call the inhabitants from their slumbers to assist in a splendid chase with which the Baron had resolved to entertain his neighbour Fitzallen and his noble visitor St. Clere. Peter Lanaret, the falconer, was in attendance, with falcons for the knights and tercellets for the ladies. If they should choose to vary their sport from hunting to hawking. Five stout yeomen keepers, with their attendants, called Ragged Robins, all meetly arrayed in Kendal green, with bugles and short hangers by their sides, and quarter-staffs in their hands, led the slow-hounds or brachets by which the deer were to be put up. Ten brace of gallant grey-hounds, each of which was fit to pluck down, singly, the tallest red deer, were led in leashes by as many of Lord Boteler's foresters. The pages, squires, and other attendants of feudal splendour well attired in their best hunting-gear, upon horseback or foot, according to their rank, with their boar-spears, long bows, and cross-bows, were in seemly waiting.

A numerous train of yeomen, called in the language of the times retainers, who yearly received a livery coat and a small pension for their attendance on such solemn occasions, appeared in cassocks of blue, bearing upon their arms the cognisance of the house of Boteler, as a badge of their adherence. They were the tallest men of their hands that the neighbouring villages could supply, with every man his good buckler on his shoulder, and a bright burnished broadsword dangling from his leathern belt. On this occasion they acted as rangers for beating up the thickets and rousing the game. These attendants filled up the court of the castle, spacious as it was.

On the green without you might have seen the motley assemblage of peasantry convened by report of the splendid hunting, including most of our old acquaintances from Tewin, as well as the jolly partakers of good cheer at Hob Flicher's. Gregory the jester, it may well be guessed, had no great mind to exhibit himself in public after his recent disaster; but Oswald the steward, a great formalist in whatever concerned the public exhibition of his master's household state, had positively enjoined his attendance. 'What,' quoth he, 'shall the house of the brave Lord Boteler, on such a brave day as this, be without a fool? Certes, the good Lord St. Clere and his fair lady sister might think our housekeeping as niggardly as that of their churlish kinsman at Gay Bowers, who sent his father's jester to the hospital, sold the poor sot's bells for hawk-jesses, and made a nightcap of his long-eared bonnet. And, sirrah, let me see thee fool handsomely — speak squibs and crackers, instead of that dry, barren, musty gibing which thou hast used of late; or, by the bones! the porter shall have thee to his lodge, and cob thee with thine own wooden sword till thy skin is as motley as thy doublet.'

To this stern injunction Gregory made no reply, any more than to the courteous offer of old Albert Drawslot, the chief park-keeper, who proposed to blow vinegar in his nose to sharpen his wit, as he had done that blessed

morning to Bragger, the old hound, whose scent was falling. There was, indeed, little time for reply, for the bugles, after a lively flourish, were now silent, and Peretto, with his two attendant minstrels, stepping beneath the windows of the strangers' apartments, joined in the following roundelay, the deep voices of the rangers and falconers making up a chorus that caused the very battlements to ring again : —

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
On the mountain dawns the day ;  
All the jolly chase is here,  
With hawk and horse, and hunting spear ;  
Hounds are in their couples yelling,  
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,  
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,  
' Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
The mist has left the mountain grey ;  
Springlets in the dawn are streaming,  
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming,  
And foresters have busy been,  
To track the buck in thicket green ;  
Now we come to chant our lay,  
' Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
To the green-wood haste away ;  
We can show you where he lies,  
Fleet of foot and tall of size ;  
We can show the marks he made,  
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed ;  
You shall see him brought to bay,  
' Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

Louder, louder chant the lay,  
Waken, lords and ladies gay ;  
Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee  
Run a course as well as we :  
Time, stern huntsman ! who can balk,  
Staunch as hound and fleet as hawk ?  
Think of this and rise with day,  
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

By the time this lay was finished, Lord Boteler, with his daughter and kinsman, Fitzallen of Marden, and other noble guests, had mounted their palfreys, and the hunt set forward in due order. The huntsmen, having carefully observed the traces of a large stag on the preceding evening, were able, without loss of time, to conduct the company, by the marks which they had made upon the trees, to the side of the thicket in which, by the report of Drawslot, he had harboured all night. The horsemen, spreading themselves along the side of the cover, waited until the keeper entered, leading his ban-dog, a large blood-hound tied in a leam or band, from which he takes his name.

But it befell thus. A hart of the second year, which was in the same cover with the proper object of their pursuit, chanced to be unharboured first, and broke cover very near where the Lady Emma and her brother were stationed. An inexperienced varlet, who was nearer to them, instantly unloosed two tall greyhounds, who sprung after the fugitive with all the fleetness of the north wind. Gregory, restored a little to spirits by the enlivening scene around him, followed, encouraging the hounds with a loud tayout, for which he had the hearty curses of the huntsman, as well as of the Baron, who entered into the spirit of the chase with all the juvenile ardour of twenty. ' May the foul fiend, booted and spurred, ride down his bawling throat with a scythe at his girdle,' quoth Albert Drawslot ; ' here have I been telling him that all the marks were those of a buck of the first

head, and he has hallooed the hounds upon a velvet-headed knobbler! By Saint Hubert, if I break not his pate with my cross-bow, may I never cast off hound more! But to it, my lords and masters! the noble beast is here yet, and, thank the saints, we have enough of hounds.'

The cover being now thoroughly beat by the attendants, the stag was compelled to abandon it and trust to his speed for his safety. Three grey-hounds were slipped upon him, whom he threw out, after running a couple of miles, by entering an extensive furzy brake, which extended along the side of a hill. The horsemen soon came up, and casting off a sufficient number of slow-hounds, sent them with the pricklers into the cover, in order to drive the game from his strength. This object being accomplished, afforded another severe chase of several miles, in a direction almost circular, during which the poor animal tried every wile to get rid of his persecutors. He crossed and traversed all such dusty paths as were likely to retain the least scent of his footsteps; he laid himself close to the ground, drawing his feet under his belly, and clapping his nose close to the earth, lest he should be betrayed to the hounds by his breath and hoofs. When all was in vain, and he found the hounds coming fast in upon him, his own strength failing, his mouth embossed with foam, and the tears dropping from his eyes, he turned in despair upon his pursuers, who then stood at gaze, making an hideous clamour, and awaiting their two-footed auxiliaries. Of these, it chanced that the Lady Eleanor, taking more pleasure in the sport than Matilda, and being a less burden to her palfrey than the Lord Boteler, was the first who arrived at the spot, and taking a cross-bow from an attendant, discharged a bolt at the stag. When the infuriated animal felt himself wounded, he pushed frantically towards her from whom he had received the shaft, and Lady Eleanor might have had occasion to repent of her enterprise, had not young Fitzallen, who had kept near her during the whole day, at that instant galloped briskly in, and, ere the stag could change his object of assault, despatched him with his short hunting-sword.

Albert Drawslot, who had just come up in terror for the young lady's safety, broke out into loud encomiums upon Fitzallen's strength and gallantry. 'By'r Lady,' said he, taking off his cap and wiping his sun-burnt face with his sleeve, 'well struck, and in good time! But now, boys, doff your bonnets and sound the mort.'

The sportsmen then sounded a treble mort, and set up a general whoop, which, mingled with the yelping of the dogs, made the welkin ring again. The huntsman then offered his knife to Lord Boteler, that he might take the say of the deer, but the Baron courteously insisted upon Fitzallen going through that ceremony. The Lady Matilda was now come up, with most of the attendants; and the interest of the chase being ended. It excited some surprise that neither St. Clere nor his sister made their appearance. The Lord Boteler commanded the horns again to sound the recheat, in hopes to call in the stragglers, and said to Fitzallen, 'Methinks St. Clere, so distinguished for service in war, should have been more forward in the chase.'

'I trow,' said Peter Lanaret, 'I know the reason of the noble lord's absence; for, when that mooncalf Gregory hallooed the dogs upon the knobbler, and galloped like a green hilding, as he is, after them, I saw the Lady Emma's palfrey follow apace after that varlet, who should be trashed for overrunning, and I think her noble brother has followed her, lest she should come to harm. But here, by the rood, is Gregory to answer for himself.'

At this moment Gregory entered the circle which had been formed round the deer, out of breath, and his face covered with blood. He kept for some time uttering inarticulate cries of 'Harrow!' and 'Wellaway!' and other exclamations of distress and terror, pointing all the while to a thicket at some distance from the spot where the deer had been killed.

'By my honour,' said the Baron, 'I would gladly know who has dared



to array the poor knave thus; and I trust he should dearly abye his outreculdance, were he the best, save one, in England.'

Gregory, who had now found more breath, cried, 'Help, an ye be men! Save Lady Emma and her brother, whom they are murdering in Brokenhurst thicket.'

This put all in motion. Lord Boteler hastily commanded a small party of his men to abide for the defence of the ladies, while he himself, Fitzallen, and the rest made what speed they could towards the thicket, guided by Gregory, who for that purpose was mounted behind Fabian. Pushing through a narrow path, the first object they encountered was a man of small stature lying on the ground, mastered and almost strangled by two dogs, which were instantly recognised to be those that had accompanied Gregory. A little farther was an open space, where lay three bodies of dead or wounded men; beside these was Lady Emma, apparently lifeless, her brother and a young forester bending over and endeavouring to recover her. By employing the usual remedies, this was soon accomplished; while Lord Boteler, astonished at such a scene, anxiously inquired at St. Clare the meaning of what he saw, and whether more danger was to be expected.

'For the present I trust not,' said the young warrior, who they now observed was slightly wounded; 'but I pray you, of your nobleness, let the woods here be searched; for we were assaulted by four of these base assassins, and I see three only on the sword.'

The attendants now brought forward the person whom they had rescued from the dogs, and Henry, with disgust, shame, and astonishment, recognised his kinsman, Gaston St. Clare. This discovery he communicated in a whisper to Lord Boteler, who commanded the prisoner to be conveyed to Queenhoo Hall, and closely guarded; meanwhile he anxiously inquired of young St. Clare about his wound.

'A scratch, a trifle!' cried Henry. 'I am in less haste to bind it than to introduce to you one without whose aid that of the leech would have come too late. Where is he? where is my brave deliverer?'

'Here, most noble lord,' said Gregory, sliding from his palfrey and stepping forward, 'ready to receive the guerdon which your bounty would heap on him.'

'Truly, friend Gregory,' answered the young warrior, 'thou shalt not be forgotten; for thou didst run speedily, and roar manfully for aid, without which, I think verily, we had not received it. But the brave forester, who came to my rescue when these three ruffians had nigh overpowered me, where is he?'

Every one looked around, but though all had seen him on entering the thicket, he was not now to be found. They could only conjecture that he had retired during the confusion occasioned by the detention of Gaston.

'Seek not for him,' said the Lady Emma, who had now in some degree recovered her composure; 'he will not be found of mortal, unless at his own season.'

The Baron, convinced from this answer that her terror had for the time somewhat disturbed her reason, forbore to question her; and Matilda and Eleanor, to whom a message had been despatched with the result of this strange adventure, arriving, they took the Lady Emma between them, and all in a body returned to the castle.

The distance was, however, considerable, and before reaching it they had another alarm. The prickers, who rode foremost in the troop, halted and announced to the Lord Boteler that they perceived advancing towards them a body of armed men. The followers of the Baron were numerous, but they were arrayed for the chase, not for battle; and it was with great pleasure that he discerned, on the pennon of the advancing body of men-at-arms, instead of the cognisance of Gaston, as he had some reason to expect, the friendly bearings of Fitzosborne of Digswell, the same young lord who was present at the May-games with Fitzallen of Marden.

The knight himself advanced, sheathed in armour, and, without raising his visor, informed Lord Boteier that, having heard of a base attempt made upon a part of his train by ruffianly assassins, he had mounted and armed a small party of his retainers to escort them to Queenhoo Hall. Having received and accepted an invitation to attend them thither, they prosecuted their journey in confidence and security, and arrived safe at home without any further accident.

## CHAPTER V

### INVESTIGATION OF THE ADVENTURE OF THE HUNTING—A DISCOVERY— GREGORY'S MANHOOD—FATE OF GASTON ST. CLERE—CONCLUSION

So soon as they arrived at the princely mansion of Boteier, the Lady Emma craved permission to retire to her chamber, that she might compose her spirits after the terror she had undergone. Henry St. Clere, in a few words, proceeded to explain the adventure to the curious audience. 'I had no sooner seen my sister's palfrey, in spite of her endeavours to the contrary, entering with spirit into the chase set on foot by the worshipful Gregory, than I rode after to give her assistance. So long was the chase that, when the greyhounds pulled down the knobbler, we were out of hearing of your bugles; and having rewarded and coupled the dogs, I gave them to be led by the jester, and we wandered in quest of our company, whom it would seem the sport had led in a different direction. At length, passing through the thicket where you found us, I was surprised by a cross-bow bolt whizzing past mine head. I drew my sword and rushed into the thicket, but was instantly assailed by two ruffians, while other two made towards my sister and Gregory. The poor knave fled, crying for help, pursued by my false kinsman, now your prisoner; and the designs of the other on my poor Emma (murderous no doubt) were prevented by the sudden apparition of a brave woodsman, who, after a short encounter, stretched the miscreant at his feet and came to my assistance. I was already slightly wounded, and nearly overlaid with odds. The combat lasted some time, for the catiffs were both well armed, strong, and desperate; at length, however, we had each mastered our antagonist, when your retinue, my Lord Boteier, arrived to my relief. So ends my story; but, by my knight-hood, I would give an earl's ransom for an opportunity of thanking the gallant forester by whose aid I live to tell it.'

'Fear not,' said Lord Boteier, 'he shall be found, if this or the four adjacent counties hold him. And now Lord Fitzosborne will be pleased to doff the armour he has so kindly assumed for our sakes, and we will all bowne ourselves for the banquet.'

When the hour of dinner approached, the Lady Matilda and her cousin visited the chamber of the fair Darcy. They found her in a composed but melancholy posture. She turned the discourse upon the misfortunes of her life, and hinted, that having recovered her brother, and seeing him look forward to the society of one who would amply repay to him the loss of hers, she had thoughts of dedicating her remaining life to Heaven, by whose providential interference it had been so often preserved.

Matilda coloured deeply at something in this speech, and her cousin inveighed loudly against Emma's resolution. 'Ah, my dear Lady Eleanor,' replied she, 'I have to-day witnessed what I cannot but judge a supernatural visitation, and to what end can it call me but to give myself to the altar? That peasant who guided me to Baddow through the Park of Danbury, the same who appeared before me at different times and in different forms during that eventful journey—that youth, whose features are imprinted on my memory, is the very individual forester who this day rescued us in the forest. I cannot be mistaken; and, connecting these marvellous appearances with the spectre which I saw while at Gay Bowers,

I cannot resist the conviction that Heaven has permitted my guardian angel to assume mortal shape for my relief and protection.'

The fair cousins, after exchanging looks which implied a fear that her mind was wandering, answered her in soothing terms, and finally prevailed upon her to accompany them to the banqueting-hall. Here the first person they encountered was the Baron Fitzosborne of Diggsweil, now divested of his armour, at the sight of whom the Lady Emma changed colour, and exclaiming, 'It is the same!' sunk senseless into the arms of Matilda.

'She is bewildered by the terrors of the day,' said Eleanor; 'and we have done ill in obliging her to descend.'

'And I,' said Fitzosborne, 'have done madly in presenting before her one whose presence must recall moments the most alarming in her life.'

While the ladies supported Emma from the hall, Lord Boteler and St. Clere requested an explanation from Fitzosborne of the words he had used.

'Trust me, gentle lords,' said the Baron of Diggsweil, 'ye shall have what ye demand when I learn that Lady Emma Darcy has not suffered from my imprudence.'

At this moment Lady Matilda, returning, said that her fair friend, on her recovery, had calmly and deliberately insisted that she had seen Fitzosborne before, in the most dangerous crisis of her life.

'I dread,' said she, 'her disordered mind connects all that her eye beholds with the terrible passages that she has witnessed.'

'Nay,' said Fitzosborne, 'if noble St. Clere can pardon the unauthorised interest which, with the purest and most honourable intentions, I have taken in his sister's fate, it is easy for me to explain this mysterious impression.'

He proceeded to say that, happening to be in the hostelry called the Griffin, near Baddow, while upon a journey in that country, he had met with the old nurse of the Lady Emma Darcy, who, being just expelled from Gay Bowers, was in the height of her grief and indignation, and made loud and public proclamation of Lady Emma's wrongs. From the description she gave of the beauty of her foster-child, as well as from the spirit of chivalry, Fitzosborne became interested in her fate. This interest was deeply enhanced when, by a bribe to old Gaunt the Reve, he procured a view of the Lady Emma as she walked near the castle of Gay Bowers. The aged churl refused to give him access to the castle; yet dropped some hints as if he thought the lady in danger, and wished she were well out of it. His master, he said, had heard she had a brother in life, and since that deprived him of all chance of gaining her domains by purchase. he — in short, Gaunt wished they were safely separated. 'If any injury,' quoth he, 'should happen to the damsel here, it were ill for us all. I tried by an innocent stratagem to frighten her from the castle, by introducing a figure through a trap-door, and warning her, as if by a voice from the dead, to retreat from thence; but the giglet is wilful, and is running upon her fate.'

Finding Gaunt, although covetous and communicative, too faithful a servant to his wicked master to take any active steps against his commands, Fitzosborne applied himself to old Ursely, whom he found more tractable. Through her he learned the dreadful plot Gaston had laid to rid himself of his kinswoman, and resolved to effect her deliverance. But aware of the delicacy of Emma's situation, he charged Ursely to conceal from her the interest he took in her distress, resolving to watch over her in disguise until he saw her in a place of safety. Hence the appearance he made before her in various dresses during her journey, in the course of which he was never far distant: and he had always four stout yeomen within hearing of his bugle, had assistance been necessary. When she was placed in safety at the lodge, it was Fitzosborne's intention to have prevailed upon his sisters to visit and take her under their protection; but he found them absent from Diggsweil, having gone to attend an aged relation who lay dangerously ill in a distant county. They did not return until the day before the May-games; and the other events followed too rapidly to per-

mit Fitzosborne to lay any plan for introducing them to Lady Emma Darcy. On the day of the chase he resolved to preserve his romantic disguise, and attend the Lady Emma as a forester, partly to have the pleasure of being near her and partly to judge whether, according to an idle report in the country, she favoured his friend and comrade Fitzallen of Marden. This last motive, it may easily be believed, he did not declare to the company. After the skirmish with the ruffians, he waited till the Baron and the hunters arrived, and then, still doubting the farther designs of Gaston, hastened to his castle to arm the band which had escorted them to Queenhoo Hall.

Fitzosborne's story being finished, he received the thanks of all the company, particularly of St. Clere, who felt deeply the respectful delicacy with which he had conducted himself towards his sister. The lady was carefully informed of her obligations to him; and it is left to the well-judging reader whether even the raillery of Lady Eleanor made her regret that Heaven had only employed natural means for her security, and that the guardian angel was converted into a handsome, gallant, and enamoured knight.

The joy of the company in the hail extended itself to the buttery, where Gregory the jester narrated such feats of arms done by himself in the fray of the morning as might have shamed Bevis and Guy of Warwick. He was, according to his narrative, singled out for destruction by the gigantic Baron himself, while he abandoned to meaner hands the destruction of St. Clere and Fitzosborne.

'But certes,' said he, 'the foul paynim met his match; for, ever as he foined at me with his brand, I parried his blows with my bauble, and, closing with him upon the third veyn, threw him to the ground, and made him cry recreant to an unarmed man.'

'Tush, man,' said Drawslot, 'thou forgettest thy best auxiliaries, the good greyhounds, Help and Holdfast! I warrant thee, that when the hump-backed Baron caught thee by the cowl, which he hath almost torn off, thou hadst been in a fair plight had they not remembered an old friend, and come in to the rescue. Why, man, I found them fastened on him myself; and there was odd staving and stickling to make them "ware haunch!" Their mouths were full of the flex, for I pulled a piece of the garment from their jaws. I warrant thee, that when they brought him to ground thou fledst like a frightened pricket.'

'And as for Gregory's gigantic paynim,' said Fabian, 'why, he lies yonder in the guard-room, the very size, shape, and colour of a spider in a yew-hedge.'

'It is false!' said Gregory. 'Colbrand the Dane was a dwarf to him.'

'It is as true,' returned Fabian, 'as that the Tasker is to be married on Tuesday to pretty Margery. Gregory, thy sheet hath brought them between a pair of blankets.'

'I care no more for such a gillflirt,' said the jester, 'than I do for thy leasings. Marry, thou hop-o'-my-thumb, happy wouldst thou be could thy head reach the captive Baron's girdle.'

'By the mass,' said Peter Lanaret, 'I will have one peep at this burly gallant'; and, leaving the buttery, he went to the guard-room where Gaston St. Clere was confined. A man-at-arms, who kept sentinel on the strong studded door of the apartment, said he believed he slept; for that, after raging, stamping, and uttering the most horrid imprecations, he had been of late perfectly still. The falconer gently drew back a sliding board of a foot square towards the top of the door, which covered a hole of the same size, strongly latticed, through which the warder, without opening the door, could look in upon his prisoner. From this aperture he beheld the wretched Gaston suspended by the neck by his own girdle to an iron ring in the side of his prison. He had clambered to it by means of the table on which his food had been placed; and, in the agonies of shame

and disappointed malice, had adopted this mode of riddling himself of a wretched life. He was found yet warm, but totally lifeless. A proper account of the manner of his death was drawn up and certified. He was buried that evening in the chapel of the castle, out of respect to his high birth; and the chaplain of Fitzallen of Marden, who said the service upon the occasion, preached the next Sunday an excellent sermon upon the text, 'Radix malorum est cupiditas,' which we have here transcribed.

[Here the manuscript, from which we have painfully transcribed, and frequently, as it were, translated, this tale for the reader's edification, is so indistinct and defaced, that, excepting certain howlets, nathlessness, lo ye's! etc., we can pick out little that is intelligible, saying that avarice is defined 'a likourishness of heart after earthly things.' A little farther there seems to have been a gay account of Murgery's wedding with Ralph the Tasker, the running at the quintain, and other rural games practised on the occasion. There are also fragments of a mock sermon preached by Gregory upon that occasion, as for example:—

'My dear cursed caltiffs, there was once a king, and he wedded a young old queen, and she had a child; and this child was sent to Solomon the Sage, praying he would give it the same blessing which he got from the witch of Endor when she bit him by the heel. Hereof speaks the worthy Dr. Radlgundus Potator; why should not mass be said for all the roasted shoe souls served up in the king's dish on Saturday: for true it is, that St. Peter asked Father Adam, as they journeyed to Camelot, an high, great, and doubtful question, "Adam, Adam, why eated'st thou the apple without paring?"'

With much goodly gibberish to the same effect: which display of Gregory's ready wit not only threw the whole company into convulsions of laughter, but made such an impression on Rose, the Potter's daughter, that it was thought it would be the Jester's own fault if Jack was long without his Jill. Much pithy matter, concerning the bringing the bride to bed, the loosing the bridegroom's points, the scramble which ensued for them, and the casting of the stocking, is also omitted from its obscurity.

The following song, which has been since borrowed by the worshipful author of the famous *History of Fryar Bacon*, has been with difficulty deciphered. It seems to have been sung on occasion of carrying home the bride.

#### BRIDAL SONG

*To the tune of—'I have been a Fiddler,' etc.*

And did you not hear of a mirth befell  
The morrow after a wedding day,  
And carrying a bride at home to dwell?  
And away to Tewin, away, away!

<sup>1</sup> This tirade of gibberish is literally taken or selected from a mock discourse pronounced by a professed jester, which occurs in an ancient manuscript in the Advocates' Library, the same from which the late ingenious Mr. Weber published the curious comic romance of the *Hunting of the Hare*. It was introduced in compliance with Mr. Strutt's plan of rendering his tale an illustration of ancient manners. A similar burlesque sermon is pronounced by the fool in Sir David Lindsay's satire of the *Three Estates*. The nonsense and vulgar burlesque of that composition illustrate the ground of Sir Andrew Aguecheek's eulogy on the exploits of the jester in *Twelfth Night*, who, reserving his sharper jests for Sir Toby, had doubtless enough of the jargon of his calling to captivate the imbecility of his brother knight, who is made to exclaim—'In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Picrogramitus, and of the vapours passing the equinoctials of Quenbus; 'twas very good, i' faith!' It is entertaining to find commentators seeking to discover some meaning in the professional jargon of such a passage as this.

The quintain was set, and the garlands were made,  
 'Tis pity old customs should ever decay;  
 And woe be to him that was horsed on a jade,  
 For he carried no credit away, away.

We met a consort of fiddle-de-dees;  
 We set them a cockhorse, and made them play  
 The winning of Bullen and Upsey-frees,  
 And away to Tewin, away, away!

There was ne'er a lad in all the parish  
 That would go to the plough that day;  
 But on his fore-horse his wench he carries,  
 And away to Tewin, away, away!

The butler was quick, and the ale he did tap,  
 The maidens did make the chamber full gay;  
 The servants did give me a fuddling cup,  
 And I did carry 't away, away.

The smith of the town his liquor so took,  
 That he was persuaded that the ground look'd blue;  
 And I dare boldly be sworn on a book,  
 Such smiths as he there 's but a few.

A posset was made, and the women did sip,  
 And simpering said, they could eat no more;  
 Full many a maiden was laid on the lip, —  
 I'll say no more, but give o'er (give o'er).

But what our fair readers will chiefly regret is the loss of three declarations of love; the first by St. Clere to Matilda; which, with the lady's answer, occupies fifteen closely written pages of manuscript. That of Fitzosborne to Emma is not much shorter; but the amours of Fitzallen and Eleanor, being of a less romantic cast, are closed in three pages only. The three noble couples were married in Queenhoo Hall upon the same day, being the twentieth Sunday after Easter. There is a prolix account of the marriage-feast, of which we can pick out the names of a few dishes, such as peterel, crane, sturgeon, swan, etc. etc., with a profusion of wild-fowl and venison. We also see that a suitable song was produced by Peretto on the occasion; and that the bishop who blessed the bridal beds which received the happy couples was no niggard of his holy water, bestowing half a gallon upon each of the couches. We regret we cannot give these curiosities to the reader in detail, but we hope to expose the manuscript to abler antiquaries so soon as it shall be framed and glazed by the ingenious artist who rendered that service to Mr. Ireland's Shakspeare MSS. And so (being unable to lay aside the style to which our pen is habituated), gentle reader, we bid thee heartily farewell.]

### No. III

## ANECDOTE OF SCHOOL DAYS

UPON WHICH MR. THOMAS SCOTT PROPOSED TO FOUND A TALE  
 OF FICTION

It is well known in the South that there is little or no boxing at the Scottish schools. About forty or fifty years ago, however, a far more dangerous mode of fighting, in parties or factions, was permitted in the streets of Edinburgh, to the great disgrace of the police and danger of the parties

concerned. These parties were generally formed from the quarters of the town in which the combatants resided, those of a particular square or district fighting against those of an adjoining one. Hence it happened that the children of the higher classes were often pitted against those of the lower, each taking their side according to the predilection of their friends. So far as I recollect, however, it was unmingled either with feelings of democracy or aristocracy, or indeed with malice or ill-will of any kind towards the opposite party. In fact, it was only a rough mode of play. Such contests were, however, maintained with great vigour with stones and sticks and fistcuffs, when one party dared to charge and the other stood their ground. Of course mischief sometimes happened: boys are said to have been killed at these *bickers*, as they were called, and serious accidents certainly took place, as many contemporaries can bear witness.

The author's father residing in George Square, in the southern side of Edinburgh, the boys belonging to that family, with others in the square, were arranged into a sort of company, to which a lady of distinction presented a handsome set of colours. Now this company or regiment, as a matter of course, was engaged in weekly warfare with the boys inhabiting the Crosscauseway, Bristol Street, the Potterrow—in short, the neighbouring suburbs. These last were chiefly of the lower rank, but hardy louns, who threw stones to a hair's-breadth and were very rugged antagonists at close quarters. The skirmish sometimes lasted for a whole evening, until one party or the other was victorious, when, if ours were successful, we drove the enemy to their quarters, and were usually chased back by the reinforcement of bigger lads who came to their assistance. If, on the contrary, we were pursued, as was often the case, into the precincts of our square, we were in our turn supported by our elder brothers, domestic servants, and similar auxiliaries.

It followed, from our frequent opposition to each other, that, though not knowing the names of our enemies, we were yet well acquainted with their appearance, and had nicknames for the most remarkable of them. One very active and spirited boy might be considered as the principal leader in the cohort of the suburbs. He was, I suppose, thirteen or fourteen years old, finely made, tall, blue-eyed, with long fair hair, the very picture of a youthful Goth. This lad was always first in the charge and last in the retreat—the Achilles, at once, and Ajax of the Crosscauseway. He was too formidable to us not to have a cognomen, and, like that of a knight of old, it was taken from the most remarkable part of his dress, being a pair of old green livery breeches, which was the principal part of his clothing; for, like Pentapolin, according to Don Quixote's account, Green-Breeks, as we called him, always entered the battle with bare arms, legs, and feet.

It fell, that once upon a time, when the combat was at the thickest, this plebeian champion headed a sudden charge, so rapid and furious that all fled before him. He was several paces before his comrades, and had actually laid his hands on the patrician standard, when one of our party, whom some misjudging friend had entrusted with a *couteau de chasse*, or hanger, inspired with a zeal for the honour of the corps worthy of Major Sturgeon himself, struck poor Green-Breeks over the head with strength sufficient to cut him down. When this was seen, the casualty was so far beyond what had ever taken place before, that both parties fled different ways, leaving poor Green-Breeks, with his bright hair plentifully dabbled in blood, to the care of the watchman, who (honest man) took care not to know who had done the mischief. The bloody hanger was flung into one of the Meadow ditches, and solemn secrecy was sworn on all hands; but the remorse and terror of the actor were beyond all bounds, and his apprehensions of the most dreadful character. The wounded hero was for a few days in the Infirmary, the case being only a trifling one. But, though inquiry was strongly pressed on him, no argument could make him indicate

the person from whom he had received the wound, though he must have been perfectly well known to him. When he recovered and was dismissed, the author and his brothers opened a communication with him, through the medium of a popular gingerbread baker, of whom both parties were customers. In order to tender a subsidy in name of smart-money. The sum would excite ridicule were I to name it; but sure I am that the pockets of the noted Green-Breeks never held as much money of his own. He declined the remittance, saying that he would not sell his blood; but at the same time reprobated the idea of being an informer, which he said was *clam*, i. e. base or mean. With much urgency he accepted a pound of snuff for the use of some old woman—aunt, grandmother, or the like—with whom he lived. We did not become friends, for the *bickers* were more agreeable to both parties than any more pacific amusement; but we conducted them ever after under mutual assurances of the highest consideration for each other.

Such was the hero whom Mr. Thomas Scott proposed to carry to Canada, and involve in adventures with the natives and colonists of that country. Perhaps the youthful generosity of the lad will not seem so great in the eyes of others as to those whom it was the means of screening from severe rebuke and punishment. But it seemed to those concerned to argue a nobleness of sentiment far beyond the pitch of most minds; and however obscurely the lad who showed such a gleam of noble spirit may have lived or died, I cannot help being of opinion that, if fortune had placed him in circumstances calling for gallantry or generosity, the man would have fulfilled the promise of the boy. Long afterwards, when the story was told to my father, he censured us severely for not telling the truth at the time, that he might have attempted to be of use to the young man in entering on life. But our alarms for the consequences of the drawn sword, and the wound inflicted with such a weapon, were far too predominant at the time for such a pitch of generosity.

Perhaps I ought not to have inserted this schoolboy tale; but, besides the strong impression made by the incident at the time, the whole accompaniments of the story are matters to me of solemn and sad recollection. Of all the little band who were concerned in those juvenile sports or browls, I can scarce recollect a single survivor. Some left the ranks of mimic war to die in the active service of their country. Many sought distant lands to return no more. Others, dispersed in different paths of life, 'my dim eyes now seek for in vain.' Of five brothers, all healthy and promising in a degree far beyond one whose infancy was visited by personal infirmity, and whose health after this period seemed long very precarious, I am, nevertheless, the only survivor. The best loved, and the best deserving to be loved, who had destined this incident to be the foundation of literary composition, died 'before his day' in a distant and foreign land; and trifles assume an importance not their own when connected with those who have been loved and lost.



## NOTES TO WAVERLEY

### NOTE 1. — DYER'S WEEKLY LETTER, p. 7.

LONG the oracle of the country gentlemen of the high Tory party. The ancient news-letter was written in manuscript and copied by clerks, who addressed the copies to the subscribers. The politician by whom they were compiled picked up his intelligence at coffee-houses, and often pleaded for an additional gratuity in consideration of the extra expense attached to frequenting such places of fashionable resort.

### NOTE 2. — THE BRADSHAIGH LEGEND, p. 20

There is a family legend to this purpose, belonging to the knightly family of Bradshaigh, the proprietors of Haigh Hall, in Lancashire, where, I have been told, the event is recorded on a painted glass window. The German ballad of the Noble Möringer turns upon a similar topic. But undoubtedly many such incidents may have taken place, where, the distance being great and the intercourse infrequent, false reports concerning the fate of the absent Crusaders must have been commonly circulated, and sometimes perhaps rather hastily credited at home.

### NOTE 3. — TITUS LIVIUS, p. 33.

The attachment to this classic was, it is said, actually displayed in the manner mentioned in the text by an unfortunate Jacobite in that unhappy period. He escaped from the jail in which he was confined for a hasty trial and certain condemnation, and was retaken as he hovered around the place in which he had been imprisoned, for which he could give no better reason than the hope of recovering his favourite Titus Livius. I am sorry to add that the simplicity of such a character was found to form no apology for his guilt as a rebel, and that he was condemned and executed.

### NOTE 4. — NICHOLAS AMHURST, p. 36.

Nicholas Amhurst, a noted political writer, who conducted for many years a paper called the *Craftsman*, under the assumed name of Caleb D'Anvers. He was devoted to the Tory interest, and seconded with much ability the attacks of Pulteney on Sir Robert Walpole. He died in 1742, neglected by his great patrons and in the most miserable circumstances.

Amhurst survived the downfall of Walpole's power, and had reason to expect a reward for his labours. If we excuse Bolingbroke, who had only saved the shipwreck of his fortunes, we shall be at a loss to justify Pulteney, who could with ease have given this man a considerable income. The

utmost of his generosity to Amhurst that I ever heard of was a hogshead of claret! He died, it is supposed, of a broken heart; and was buried at the charge of his honest printer, Richard Francklin.' — *Lord Chesterfield's Characters Reviewed*, p. 42.

NOTE 5. — COLONEL GARDINER, p. 39.

I have now given in the text the full name of this gallant and excellent man, and proceed to copy the account of his remarkable conversion, as related by Dr. Doddridge.

'This memorable event,' says the pious writer, 'happened towards the middle of July 1719. The major had spent the evening (and, if I mistake not, it was the Sabbath) in some gay company, and had an unhappy assignation with a married woman, whom he was to attend exactly at twelve. The company broke up about eleven; and, not judging it convenient to anticipate the time appointed, he went into his chamber to kill the tedious hour, perhaps with some amusing book, or some other way. But it very accidentally happened that he took up a religious book, which his good mother or aunt had, without his knowledge, slipped into his portmanteau. It was called, if I remember the title exactly, *The Christian Soldier, or Heaven taken by Storm*, and it was written by Mr. Thomas Watson. Guessing by the title of it that he would find some phrases of his own profession spiritualised in a manner which he thought might afford him some diversion, he resolved to dip into it; but he took no serious notice of anything it had in it; and yet, while this book was in his hand, an impression was made upon his mind (perhaps God only knows how) which drew after it a train of the most important and happy consequences. He thought he saw an unusual blaze of light fall upon the book while he was reading, which he at first imagined might happen by some accident in the candle; but, lifting up his eyes, he apprehended to his extreme amazement that there was before him, as it were suspended in the air, a visible representation of the Lord Jesus Christ upon the cross, surrounded on all sides with a glory: and was impressed as if a voice, or something equivalent to a voice, had come to him, to this effect (for he was not confident as to the words), "Oh, sinner! did I suffer this for thee, and are these thy returns?" Struck with so amazing a phenomenon as this, there remained hardly any life in him, so that he sunk down in the arm-chair in which he sat, and continued, he knew not how long, insensible.'

'With regard to this vision,' says the ingenious Dr. Hibbert, 'the appearance of our Saviour on the cross, and the awful words repeated, can be considered in no other light than as so many recollected images of the mind, which probably had their origin in the language of some urgent appeal to repentance that the colonel might have casually read or heard delivered. From what cause, however, such ideas were rendered as vivid as actual impressions, we have no information to be depended upon. This vision was certainly attended with one of the most important of consequences connected with the Christian dispensation—the conversion of a sinner. And hence no single narrative has, perhaps, done more to confirm the superstitious opinion that apparitions of this awful kind cannot arise without a divine fiat.' Dr. Hibbert adds in a note—'A short time before the vision, Colonel Gardiner had received a severe fall from his horse. Did the brain receive some slight degree of injury from the accident, so as to predispose him to this spectral illusion?' — *Hibbert's Philosophy of Apparitions*, Edinburgh, 1824, p. 190.

NOTE 6. — SCOTTISH INNS, p. 40

The courtesy of an invitation to partake a traveller's meal, or at least that of being invited to share whatever liquor the guest called for, was expected by certain old landlords in Scotland even in the youth of the author.

In requital mine host was always furnished with the news of the country, and was probably a little of a humourist to boot. The devolution of the whole actual business and drudgery of the inn upon the poor gudewife was very common among the Scottish Bonifaces. There was in ancient times, in the city of Edinburgh, a gentleman of good family who condescended, in order to gain a livelihood, to become the nominal keeper of a coffee-house, one of the first places of the kind which had been opened in the Scottish metropolis. As usual, it was entirely managed by the careful and industrious Mrs. B——; while her husband amused himself with field sports, without troubling his head about the matter. Once upon a time, the premises having taken fire, the husband was met walking up the High Street loaded with his guns and fishing-rods, and replied calmly to some one who inquired after his wife, 'that the poor woman was trying to save a parcel of crockery and some trumpery books'; the last being those which served her to conduct the business of the house.

There were many elderly gentlemen in the author's younger days who still held it part of the amusement of a journey 'to parley with mine host,' who often resembled, in his quaint humour, mine host of the Garter in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*; or Blague of the George in the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*. Sometimes the landlady took her share of entertaining the company. In either case the omitting to pay them due attention gave displeasure, and perhaps brought down a smart jest, as on the following occasion:—

A jolly dame who, not 'Sixty Years since,' kept the principal caravan-sary at Greenlaw, in Berwickshire, had the honour to receive under her roof a very worthy clergyman, with three sons of the same profession, each having a cure of souls; be it said in passing, none of the reverend party were reckoned powerful in the pulpit. After dinner was over, the worthy senior, in the pride of his heart, asked Mrs. Buchan whether she ever had had such a party in her house before. 'Here sit I,' he said, 'a placed minister of the Kirk of Scotland, and here sit my three sons, each a placed minister of the same kirk. Confess, Luckie Buchan, you never had such a party in your house before.' The question was not premised by any invitation to sit down and take a glass of wine or the like, so Mrs. B. answered drily, 'Indeed, sir, I cannot just say that ever I had such a party in my house before, except once in the forty-five, when I had a Highland piper here, with his three sons, all Highland pipers; and deil a spring they could play amang them.'

#### NOTE 7. — TULLY-VEOLAN, p. 45

There is no particular mansion described under the name of Tully-Veolan; but the peculiarities of the description occur in various old Scottish seats. The House of Warrender upon Bruntsfield Links and that of Old Ravelston, belonging, the former to Sir George Warrender, the latter to Sir Alexander Keith, have both contributed several hints to the description in the text. The House of Dean, near Edinburgh, has also some points of resemblance with Tully-Veolan. The author has, however, been informed that the House of Grandtully resembles that of the Baron of Bradwardine still more than any of the above. (The rampant bears on the gateway are supposed to have been suggested to the author by similar effigies still standing on the gate to Traquair House on the Tweed. Mr. Lockhart mentions Craighall in Perthshire as another mansion bearing a likeness to Tully-Veolan. — *Laing*.)

#### NOTE 8. — JESTER OR FOOL, p. 50

I am ignorant how long the ancient and established custom of keeping fools has been disused in England. Swift writes an epitaph on the Earl of Suffolk's fool —

Whose name was Dickie Pearce.

In Scotland the custom subsisted till late in the last century; at Glamis Castle is preserved the dress of one of the jesters, very handsome, and ornamented with many bells. It is not above thirty years since such a character stood by the sideboard of a nobleman of the first rank in Scotland, and occasionally mixed in the conversation, till he carried the joke rather too far, in making proposals to one of the young ladies of the family, and publishing the bans betwixt her and himself in the public church.

NOTE 9. — EPISCOPAL CLERGY IN SCOTLAND, p. 56

After the Revolution of 1688, and on some occasions when the spirit of the Presbyterians had been unusually animated against their opponents, the Episcopal clergymen, who were chiefly nonjurors, were exposed to be mobbed, as we should now say, or *rabbled*, as the phrase then went, to expiate their political heresies. But notwithstanding that the Presbyterians had the persecutions in Charles II. and his brother's time to exasperate them, there was little mischief done beyond the kind of petty violence mentioned in the text.

NOTE 10. — STIRRUP-CUP, p. 60

I may here mention that the fashion of computation described in the text was still occasionally practised in Scotland in the author's youth. A company, after having taken leave of their host, often went to finish the evening at the clachan or village, in 'womb of tavern.' Their entertainer always accompanied them to take the stirrup-cup, which often occasioned a long and late revel.

The *poculum potatorium* of the vallant Baron, his blessed Bear, has a prototype at the fine old Castle of Glamis, so rich in memorials of ancient times; it is a massive beaker of silver, double gilt, moulded into the shape of a lion, and holding about an English pint of wine. The form alludes to the family name of Strathmore, which is Lyon, and, when exhibited, the cup must necessarily be emptied to the Earl's health. The author ought perhaps to be ashamed of recording that he has had the honour of swallowing the contents of the lion; and the recollection of the feat served to suggest the story of the Bear of Bradwardine. In the family of Scott of Thirlestane (not Thirlestane in the Forest, but the place of the same name in Roxburghshire) was long preserved a cup of the same kind, in the form of a jack-boot. Each guest was obliged to empty this at his departure. If the guest's name was Scott, the necessity was doubly imperative.

When the landlord of an inn presented his guests with *doch an dorroch*, that is, the drink at the door, or the stirrup-cup, the draught was not charged in the reckoning. On this point a learned ballie of the town of Forfar pronounced a very sound judgment.

A., an ale-wife in Forfar, had brewed her 'peck of maut' and set the liquor out of doors to cool; the cow of B., a neighbour of A., chanced to come by, and seeing the good beverage, was allured to taste it, and finally to drink it up. When A. came to take in her liquor, she found her tub empty, and from the cow's staggering and staring, so as to betray her intemperance, she easily divined the mode in which her 'browst' had disappeared. To take vengeance on Crummie's ribs with a stick was her first effort. The roaring of the cow brought B., her master, who remonstrated with his angry neighbour, and received in reply a demand for the value of the ale which Crummie had drunk up. B. refused payment, and was convened before C., the ballie, or sitting magistrate. He heard the case patiently; and then demanded of the plaintiff A. whether the cow had sat down to her potation or taken it standing. The plaintiff answered, she had not seen the deed committed, but she supposed the cow drank the ale while standing on her feet, adding, that had she been near she would have made

her use them to some purpose. The battle, on this admission, solemnly adjudged the cow's drink to be *doch an darrach*, a stirrup-cup, for which no charge could be made without violating the ancient hospitality of Scotland.

#### NOTE 11. — WITCHES, p. 79

The story last told was said to have happened in the south of Scotland; but *cedant arma togæ* and let the gown have its dues. It was an old clergyman, who had wisdom and firmness enough to resist the panic which seized his brethren, who was the means of rescuing a poor half-lunatic creature from the cruel fate which would otherwise have overtaken her. The accounts of the trials for witchcraft form one of the most deplorable chapters in Scottish story.

#### NOTE 12. — CANTING HERALDRY, p. 81

Although canting heraldry is generally reprobated, it seems nevertheless to have been adopted in the arms and mottos of many honourable families. Thus the motto of the Vernons, *Per non semper vixit*, is a perfect pun, and so is that of the Onslows, *Pesting lente*. The *Perissæm ni per-issæm* of the Anstruthers is liable to a similar objection. One of that ancient race, finding that an antagonist, with whom he had fixed a friendly meeting, was determined to take the opportunity of assassinating him, prevented the hazard by dashing out his brains with a battle-axe. Two sturdy arms, brandishing such a weapon, form the usual crest of the family, with the above motto, *Perissæm ni per-issæm* — I had died, unless I had gone through with it.

#### NOTE 13. — BLACK-MAIL, p. 91

Mac-Donald of Barrisdale, one of the very last Highland gentlemen who carried on the plundering system to any great extent, was a scholar and a well-bred gentleman. He engraved on his broadswords the well-known lines —

*Hic tibi erunt artes — pacisque imponere morem,  
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.*

Indeed, the levying of black-mail was, before the year 1745, practised by several chiefs of very high rank, who, in doing so, contended that they were lending the laws the assistance of their arms and swords, and affording a protection which could not be obtained from the magistracy in the disturbed state of the country. The author has seen a *Memoir* of Mac-Pherson of Cluny, Chief of that ancient clan, from which it appears that he levied protection-money to a very large amount, which was willingly paid even by some of his most powerful neighbours. A gentleman of this clan, hearing a clergyman hold forth to his congregation on the crime of theft, interrupted the preacher to assure him, he might leave the enforcement of such doctrines to Cluny Mac-Pherson, whose broadsword would put a stop to theft sooner than all the sermons of all the ministers of the synod.

#### NOTE 14. — LOCHABER-AXE, p. 97

The Town-guard of Edinburgh were, till a late period, armed with this weapon when on their police-duty. There was a hook at the back of the axe, which the ancient Highlanders used to assist them to climb over walls, fixing the hook upon it and raising themselves by the handle. The axe, which was also much used by the natives, is supposed to have been introduced into both countries from Scandinavia.

## NOTE 15. — SIDIER ROY, p. 100

The words *sidier roy*, or red soldier, were used to distinguish the regular regiments from the independent companies raised to protect the peace of the Highlands. These last were called *sidier dhu*, i. e. black soldier; and the 42d regiment, which was formed out of these independent companies, is still called the Black Watch, from the dark colour of their tartans.

## NOTE 16. — ROB ROY, p. 103

An adventure very similar to what is here stated actually befell the late Mr. Abercromby of Tullibody, grandfather of the present Lord Abercromby, and father of the celebrated Sir Ralph. When this gentleman, who lived to a very advanced period of life, first settled in Stirlingshire, his cattle were repeatedly driven off by the celebrated Rob Roy, or some of his gang; and at length he was obliged, after obtaining a proper safe-conduct, to make the cateran such a visit as that of Waverley to Bean Lean in the text. Rob received him with much courtesy, and made many apologies for the accident, which must have happened, he said, through some mistake. Mr. Abercromby was regaled with collops from two of his own cattle, which were hung up by the heels in the eavens, and was dismissed in perfect safety, after having agreed to pay in future a small sum of black-mall, in consideration of which Rob Roy not only undertook to forbear his herds in future, but to replace any that should be stolen from him by other freebooters. Mr. Abercromby said Rob Roy affected to consider him as a friend to the Jacobite interest and a sincere enemy to the Union. Neither of these circumstances were true; but the laird thought it quite unnecessary to undeceive his Highland host at the risk of bringing on a political dispute in such a situation. This anecdote I received many years since (about 1792) from the mouth of the venerable gentleman who was concerned in it.

## NOTE 17. — KIND GALLOWES OF CRIEFF, p. 111

This celebrated gibbet was, in the memory of the last generation, still standing at the western end of the town of Crieff, in Perthshire. Why it was called the *kind* gallows we are unable to inform the reader with certainty; but it is alleged that the Highlanders used to touch their bonnets as they passed a place which had been fatal to many of their countrymen, with the ejaculation — 'God bless her nain sell, and the Tell tamn you!' It may therefore have been called kind, as being a sort of native or kindred place of doom to those who suffered there, as in fulfilment of a natural destiny.

## NOTE 18. — CATERANS, p. 113

The story of the bridegroom carried off by caterans on his bridal-day is taken from one which was told to the author by the late Laird of Mac-Nab many years since. To carry off persons from the Lowlands, and to put them to ransom, was a common practice with the wild Highlanders, as it is said to be at the present day with the banditti in the South of Italy. Upon the occasion alluded to, a party of caterans carried off the bridegroom and sequestered him in some cave near the mountain of Schiehallion. The young man caught the small-pox before his ransom could be agreed on; and whether it was the fine cool air of the place, or the want of medical attendance, Mac-Nab did not pretend to be positive; but so it was, that the prisoner recovered, his ransom was paid, and he was restored to his friends and bride, but always considered the Highland robbers as having saved his life by their treatment of his malady.

## NOTE 19. — FORFEITED ESTATES, p. 118

This happened on many occasions. Indeed, it was not till after the total destruction of the clan influence, after 1745, that purchasers could be found who offered a fair price for the estates forfeited in 1715, which were then brought to sale by the creditors of the York Buildings Company, who had purchased the whole or greater part from government at a very small price. Even so late as the period first mentioned, the prejudices of the public in favour of the heirs of the forfeited families threw various impediments in the way of intending purchasers of such property.

## NOTE 20. — HIGHLAND POLICE, p. 119

This sort of political game ascribed to Mac-Ivor was in reality played by several Highland chiefs, the celebrated Lord Lovat in particular, who used that kind of finesse to the uttermost. The Laird of Mac—— was also captain of an independent company, but valued the sweets of present pay too well to incur the risk of losing them in the Jacobite cause. His martial consort raised his clan and headed it in 1745. But the chief himself would have nothing to do with king-making, declaring himself for that monarch, and no other, who gave the Laird of Mac—— 'half-a-guinea the day and half-a-guinea the morn.'

## NOTE 21. — HIGHLAND DISCIPLINE, p. 122

In explanation of the military exercise observed at the Castle of Glen-naquoich, the author begs to remark, that the Highlanders were not only well practised in the use of the broadsword, firelock, and most of the manly sports and trials of strength common throughout Scotland, but also used a peculiar sort of drill, suited to their own dress and mode of warfare. There were, for instance, different modes of disposing the plaid, one when on a peaceful journey, another when danger was apprehended; one way of enveloping themselves in it when expecting undisturbed repose, and another which enabled them to start up with sword and pistol in hand on the slightest alarm.

Previous to 1720 or thereabouts, the belted plaid was universally worn, in which the portion which surrounded the middle of the wearer and that which was flung around his shoulders were all of the same piece of tartan. In a desperate onset all was thrown away, and the clan charged bare beneath the doublet, save for an artificial arrangement of the shirt, which, like that of the Irish, was always ample, and for the sporran-mollach, or goat's-skin purse.

The manner of handling the pistol and dirk was also part of the Highland manual exercise, which the author has seen gone through by men who had learned it in their youth.

## NOTE 22. — DISLIKE OF THE SCOTCH TO PORK, p. 125

Pork, or swine's flesh, in any shape was, till of late years, much abominated by the Scotch, nor is it yet a favourite food amongst them. King Jamie carried this prejudice to England, and is known to have abhorred pork almost as much as he did tobacco. Ben Jonson has recorded this peculiarity, where the gipsy in a masque, examining the king's hand, says —

You should by this line  
Love a horse, and a hound, but no part of a swine.

*The Gipsies Metamorphosed.*

James's own proposed banquet for the Devil was a loin of pork and a poll of ling, with a pipe of tobacco for digestion.

NOTE 23. — A SCOTTISH DINNER TABLE, p. 125

In the number of persons of all ranks who assembled at the same table, though by no means to discuss the same fare, the Highland chiefs only retained a custom which had been formerly universally observed throughout Scotland. 'I myself,' says the traveller, Fynes Morrison, in the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, the scene being the Lowlands of Scotland, 'was at a knight's house, who had many servants to attend him, that brought in his meat with their heads covered with blue caps, the table being more than half furnished with great platters of porridge, each having a little piece of sodden meat. And when the table was served, the servants did sit down with us; but the upper mess, instead of porridge, had a pullet, with some prunes in the broth.' — *Travels*, p. 155.

Till within this last century the farmers, even of a respectable condition, dined with their work-people. The difference betwixt those of high degree was ascertained by the place of the party above or below the salt, or sometimes by a line drawn with chalk on the dining-table. Lord Lovat, who knew well how to feed the vanity and restrain the appetites of his clansmen, allowed each sturdy Fraser who had the slightest pretensions to be a Duinnhé-wassel the full honour of the sitting, but at the same time took care that his young kinsmen did not acquire at his table any taste for outlandish luxuries. His lordship was always ready with some honourable apology why foreign wines and French brandy, delicacies which he conceived might sap the hardy habits of his cousins, should not circulate past an assigned point on the table.

NOTE 24. — CONAN THE JESTER, p. 135

In the Irish ballads relating to Fion (the Fingal of MacPherson) there occurs, as in the primitive poetry of most nations, a cycle of heroes, each of whom has some distinguishing attribute; upon these qualities, and the adventures of those possessing them, many proverbs are formed, which are still current in the Highlands. Among other characters, Conan is distinguished as in some respects a kind of Thersites, but brave and daring even to rashness. He had made a vow that he would never take a blow without returning it; and having, like other heroes of antiquity, descended to the infernal regions, he received a cuff from the Arch-fiend who presided there, which he instantly returned, using the expression in the text. Sometimes the proverb is worded thus — 'Claw for claw, and the devil take the shortest nails, as Conan said to the devil.'

NOTE 25. — WATERFALL, p. 138

The description of the waterfall mentioned in this chapter is taken from that of Ledoard, at the farm so called on the northern side of Lochard, and near the head of the lake, four or five miles from Aberfoyle. It is upon a small scale, but otherwise one of the most exquisite cascades it is possible to behold. The appearance of Flora with the harp, as described, has been justly censured as too theatrical and affected for the lady-like simplicity of her character. But something may be allowed to her French education, in which point and striking effect always make a considerable object.

NOTE 26. — THE HUNTING MATCH, p. 153

The author has been sometimes accused of confounding fiction with reality. He therefore thinks it necessary to state that the circumstance of



the hunting described in the text as preparatory to the insurrection of 1745 is, so far as he knows, entirely imaginary. But it is well known such a great hunting was held in the Forest of Brae-Mar, under the auspices of the Earl of Mar, as preparatory to the Rebellion of 1715; and most of the Highland chieftains who afterwards engaged in that civil commotion were present on this occasion.

NOTE 27. — MAC-FARLANE'S LANTERN, p. 240

The Clan of Mac-Farlane, occupying the fastnesses of the western side of Loch Lomond, were great depredators on the Low Country, and as their excursions were made usually by night, the moon was proverbially called their lantern. Their celebrated pibroch of *Hoggil nam Bo*, which is the name of their gathering tune, intimates similar practices, the sense being—

We are bound to drive the bullocks,  
All by hollows, hirsts, and hillocks,  
Through the sleet, and through the rain.  
When the moon is beaming low  
On frozen lake and hills of snow,  
Bold and heartily we go;  
And all for little gain.

NOTE 28. — CASTLE OF DOUNE, p. 242

This noble ruin is dear to my recollection from associations which have been long and painfully broken. It holds a commanding station on the banks of the river Teith, and has been one of the largest castles in Scotland. Murdoch, Duke of Albany, the founder of this stately pile, was beheaded on the Castle-hill of Stirling, from which he might see the towers of Doune, the monument of his fallen greatness.

In 1745-46, as stated in the text, a garrison on the part of the Chevalier was put into the castle, then less ruinous than at present. It was commanded by Mr. Stewart of Balloch, as governor for Prince Charles; he was a man of property near Callander. This castle became at that time the actual scene of a romantic escape made by John Home, the author of *Douglas*, and some other prisoners, who, having been taken at the battle of Falkirk, were confined there by the insurgents. The poet, who had in his own mind a large stock of that romantic and enthusiastic spirit of adventure which he has described as animating the youthful hero of his drama, devised and undertook the perilous enterprise of escaping from his prison. He inspired his companions with his sentiments, and when every attempt at open force was deemed hopeless, they resolved to twist their bed-clothes into ropes and thus to descend. Four persons, with Home himself, reached the ground in safety. But the rope broke with the fifth, who was a tall lusty man. The sixth was Thomas Barrow, a brave young Englishman, a particular friend of Home's. Determined to take the risk, even in such unfavourable circumstances, Barrow committed himself to the broken rope, slid down on it as far as it could assist him, and then let himself drop. His friends beneath succeeded in breaking his fall. Nevertheless, he dislocated his ankle and had several of his ribs broken. His companions, however, were able to bear him off in safety.

The Highlanders next morning sought for their prisoners with great activity. An old gentleman told the author he remembered seeing the commandant Stewart

Bloody with spurring, fiery red with haste,

riding furiously through the country in quest of the fugitives.

## NOTE 29. — TO GO OUT OR TO HAVE BEEN OUT, p. 247

To *go out*, or to *have been out*, in Scotland was a conventional phrase similar to that of the Irish respecting a man having been *up*, both having reference to an individual who had been engaged in insurrection. It was accounted ill-breeding in Scotland about forty years since to use the phrase *rebellion* or *rebel*, which might be interpreted by some of the parties present as a personal insult. It was also esteemed more polite even for stanch Whigs to denominate Charles Edward the Chevalier than to speak of him as the Pretender; and this kind of accommodating courtesy was usually observed in society where individuals of each party mixed on friendly terms.

## NOTE 30. — ST. JOHNSTONE'S TIPPET, p. 247

Literally, a halter. Perth was formerly known as St. John's Town, from the name of the tutelary saint. In an old poem by H. Adamson (1638) there occurs the proverbial saying —

And in contempt, when any rogue they see,  
They say, Saint Johnstone's ribbon's meet for thee.

This proverb, says the editor of Adamson in 1774, is well understood in Perth and through the shire. It is applied to people who deserve to be hanged. — (*Laing*).

## NOTE 31. — ENGLISH JACOBITES, p. 254

The Jacobite sentiments were general among the western counties and in Wales. But although the great families of the Wynnes, the Wyndhams, and others had come under an actual obligation to join Prince Charles if he should land, they had done so under the express stipulation that he should be assisted by an auxiliary army of French, without which they foresaw the enterprise would be desperate. Wishing well to his cause, therefore, and watching an opportunity to join him, they did not, nevertheless, think themselves bound in honour to do so, as he was only supported by a body of wild mountaineers, speaking an uncouth dialect, and wearing a singular dress. The race up to Derby struck them with more dread than admiration. But it is difficult to say what the effect might have been had either the battle of Preston or Falkirk been fought and won during the advance into England.

## NOTE 32. — DIVISIONS AMONGST THE JACOBITES, p. 258

Divisions early showed themselves in the Chevalier's little army, not only amongst the independent chieftains, who were far too proud to brook subjection to each other, but betwixt the Scotch and Charles's governor O'Sullivan, an Irishman by birth, who, with some of his countrymen bred in the Irish Brigade in the service of the King of France, had an influence with the adventurer much resented by the Highlanders, who were sensible that their own clans made the chief or rather the only strength of his enterprise. There was a feud, also, between Lord George Murray and John Murray of Broughton, the Prince's secretary, whose disunion greatly embarrassed the affairs of the adventurer. In general, a thousand different pretensions divided their little army, and finally contributed in no small degree to its overthrow.

## NOTE 33. — FIELD-PIECE IN HIGHLAND ARMY, p. 283

This circumstance, which is historical, as well as the description that precedes it, will remind the reader of the war of La Vendée, in which the

royalists, consisting chiefly of insurgent peasantry, attached a prodigious and even superstitious interest to the possession of a piece of brass ordnance, which they called *Marie Jeane*.

The Highlanders of an early period were afraid of cannon, with the noise and effect of which they were totally unacquainted. It was by means of three or four small pieces of artillery that the Earls of Huntly and Errol, in James VI.'s time, gained a great victory at Glenlivet, over a numerous Highland army, commanded by the Earl of Argyll. At the battle of the Bridge of Dee, General Middleton obtained by his artillery a similar success, the Highlanders not being able to stand the discharge of *muakci's mother*, which was the name they bestowed on great guns. In an old ballad on the battle of the Bridge of Dee these verses occur:—

The Highlandmen are pretty men  
For handling sword and shield,  
But yet they are but simple men  
To stand a stricken field.

The Highlandmen are pretty men  
For target and claymore,  
But yet they are but naked men  
To face the cannon's roar.

For the cannons roar on a summer night  
Like thunder in the air;  
Was never man in Highland garb  
Would face the cannon fair.

But the Highlanders of 1745 had got far beyond the simplicity of their forefathers, and showed throughout the whole war how little they dreaded artillery, although the common people still attached some consequence to the possession of the field-piece which led to this disquisition.

NOTE 34.—ANDERSON OF WHITBURGH, p. 205

The faithful friend who pointed out the pass by which the Highlanders moved from Tranent to Seaton was Robert Anderson junior of Whitburgh, a gentleman of property in East Lothian. He had been interrogated by the Lord George Murray concerning the possibility of crossing the uncouth and marshy piece of ground which divided the armies, and which he described as impracticable. When dismissed, he recollected that there was a circuitous path leading eastward through the marsh into the plain, by which the Highlanders might turn the flank of Sir John Cope's position without being exposed to the enemy's fire. Having mentioned his opinion to Mr. Hepburn of Keith, who instantly saw its importance, he was encouraged by that gentleman to awake Lord George Murray and communicate the idea to him. Lord George received the information with grateful thanks, and instantly awakened Prince Charles, who was sleeping in the field with a bunch of pease under his head. The adventurer received with alacrity the news that there was a possibility of bringing an excellently provided army to a decisive battle with his own irregular forces. His joy on the occasion was not very consistent with the charge of cowardice brought against him by Chevalier Johnstone, a discontented follower, whose *Memoirs* possess at least as much of a romantic as a historical character. Even by the account of the Chevalier himself, the Prince was at the head of the second line of the Highland army during the battle, of which he says, 'It was gained with such rapidity that in the second line, where I was still by the side of the Prince, we saw no other enemy than those who were lying on the ground killed and wounded, though we were not more than fifty paces behind our first line, running always as fast as we could to overtake them.'

This passage in the Chevalier's *Memoirs* places the Prince within fifty paces of the heat of the battle, a position which would never have been the choice of one unwilling to take a share of its dangers. Indeed, unless the chiefs had complied with the young adventurer's proposal to lead the van in person, it does not appear that he could have been deeper in the action.

NOTE 35. — DEATH OF COLONEL GARDINER, p. 299

The death of this good Christian and gallant man is thus given by his affectionate biographer, Dr. Doddridge, from the evidence of eye-witnesses: —

‘He continued all night under arms, wrapped up in his cloke, and generally sheltered under a rick of barley which happened to be in the field. About three in the morning he called his domestic servants to him, of which there were four in waiting. He dismissed three of them with most affectionate Christian advice, and such solemn charges relating to the performance of their duty, and the care of their souls, as seemed plainly to intimate that he apprehended it at least very probable he was taking his last farewell of them. There is great reason to believe that he spent the little remainder of the time, which could not be much above an hour, in those devout exercises of soul which had so long been habitual to him, and to which so many circumstances did then concur to call him. The army was alarmed by break of day by the noise of the rebels’ approach, and the attack was made before sunrise, yet when it was light enough to discern what passed. As soon as the enemy came within gun-shot they made a furious fire; and it is said that the dragoons which constituted the left wing immediately fled. The Colonel at the beginning of the onset, which in the whole lasted but a few minutes, received a wound by a bullet in his left breast, which made him give a sudden spring in his saddle; upon which his servant, who had led the horse, would have persuaded him to retreat, but he said it was only a wound in the flesh, and fought on, though he presently after received a shot in his right thigh. In the meantime, it was discerned that some of the enemies fell by him, and particularly one man who had made him a treacherous visit but a few days before, with great professions of zeal for the present establishment.

‘Events of this kind pass in less time than the description of them can be written, or than it can be read. The Colonel was for a few moments supported by his men, and particularly by that worthy person Lieutenant-Colonel Whitney, who was shot through the arm here, and a few months after fell nobly in the battle of Falkirk, and by Lieutenant West, a man of distinguished bravery, as also by about fifteen dragoons, who stood by him to the last. But after a faint fire, the regiment in general was seized with a panic; and though their Colonel and some other gallant officers did what they could to rally them once or twice, they at last took a precipitate flight. And just in the moment when Colonel Gardiner seemed to be making a pause to deliberate what duty required him to do in such a circumstance, an accident happened, which must, I think, in the judgment of every worthy and generous man, be allowed a sufficient apology for exposing his life to so great hazard, when his regiment had left him. He saw a party of the foot, who were then bravely fighting near him, and whom he was ordered to support, had no officer to head them; upon which he said cagerly, in the hearing of the person from whom I had this account, “Those brave fellows would be cut to pieces for want of a commander,” or words to that effect; which while he was speaking he rode up to them and cried out aloud, “Fire on, my lads, and fear nothing.” But just as the words were out of his mouth, a Highlander advanced towards him with a scythe fastened to a long pole; with which he gave him such a deep wound on his right arm, that his sword dropped out of his hand; and at the

same time several others coming about him while he was thus dreadfully entangled with that cruel weapon, he was dragged off from his horse. The moment he fell, another Highlander, who, if the king's evidence at Carlisle may be credited (as I know not why they should not, though the unhappy creature died denying it), was one Mac-Nought, who was executed about a year after, gave him a stroke either with a broadsword or a Lochaber-axe (for my informant could not exactly distinguish) on the hinder part of his head, which was the mortal blow. All that his faithful attendant saw further at this time was that, as his hat was fallen off, he took it in his left hand and waved it as a signal to him to retreat, and added, what were the last words he ever heard him speak, "Take care of yourself"; upon which the servant retired.' — *Some remarkable Passages in the Life of Colonel James Gardiner. By P. Doddridge, D.D.* London, 1747, p. 187.

I may remark on this extract, that it confirms the account given in the text of the resistance offered by some of the English infantry. Surprised by a force of a peculiar and unusual description, their opposition could not be long or formidable, especially as they were deserted by the cavalry and those who undertook to manage the artillery. But, although the affair was soon decided, I have always understood that many of the infantry showed an inclination to do their duty.

NOTE 36. — LAIRD OF BALMAWHAPPLE, p. 209

It is scarcely necessary to say that the character of this brutal young Laird is entirely imaginary. A gentleman, however, who resembled Balma-whapple in the article of courage only, fell at Preston in the manner described. A Perthshire gentleman of high honour and respectability, one of the handful of cavalry who followed the fortunes of Charles Edward, pursued the fugitive dragoons almost alone till near Saint Clement's Wells, where the efforts of some of the officers had prevailed on a few of them to make a momentary stand. Perceiving at this moment that they were pursued by only one man and a couple of servants, they turned upon him and cut him down with their swords. I remember, when a child, sitting on his grave, where the grass long grew rank and green, distinguishing it from the rest of the field. A female of the family then residing at Saint Clement's Wells used to tell me the tragedy, of which she had been an eyewitness, and showed me in evidence one of the silver clasps of the unfortunate gentleman's waistcoat.

NOTE 37. — SIMPLICITY OF THE HIGHLAND INSURGENTS, p. 300

Several instances of Highland simplicity were told as having happened during the insurrection, of which one or two are alluded to in the present chapter. One Highlander, having possessed himself of an officer's watch, sold it to another person for a shilling. Being told it was worth a great deal more, he answered, 'That may have been the case when she (the watch, which he took for a living animal) was living, but she was dead when her nainsell sold her.' The watch, it seems, was silenced for want of winding-up, which Donald supposed was owing to its death.

While they were in Edinburgh the Highlanders sometimes alarmed the inhabitants by presenting a gun or pistol, but as their demand, thus formidably enforced, seldom exceeded a penny, it could not be much complained of in the circumstances.

They found cakes of chocolate in the plunder of the camp of the regulars, which they called 'Johnnie Cope's plaster.'

## NOTE 38. — ANDREA DE FERRARA, p. 311

The name of Andrea de Ferrara is inscribed on all the Scottish broad-swords which are accounted of peculiar excellence. Who this artist was, what were his fortunes, and when he flourished, have hitherto defied the research of antiquaries: only it is in general believed that Andrea de Ferrara was a Spanish or Italian artificer, brought over by James the IV. or V. to instruct the Scots in the manufacture of sword blades. Most barbarous nations excel in the fabrication of arms; and the Scots had attained great proficiency in forging swords so early as the field of Pinkie; at which period the historian Patten describes them as 'all notably broad and thin, universally made to slice, and of such exceeding good temper that, as I never saw any so good, so I think it hard to devise better.'—*Account of Somerset's Expedition.*

It may be observed that the best and most genuine Andrea Ferraras have a crown marked on the blade.

## NOTE 39. — HEROISM OF A LADY, p. 316

The incident here said to have happened to Flora Mac-Ivor actually befell Miss Nairne, a lady with whom the author had the pleasure of being acquainted. As the Highland army rushed into Edinburgh, Miss Nairne, like other ladies who approved of their cause, stood waving her handkerchief from a balcony, when a ball from a Highlander's musket, which was discharged by accident, grazed her forehead. 'Thank God,' said she, 'the instant she recovered,' that the accident happened to me, whose principles are known. Had it befallen a Whig, they would have said it was done on purpose.'

## NOTE 40. — PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD, p. 359

The Author of *Waverley* has been charged with painting the young adventurer in colours more amiable than his character deserved. But having known many individuals who were near his person, he has been described according to the light in which those eye-witnesses saw his temper and qualifications. Something must be allowed, no doubt, to the natural exaggerations of those who remembered him as the bold and adventurous Prince in whose cause they had braved death and ruin; but is their evidence to give place entirely to that of a single malcontent?

I have already noticed the imputations thrown by the Chevalier Johnstone on the Prince's courage. But some part at least of that gentleman's tale is purely romantic. It would not, for instance, be supposed that at the time he is favouring us with the highly wrought account of his amour with the adorable Peggie, the Chevalier Johnstone was a married man, whose grandchild is now alive, or that the whole circumstantial story concerning the outrageous vengeance taken by Gordon of Abbachle on a Presbyterian clergyman is entirely apocryphal. At the same time it may be admitted that the Prince, like others of his family, did not esteem the services done him by his adherents so highly as he ought. Educated in high ideas of his hereditary right, he has been supposed to have held every exertion and sacrifice made in his cause as too much the duty of the person making it to merit extravagant gratitude on his part. Dr. King's evidence (which his leaving the Jacobite interest renders somewhat doubtful) goes to strengthen this opinion.

The ingenious editor of Johnstone's *Memoirs* has quoted a story said to be told by Helvétius, stating that Prince Charles Edward, far from voluntarily

embarking on his daring expedition, was literally bound hand and foot, and to which he seems disposed to yield credit. Now, it being a fact as well known as any in his history, and, so far as I know, entirely undisputed, that the Prince's personal entreaties and urgency positively forced Boscaldale and Lochiel into insurrection, when they were earnestly desirous that he would put off his attempt until he could obtain a sufficient force from France, it will be very difficult to reconcile his alleged reluctance to undertake the expedition with his desperately insisting upon carrying the rising into effect against the advice and entreaty of his most powerful and most sage partizans. Surely a man who had been carried bound on board the vessel which brought him to so desperate an enterprise would have taken the opportunity afforded by the reluctance of his partizans to return to France in safety.

It is averred in Johnstone's *Memoirs* that Charles Edward left the field of Culloden without doing the utmost to dispute the victory; and, to give the evidence on both sides, there is in existence the more trustworthy testimony of Lord Elcho, who states that he himself earnestly exhorted the Prince to charge at the head of the left wing, which was entire, and retrieve the day or die with honour. And on his counsel being declined, Lord Elcho took leave of him with a bitter execration, swearing he would never look on his face again, and kept his word.

On the other hand, it seems to have been the opinion of almost all the other officers that the day was irretrievably lost, one wing of the Highlanders being entirely routed, the rest of the army outnumbered, outflanked, and in a condition totally hopeless. In this situation of things the Irish officers who surrounded Charles's person interfered to force him off the field. A cornet who was close to the Prince left a strong attestation that he had seen Sir Thomas Sheridan seize the bridle of his horse and turn him round. There is some discrepancy of evidence; but the opinion of Lord Elcho, a man of fiery temper and desperate at the ruin which he beheld impending, cannot fairly be taken in prejudice of a character for courage which is intimated by the nature of the enterprise itself, by the Prince's eagerness to fight on all occasions, by his determination to advance from Derby to London, and by the presence of mind which he manifested during the romantic perils of his escape. The author is far from claiming for this unfortunate person the praise due to splendid talents; but he continues to be of opinion that at the period of his enterprise he had a mind capable of facing danger and aspiring to fame.

That Charles Edward had the advantages of a graceful presence, courtesy, and an address and manner becoming his station, the author never heard disputed by any who approached his person, nor does he conceive that these qualities are overcharged in the present attempt to sketch his portrait.

The following extracts corroborative of the general opinion respecting the Prince's amiable disposition are taken from a manuscript account of his romantic expedition, by James Maxwell of Kirkconnell, of which I possess a copy, by the friendship of J. Menzies, Esq., of Pittfoddis. The author, though partial to the Prince, whom he faithfully followed, seems to have been a fair and candid man, and well acquainted with the intrigues among the adventurer's council:—

'Everybody was mightily taken with the Prince's figure and personal behaviour. There was but one voice about them. Those whom interest or prejudice made a runaway to his cause could not help acknowledging that they wished him well in all other respects, and could hardly blame him for his present undertaking. Sundry things had concurred to raise his character to the highest pitch, besides the greatness of the enterprise and the conduct that had hitherto appeared in the execution of it.

'There were several instances of good nature and humanity that had made a great impression on people's minds. I shall confine myself to two or three.

'Immediately after the battle, as the Prince was riding along the ground that Cope's army had occupied a few minutes before, one of the officers came up to congratulate him, and said, pointing to the killed, "Sir, there are your enemies at your feet." The Prince, far from exulting, expressed a great deal of compassion for his father's deluded subjects, whom he declared he was heartily sorry to see in that posture.

'Next day, while the Prince was at Pinkie House, a citizen of Edinburgh came to make some representation to Secretary Murray about the tents that city was ordered to furnish against a certain day. Murray happened to be out of the way, which the Prince hearing of called to have the gentleman brought to him, saying, he would rather despatch the business, whatever it was, himself than have the gentleman wait, which he did, by granting everything that was asked. So much affability in a young prince flushed with victory drew encomiums even from his enemies.

'But what gave the people the highest idea of him was the negative he gave to a thing that very nearly concerned his interest, and upon which the success of his enterprise perhaps depended. It was proposed to send one of the prisoners to London to demand of that court a cartel for the exchange of prisoners taken, and to be taken, during this war, and to intimate that a refusal would be looked upon as a resolution on their part to give no quarter. It was visible a cartel would be of great advantage to the Prince's affairs; his friends would be more ready to declare for him if they had nothing to fear but the chance of war in the field; and if the court of London refused to settle a cartel, the Prince was authorised to treat his prisoners in the same manner the Elector of Hanover was determined to treat such of the Prince's friends as might fall into his hands: It was urged that a few examples would compel the court of London to comply. It was to be presumed that the officers of the English army would make a point of it. They had never engaged in the service but upon such terms as are in use among all civilised nations, and it could be no stain upon their honour to lay down their commissions if these terms were not observed, and that owing to the obstinacy of their own Prince. Though this scheme was plausible, and represented as very important, the Prince could never be brought into it; it was below him, he said, to make empty threats, and he would never put such as those into execution; he would never in cold blood take away lives which he had saved in heat of action at the peril of his own. These were not the only proofs of good nature the Prince gave about this time. Every day produced something new of this kind. These things softened the rigour of a military government which was only imputed to the necessity of his affairs, and which he endeavoured to make as gentle and easy as possible.'

It has been said that the Prince sometimes exacted more state and ceremonial than seemed to suit his condition; but, on the other hand, some strictness of etiquette was altogether indispensable where he must otherwise have been exposed to general intrusion. He could also endure, with a good grace, the retorts which his affectation of ceremony sometimes exposed him to. It is said, for example, that Grant of Glenmoriston having made a hasty march to join Charles, at the head of his clan, rushed into the Prince's presence at Holyrood with unceremonious haste, without having attended to the duties of the toilet. The Prince received him kindly, but not without a hint that a previous interview with the barber might not have been wholly unnecessary. 'It is not beardless boys,' answered the displeased Chief, 'who are to do your Royal Highness's turn.' The Chevalier took the rebuke in good part.

On the whole, if Prince Charles had concluded his life soon after his miraculous escape, his character in history must have stood very high. As it was, his station is amongst those a certain brilliant portion of, whose life forms a remarkable contrast to all which precedes and all which follows it.



## NOTE 41. — SKIRMISH AT CLIFTON, p. 366

The following account of the skirmish at Clifton is extracted from the manuscript *Memoirs* of Evan Macpherson of Cluny, Chief of the clan Macpherson, who had the merit of supporting the principal brunt of that spirited affair. The *Memoirs* appear to have been composed about 1755, only ten years after the action had taken place. They were written in France, where that gallant chief resided in exile, which accounts for some Gallicisms which occur in the narrative.

'In the Prince's return from Derby back towards Scotland, my Lord George Murray, Lieutenant-General, cheerfully charg'd himself with the command of the rear, a post which, altho' honourable, was attended with great danger, many difficulties, and no small fatigue; for the Prince, being apprehensive that his retreat to Scotland might be cut off by Marischall Wade, who lay to the northward of him with an armie much superrior to what H.R.H. had, while the Duke of Comberland with his whole cavalerie followed hard in the rear, was obliged to hasten his marches. It was not, therefore, possible for the artillrie to march so fast as the Prince's army, in the depth of winter, extremely bad weather, and the worst roads in England; so Lord George Murray was obliged often to continue his marches long after it was dark almost every night, while at the same time he had frequent allarms and disturbances from the Duke of Comberland's advanc'd parties.

'Towards the evening of the twentie-eight December 1745 the Prince entered the town of Penrith, in the Province of Comberland. But as Lord George Murray could not bring up the artillrie so fast as he wou'd have wish'd, he was oblig'd to pass the night six miles short of that town, together with the regiment of MacDonel of Glengarrie, which that day happened to have the arrear guard. The Prince, in order to refresh his armie, and to give My Lord George and the artillrie time to come up, resolved to sejour the 29th at Penrith; so ordered his little army to appear in the morning under arms, in order to be reviewed, and to know in what manner the numbers stood from his having entered England. It did not at that time amount to 5000 foot in all, with about 400 cavalerie, compos'd of the noblesse who serv'd as voluntcers, part of whom form'd a first troop of guards for the Prince, under the command of My Lord Elchoe, now Comte de Weems, who, being proscribed, is presently in France. Another part formed a second troupe of guards under the command of My Lord Balmirino, who was beheaded at the Tower of London. A third part serv'd under My Lord le Comte de Kilmarnock, who was likewise beheaded at the Tower. A fourth part serv'd under My Lord Pitsligow, who is also proscribed; which cavalerie, tho' very few in numbers, being all noblesse, were very brave, and of infinite advantage to the foot, not only in the day of battle, but in serving as advanced guards on the several marches, and in patrolling dureing the night on the different roads which led towards the towns where the army happened to quarter.

'While this small army was out in a body on the 29th December, upon a rising ground to the northward of Penrith, passing review, Mons. de Cluny, with his tribe, was ordered to the Bridge of Clifton, about a mile to southward of Penrith, after having pass'd in review before Mons. Pattullo, who was charged with the inspection of the troops, and was likewise Quarter-Master-General of the army, and is now in France. They remained under arms at the bridge, waiting the arrival of My Lord George Murray with the artillrie, whom Mons. de Cluny had orders to cover in passing the bridge. They arrived about sunset closely pursued by the Duke of Comberland with the whole body of his cavalerie, reckoned upwards of 3000 strong, about a thousand of whom, as near as might be computed, dismounted, in order to cut off the passage of the artillrie towards the bridge, while the Duke and the others remained on horseback in order to attack the rear.

'My Lord George Murray advanced, and although he found Mons. de

Cluny and his tribe in good splirts under arms, yet the circumstance appear'd extremely delicate. The numbers were vastly unequal, and the attack seem'd very dangerous; so My Lord George declin'd giving orders to such time as he ask'd Mons. de Cluny's oppinion. "I will attack them with all my heart," says Mons. de Cluny, "if you order me." "I do order it then," answered My Lord George, and immediately went on himself along with Mons. de Cluny, and fought sword in hand on foot at the head of the single tribe of Macphersons. They in a moment made their way through a strong hedge of thorns, under the cover whereof the cavalrie had taken their station, in the struggle of passing which hedge My Lord George Murray, being dressed *en montagnard*, as all the army were, lost his bonet and wig; so continued to fight bear-headed during the action. They at first made a brisk discharge of their firearms on the enemy, then attacked them with their sabres, and made a great slaughter a considerable time, which obliged Comberland and his cavalrie to fly with precipitation and in great confusion; in so much that, if the Prince had been provided in a sufficient number of cavalrie to have taken advantage of the disorder, it is beyond question that the Duke of Comberland and the bulk of his cavalrie had been taken prisoners.

'By this time it was so dark that it was not possible to view or number the slain who filled all the ditches which happened to be on the ground where they stood. But it was computed that, besides those who went off wounded, upwards of a hundred at least were left on the spot, among whom was Colonel Honeywood, who commanded the dismounted cavalrie, whose sabre of considerable value Mons. de Cluny brought off and still preserves; and his tribe lykeways brought off many arms; — the Colonel was afterwards taken up, and, his wounds being dress'd, with great difficultie recovered. Mons. de Cluny lost only in the action twelve men, of whom some haveing been only wounded, fell afterwards into the hands of the enemy, and were sent as slaves to America, whence several of them returned, and one of them is now in France, a sergeant in the Regiment of Royal Scots. How soon the accounts of the enemies approach had reached the Prince, H.R.H. had immediately ordered Mi-Lord le Comte de Nairne, Brigadier, who, being proscribed, is now in France, with the three batalions of the Duke of Athol, the batalion of the Duke of Perth, and some other troupes under his command, in order to support Cluny, and to bring off the artilirie. But the action was intirely over before the Comte de Nairne, with his command, cou'd reach nigh to the place. They therefore return'd all to Penrith, and the artilirie marched up in good order.

'Nor did the Duke of Comberland ever afterwards dare to come within a day's march of the Prince and his army dureing the course of all that retreat, which was conducted with great prudence and safety when in some manner surrounded by enemies.'

#### NOTE 42. — OATH UPON THE DIRK, p. 380

As the heathen deities contracted an indellble obligation if they swore by Styx, the Scottish Highlanders had usually some peculiar solemnity attached to an oath which they intended should be binding on them. Very frequently it consisted in laying their hand, as they swore, on their own drawn dirk; which dagger, becoming a party to the transaction, was invoked to punish any breach of falth. But by whatever ritual the oath was sanctioned, the party was extremely desirous to keep secret what the especial oath was which he considered as irrevocable. This was a matter of great convenience, as he felt no scruple in breaking his asseveration when made in any other form than that which he accounted as peculiarly solemn; and therefore readily granted any engagement which bound him no longer than he inclined. Whereas, if the oath which he accounted in-

violable was once publicly known, no party with whom he might have occasion to contract would have rested satisfied with any other.

Louis XI. of France practised the same sophistry, for he also had a peculiar species of oath, the only one which he was ever known to respect, and which, therefore, he was very unwilling to pledge. The only engagement which that wily tyrant accounted binding upon him was an oath by the Holy Cross of Saint Lo d'Angers, which contained a portion of the True Cross. If he prevaricated after taking this oath Louis believed he should die within the year. The Constable Saint Paul, being invited to a personal conference with Louis, refused to meet the king unless he would agree to ensure him safe conduct under sanction of this oath. But, says Comines, the king replied, he would never again pledge that engagement to mortal man, though he was willing to take any other oath which could be devised. The treaty broke off, therefore, after much chaffering concerning the nature of the vow which Louis was to take. Such is the difference between the dictates of superstition and those of conscience.

# GLOSSARY

OF

## WORDS, PHRASES, AND ALLUSIONS

**ABYRK, ABOON**, above  
**ABYE**, to pay for, atone for  
**A CALIGULUS**, etc. (p. 302),  
from the military boots  
which he wore as a young  
man when serving in the  
army of his father Germanicus

**AACOLADE**, an embrace,  
salute

**ADAM O' GORDON**, a 'free-  
booter of Aberdeenshire.  
*See Percy's Reliques*

**AH, BEAUJEU**, etc. (p. 353),  
Ah, Beaujeu, my dear  
friend, what a wearisome  
business this is sometimes  
of being a prince-adventurer.  
Yet courage! there  
are great things at stake  
after all

**AH, MON DIEU!** etc. (p. 357),  
'Good God! it's the commis-  
sary who brought us  
the first news of this un-  
fortunate quarrel. I am  
very sorry, sir

**ARTS**, oats

**ALCINA**, the Circe of the  
*Orlando Furioso*

**ALERTE A LA MURAILLE**,  
Guard, away to the walls

**ALMA**. *See Spenser's Faerie  
Queene*, Book II. Canto ix.

**ANDREA FERREIRA**, a heavy  
broadsword, named after  
the first maker. (*See* p.  
483)

**ANGUS-SHIRE**, now called For-  
farshire

**ANILLA**, old wives' tales

**ARIETTE**, a merry song

**ARMIDA**, a beautiful but  
voluptuous sorceress in  
Tasso, *Jerusalem Deliv-  
ered*

**ARRAY**, to trouble, distress,  
annoy

**ASSYTHMENT**, compensation  
for an offence

**AYEZ LA BONTÉ**, etc. (p. 356),  
Pray, be so good as to  
marshal those Highland-  
ers into line, as well as the  
cavalry, and bid them re-  
sume their march. You  
speak English so well that  
it will not be a difficult  
task for you

**BAPT**, a shot

**BAGGANETS**, bayonets

**BAN, BAN**, to use strong  
language

**BANG UP**, to start up sud-  
denly

**BARLEY**, a word used in  
Scotch children's games  
when a pause or cessa-  
tion is wished

**BARON-BAILIE**, the steward  
or bailiff of a barony

**BAULDER**, SNECK bolder cut,  
freer sweep, of the scis-  
sors

**BAXTER**, a baker

**BEAU CLINCHEE**, 'a pert  
London apprentice, turned  
beau and affecting travel,'  
at a time when pilgrim-  
age to Rome to celebrate  
the papal jubilee was in  
fashion

**BEEZ IN THE**, confused,  
stupefied

**BEFLUMMED**, befooled by  
cajolery

**BEGUN**, TO GIVE ONE A, to  
get the better of, play a  
trick upon

**BELCH, SIR TONY**. *See*

Shakespeare's *Twelfth  
Night*

**BELIDES**, or the Danaides,  
the fifty daughters of  
Danaus, a grandson of  
Poseidon, who slew their  
fifty cousins, to whom  
they had been married;  
for which crime they  
were condemned in Hades  
to pour water perpetu-  
ally into a vessel full of  
holes

**BEN**, inside; **BROUGHT FAR  
BEN**, very intimate

**BENEMPT**, named

**BENT**, an open field or plain

**BHAIRDS**, bards, poets

**BICKER**, a bowl, dish

**BIELDY**, sheltered

**BIRLEMAN**, a petty officer  
appointed to assess dam-  
ages (caused by straying  
cattle) in rural districts

**BISOGNA COPENSI, SIGNON**,  
Look to yourself, sir

**BLACK-FISHING**, fishing for  
salmon at night by torch-  
light

**BLOOD-WIT**, the penalty  
(fine) paid for slaying a  
man

**BONNLE**, or **NODLE**, a copper  
coin of Scotland, worth  
 $\frac{1}{16}$ th of a penny English

**BOGLE ABOUT THE BUSH**, a  
game played round bushes,  
stacks, etc.

**BOLE**, bowl

**BOOT-KETCH**, boot-jack

**BOWKE**, or **BOUNE**, to prepare,  
make ready

**BRIEVES OF FURIOSITY**, war-  
rants or authentications of  
madness

**BRISSEL-COCK**, a turkey-cock

**BRITISH CONVENTION**, a union of delegates from the political clubs called Societies of the Friends of the People, which met at Edinburgh in December 1792, to agitate, in the spirit of the National Convention of France, for parliamentary reform

**BROCARD**, a canon, short proverbial law

**BROKEN MEN**, outlaws, notorious vagabonds, and men excluded from their clans on account of their crimes—all lawless characters

**BROO'**, broth

**BRUEKLE**, disordered, unsettled

**BRUIK**, to enjoy, possess

**BRULZIE**, a broil, brawl, fray

**BULLEN**, WINNING OF. The name of a tune

**BURD**, a lady

**BURGONET**, a helmet with visor

**BUTTOCK-MAIL**, a fine formerly imposed by the Church in cases of fornication

**CALIPH VATHEK**. Cf. Beekford's Arabian story *Vathek* (1784)

**CALLANT**, a lad, stripling

**CANNY**, cautious; lucky, fortunate

**CANTER**, a professional beggar, who cants and whines

**CANTRIE**, a trick

**CARANZA**. Jeromino de Caranza, a Spanish soldier and sometime governor of Spanish Honduras, wrote *The Philosophy of Arms* (San Lucar, 1569), a treatise on fencing and duelling

**CARLE**, a fellow, churl

**CASSANDRA**, a long romance by La Calprenède, published in 1642

**CASTRUCCIO CASTRACANI**, a Ghibelline soldier-statesman who in the first half of the 14th century made Lucca one of the principal states in Italy

**CATERAN**, a Highland marauder

**CEAN-KINNÉ**, chieftain

**CESS-MONEY**, the land-tax

**C'EST DES DEUX OREILLES**. *Vin des deux oreilles* is poor or had wine, because (it is said) it makes the person tasting of it

shake his head, and so both ears. The context, however, requires *Vin d'une oreille*, that is, good wine, so called because it leads the taster to incline his head meditatively to one side (ear) only

**CHAP**, a bargain; a customer

**CHARGE OF HORNING**, a summons of the royal executive to a person to pay his just debt, under penalty of being put to the horn, or proclaimed a rebel to the sound of the horn

**CLACHAN**, a hamlet

**CLAMHEWIT**, a stroke

**CLELIAS AND MANDANES**, heroines in the ultra-romantic novels of Mlle. de Scudéry

**COB**, to beat, pull by the ears or hair

**COBLE**, RIGHT OF NET AND, the right to fish; *coble*, the fisherman's boat

**COGS**, wooden vessels, pails

**COLBRAND THE DANE**, a giant slain by the hero of the mediæval romance *Guy of Warwick*

**COLONEL CAUSTIC**. See Henry Mackenzie's paper in *The Mirror*, No. 61

**CONCUSSED**, overawed or forced by threats

**COUP**, reward, return, stroke

**COUPE-JARRET**, a person who hamstring another

**COW YER CRACKS**, cut short your talk, stop your boastings

**CRAIG**, the neck

**CRAMES**, the hoots, or stalls; the name given to the passage between the old Lucken-hoots of the High Street of Edinburgh and St. Giles' Cathedral

**CREAGH**, an incursion for plunder, termed on the Borders a raid

**CROUSE**, bold, brisk, lively

**CUITTLE**, to tickle

**CYRUS**, a long and sentimental romance by Mlle. de Scudéry, published in 1650

**DAFT**, cracked, crazy, wild

**DANS SON TORT**, in the wrong

**DEAVING**, deafening

**DEEMDED**, detained

**DEEVIL'S BUCKIE**, dare-devil, scapegrace, an unmanageable person

**DELIVER**, nimble, agile

**DÉMÊLÉ**, a quarrel, disagreement

**DE RE VESTIARIA**, on matters of clothing

**DERN**, or **DARN**, hidden or secret

**DIAOUL**, devil

**DING**, to beat, surpass, excel

**DINOLE**, to vibrate, shake

**DINMONT**, a wether (sheep)

from the first to the second year

**DISASTER IN FLANDERS**, the defeat of the English, Dutch, and Austrians at Fontenoy by the French, commanded by Marshal Saxe, on 11th May 1745

**DIVA PECUNIA**, the Goddess of Wealth

**DOER**, a steward, factor on an estate

**DOG-HEAD**, the hammer of a gun lock

**DOIL'D**, stupid

**DORLACH**, portmanteau

**DOVLAS**, AUTHOR OF. John Home, at first a Scottish clergyman, afterwards private secretary to the Earl of Bute. See note 28, p. 478

**DOVERING**, dosing, half asleep

**DOW**, a dove

**DOWFF**, dull and heavy

**DUE DONZELETTE GARRULE**, two prattling damsels

**DURK**, or **DIRK**, a short dagger

**EFFEIR**, in fit, becoming state, fashion

**EH, MONSIEUR DE BRADWARDINE**, AYEZ LA BONTÉ, etc. (p. 357), Come, M. de Bradwardine, be so good as to put yourself at the head of your regiment, for, by God, I can do no more

**ELD**, old men, antiquity

**ELISOS OCULOS**, etc. (p. 90), 'his starting eyes, his throat blood-drained,' said of the giant Cacus, the stealer of cattle, when in the grip of Hercules (*Æn.* viii. 261)

**EMETRIUS**. Cf. Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*

**EN MOUSQUETAIRE**. The *mousquetaire* companies formed the very pick or pink of the dashing army of France, and looked upon themselves as irresistible

**EPULÆ AD SENATUM**, etc. (p. 55), the banquets of the senators are called *epulæ*, the dinner of the populace *prandium*

**EPULÆ LAUTIORES**, state banquets

**REGASTULO**, the prison or house of detention on a feudal estate

**ET SINGULA PRÆDANTUR ANNI**, the years rob us of one thing after another

**ETTER-CAP**, an ill-humoured person

**ÉVITE**, escape

**EXEMED**, exempted

**FEAL AND DIVOT**, the right to cut turf

**FENDY**, clever at devising expedients, full of resource

**FIELD**, field of battle

**FIN MACOUL**, the hero of Ossian

**FLACCUS**, the cognomen or nickname of Horace

**FLEE STICK I' THE WA'**, let bygones be bygones

**FLEMIT**, driven away, put to flight

**FLEX, FLAX**, i. e. the cloth

**FLEYT AT**, scolded

**FOLLOWING**, followers, retainers

**FORIS-FAMILIATED**, emancipated from parental authority

**FUNGARQUE INANI MUNERE**, I have discharged an unavailing office

**GABERLUNZIE**, a professional or licensed beggar (blue-gown), who carried a wallet

**GAMBADOES**, gaiters, leggings

**GARDEZ L'EAU**, a cry to warn passers-by when water was thrown from the windows, the customary method of getting rid of dirty water in Edinburgh houses in those days

**GARRING**, making, causing

**GATES**, OTHER, in a different fashion, direction

**GAUDET EQUIS ET CANIBUS**, fond of horses and dogs

**GAY**, or **GEX**, very

**GENERAL** (drums beating the), the morning signal to prepare for the march

**GIGLET**, a giddy, thoughtless girl

**GILLFLIRT**, a light-headed or sportive girl

**GILLIE-WET-FOOT**, a bare-footed Highland lad.

**Gillie**, in general, means a servant or attendant

**GIMMER**, an ewe two years old

**GINGE-BREAD**, gingerbread

**GIRDLE**, an iron frame on which girdle cakes are baked

**GITE**, or **GIST**, a resting-place, lodging-place

**GLED**, a kite, falcon

**GLEGANEVER**, quick enough

**GLISK**, a glimpse, glance

**GRANTING**, groaning

**GRAT**, wept

**GREYBEARD**, a stone jar for holding ale or liquor

**GRICE**, or **GRIS**, a pig

**GRIPPLE**, rapacious, grasping

**GROATS IN KAIL** (who get such), who get more than repaid in kind

**GROUNSLIL**, threshold

**GULPINS**, silly, gullible fellows

**GUSTO**, good taste

**HACK**, a cattle-rack

**HADDO'S HOLE**, a chapel in St. Giles' Cathedral, so called because Sir John Gordon of Haddo was confined in it previous to his trial and execution (1644) for his pronounced hostility to the Scottish Estates

**HÆ TIBI ERUNT ARTES**, etc. (p. 474), These shall be your aims—to impose good behaviour during peace, to spare the conquered, and to wage war upon such as are proud

**HAG**, a felling of copsewood; a coppice

**HAGGIS**, a Scotch pudding, consisting of minced meat, with oat-meal, beef-suet, onions, etc., boiled in a skin bag

**HALLAN**, a wall screening the door inside a cottage, a partition wall

**HANTLE**, much, a large quantity

**HARDYKNUTE**, a ballad composed by Lady Wardlaw of Pitreavie in Fifeshire, and published in 1719, which made a very strong impression upon Scott when a boy. 'It was,' he said, 'the first poem I ever learnt, the last I shall ever forget'

**HARROW**, an old cry for help, an exclamation of distress

**HECK** and **MANGER**, AT, in

great abundance, prodigally

**HERSHIP**, plundering, devastation

**HET GAD**, a hot bar, rod

**HILDING**, a sorry, cowardly fellow

**HILL-FOLK**, the Cameronians (a religious sect)

**HIRST**, a shallow place in a river

**HOULETTE, LA, TE LE CHALU-MEAU**, the shepherd's crook and pipe (flute)

**HOUND'S-FOOT TRICKS**, rascally, villainous tricks

**HOWE O' THE MEARNS**, the plain of Kincardineshire

**HUMANA PERFESSI SUMUS**, we have endured the common lot of men

**HURDIES**, buttocks, hips

**HURLEY-HOUSE**, a large house in a bad condition, almost ruinous

**HYLAX IN LIMINE LATRAT** (Virg. *Ecl.* viii. 107), the dog Hylax at the threshold begins to bark

**INFIELD**, arable land on which manure is used

**INTROMIT**, to interfere with

**JOGUE, JOGI, or YOGI**, an Indian ascetic and mendicant

**JONATHAN WILD**, a thief-taker, who was himself hanged at Tyburn for housebreaking. See Fielding's novel *Jonathan Wild*

**JOYS OF THE SHELL**. A phrase borrowed from Ossian ('Feast of Shells'), where the heroes drink from shells

**KEMPLE**, a heap, quantity of straw

**KIFFAGE**, UNCO, a terrible passion

**KITTLE**, to tickle; adj. ticklish

**KNOBLER**, a hart in its second year

**KYLOES**, Highland cattle

**LAWING**, an inn reckoning

**LEASING**, a lie, calumniation, falsehood

**LEASING-MAKING**, the uttering of seditious words

**LES COUSTUMES DE NORMANDIE**, etc. (p. 83), According to the customs of Normandy, it is the man who fights and who gives counsel

**LESLEUS**. John Lesley, Bishop of Ross, the

- champion of Queen Mary, and author of a Latin history of the Scottish people
- LETTERS FROM THE HIGHLANDS** (1726). The book alluded to is Captain E. Burt's *Letters from a Gentleman in the North of Scotland to his Friend in London . . . begun in 1726* (1754)
- LETTERS OF SLAINS**, letters acknowledging that the penalty (fine) for manslaughter has been paid
- LIEBER PATER**, Father Dionysus or Bacchus
- LIE** (— pit and gallows; — boots). The word 'lie' is thus used in some old Scottish legal documents to call attention to a word or phrase that follows immediately after in the vernacular
- LIGHTLY**, or **LICHTLIE**, to undervalue, despise
- LIGONIER, COUNT**, an English cavalry officer, of Huguenot descent, served under Marlborough and was captured by the French at the battle of Lawfeldt (1747)
- LIMMER**, a worthless person, male or female
- LINDOR**, the literary type of the amorous Spaniard, with his guitar, serenades, and sighings at the window of his innamorata. Cf. *The Barber of Seville*
- LOOS**, a term of contempt or scorn, meaning 'fellow'
- LUCKENBOOTHs**, a block of houses and shops in the High Street of Edinburgh alongside of St. Giles' Cathedral, removed in 1817-18
- LUNZIE**, or **LUNYIE**, STRING, a sort of belt round the loins or waist
- MAINS**, the home-farm and farmstead, usually in the hands of the proprietor
- MAIST EWEST**, almost contiguous
- MAIST FEEK**, the greater part
- MALVAISE**, malmsey wine
- MARCHEZ DONE**, etc. (pp. 356, 357), March then, for God's sake, for I have forgotten the English word; but you are fine fellows, and understand me well enough
- MARO**, the cognomen or nickname of Virgil
- MARR AND WILLIAMSON**. A family named Marr were all assassinated at Ratcliffe Highway, London, on 8th December 1811. The Williamson family were murdered in the same locality on 19th December of the same year
- MART**, beef salted for winter use
- MASK** (tea), to infuse, make
- MEAL-ARK**, the meal chest
- MEMNONIA LEX**; probably **LEX MEMNIA**. Cf. Cicero, *Pro Sext. Roscio Amerino*, chap. 20
- MERRY DEVIL OF EDMONTON**, a popular comedy of the 17th century; author not known
- MERSEMAN**, a native of Merse or Berwickshire. Presumably Alick was a native of the village of Coudingham or Coldingham in that county
- MIDDEN AND MIDDEN-HOLE**, a dunghill
- MISGUGGLED**, or **MISGOGGLED**, blundered, spoilt
- MISTER WIGHT**, an oddity, queer fellow
- MON CŒUR VOLAGE**, etc. (p. 61), My fickle heart, she said, is not for you, young man; it's for a soldier with a beard on his chin, Lon, Lon, Laridon. Who wears a plume in his hat, red heels to his shoes, who plays on the flute, also the violin. Lon, etc.
- MONK**, a gruesome romance (1795) by Matthew ('Monk') Lewis
- MONOMACHIA**, a single combat
- MOOR IN THE FOREST OF BOHEMIA**. Cf. Schiller's *Robbers*, of which Carl Moor is the hero
- MORE**, a customary reply to a toast in some parts of Scotland; equivalent to 'Let's have it again'
- MORITUR, ET MORIENS**, etc. (p. 430), he is dying, and in his death thinks upon his beloved Argos
- MORNING**, an early dram
- MORT**, a flourish of the bugle intimating the death of the game
- MOUSTED**, or **MUSTED**, powdered
- MUNGO IN THE PADLOCK**. A negro character in Isaac Bickerstaffe's musical comedy *The Padlock*, first produced at Drury Lane on 3d October 1768
- MUTEMUS CLYPEOS**, etc. (p. 59), Let us exchange shields and adapt the Greeks' insignia for ourselves
- NASO**, the cognomen or nickname of Ovid
- NEEULONES NEQUISSIMI**, these utterly worthless scoundrels
- NOLT**, or **NOWT**, black cattle, oxen
- NORTH LOEH**, a lake or morass that occupied the hollow of Princes Street Gardens, Edinburgh. It was drained in 1820
- NUNCUPATIVE**, oral; an oral will hold good if made before the proper witnesses
- OBSDIONAL CROWN**, a chaplet of grass conferred by the ancient Romans upon a soldier who raised a siege, or successfully maintained one
- OLD PALACE YARD**, at Westminster, in which the pillory stood
- ORGOGGIO**. See Spenser's *Faërie Queene*, Book I. Canto viii.
- ORRA-TIME**, occasionally
- OUTFIELD**, land which, though not manured, is cropped year after year until exhausted
- OUTRECUIDANCE**, overweening pride or presumption
- OUTSIGHT AND INSIGHT FLEENISHING**, goods that belong to the outside and the inside of the house respectively.
- O VOUS, QUI BUVEZ**, etc. (p. 143), O ye who drink in full cups at this happy source, on whose margin there is nothing to see save some wretched flocks, followed by village nymphs, who barefoot drive them on before them.
- OVER AND TERMINER**, COMMISSION OF, a court of judges and assize, with assistant commissioners and a grand jury, appointed to inquire into, to hear (oyer) and determine (terminer), through a petty

- jury, all cases of treason, felony, and misdemeanour within the jurisdiction prescribed by the commission
- PA', paw; presumably for sword
- PARTRICK, a partridge
- PALINODE, in Scots law, a solemn recantation or withdrawal
- PANOED, crammed, filled
- PARMI LES AYEUGLES, etc. (p. 351), a one-eyed man is a king amongst the blind
- PARTRIDGE, THE SAPIENT, servant to Tom Jones in Fielding's novel of that name
- PAWNIES, peacocks
- PECULUM, private property
- PEEL-HOUSE, a fortified tower
- PENDICLES, a piece of ground let off a farm to another tenant
- PHRENESIAIC, disordered in mind
- PIAFFED, strutted
- PINGLED, to be caused anxiety, care, labour
- PINNERS, a head-dress for women, with lappets pinned to the breast
- PIS-ALLER, last resource, makeshift
- PIT. Female criminals were not hanged in Scotland in early days, but were drowned in a pit
- PLACK, a Scotch copper coin, worth  $\frac{1}{2}$ d of a penny English
- PLOUGH-SOCK, ploughshare
- PLAY, feast, sport, frolic, entertainment
- POCULUM POTATORIUM, a drinking-cup
- POTTINOAR, a cook
- POWTERING, pottering, groping, rummaging
- PROGUL A PATRIE FINIEBUS, at a great distance from his native country
- PRÖNER, to praise or extol in an extravagant manner
- PROSAPIA, a race, lineage
- PUER (OR RATHER JUVENIS), etc. (p. 74), a boy (or rather youth) of promise and of parts
- QUE DIABLE, etc. (p. 345), What on earth was he doing in that galley at all? See Molière, *Fourberies de Scapin*
- QU'EST CE QUE VOUS APPELLEZ VISAGE, MONSIEUR? What is the word for *visage*, sir?
- QUINTAIN, RUNNING AT THE, tilting on foot at a square board
- RECEPTO AMICO, after greeting or receiving a friend
- RECHEAT, in hunting, the signal of recall from the chase
- RECTUS IN CURIA, acquitted by the court
- REDDING, parting the combatants
- REFORMADOES, OR REFORMED OFFICERS, officers who were deprived of a command, though they retained their rank, and sometimes their pay
- REIF, robbery
- REISES, brushwood
- RELOCATION, renewal of a lease
- RESILING, drawing back, withdrawing
- RES VESTIARIA, clothing, dress
- RIGGS, ploughed fields
- RINTHEREOUTS, vagabonds, vagrants
- RIST SOLVUNTUR TABULÆ, the whole thing ended in a laugh
- RITE ET SOLENNITER ACTA ET PERACTA, performed with all due and fitting ceremonies
- ROKELAY, a short cloak
- ROXY DALL, or Roderick Morison, was harper and bard to the family of Macleod of Macleod in Queen Anne's reign
- ROW'D, rolled, wrapped
- ROWT, cried out loud
- ROYNISH, OR ROYNISH, mean, paltry
- RUDAS LOON, a rude, bold fellow
- RUNT, an old cow
- SAIN, to bless
- SAIR CLOUV, a big bump, wound, indentation
- SALVATOR, *i. e.* the painter Salvator Rosa
- SARK, a shirt
- SAVIOLA, VINCENT. Vincentio Saviola was an authority on the management of weapons in the duel, as laid down in a book (Eng. trans.) entitled *V. Saviola, his Practice* (Lond. 1595)
- SAY (of the deer), a sample, taste
- SCHELLUM, a low, worthless fellow
- SCHMIRSCHITZ'S PANDOURS. The Pandours were irregular Hungarian soldiers who made their name notorious by their rapine and cruelty in Bavaria during the war of the Austrian Succession
- SCOUFING, running, leaping
- SCROLL FOR A PLACK, THE SHEET, to copy manuscript for a farthing (properly  $\frac{1}{2}$ d penny) a sheet
- SEANNACHIE, a Highland genealogist or bard
- SELMA. *See Poems of Ossian*, 'Songs of Selma'
- SEREONIAN BOG, a morass in Egypt, eastward of the Nile delta
- SERVABIT ODOREM TESTA DIU, the cask smacks for a long time of what it has contained
- SHANOS A BROOS, (put) shackles round the feet
- SHILFIT, weak, insipid
- SIDIER ROY, red soldiers, government troops
- SKE, a brook, rill
- SKIG, nothing at all
- SLIVER, to slice, cut in long thin pieces
- SMEARING-HOUSE, a hut in which sheep were smeared or salved, or rubbed with a liquid dressing
- SNOOKY, suspicious of a trick
- SOPITE, to set at rest, settle, a Scots law term
- SORNAR, OR SORNER, a sturdy beggar; one who exacts lodgings and victuals almost by force
- SORTED, agreed, put in proper order or condition
- SOWENS, a kind of gruel made from the soured siftings of oatmeal
- SPEIRIKOS, information
- SPEACE, lively, animated
- SPEECHERY, insignificant movables, supposed to have been collected in a raid
- SFULZIE, OR SPULYIE, spoil, booty
- SPUNG'D, picked. Spung = to pick a man's pocket
- STAGSHAWBANK, a Border fair and merry-making
- STEVE, inflexible, obstinate
- STRK, a steer, young bullock
- STOOR CARLE, a strong, robust fellow
- STOT, a bullock or ox three years old
- STOUR, or STOOP, a support
- STOUTREIF, theft by violence



STRECK DOON, to stretch oneself

SWALLOW THE ATTORNEY.

See Crabbe's *Borough* (1810), Letter vi.

SYBOES, young onions

TAILOIT, fatigued, tired

TAULIE, a covenant, a species of entail

TAISHATH, a Highland seer, a man gifted with second-sight

TASKER, a thresher of grain, a reaper

TAYOUT, a corruption of *Tailliers-hors*, equivalent to *tally ho*

TEIL, or DEIL, devil

TEINDS, tithes

TEIRCELETS, male falcons

TENTAMINA, first attempts

THOLE, to endure, bear, suffer

THRAW, a twist, a wrench

THREEPIT, asserted with energy

THROUGHGANGING, exhibiting showy action (of a horse)

TIGHEARNA, the lord, chieftain

TIRRIVIES, fits of passion

TOCHERLESS, portionless, dowerless

TOY, a cap

TRACASSERIE, cavilling, shuffling, double-dealing

TRASHED, held back by a leash or collar; to abuse

TRINDLING, trundling, trotting

TRIP TO THE JUBILEE; or, THE CONSTANT COUPLE, a comedy by G. Farquhar, written in 1693

TUILZIE, a skirmish, fight

TUNE, empty

UDOLPHO, Mrs. Radcliffe's romance of 1791

UMPHRAVILLE. See Henry Mackenzie's papers in *The Lounger*

UNWHILL, or UNQUHILL, late, deceased

UNSONSY, unlucky

URSEY-FREES (i. e. a kind of strong ale). The name of a tune

VAIRELLE, or VAISSELLE, dishes and plates

VALOMBROSA, meaning the Valley of Leafy Shade, was a celebrated monastery in a wild region not far from Florence in Italy. Comp. Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Book I.

VENY, for venue, a bout, round

VINUM LOCUTUM EST, it was the wine that spoke

VINUM PRIME NOTE, wine of the best brand

VITA ADHUC DURANTE, all his previous life up to this day

VIVERS, victuals, provisions

VIX EA NOSTRA VOCA, these things are scarce for us

WADSET, the deed alienating property to a creditor

WANCHANCEY, unlucky, dangerous

WEEING, guiding, directing, inclining

WELLAWAY, an old cry for help, an exclamation of distress

WESTMORELAND STATESMAN, a yeoman of Westmoreland

WHISSETS O' SCARTED PAPER, a few pieces of scribbled paper

WHINGING, whining

WHITE's, a London club, in St. James's Street, noted for high play

WHITSON-TRYST, a Border fair and merry-making, held on a hill two miles from Wooler in Northumberland

WILL WINELE, a personage in *The Spectator*

WISKE, to make a quick stroke, brandish

WI' THE MALT ABOUT THE MEAL, half-reas over

WUDE WILLIE GRIME, having, it is said, shot a trespasser on his land, was acquitted by the jury on the ground of madness

YATE, gate

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THE  
WAVERLEY NOVELS  
OF  
SIR WALTER SCOTT

VOLUME X



THE MONASTERY



## INTRODUCTION TO THE MONASTERY

**I**T would be difficult to assign any good reason why the Author of *Ivanhoe*, after using, in that work, all the art he possessed to remove the personages, action, and manners of the tale to a distance from his own country, should choose for the scene of his next attempt the celebrated ruins of Melrose, in the immediate neighbourhood of his own residence. But the reason, or caprice, which dictated his change of system has entirely escaped his recollection, nor is it worth while to attempt recalling what must be a matter of very little consequence.

The general plan of the story was to conjoin two characters in that bustling and contentious age who, thrown into situations which gave them different views on the subject of the Reformation, should, with the same sincerity and purity of intention, dedicate themselves, the one to the support of the sinking fabric of the Catholic Church, the other to the establishment of the Reformed doctrines. It was supposed that some interesting subjects for narrative might be derived from opposing two such enthusiasts to each other in the path of life, and contrasting the real worth of both with their passions and prejudices. The localities of Melrose suited well the scenery of the proposed story: the ruins themselves form a splendid theatre for any tragic incident which might be brought forward; joined to the vicinity of the fine river, with all its tributary streams, flowing through a country which has been the scene of so much fierce fighting, and is rich with so many recollections of former times, and lying almost under the immediate eye of the Author, by whom they were to be used in composition.

The situation possessed farther recommendations. On the opposite bank of the Tweed might be seen the remains of ancient inclosures, surrounded by sycamores and ash-trees of considerable size. These had once formed the crofts or arable ground of a village, now reduced to a single hut, the abode of a fisher-



man, who also manages a ferry. The cottages, even the church which once existed there, have sunk into vestiges hardly to be traced without visiting the spot, the inhabitants having gradually withdrawn to the more prosperous town of Galashiels, which has risen into consideration within two miles of their neighbourhood. Superstitious eld, however, has tenanted the deserted groves with aerial beings, to supply the want of the mortal tenants who have deserted it. The ruined and abandoned churchyard of Boldside has been long believed to be haunted by the fairies, and the deep broad current of the Tweed, wheeling in moonlight round the foot of the steep bank, with the number of trees originally planted for shelter round the fields of the cottagers, but now presenting the effect of scattered and detached groves, fill up the idea which one would form in imagination for a scene that Oberon and Queen Mab might love to revel in. There are evenings when the spectator might believe, with Father Chaucer, that the

Queen of Faery,  
With harp, and pipe, and symphony,  
Were dwelling in the place.

Another, and even a more familiar, refuge of the elfin race (if tradition is to be trusted) is the glen of the river, or rather brook, named the Allan, which falls into the Tweed from the northward, about a quarter of a mile above the present bridge. As the streamlet finds its way behind Lord Sommerville's hunting-seat, called the Pavilion, its valley has been popularly termed the Fairy Dean, or rather the Nameless Dean, because of the supposed ill-luck attached by the popular faith of ancient times to any one who might name or allude to the race whom our fathers distinguished as the Good Neighbours, and the Highlanders called *Daoine Shie*, or Men of Peace; rather by way of compliment than on account of any particular idea of friendship or pacific relation which either Highlander or Borderer entertained towards the irritable beings whom they thus distinguished, or supposed them to bear to humanity.<sup>1</sup>

In evidence of the actual operations of the fairy people even at this time, little pieces of calcareous matter are found in the glen after a flood, which either the labours of those tiny artists or the eddies of the brook among the stones have formed into a fantastic resemblance of cups, saucers, basins, and the like, in which children who gather them pretend to discern fairy utensils.

<sup>1</sup> See *Rob Roy*, Note, Fairy Superstition, p. 409.

Besides these circumstances of romantic locality, *mea paupera regna* (as Captain Dalgetty denominates his territory of Drumthwacket) are bounded by a small but deep lake, from which eyes that yet look on the light are said to have seen the water-bull ascend, and shake the hills with his roar.

Indeed, the country around Melrose, if possessing less of romantic beauty than some other scenes in Scotland, is connected with so many associations of a fanciful nature, in which the imagination takes delight, as might well induce one even less attached to the spot than the Author to accommodate, after a general manner, the imaginary scenes he was framing to the localities to which he was partial. But it would be a misapprehension to suppose that, because Melrose may in general pass for Kennaquhair, or because it agrees with scenes of the *Monastery* in the circumstances of the drawbridge, the mill-dam, and other points of resemblance, that therefore an accurate or perfect local similitude is to be found in all the particulars of the picture. It was not the purpose of the Author to present a landscape copied from nature, but a piece of composition, in which a real scene, with which he is familiar, had afforded him some leading outlines. Thus the resemblance of the imaginary Glendearg with the real vale of the Allan is far from being minute, nor did the Author aim at identifying them. This must appear plain to all who know the actual character of the Glen of Allan, and have taken the trouble to read the account of the imaginary Glendearg. The stream in the latter case is described as wandering down a romantic little valley, shifting itself, after the fashion of such a brook, from one side to the other, as it can most easily find its passage, and touching nothing in its progress that gives token of cultivation. It rises near a solitary tower, the abode of a supposed church vassal, and the scene of several incidents in the Romance.

The real Allan, on the contrary, after traversing the romantic ravine called the Nameless Dean, thrown off from side to side alternately, like a billiard ball repelled by the sides of the table on which it has been played, and in that part of its course resembling the stream which pours down Glendearg, may be traced upwards into a more open country, where the banks retreat further from each other, and the vale exhibits a good deal of dry ground, which has not been neglected by the active cultivators of the district. It arrives, too, at a sort of termination, striking in itself, but totally irreconcilable with the narrative of the Romance. Instead of a single peel-house, or border

tower of defence, such as Dame Glendinning is supposed to have inhabited, the head of the Allan, about five miles above its junction with the Tweed, shows three ruins of Border houses, belonging to different proprietors, and each, from the desire of mutual support so natural to troublesome times, situated at the extremity of the property of which it is the principal messuage. One of these is the ruinous mansion-house of Hillslap, formerly the property of the Cairncrosses, and now of Mr. Innes of Stow; a second, the tower of Colmslie, an ancient inheritance of the Borthwick family, as is testified by their crest, the goat's head, which exists on the ruin;<sup>1</sup> a third, the house of Langshaw, also ruinous, but near which the proprietor, Mr. Baillie of Jerviswood and Mellerstain, has built a small shooting-box.

All these ruins, so strangely huddled together in a very solitary spot, have recollections and traditions of their own, but none of them bear the most distant resemblance to the descriptions in the Romance of the *Monastery*; and as the Author could hardly have erred so grossly regarding a spot within a morning's ride of his own house, the inference is that no resemblance was intended. Hillslap is remembered by the humours of the last inhabitants, two or three elderly ladies, of the class of Miss Rayland, in the *Old Manor House*, though less important by birth and fortune. Colmslie is commemorated in song:—

Colmslie stands on Colmslie hill,  
The water it flows round Colmslie mill;  
The mill and the kiln gang bonnily,  
And it's up with the whippers of Colmslie!

Langshaw, although larger than the other mansions assembled at the head of the supposed Glendearg, has nothing about it more remarkable than the inscription of the present proprietor over his shooting-lodge—*Utinam hanc etiam viris impleam amicis*—a modest wish, which I know no one more capable of attaining upon an extended scale than the gentleman who has expressed it upon a limited one.

<sup>1</sup> It appears that Sir Walter Scott's memory was not quite accurate on these points. John Borthwick, Esq., in a note to the publisher (June 14, 1843), says that Colmslie belonged to Mr. Innes of Stow, while Hillslap forms part of the estate of Crookston. He adds: 'In proof that the tower of Hillslap, which I have taken measures to preserve from injury, was chiefly in his head, as the tower of Glendearg, when writing the *Monastery*, I may mention that, on one of the occasions when I had the honour of being a visitor at Abbotsford, the stables then being full, I sent a pony to be put up at our tenant's at Hillslap:—"Well," said Sir Walter, "if you do that, you must trust for its not being lifted before to-morrow to the protection of Halbert Glendinning against Christie of the Clintshill." At page 58, vol. iii, first edition, the "winding stair" which the monk as-

Having thus shown that I could say something of these desolated towers, which the desire of social intercourse, or the facility of mutual defence, had drawn together at the head of this glen, I need not add any further reason to show that there is no resemblance between them and the solitary habitation of Dame Elspeth Glendinning. Beyond these dwellings are some remains of natural wood, and a considerable portion of morass and bog ; but I would not advise any who may be curious in localities to spend time in looking for the fountain and holly-tree of the White Lady.

While I am on the subject, I may add that Captain Clutterbuck, the imaginary editor of the *Monastery*, has no real prototype in the village of Melrose or neighbourhood that ever I saw or heard of. To give some individuality to this personage, he is described as a character which sometimes occurs in actual society — a person who, having spent his life within the necessary duties of a technical profession, from which he has been at length emancipated, finds himself without any occupation whatever, and is apt to become the prey of *ennui*, until he discerns some petty subject of investigation commensurate to his talents, the study of which gives him employment in solitude ; while the conscious possession of information peculiar to himself adds to his consequence in society. I have often observed that the lighter and trivial branches of antiquarian study are singularly useful in relieving vacuity of such a kind, and have known them serve many a Captain Clutterbuck to retreat upon ; I was therefore a good deal surprised when I found the antiquarian captain identified with a neighbour and friend of my own, who could never have been confounded with him by any one who had read the book, and seen the party alluded to. This erroneous identification occurs in a work entitled, *Illustrations of the Author of Waverley, being Notices and Anecdotes of real Characters, Scenes, and Incidents, supposed to be described in his Works*, by Robert Chambers. This work was, of course, liable to many errors, as any one of the kind must be, whatever may be the ingenuity of the author, which takes the task of explaining what can be only known to another person. Mistakes of place or inanimate things referred to are of very little moment ; but the ingenious author ought to have been more cautious of attaching real names to fictitious characters. I think it is in

cended is described. The winding stone stair is still to be seen in Hillslap, but not in either of the other two towers.' It is, however, probable, from the goat's head crest on Colmslie, that that tower also had been of old a possession of the Borthwicks (*Laing*).

the *Spectator* we read of a rustic wag who, in a copy of *The Whole Duty of Man*, wrote opposite to every vice the name of some individual in the neighbourhood, and thus converted that excellent work into a libel on a whole parish.

The scenery being thus ready at the Author's hand, the reminiscences of the country were equally favourable. In a land where the horses remained almost constantly saddled, and the sword seldom quitted the warrior's side; where war was the natural and constant state of the inhabitants, and peace only existed in the shape of brief and feverish truces, there could be no want of the means to complicate and extricate the incidents of his narrative at pleasure. There was a disadvantage, notwithstanding, in treading this Border district, for it had been already ransacked by the Author himself, as well as others; and unless presented under a new light, was likely to afford ground to the objection of *crambe bis cocta*.

To attain the indispensable quality of novelty, something, it was thought, might be gained by contrasting the character of the vassals of the church with those of the dependants of the lay barons, by whom they were surrounded. But much advantage could not be derived from this. There were, indeed, differences betwixt the two classes, but, like tribes in the mineral and vegetable world, which, resembling each other to common eyes, can be sufficiently well discriminated by naturalists, they were yet too similar upon the whole to be placed in marked contrast with each other.

Machinery remained — the introduction of the supernatural and marvellous, the resort of distressed authors since the days of Horace, but whose privileges as a sanctuary have been disputed in the present age, and wellnigh exploded. The popular belief no longer allows the possibility of existence to the race of mysterious beings which hovered betwixt this world and that which is invisible. The fairies have abandoned their moonlight turf; the witch no longer holds her black orgies in the hemlock dell; and

Even the last lingering phantom of the brain,  
The churchyard ghost, is now at rest again.

From the discredit attached to the vulgar and more common modes in which the Scottish superstition displays itself, the Author was induced to have recourse to the beautiful, though almost forgotten, theory of astral spirits, or creatures of the elements, surpassing human beings in knowledge and power,

but inferior to them as being subject, after a certain space of years, to a death which is to them annihilation, as they have no share in the promise made to the sons of Adam. These spirits are supposed to be of four distinct kinds, as the elements from which they have their origin, and are known, to those who have studied the cabalistical philosophy, by the names of Sylphs, Gnomes, Salamanders, and Naiads, as they belong to the elements of Air, Earth, Fire, or Water. The general reader will find an entertaining account of these elementary spirits in the French book entitled, *Entretiens du Comte de Gabalis*. The ingenious Comte de la Motte Fouqué composed, in German, one of the most successful productions of his fertile brain, where a beautiful and even afflicting effect is produced by the introduction of a water-nymph, who loses the privilege of immortality by consenting to become accessible to human feelings, and uniting her lot with that of a mortal, who treats her with ingratitude.

In imitation of an example so successful, the White Lady of Avenel was introduced into the following sheets. She is represented as connected with the family of Avenel by one of those mystic ties which, in ancient times, were supposed to exist, in certain circumstances, between the creatures of the elements and the children of men. Such instances of mysterious union are recognised in Ireland, in the real Milesian families, who are possessed of a Banshee; and they are known among the traditions of the Highlands, which, in many cases, attached an immortal being or spirit to the service of particular families or tribes. These demons, if they are to be called so, announced good or evil fortune to the families connected with them; and though some only condescended to meddle with matters of importance, others, like the May Mollach, or Maid of the Hairy Arms, condescended to mingle in ordinary sports, and even to direct the chief how to play at draughts.

There was, therefore, no great violence in supposing such a being as this to have existed, while the elementary spirits were believed in; but it was more difficult to describe or imagine its attributes and principles of action. Shakspeare, the first of authorities in such a case, has painted Ariel, that beautiful creature of his fancy, as only approaching so near to humanity as to know the nature of that sympathy which the creatures of clay felt for each other, as we learn from the expression—'Mine would if I were human.' The inferences from this are singular, but seem capable of regular deduction. A being,

however superior to man in length of life, in power over the elements, in certain perceptions respecting the present, the past, and the future, yet still incapable of human passions, of sentiments of moral good and evil, of meriting future rewards or punishments, belongs rather to the class of animals than of human creatures, and must therefore be presumed to act more from temporary benevolence or caprice than from anything approaching to feeling or reasoning. Such a being's superiority in power can only be compared to that of the elephant or lion, who are greater in strength than man, though inferior in the scale of creation. The partialities which we suppose such spirits to entertain must be like those of the dog; their sudden starts of passion, or the indulgence of a frolic, or mischief, may be compared to those of the numerous varieties of the cat. All these propensities are, however, controlled by the laws which render the elementary race subordinate to the command of man — liable to be subjected by his science (so the sect of Gnostics believed, and on this turned the Rosicrucian philosophy), or to be overpowered by his superior courage and daring, when it set their illusions at defiance.

It is with reference to this idea of the supposed spirits of the elements that the White Lady of Avenel is represented as acting a varying, capricious, and inconsistent part in the pages assigned to her in the narrative; manifesting interest and attachment to the family with whom her destinies are associated, but evincing whim, and even a species of malevolence, towards other mortals, as the sacristan and the Border robber, whose incorrect life subjected them to receive petty mortifications at her hand. The White Lady is scarcely supposed, however, to have possessed either the power or the inclination to do more than inflict terror or create embarrassment, and is also subjected by those mortals who, by virtuous resolution and mental energy, could assert superiority over her. In these particulars she seems to constitute a being of a middle class, between the *esprit follet*, who places its pleasure in misleading and tormenting mortals, and the benevolent fairy of the East, who uniformly guides, aids, and supports them.

Either, however, the Author executed his purpose indifferently or the public did not approve of it; for the White Lady of Avenel was far from being popular. He does not now make the present statement in the view of arguing readers into a more favourable opinion on the subject, but merely with the purpose of exculpating himself from the charge of having

wantonly intruded into the narrative a being of inconsistent powers, and propensities.

In the delineation of another character, the Author of the *Monastery* failed where he hoped for some success. As nothing is so successful a subject for ridicule as the fashionable follies of the time, it occurred to him that the more serious scenes of his narrative might be relieved by the humour of a cavaliero of the age of Queen Elizabeth. In every period, the attempt to gain and maintain the highest rank of society has depended on the power of assuming and supporting a certain fashionable kind of affectation, usually connected with some vivacity of talent and energy of character, but distinguished at the same time by a transcendent flight beyond sound reason and common sense; both faculties too vulgar to be admitted into the estimate of one who claims to be esteemed 'a choice spirit of the age.' These, in their different phases, constitute the gallants of the day, whose boast it is to drive the whims of fashion to extremity.

On all occasions, the manners of the sovereign, the court, and the time must give the tone to the peculiar description of qualities by which those who would attain the height of fashion must seek to distinguish themselves. The reign of Elizabeth, being that of a maiden queen, was distinguished by the decorum of the courtiers, and especially the affectation of the deepest deference to the sovereign. After the acknowledgment of the Queen's matchless perfections, the same devotion was extended to beauty as it existed among the lesser stars in her court, who sparkled, as it was the mode to say, by her reflected lustre. It is true, that gallant knights no longer vowed to Heaven, the peacock, and the ladies to perform some feat of extravagant chivalry, in which they endangered the lives of others as well as their own; but although their chivalrous displays of personal gallantry seldom went further in Elizabeth's days than the tiltyard, where barricades, called barriers, prevented the shock of the horses, and limited the display of the cavaliers' skill to the comparatively safe encounter of their lances, the language of the lovers to their ladies was still in the exalted terms which Amadis would have addressed to Oriana, before encountering a dragon for her sake. This tone of romantic gallantry found a clever but conceited author to reduce it to a species of constitution and form, and lay down the courtly manner of conversation, in a pedantic book called *Euphues and his England*. Of this, a brief account is given



in the text, to which it may now be proper to make some additions.

The extravagance of Euphuism, or a symbolical jargon of the same class, predominates in the romances of Calprenède and Scudéri, which were read for the amusement of the fair sex of France during the long reign of Louis XIV., and were supposed to contain the only legitimate language of love and gallantry. In this reign they encountered the satire of Molière and Boileau. A similar disorder, spreading into private society, formed the ground of the affected dialogue of the *précieuses*, as they were styled, who formed the coterie of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, and afforded Molière matter for his admirable comedy, *Les Précieuses Ridicules*. In England, the humour does not seem to have long survived the accession of James I.

The Author had the vanity to think that a character, whose peculiarities should turn on extravagances which were once universally fashionable, might be read in a fictitious story with a good chance of affording amusement to the existing generation, who, fond as they are of looking back on the actions and manners of their ancestors, might be also supposed to be sensible of their absurdities. He must fairly acknowledge that he was disappointed, and that the Euphuist, far from being accounted a well-drawn and humorous character of the period, was condemned as unnatural and absurd.

It would be easy to account for this failure by supposing the defect to arise from the Author's want of skill, and probably many readers may not be inclined to look further. But, as the Author himself can scarcely be supposed willing to acquiesce in this final cause, if any other can be alleged, he has been led to suspect that, contrary to what he originally supposed, his subject was injudiciously chosen, in which, and not in his mode of treating it, lay the source of the want of success.

The manners of a rude people are always founded on nature, and therefore the feelings of a more polished generation immediately sympathise with them. We need no numerous notes, no antiquarian dissertations, to enable the most ignorant to recognise the sentiments and diction of the characters of Homer; we have but, as Lear says, to strip off our lendings—to set aside the factitious principles and adornments which we have received from our comparatively artificial system of society, and our natural feelings are in unison with those of the bard of Chios and the heroes who live in his verses. It is the same with a great part of the narratives of my friend, Mr. Cooper. We

sympathise with his Indian chiefs and back-woodsmen, and acknowledge, in the characters which he presents to us, the same truth of human nature by which we should feel ourselves influenced if placed in the same condition. So much is this the case that, though it is difficult, or almost impossible, to reclaim a savage, bred from his youth to war and the chase, to the restraints and the duties of civilised life, nothing is more easy or common than to find men who have been educated in all the habits and comforts of improved society willing to exchange them for the wild labours of the hunter and the fisher. The very amusements most pursued and relished by men of all ranks, whose constitutions permit active exercise, are hunting, fishing, and in some instances war, the natural and necessary business of the savage of Dryden, where his hero talks of being

As free as nature first made man,  
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.

But although the occupations, and even the sentiments, of human beings in a primitive state find access and interest in the minds of the more civilised part of the species, it does not therefore follow that the national tastes, opinions, and follies of one civilised period should afford either the same interest or the same amusement to those of another. These generally, when driven to extravagance, are founded not upon any natural taste proper to the species, but upon the growth of some peculiar cast of affectation, with which mankind in general, and succeeding generations in particular, feel no common interest or sympathy. The extravagances of coxcombry in manners and apparel are indeed the legitimate, and often the successful, objects of satire, during the time when they exist. In evidence of this, theatrical critics may observe how many dramatic *jeux d'esprit* are well received every season, because the satirist levels at some well-known or fashionable absurdity; or, in the dramatic phrase, 'shoots folly as it flies.' But when the peculiar kind of folly keeps the wing no longer, it is reckoned but waste of powder to pour a discharge of ridicule on what has ceased to exist; and the pieces in which such forgotten absurdities are made the subject of ridicule fall quietly into oblivion with the follies which gave them fashion, or only continue to exist on the scene because they contain some other more permanent interest than that which connects them with manners and follies of a temporary character.

This, perhaps, affords a reason why the comedies of Ben

Jonson, founded upon system, or what the age termed humours — by which was meant factitious and affected characters, superinduced on that which was common to the rest of their race — in spite of acute satire, deep scholarship, and strong sense, do not now afford general pleasure, but are confined to the closet of the antiquary, whose studies have assured him that the personages of the dramatist were once, though they are now no longer, portraits of existing nature.

Let us take another example of our hypothesis from Shakspeare himself, who, of all authors, drew his portraits for all ages. With the whole sum of the idolatry which affects us at his name, the mass of readers peruse without amusement the characters formed on the extravagances of temporary fashion; and the Euphuist Don Armado, the pedant Holofernes, even Nym and Pistol, are read with little pleasure by the mass of the public, being portraits of which we cannot recognise the humour, because the originals no longer exist. In like manner, while the distresses of Romeo and Juliet continue to interest every bosom, Mercutio, drawn as an accurate representation of the finished fine gentleman of the period, and as such received by the unanimous approbation of contemporaries, has so little to interest the present age that, stripped of all his puns and quirks of verbal wit, he only retains his place in the scene in virtue of his fine and fanciful speech upon dreaming, which belongs to no particular age, and because he is a personage whose presence is indispensable to the plot.

We have already prosecuted perhaps too far an argument the tendency of which is to prove that the introduction of a humourist, acting, like Sir Piercie Shafton, upon some forgotten and obsolete model of folly, once fashionable, is rather likely to awaken the disgust of the reader, as unnatural, than find him food for laughter. Whether owing to this theory, or whether to the more simple and probable cause of the Author's failure in the delineation of the subject he had proposed to himself, the formidable objection of *incredulus odi* was applied to the Euphuist, as well as to the White Lady of Avenel; and the one was denounced as unnatural, while the other was rejected as impossible.

There was little in the story to atone for these failures in two principal points. The incidents were inartificially huddled together. There was no part of the intrigue to which deep interest was found to apply; and the conclusion was brought about, not by incidents arising out of the story itself, but in

consequence of public transactions with which the narrative has little connexion, and which the reader had little opportunity to become acquainted with.

This, if not a positive fault, was yet a great defect in the Romance. It is true, that not only the practice of some great authors in this department, but even the general course of human life itself, may be quoted in favour of this more obvious, and less artificial, practice of arranging a narrative. It is seldom that the same circle of personages who have surrounded an individual at his first outset in life continue to have an interest in his career till his fate comes to a crisis. On the contrary, and more especially if the events of his life be of a varied character, and worth communicating to others, or to the world, the hero's later connexions are usually totally separated from those with whom he began the voyage, but whom the individual has outsailed, or who have drifted astray, or foundered on the passage. This hackneyed comparison holds good in another point. The numerous vessels of so many different sorts, and destined for such different purposes, which are launched in the same mighty ocean, although each endeavours to pursue its own course, are in every case more influenced by the winds and tides, which are common to the element which they all navigate, than by their own separate exertions. And it is thus in the world that, when human prudence has done its best, some general, perhaps national, event destroys the schemes of the individual, as the casual touch of a more powerful being sweeps away the web of the spider.

Many excellent romances have been composed in this view of human life, where the hero is conducted through a variety of detached scenes, in which various agents appear and disappear, without, perhaps, having any permanent influence on the progress of the story. Such is the structure of *Gil Blas*, *Roderick Random*, and the lives and adventures of many other heroes, who are described as running through different stations of life, and encountering various adventures, which are only connected with each other by having happened to be witnessed by the same individual, whose identity unites them together, as the string of a necklace links the beads; which are otherwise detached.

But though such an unconnected course of adventures is what most frequently occurs in nature, yet the province of the romance writer being artificial, there is more required from him than a mere compliance with the simplicity of reality; just as

we demand from the scientific gardener that he shall arrange, in curious knots and artificial parterres, the flowers which 'nature boon' distributes freely on hill and dale. Fielding, accordingly, in most of his novels, but especially in *Tom Jones*, his *chef-d'œuvre*, has set the distinguished example of a story regularly built and consistent in all its parts, in which nothing occurs, and scarce a personage is introduced, that has not some share in tending to advance the catastrophe.

To demand equal correctness and felicity in those who may follow in the track of that illustrious novelist would be to fetter too much the power of giving pleasure, by surrounding it with penal rules; since of this sort of light literature it may be especially said, *Tout genre est permis hors le genre ennuyeux*. Still, however, the more closely and happily the story is combined, and the more natural and felicitous the catastrophe, the nearer such a composition will approach the perfection of the novelist's art; nor can an author neglect this branch of his profession without incurring proportional censure.

For such censure the *Monastery* gave but too much occasion. The intrigue of the Romance, neither very interesting in itself nor very happily detailed, is at length finally disentangled by the breaking out of national hostilities between England and Scotland, and the as sudden renewal of the truce. Instances of this kind, it is true, cannot in reality have been uncommon, but the resorting to such, in order to accomplish the catastrophe, as by a *tour de force*, was objected to as inartificial, and not perfectly intelligible to the general reader.

Still, the *Monastery*, though exposed to severe and just criticism, did not fail, judging from the extent of its circulation, to have some interest for the public. And this, too, was according to the ordinary course of such matters; for it very seldom happens that literary reputation is gained by a single effort, and still more rarely is it lost by a solitary miscarriage.

The Author, therefore, had his days of grace allowed him, and time, if he pleased, to comfort himself with the burden of the old Scots song —

If it isna weel bobbit,  
We'll bob it again.

ABBOTSFORD, 1st November, 1830.

# INTRODUCTORY EPISTLE

FROM

CAPTAIN CLUTTERBUCK,

LATE OF HIS MAJESTY'S — REGIMENT OF INFANTRY,

TO

THE AUTHOR OF *WAVERLEY*

SIR — Although I do not pretend to the pleasure of your personal acquaintance, like many whom I believe to be equally strangers to you, I am nevertheless interested in your publications, and desire their continuance; not that I pretend to much taste in fictitious composition, or that I am apt to be interested in your grave scenes, or amused by those which are meant to be lively. I will not disguise from you that I have yawned over the last interview of Mac-Ivor and his sister,<sup>1</sup> and fell fairly asleep while the schoolmaster was reading the humours of Dandie Dinmont. You see, sir, that I scorn to solicit your favour in a way to which you are no stranger. If the papers I inclose you are worth nothing, I will not endeavour to recommend them by personal flattery, as a bad cook pours rancid butter upon stale fish. No, sir! What I respect in you is the light you have occasionally thrown on national antiquities — a study which I have commenced rather late in life, but to which I am attached with the devotion of a first love, because it is the only study I ever cared a farthing for.

You shall have my history, sir (it will not reach to three volumes), before that of my manuscript; and as you usually throw out a few lines of verse (by way of skirmishers, I suppose) at the head of each division of prose, I have had the luck to light upon a stanza in the schoolmaster's copy of Burns

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<sup>1</sup> [Waverley and Flora Mac-Ivor.]

which describes me exactly. I love it the better, because it was originally designed for Captain Grose, an excellent antiquary, though, like yourself, somewhat too apt to treat with levity his own pursuits :

'Tis said he was a soldier bred,  
And ane wad rather fa'en than fled ;  
But now he's quit the spurtle blade,  
                                    And dog-skin wallet,  
And ta'en the — antiquarian trade,  
                                    I think they call it.

I never could conceive what influenced me, when a boy, in the choice of a profession. Military zeal and ardour it was not which made me stand out for a commission in the Scots Fusiliers, when my tutors and curators wished to bind me apprentice to old David Stiles, clerk to his Majesty's Signet. I say, military zeal it was *not* ; for I was no fighting boy in my own person, and cared not a penny to read the history of the heroes who turned the world upside down in former ages. As for courage, I had, as I have since discovered, just as much of it as served my turn, and not one grain of surplus. I soon found out, indeed, that in action there was more danger in running away than in standing fast ; and besides, I could not afford to lose my commission, which was my chief means of support. But, as for that overboiling valour which I have heard many of *ours* talk of, though I seldom observed that it influenced them in the actual affair — that exuberant zeal which courts danger as a bride, truly my courage was of a complexion much less ecstasical.

Again, the love of a red coat, which, in default of all other aptitudes to the profession, has made many a bad soldier and some good ones, was an utter stranger to my disposition. I cared not a 'bodle' for the company of the misses. Nay, though there was a boarding-school in the village, and though we used to meet with its fair inmates at Simon Lightfoot's weekly practising, I cannot recollect any strong emotions being excited on these occasions, excepting the infinite regret with which I went through the polite ceremonial of presenting my partner with an orange, thrust into my pocket by my aunt for this special purpose, but which, had I dared, I certainly would have secreted for my own personal use. As for vanity, or love of finery for itself, I was such a stranger to it that the difficulty was great to make me brush my coat and appear in proper trim upon parade. I shall never forget the rebuke of my old

colonel on a morning when the King reviewed a brigade of which ours made part. 'I am no friend to extravagance, Ensign Clutterbuck,' said he; 'but, on the day when we are to pass before the sovereign of the kingdom, in the name of God I would have at least shown him an inch of clean linen.'

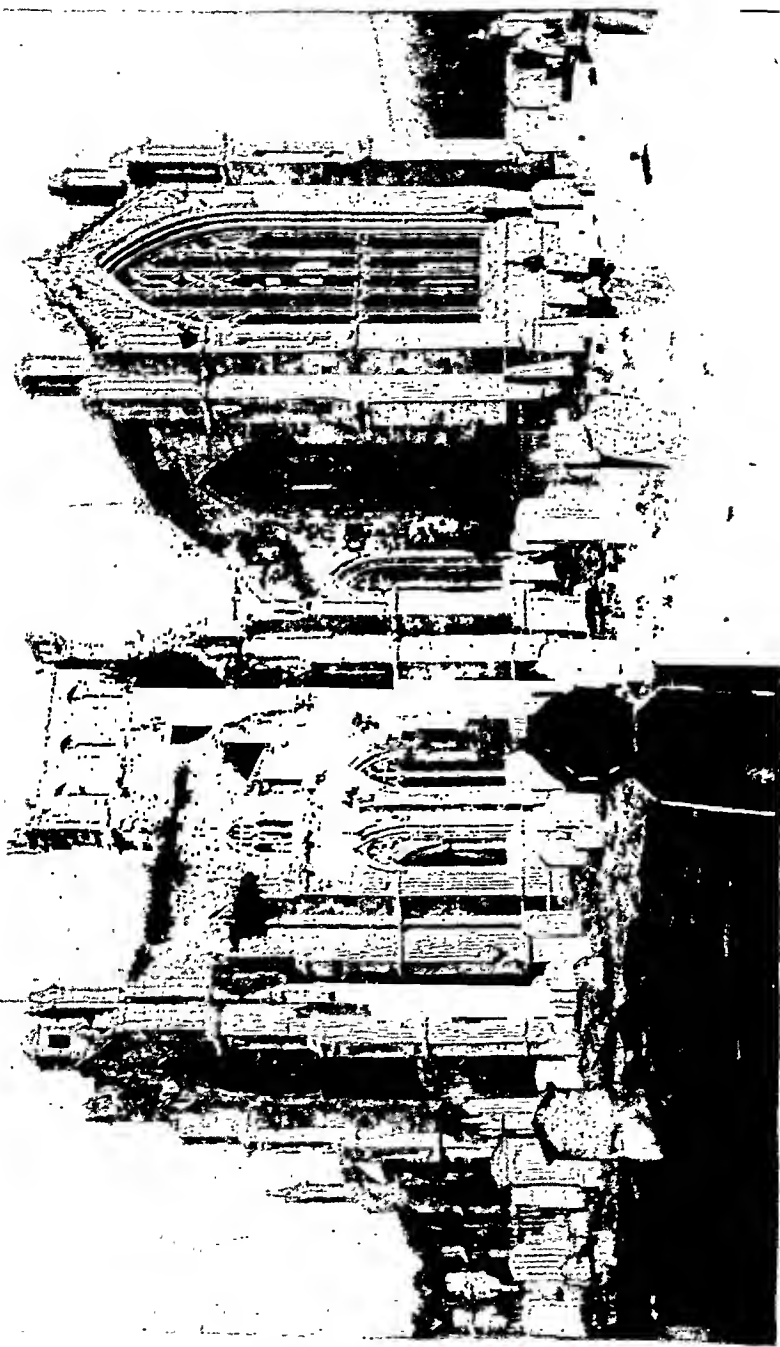
Thus, a stranger to the ordinary motives which lead young men to make the army their choice, and without the least desire to become either a hero or a dandy, I really do not know what determined my thoughts that way, unless it were the happy state of half-pay indolence enjoyed by Captain Doolittle, who had set up his staff of rest in my native village. Every other person had, or seemed to have, something to do, less or more. They did not indeed precisely go to school and learn tasks, that last of evils in my estimation; but it did not escape my boyish observation that they were all bothered with something or other like duty or labour—all but the happy Captain Doolittle. The minister had his parish to visit, and his preaching to prepare, though perhaps he made more fuss than he needed about both. The laird had his farming and improving operations to superintend; and, besides, he had to attend trustee meetings, and lieutenancy meetings, and head-courts, and meetings of justices, and what not—was as early up (that I detested) and as much in the open air, wet and dry, as his own grieve. The shopkeeper (the village boasted but one of eminence) stood indeed pretty much at his ease behind his counter, for his custom was by no means over-burdensome; but still he enjoyed his *status*, as the bailie calls it, upon condition of tumbling all the wares in his booth over and over, when any one chose to want a yard of muslin, a mouse-trap, an ounce of caraways, a paper of pins, the *Sermons* of Mr. Peden, or the *Life of Jack the Giant-Queller* (not Killer, as usually erroneously written and pronounced. See my essay on the true history of this worthy, where real facts have in a peculiar degree been obscured by fable.) In short, all in the village were under the necessity of doing something which they would rather have left undone, expecting Captain Doolittle, who walked every morning in the open street, which formed the high mall of our village, in a blue coat with a red neck, and played at whist the whole evening, when he could make up a party. This happy vacuity of all employment appeared to me so delicious that it became the primary hint which, according to the system of Helvétius, as the minister says, determined my infant talents towards the profession I was destined to illustrate.



But who, alas, can form a just estimate of their future prospects in this deceitful world? I was not long engaged in my new profession before I discovered that, if the independent indolence of half-pay was a paradise, the officer must pass through the purgatory of duty and service in order to gain admission to it. Captain Doolittle might brush his blue coat with the red neck, or leave it unbrushed, at his pleasure; but Ensign Clutterbuck had no such option. Captain Doolittle might go to bed at ten o'clock, if he had a mind; but the Ensign must make the rounds in his turn. What was worse, the Captain might repose under the tester of his tent-bed until noon, if he was so pleased; but the Ensign, God help him, had to appear upon parade at peep of day. As for duty, I made that as easy as I could, had the sergeant to whisper to me the words of command, and hustled through as other folks did. Of service, I saw enough for an indolent man: was buffeted up and down the world, and visited both the East and West Indies, Egypt, and other distant places, which my youth had scarce dreamed of. The French I saw, and felt too: witness two fingers on my right hand, which one of their cursed hussars took off with his sabre as neatly as an hospital surgeon. At length the death of an old aunt, who left me some fifteen hundred pounds, snugly vested in the three per cents, gave me the long-wished-for opportunity of retiring, with the prospect of enjoying a clean shirt and a guinea four times a-week at least.

For the purpose of commencing my new way of life, I selected for my residence the village of Kennaquhair, in the south of Scotland, celebrated for the ruins of its magnificent monastery, intending there to lead my future life in the *otium cum dignitate* of half-pay and annuity. I was not long, however, in making the grand discovery that, in order to enjoy leisure, it is absolutely necessary it should be preceded by occupation. For some time it was delightful to wake at daybreak dreaming of the reveille, then to recollect my happy emancipation from the slavery that doomed me to start at a piece of clattering parchment, turn on my other side, damn the parade, and go to sleep again. But even this enjoyment had its termination; and time, when it became a stock entirely at my own disposal, began to hang heavy on my hand.

I angled for two days, during which time I lost twenty hooks, and several scores of yards of gut and line, and caught not even a minnow. Hunting was out of the question, for the stomach of a horse by no means agrees with the half-pay establishment.



MELROSE ABBEY, FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.



When I shot, the shepherds and ploughmen, and my very dog, quizzed me every time that I missed, which was, generally speaking, every time I fired. Besides, the country gentlemen in this quarter like their game, and began to talk of prosecutions and interdicts. I did not give up fighting the French to commence a domestic war with the 'pleasant men of Teviotdale,' as the song calls them; so I e'en spent three days (very agreeably) in cleaning my gun, and disposing it upon two hooks over my chimney-piece.

The success of this accidental experiment set me on trying my skill in the mechanical arts. Accordingly, I took down and cleaned my landlady's cuckoo-clock, and in so doing silenced that companion of the spring for ever and a day. I mounted a turning lathe, and, in attempting to use it, I very nearly cribbed off, with an inch-and-half former, one of the fingers which the hussar had left me.

Books I tried, both those of the little circulating library and of the more rational subscription-collection maintained by this intellectual people. But neither the light reading of the one nor the heavy artillery of the other suited my purpose. I always fell asleep at the fourth or fifth page of history or disquisition; and it took me a month's hard reading to wade through a half-bound trashy novel, during which I was pestered with applications to return the volumes by every half-bred milliner's miss about the place. In short, during the time when all the town besides had something to do, I had nothing for it but to walk in the churchyard, and whistle till it was dinner-time.

During these promenades, the ruins necessarily forced themselves on my attention, and by degrees I found myself engaged in studying the more minute ornaments, and at length the general plan, of this noble structure. The old sexton aided my labours, and gave me his portion of traditional lore. Every day added something to my stock of knowledge respecting the ancient state of the building; and at length I made discoveries concerning the purpose of several detached and very ruinous portions of it, the use of which had hitherto been either unknown altogether or erroneously explained.

The knowledge which I thus acquired I had frequent opportunities of retailing to those visitors whom the progress of a Scottish tour brought to visit this celebrated spot. Without encroaching on the privilege of my friend the sexton, I became gradually an assistant cicerone in the task of description and

explanation, and often (seeing a fresh party of visitors arrive) has he turned over to me those to whom he had told half his story, with the flattering observation, 'What needs I say ony mair about it? 'There's the Captain kens mair anent it than I do, or any man in the town.' Then would I salute the strangers courteously, and expatiate to their astonished minds upon crypts and chancels, and naves, archers, Gothic and Saxon architraves, mullions, and flying buttresses. It not unfrequently happened that an acquaintance which commenced in the abbey concluded in the inn, which served to relieve the solitude as well as the monotony of my landlady's shoulder of mutton, whether roast, cold, or hashed.

By degrees my mind became enlarged: I found a book or two which enlightened me on the subject of Gothic architecture, and I read now with pleasure, because I was interested in what I read about. Even my character began to dilate and expand. I spoke with more authority at the club, and was listened to with deference, because on one subject at least I possessed more information than any of its members. Indeed, I found that even my stories about Egypt, which, to say truth, were somewhat threadbare, were now listened to with more respect than formerly. 'The Captain,' they said, 'had something in him after a': there were few folk kend sae muckle about the abbey.'

With this general approbation waxed my own sense of self-importance, and my feeling of general comfort. I ate with more appetite, I digested with more ease, I lay down at night with joy, and slept sound till morning, when I arose with a sense of busy importance, and hied me to measure, to examine, and to compare the various parts of this interesting structure. I lost all sense and consciousness of certain unpleasant sensations of a nondescript nature, about my head and stomach, to which I had been in the habit of attending, more for the benefit of the village apothecary than my own, for the pure want of something else to think about. I had found out an occupation unwittingly, and was happy because I had something to do. In a word, I had commenced local antiquary, and was not unworthy of the name.

Whilst I was in this pleasing career of busy idleness, for so it might at best be called, it happened that I was one night sitting in my little parlour, adjacent to the closet which my landlady calls my bedroom, in the act of preparing for an early retreat to the realms of Morpheus. Dugdale's *Monasticon*, bor-

rowed from the library at A——, was lying on the table before me, flanked by some excellent Cheshire cheese (a present, by the way, from an honest London citizen, to whom I had explained the difference between a Gothic and a Saxon arch), and a glass of Vanderhagen's best ale. Thus armed at all points against my old enemy Time, I was leisurely and deliciously preparing for bed—now reading a line of old Dugdale, now sipping my ale or munching my bread and cheese, now undoing the strings at my breeches' knees or a button or two of my waistcoat, until the village clock should strike ten, before which time I make it a rule never to go to bed. A loud knocking, however, interrupted my ordinary process on this occasion, and the voice of my honest landlord of the George<sup>1</sup> was heard vociferating, 'What the deevil, Mrs. Grimslees, the Captain is no in his bed?' and a gentleman at our house has ordered a fowl and minced collups, and a bottle of sherry, and has sent to ask him to supper, to tell him all about the abbey.'

'Na,' answered Luckie Grimslees, in the true sleepy tone of a Scottish matron when ten o'clock is going to strike, 'he's no in his bed, but I'se warrant him no gae out at this time o' night to keep folks sitting up waiting for him: the Captain's a decent man.'

I plainly perceived this last compliment was made for my hearing, by way both of indicating and of recommending the course of conduct which Mrs. Grimslees desired I should pursue. But I had not been knocked about the world for thirty years and odd, and lived a bluff bachelor all the while, to come home and be put under petticoat government by my landlady. Accordingly, I opened my chamber door, and desired my old friend David to walk upstairs.

'Captain,' said he, as he entered, 'I am as glad to find you up as if I had hooked a twenty pound saumon. There's a gentleman up yonder that will not sleep sound in his bed this blessed night unless he has the pleasure to drink a glass of wine with you.'

'You know, David,' I replied, with becoming dignity, 'that I cannot with propriety go out to visit strangers at this time

<sup>1</sup> The George was, and is, the principal inn in the village of Kennaquhair, or Melrose. But the landlord of the period was not the same civil and quiet person by whom the inn is now kept. David Kyle, a Melrose proprietor of no little importance, a first-rate person of consequence in whatever belonged to the business of the town, was the original owner and landlord of the inn. Poor David, like many other busy men, took so much care of public affairs as in some degree to neglect his own. There are persons still alive at Kennaquhair who can recognise him and his peculiarities in the following sketch of mine host of the George.

of night, or accept of invitations from people of whom I know nothing.'

David swore a round oath, and added, 'Was ever the like heard of? He has ordered a fowl and egg sauce, a pancake and minced collops, and a bottle of sherry. D'ye think I wad come and ask you to go to keep company with ony bit English rider, that sups on toasted cheese and a cheerer of rum-toddy? This is a gentleman every inch of him, and a virtuoso, a clean virtuoso — a sad-coloured stand of claithe, and a wig like the curled back of a mug ewe. The very first question he speered was about the auld drawbrig that has been at the bottom of the water these twal score years: I have seen the fundations when we were sticking saumon. And how the deevil suld he ken ony thing about the old drawbrig unless he were a virtuoso?'

David being a virtuoso in his own way, and moreover a landholder and heritor, was a qualified judge of all who frequented his house, and therefore I could not avoid again tying the strings of my knees.

'That's right, Captain,' vociferated David: 'you twa will be as thick as three in a bed an ance ye forgather. I haena seen the like o' him my very sell since I saw the great Doctor Samuel Johnson on his tower through Scotland, whilk tower is lying in my back-parlour for the amusement of my guests, wi' the twa boards torn aff.'

'Then the gentleman is a scholar, David?'

'I se uphaud him a scholar,' answered David: 'he has a black coat on, or a brown ane, at ony rate.'

'Is he a clergyman?'

'I am thinking no, for he looked after his horse's supper before he spoke o' his ain,' replied mine host.

'Has he a servant?' demanded I.

'Nae servant,' answered David; 'but a grand face o' his ain, that wad gar ony body be willing to serve him that looks upon him.'

'And what makes him think of disturbing me? Ah, David, this has been some of your chattering; you are perpetually bringing your guests on my shoulders, as if it were my business to entertain every man who comes to the George.'

'What the deil wad ye hae me do, Captain?' answered mine host; 'a gentleman lights down, and asks me in a most earnest manner what man of sense and learning there is about our

<sup>1</sup> There is more to be said about this old bridge hereafter. See Note, p. 376.

town that can tell him about the antiquities of the place, and specially about the auld abbey — ye wadna hae me tell the gentleman a lee? and ye ken weel enough there is naeboddy in the town can say a reasonable word about it, be it no yoursell, except the bedral, and he is as fou as a piper by this time. So, says I, "There's Captain Clutterbuck, that's a very civil gentleman, and has little to do forbye telling a' the auld cracks about the abbey, and dwells just hard by." Then says the gentleman to me, "Sir," says he, very civilly, "have the goodness to step to Captain Clutterbuck with my compliments, and say I am a stranger, who have been led to these parts chiefly by the fame of these ruins, and that I would call upon him, but the hour is late." And mair he said that I have forgotten, but I weel remember it ended, "And, landlord, get a bottle of your best sherry, and supper for two." Ye wadna have had me refuse to do the gentleman's bidding, and me a publican?"

'Well, David,' said I, 'I wish your virtuoso had taken a fitter hour; but as you say he is a gentleman ——'

'I'se uphaud him that: the order speaks for itsell — a bottle of sherry, minced collops and a fowl — that's speaking like a gentleman, I trow? That's right, Captain, button weel up, the night's raw; but the water's clearing for a' that; we'll be on't neist night wi' my lord's boats, and we'll hae ill luck if I dinna send you a kipper to relish your ale at e'en.'<sup>1</sup>

In five minutes after this dialogue I found myself in the parlour of the George, and in the presence of the stranger.

He was a grave personage, about my own age (which we shall call about fifty), and really had, as my friend David expressed it, something in his face that inclined men to oblige and to serve him. Yet this expression of authority was not at all of the cast which I have seen in the countenance of a general of brigade, neither was the stranger's dress at all martial. It consisted of a uniform suit of iron-grey clothes, cut in rather an old-fashioned form. His legs were defended with strong leathern gambadoes, which, according to an antiquarian contrivance, opened at the sides, and were secured by steel clasps. His countenance was worn as much by toil and sorrow as by age, for it intimated that he had seen and endured much. His address was singularly pleasing and gentlemanlike, and the

<sup>1</sup> The nobleman whose boats are mentioned in the text is the late kind and amiable Lord Sommerville, an intimate friend of the Author. David Kyle was a constant and privileged attendant when Lord Sommerville had a party for spearing salmon; on such occasions, eighty or a hundred fish were often killed between Gleamer and Leaderfoot.



apology which he made for disturbing me at such an hour, and in such a manner, was so well and handsomely expressed that I could not reply otherwise than by declaring my willingness to be of service to him.

‘I have been a traveller to-day, sir,’ said he, ‘and I would willingly defer the little I have to say till after supper, for which I feel rather more appetised than usual.’

We sate down to table, and, notwithstanding the stranger’s alleged appetite, as well as the gentle preparation of cheese and ale which I had already laid aboard, I really believe that I of the two did the greater honour to my friend David’s fowl and minced collops.

When the cloth was removed, and we had each made a tumbler of negus, of that liquor which hosts call sherry and guests call Lisbon, I perceived that the stranger seemed pensive, silent, and somewhat embarrassed, as if he had something to communicate which he knew not well how to introduce. To pave the way for him, I spoke of the ancient ruins of the monastery, and of their history. But, to my great surprise, I found I had met my match with a witness. The stranger not only knew all that I could tell him, but a great deal more; and, what was still more mortifying, he was able, by reference to dates, charters, and other evidence of facts, that, as Burns says, ‘downa be disputed,’ to correct many of the vague tales which I had adopted on loose and vulgar tradition, as well as to confute more than one of my favourite theories on the subject of the old monks and their dwellings, which I had sported freely in all the presumption of superior information. And here I cannot but remark that much of the stranger’s arguments and inductions rested upon the authority of Mr. Deputy Register of Scotland<sup>1</sup> and his lucubrations; a gentleman whose indefatigable research into the national records is like to destroy my trade, and that of all local antiquaries, by substituting truth instead of legend and romance. Alas, I would the learned gentleman did but know how difficult it is for us dealers in petty wares of antiquity to

Pluck from our memories a rooted ‘legend,’<sup>2</sup>  
 Raze out the written records of our brain,  
 Or cleanse our bosoms of that perilous stuff —

and so forth. It would, I am sure, move his pity to think how

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Thomson, Esq., whose well-deserved panegyric ought to be found on another page than one written by an intimate friend of thirty years’ standing.

many old dogs he hath set to learn new tricks, how many venerable parrots he hath taught to sing a new song, how many grey heads he hath addled by vain attempts to exchange their old *mumpsimus* for his new *sumpsimus*. But let it pass. *Humana perpersi sumus*. All changes round us, past, present, and to come : that which was history yesterday becomes fable to-day, and the truth of to-day is hatched into a lie by to-morrow.

Finding myself like to be overpowered in the monastery, which I had hitherto regarded as my citadel, I began, like a skilful general, to evacuate that place of defence, and fight my way through the adjacent country. I had recourse to my acquaintance with the families and antiquities of the neighbourhood, ground on which I thought I might skirmish at large without its being possible for the stranger to meet me with advantage. But I was mistaken.

The man in the iron-grey suit showed a much more minute knowledge of these particulars than I had the least pretension to. He could tell the very year in which the family of De Haga first settled on their ancient barony.<sup>1</sup> Not a thane within reach but he knew his family and connexions — how many of his ancestors had fallen by the sword of the English, how many in domestic brawl, and how many by the hand of the executioner for march-treason. Their castles he was acquainted with from turret to foundation-stone ; and as for the miscellaneous antiquities scattered about the country, he knew every one of them, from a cromlech to a cairn, and could give as good an account of each as if he had lived in the time of the Danes or Druids.

I was now in the mortifying predicament of one who suddenly finds himself a scholar when he came to teach, and nothing was left for me but to pick up as much of his conversation as I could, for the benefit of the next company. I told, indeed, Allan Ramsay's story of the *Monk and Miller's Wife*, in order to retreat with some honour under cover of a parting volley. Here, however, my flank was again turned by the eternal stranger.

'You are pleased to be facetious, sir,' said he ; 'but you cannot be ignorant that the ludicrous incident you mentioned is the subject of a tale much older than that of Allan Ramsay.'

I nodded, unwilling to acknowledge my ignorance, though,

<sup>1</sup> The family of De Haga, modernised into Haig, of Bemerside, is of the highest antiquity, and is the subject of one of the prophecies of Thomas the Rhymer :

Betide, betide, wlmte'er betide,  
Haig shall be Haig of Bemerside.

in fact, I knew no more what he meant than did one of my friend David's post-horses.

'I do not allude,' continued my omniscient companion, 'to the curious poem published by Pinkerton from the Maitland Manuscript, called the *Fryars of Berwick*, although it presents a very minute and amusing picture of Scottish manners during the reign of James V. ; but rather to the Italian novelist, by whom, so far as I know, the story was first printed, although unquestionably he first took his original from some ancient *fabliau*.'<sup>1</sup>

'It is not to be doubted,' answered I, not very well understanding, however, the proposition to which I gave such unqualified assent.

'Yet,' continued my companion, 'I question much, had you known my situation and profession, whether you would have pitched upon this precise anecdote for my amusement.'

This observation he made in a tone of perfect good-humour. I pricked up my ears at the hint, and answered as politely as I could that my ignorance of his condition and rank could be the only cause of my having stumbled on anything disagreeable ; and that I was most willing to apologise for my unintentional offence so soon as I should know wherein it consisted.

'Nay, no offence, sir,' he replied ; 'offence can only exist where it is taken. I have been too long accustomed to more severe and cruel misconstructions to be offended at a popular jest, though directed at my profession.'

'Am I to understand, then,' I answered, 'that I am speaking with a Catholic clergyman ?'

'An unworthy monk of the order of St. Benedict,' said the stranger, 'belonging to a community of your own countrymen, long established in France, and scattered unhappily by the events of the Revolution.'

'Then,' said I, 'you are a native Scotchman, and from this neighbourhood ?'

'Not so,' answered the monk ; 'I am a Scotchman by extraction only, and never was in this neighbourhood during my whole life.'

'Never in this neighbourhood, and yet so minutely acquainted with its history, its traditions, and even its external scenery ! You surprise me, sir,' I replied.

<sup>1</sup> It is curious to remark at how little expense of invention successive ages are content to receive amusement. The same story which Ramsay and Dunbar have successively handled forms also the subject of the modern farce *No Song, no Supper*.

'It is not surprising,' he said, 'that I should have that sort of local information, when it is considered that my uncle, an excellent man, as well as a good Scotchman, the head also of our religious community, employed much of his leisure in making me acquainted with these particulars; and that I myself, disgusted with what has been passing around me, have for many years amused myself by digesting and arranging the various scraps of information which I derived from my worthy relative and other aged brethren of our order.'

'I presume, sir,' said I, 'though I would by no means intrude the question, that you are now returned to Scotland with a view to settle amongst your countrymen, since the great political catastrophe of our time has reduced your corps?'

'No, sir,' replied the Benedictine, 'such is not my intention. A European potentate, who still cherishes the Catholic faith, has offered us a retreat within his dominions, where a few of my scattered brethren are already assembled, to pray to God for blessings on their protector and pardon to their enemies. No one, I believe, will be able to object to us under our new establishment, that the extent of our revenues will be inconsistent with our vows of poverty and abstinence; but let us strive to be thankful to God that the snare of temporal abundance is removed from us.'

'Many of your convents abroad, sir,' said I, 'enjoyed very handsome incomes; and yet, allowing for times, I question if any were better provided for than the monastery of this village. It is said to have possessed nearly two thousand pounds in yearly money-rent, fourteen chalders and nine bolls of wheat, fifty-six chalders five bolls barley, forty-four chalders and ten bolls oats, capons and poultry, butter, salt, carriage and arriage, peats and kain, wool and ale.'

'Even too much of all these temporal goods, sir,' said my companion, 'which, though well intended by the pious donors, served only to make the establishment the envy and the prey of those by whom it was finally devoured.'

'In the meanwhile, however,' I observed, 'the monks had an easy life of it, and, as the old song goes —

Made gude kale  
On Fridays when they fasted.'

'I understand you, sir,' said the Benedictine. "'It is difficult," saith the proverb, "to carry a full cup without spilling." Unquestionably the wealth of the community, as it endangered

the safety of the establishment by exciting the cupidity of others, was also in frequent instances a snare to the brethren themselves. And yet we have seen the revenues of convents expended, not only in acts of beneficence and hospitality to individuals, but in works of general and permanent advantage to the world at large. The noble folio collection of French historians commenced in 1737, under the inspection and at the expense of the community of St. Maur, will long show that the revenues of the Benedictines were not always spent in self-indulgence, and that the members of that order did not uniformly slumber in sloth and indolence, when they had discharged the formal duties of their rule.'

As I knew nothing earthly at the time about the community of St. Maur and their learned labours, I could only return a mumbling assent to this proposition. I have since seen this noble work in the library of a distinguished family, and I must own I am ashamed to reflect that in so wealthy a country as ours a similar digest of our historians should not be undertaken, under the patronage of the noble and the learned, in rivalry of that which the Benedictines of Paris executed at the expense of their own conventual funds.

'I perceive,' said the ex-Benedictine, smiling, 'that your heretical prejudices are too strong to allow us poor brethren any merit, whether literary or spiritual.'

'Far from it, sir,' said I; 'I assure you I have been much obliged to monks in my time. When I was quartered in a monastery in Flanders, in the campaign of 1793, I never lived more comfortably in my life. They were jolly fellows the Flemish canons, and right sorry was I to leave my good quarters, and to know that my honest hosts were to be at the mercy of the *sansculottes*. But *fortune de la guerre*!'

The poor Benedictine looked down and was silent. I had unwittingly awakened a train of bitter reflections, or rather I had touched somewhat rudely upon a chord which seldom ceased to vibrate of itself. But he was too much accustomed to this sorrowful train of ideas to suffer it to overcome him. On my part, I hastened to atone for my blunder. 'If there was any object of his journey to this country in which I could, with propriety, assist him, I begged to offer him my best services.' I own I laid some little emphasis on the words 'with propriety,' as I felt it would ill become me, a sound Protestant, and a servant of government so far as my half-pay was concerned, to implicate myself in any recruiting which my companion might



there not in the side wall of the chapel or recess which you mention a large carved stone, bearing a coat of arms, which no one hitherto has been able to decipher?

'You are right,' answered the Benedictine; and again consulting his memoranda, he added, 'the arms on the dexter side are those of Glendinning, being a cross parted by a cross indented and countercharged of the same; and on the sinister three spur-rowels for those of Avenel: they are two ancient families, now almost extinct in this country — the arms *party per pale*.'

'I think,' said I, 'there is no part of this ancient structure with which you are not as well acquainted as was the mason who built it. But if your information be correct, he who made out these bearings must have had better eyes than mine.'

'His eyes,' said the Benedictine, 'have long been closed in death; probably when he inspected the monument it was in a more perfect state, or he may have derived his information from the tradition of the place.'

'I assure you,' said I, 'that no such tradition now exists. I have made several reconnoissances among the old people, in hopes to learn something of the armorial bearings, but I never heard of such a circumstance. It seems odd that you should have acquired it in a foreign land.'

'These trifling particulars,' he replied, 'were formerly looked upon as more important, and they were sanctified to the exiles who retained recollection of them because they related to a place dear indeed to memory, but which their eyes could never again behold. It is possible, in like manner, that on the Potomac or Susquehannah you may find traditions current concerning places in England which are utterly forgotten in the neighbourhood where they originated. But to my purpose. In this recess, marked by the armorial bearings, lies buried a treasure, and it is in order to remove it that I have undertaken my present journey.'

'A treasure!' echoed I, in astonishment.

'Yes,' replied the monk, 'an inestimable treasure, for those who know how to use it rightly.'

I own my ears did tingle a little at the word treasure, and that a handsome tilbury, with a neat groom in blue and scarlet livery, having a smart cockade on his glazed hat, seemed as it were to glide across the room before my eyes, while a voice, as of a crier, pronounced in my ear, 'Captain Clutterbuck's tilbury — drive up.' But I resisted the devil, and he fled from me.

'I believe,' said I, 'all hidden treasure belongs either to the king or the lord of the soil; and as I have served his Majesty, I cannot concern myself in any adventure which may have an end in the Court of Exchequer.'

'The treasure I seek,' said the stranger, smiling, 'will not be envied by princes or nobles: it is simply the heart of an upright man.'

'Ah! I understand you,' I answered; 'some relic, forgotten in the confusion of the Reformation. I know the value which men of your persuasion put upon the bodies and limbs of saints. I have seen the Three Kings of Cologne.'

'The relics which I seek, however,' said the Benedictine, 'are not precisely of that nature. The excellent relative whom I have already mentioned amused his leisure hours with putting into form the traditions of his family, particularly some remarkable circumstances which took place about the first breaking out of the schism of the church in Scotland. He became so much interested in his own labours that at length he resolved that the heart of one individual, the hero of his tale, should rest no longer in a land of heresy, now deserted by all his kindred. As he knew where it was deposited, he formed the resolution to visit his native country for the purpose of recovering this valued relic. But age, and at length disease, interfered with his resolution, and it was on his deathbed that he charged me to undertake the task in his stead. The various important events which have crowded upon each other, our ruin and our exile, have for many years obliged me to postpone this delegated duty. Why, indeed, transfer the relics of a holy and worthy man to a country where religion and virtue are become the mockery of the scorner? I have now a home, which I trust may be permanent, if anything in this earth can be termed so. Thither will I transport the heart of the good father, and beside the shrine which it shall occupy I will construct my own grave.'

'He must, indeed, have been an excellent man,' replied I, 'whose memory, at so distant a period, calls forth such strong marks of regard.'

'He was, as you justly term him,' said the ecclesiastic, 'indeed excellent—excellent in his life and doctrine, excellent, above all, in his self-denied and disinterested sacrifice of all that life holds dear to principle and to friendship. But you shall read his history. I shall be happy at once to gratify your curiosity and to show my sense of your kindness, if you



will have the goodness to procure me the means of accomplishing my object.'

I replied to the Benedictine that, as the rubbish amongst which he proposed to search was no part of the ordinary burial-ground, and as I was on the best terms with the sexton, I had little doubt that I could procure him the means of executing his pious purpose.

With this promise we parted for the night; and on the ensuing morning I made it my business to see the sexton, who, for a small gratuity, readily granted permission of search, on condition, however, that he should be present himself, to see that the stranger removed nothing of intrinsic value.

'To banes, and skulls, and hearts, if he can find ony, he shall be welcome,' said this guardian of the ruined monastery, 'there 's plenty a' about, an he 's curious of them; but if there be ony picts (meaning perhaps pyx) or chalishes, or the like of such Popish veshells of gold and silver, deil hae me an I conneeve at their being removed.'

The sexton also stipulated that our researches should take place at night, being unwilling to excite observation or give rise to scandal.

My new acquaintance and I spent the day as became lovers of hoar antiquity. We visited every corner of these magnificent ruins again and again during the forenoon; and, having made a comfortable dinner at David's, we walked in the afternoon to such places in the neighbourhood as ancient tradition or modern conjecture had rendered markworthy. Night found us in the interior of the ruins, attended by the sexton; who carried a dark lantern, and stumbling alternately over the graves of the dead and the fragments of that architecture 'which they doubtless trusted would have canopied their bones till doomsday.'

I am by no means particularly superstitious, and yet there was that in the present service which I did not very much like. There was something awful in the resolution of disturbing, at such an hour, and in such a place, the still and mute sanctity of the grave. My companions were free from this impression—the stranger from his energetic desire to execute the purpose for which he came, and the sexton from habitual indifference. We soon stood in the aisle which, by the account of the Benedictine, contained the bones of the family of Glendinning, and were busily employed in removing the rubbish from a corner which the stranger pointed out. If a half-pay Captain could

have represented an ancient Border knight, or an ex-Benedictine of the nineteenth century a wizard monk of the sixteenth, we might have aptly enough personified the search after Michael Scott's lamp and book of magic power. But the sexton would have been *de trop* in the group.<sup>1</sup>

Ere the stranger, assisted by the sexton in his task, had been long at work, they came to some hewn stones, which seemed to have made part of a small shrine, though now displaced and destroyed.

'Let us remove these with caution, my friend,' said the stranger, 'lest we injure that which I come to seek.'

'They are prime stanes,' said the sexton, 'picked free every ane of them : warse than the best wad never serve the monks, I'se warrant.'

A minute after he had made this observation, he exclaimed, 'I hae fund something now that stands again' the spade, as if it were neither earth nor stane.'

The stranger stooped eagerly to assist him.

'Na, na, haill o' my ain,' said the sexton : 'nae halves or quarters'; and he lifted from amongst the ruins a small leaden box.

'You will be disappointed, my friend,' said the Benedictine, 'if you expect anything there but the mouldering dust of a human heart, closed in an inner case of porphyry.'

I interposed as a neutral party, and taking the box from the sexton, reminded him that, if there were treasure concealed in it, still it could not become the property of the finder. I then proposed that, as the place was too dark to examine the contents of the leaden casket, we should adjourn to David's, where we might have the advantage of light and fire while carrying on our investigation. The stranger requested us to go before, assuring us that he would follow in a few minutes.

I fancy that Old Mattocks suspected these few minutes might be employed in effecting further discoveries amongst the tombs, for he glided back through a side-aisle to watch the Benedictine's motions, but presently returned, and told me in a whisper, that 'The gentleman was on his knees amang the cauld stanes, praying like ony saunt.'

<sup>1</sup> This is one of those passages which must now read awkwardly, since every one knows that the Novelist and the Author of the *Lay of the Minstrel* is the same person. But before the avowal was made, the Author was forced into this and similar offences against good taste to meet an argument, often repeated, that there was something very mysterious in the Author of *Waverley's* reserve concerning Sir Walter Scott, an author sufficiently voluminous at least. I had a great mind to remove the passages from this edition, but the more candid way is to explain how they came there.

## xl INTRODUCTION TO THE MONASTERY

I stole back, and beheld the old man actually employed as Mattocks had informed me. The language seemed to be Latin; and as the whispered yet solemn accent glided away through the ruined aisles, I could not help reflecting how long it was since they had heard the forms of that religion, for the exercise of which they had been reared at such cost of time, taste, labour, and expense. 'Come away—come away,' said I; 'let us leave him to himself, Mattocks; this is no business of ours.'

'My certes, no, Captain,' said Mattocks; 'ne'ertheless, it winna be amiss to keep an ee on him. My father, rest his saul, was a horse-couper, and used to say he never was cheated in a naig in his life saving by a west-country Whig frae Kilmarnock that said a grace ower a dram o' whisky. But this gentleman will be a Roman, I'se warrant?'

'You are perfectly right in that, Saunders,' said I.

'Ay, I have seen twa or three of their priests that were chased ower here some score o' years syne. They just danced like mad when they looked on the friars' heads and the nuns' heads in the cloister yonder: they took to them like auld acquaintance like. Od, he is not stirring yet, mair than he were a through-stane!<sup>1</sup> I never kend a Roman to say kend him, but ane—mair by token, he was the only ane in the town to ken—and that was auld Jock of the Pend. It wad hae been lang ere ye fand Jock praying in the abbey in a thick night, wi' his knees on a cauld stane. Jock likit a kirk wi' a chimley in't. Mony a merry ploy I hae had wi' him down at the inn yonder; and when he died, decently I wad hae earded him; but, or I gat his grave weel howkit, some of the quality, that were o' his ain unhappy persuasion, had the corpse whirried away up the water, and buried him after their ain pleasure, doubtless—they kend best. I wad hae made nae great charge. I wadna hae excised Johnnie, dead or alive. Stay, see—the strange gentleman is coming.'

'Hold the lantern to assist him, Mattocks,' said I. 'This is rough walking, sir.'

'Yes,' replied the Benedictine; 'I may say with a poet who is doubtless familiar to you——'

'I should be surprised if he were,' thought I internally.

The stranger continued:

'Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night  
Have my old feet stumbled at graves!'

'We are now clear of the churchyard,' said I, 'and have but

<sup>1</sup> A tombstone.

a short walk to David's, where I hope we shall find a cheerful fire to enliven us after our night's work.'

We entered, accordingly, the little parlour, into which Mattocks was also about to push himself with sufficient effrontery, when David, with a most astounding oath, expelled him by head and shoulders, d—ning his curiosity, that would not let gentlemen be private in their own inn. Apparently mine host considered his own presence as no intrusion, for he crowded up to the table on which I had laid down the leaden box. It was frail and wasted, as might be guessed, from having lain so many years in the ground. On opening it, we found deposited within a case made of porphyry, as the stranger had announced to us.

'I fancy,' he said, 'gentlemen, your curiosity will not be satisfied — perhaps I should say that your suspicions will not be removed — unless I undo this casket; yet it only contains the mouldering remains of a heart, once the seat of the noblest thoughts.'

He undid the box with great caution; but the shrivelled substance which it contained bore now no resemblance to what it might once have been, the means used having been apparently unequal to preserve its shape and colour, although they were adequate to prevent its total decay. We were quite satisfied, notwithstanding, that it was what the stranger asserted, the remains of a human heart; and David readily promised his influence in the village, which was almost co-ordinate with that of the bailie himself, to silence all idle rumours. He was, moreover, pleased to favour us with his company to supper; and having taken the lion's share of two bottles of sherry, he not only sanctioned with his plenary authority the stranger's removal of the heart, but, I believe, would have authorised the removal of the abbey itself, were it not that it happens considerably to advantage the worthy publican's own custom.

The object of the Benedictine's visit to the land of his forefathers being now accomplished, he announced his intention of leaving us early in the ensuing day, but requested my company to breakfast with him before his departure. I came accordingly, and when we had finished our morning's meal, the priest took me apart, and, pulling from his pocket a large bundle of papers, he put them into my hands. 'These,' said he, 'Captain Clutterbuck, are genuine memoirs of the sixteenth century, and exhibit in a singular, and, as I think, an interesting, point of view the manners of that period. I am induced to believe that their publication will not be an unacceptable present to the British

public, and willingly make over to you any profit that may accrue from such a transaction.'

I stared a little at this annunciation, and observed, that the hand seemed too modern for the date he assigned to the manuscript.

'Do not mistake me, sir,' said the Benedictine; 'I did not mean to say the memoirs were written in the sixteenth century, but only that they were compiled from authentic materials of that period, but written in the taste and language of the present day. My uncle commenced this book; and I, partly to improve my habit of English composition, partly to divert melancholy thoughts, amused my leisure hours with continuing and concluding it. You will see the period of the story where my uncle leaves off his narrative and I commence mine. In fact, they relate in a great measure to different persons, as well as to a different period.'

Retaining the papers in my hand, I proceeded to state to him my doubts whether, as a good Protestant, I could undertake or superintend a publication written probably in the spirit of Popery.

'You will find,' he said, 'no matter of controversy in these sheets, nor any sentiments stated with which, I trust, the good in all persuasions will not be willing to join. I remembered I was writing for a land unhappily divided from the Catholic faith; and I have taken care to say nothing which, justly interpreted, could give ground for accusing me of partiality. But, if, upon collating my narrative with the proofs to which I refer you—for you will find copies of many of the original papers in that parcel—you are of opinion that I have been partial to my own faith, I freely give you leave to correct my errors in that respect. I own, however, I am not conscious of this defect, and have rather to fear that the Catholics may be of opinion that I have mentioned circumstances respecting the decay of discipline which preceded, and partly occasioned, the great schism, called by you the Reformation, over which I ought to have drawn a veil. And, indeed, this is one reason why I choose the papers should appear in a foreign land, and pass to the press through the hands of a stranger.'

To this I had nothing to reply, unless to object my own incompetency to the task the good father was desirous to impose upon me. On this subject he was pleased to say more, I fear, than his knowledge of me fully warranted—more, at any rate, than my modesty will permit me to record. At length he

ended with advising me, if I continued to feel the diffidence which I stated, to apply to some veteran of literature, whose experience might supply my deficiencies. Upon these terms we parted, with mutual expressions of regard, and I have never since heard of him.

After several attempts to peruse the quires of paper thus singularly conferred on me, in which I was interrupted by the most inexplicable fits of yawning, I at length, in a sort of despair, communicated them to our village club, from whom they found a more favourable reception than the unlucky conformation of my nerves had been able to afford them. They unanimously pronounced the work to be exceedingly good, and assured me I would be guilty of the greatest possible injury to our flourishing village if I should suppress what threw such an interesting and radiant light upon the history of the ancient Monastery of St. Mary.

At length, by dint of listening to their opinion, I became dubious of my own; and, indeed, when I heard passages read forth by the sonorous voice of our worthy pastor, I was scarce more tired than I have felt myself at some of his own sermons. Such and so great is the difference betwixt reading a thing one's self, making toilsome way through all the difficulties of manuscript, and, as the man says in the play, 'having the same read to you': it is positively like being wafted over a creek in a boat, or wading through it on your feet, with the mud up to your knees. Still, however, there remained the great difficulty of finding some one who could act as editor, corrector at once of the press and of the language, which, according to the schoolmaster, was absolutely necessary.

Since the trees walked forth to choose themselves a king, never was an honour so bandied about. The parson would not leave the quiet of his chimney-corner; the bailie pleaded the dignity of his situation, and the approach of the great annual fair, as reasons against going to Edinburgh to make arrangements for printing the Benedictine's Manuscript. The schoolmaster alone seemed of malleable stuff; and, desirous perhaps of emulating the fame of Jedediah Cleishbotham, evinced a wish to undertake this momentous commission. But a remonstrance from three opulent farmers, whose sons he had at bed, board, and schooling for twenty pounds per annum a-head, came like a frost over the blossoms of his literary ambition, and he was compelled to decline the service.

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In these circumstances, sir, I apply to you, by the advice of our little council of war, nothing doubting you will not be disinclined to take the duty upon you; as it is much connected with that in which you have distinguished yourself. What I request is, that you will review, or rather revise and correct, the inclosed packet, and prepare it for the press, by such alterations, additions, and curtailments as you think necessary. Forgive my hinting to you that the deepest well may be exhausted, the best corps of grenadiers, as our old general of brigade expressed himself, may be used up. A few hints can do you no harm; and, for the prize-money, let the battle be first won, and it shall be parted at the drum-head. I hope you will take nothing amiss that I have said. I am a plain soldier, and little accustomed to compliments. I may add, that I should be well contented to march in the front with you — that is, to put my name with yours on the title-page.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your unknown humble Servant,

CUTHBERT CLUTTERBUCK.

VILLAGE OF KENNAQUHAIK,  
— of April 18—

For the Author of *Waverley*, &c., }  
care of Mr. John Ballantyne, }  
Hanover Street, Edinburgh. }

ANSWER  
BY  
THE AUTHOR OF *Waverley*  
TO THE  
FOREGOING LETTER  
FROM  
CAPTAIN CLUTTERBUCK

DEAR CAPTAIN —

**D**O not admire that, notwithstanding the distance and ceremony of your address, I return an answer in the terms of familiarity. The truth is, your origin and native country are better known to me than even to yourself. You derive your respectable parentage, if I am not greatly mistaken, from a land which has afforded much pleasure, as well as profit, to those who have traded to it successfully. I mean that part of the *terra incognita* which is called the province of Utopia. Its productions, though censured by many (and some who use tea and tobacco without scruple) as idle and unsubstantial luxuries, have nevertheless, like many other luxuries, a general acceptance, and are secretly enjoyed even by those who express the greatest scorn and dislike of them in public. The dram-drinker is often the first to be shocked at the smell of spirits; it is not unusual to hear old maiden ladies declaim against scandal; the private bookcases of some grave-seeming men would not brook decent eyes; and many, I say not of the wise and learned, but of those most anxious to seem such, when the spring-lock of their library is drawn, their velvet cap pulled over their ears, their feet insinuated into their turkey slippers, are to be found, were their retreats suddenly intruded upon, busily engaged with the last new novel.



I have said, the truly wise and learned disdain these shifts, and will open the said novel as avowedly as they would the lid of their snuff-box. I will only quote one instance, though I know a hundred. Did you know the celebrated Watt of Birmingham, Captain Clutterbuck? I believe not, though, from what I am about to state, he would not have failed to have sought an acquaintance with you. It was only once my fortune to meet him, whether in body or spirit it matters not. There were assembled about half a score of our Northern Lights, who had amongst them, Heaven knows how, a well-known character of your country, Jedediah Cleishbotham. This worthy person, having come to Edinburgh during the Christmas vacation, had become a sort of lion in the place, and was led in leash from house to house along with the guisards, the stone-eater, and other amusements of the season, which 'exhibited their unparalleled feats to private family parties, if required.' Amidst this company stood Mr. Watt, the man whose genius discovered the means of multiplying our national resources to a degree perhaps even beyond his own stupendous powers of calculation and combination — bringing the treasures of the abyss to the summit of the earth, giving the feeble arm of man the momentum of an Afrite, commanding manufactures to arise, as the rod of the prophet produced water in the desert, affording the means of dispensing with that time and tide which wait for no man, and of sailing without that wind which defied the commands and threats of Xerxes himself.<sup>1</sup> This potent commander of the elements, this abridger of time and space, this magician; whose cloudy machinery has produced a change on the world the effects of which, extraordinary as they are, are perhaps only now beginning to be felt, was not only the most profound man of science, the most successful combiner of powers and calculator of numbers, as adapted to practical purposes, was not only one of the most generally well-informed, but one of the best and kindest of human beings.

There he stood, surrounded by the little band I have mentioned of Northern literati, men not less tenacious, generally speaking, of their own fame and their own opinions than the national regiments are supposed to be jealous of the high char-

<sup>1</sup> Probably the ingenious Author alludes to the national adage:

The king said sail,  
But the wind said no.

Our schoolmaster, who is also a land-surveyor, thinks this whole passage refers to Mr. Watt's improvements on the steam-engine.—*Note by CAPTAIN CLUTTERBUCK.*

acter which they have won upon service. Methinks I yet see and hear what I shall never see or hear again. In his eighty-fifth year, the alert, kind, benevolent old man had his attention alive to every one's question, his information at every one's command.

His talents and fancy overflowed on every subject. One gentleman was a deep philologist—he talked with him on the origin of the alphabet as if he had been coeval with Cadmus; another a celebrated critic—you would have said the old man had studied political economy and belles-lettres all his life; of science it is unnecessary to speak, it was his own distinguished walk. And yet, Captain Clutterbuck, when he spoke with your countryman, Jedediah Cleishbotham, you would have sworn he had been coeval with Claver'se and Burley, with the persecutors and persecuted, and could number every shot the dragoons had fired at the fugitive Covenanters. In fact, we discovered that no novel of the least celebrity escaped his perusal, and that the gifted man of science was as much addicted to the productions of your native country (the land of Utopia aforesaid)—in other words, as shameless and obstinate a peruser of novels as if he had been a very milliner's apprentice of eighteen. I know little apology for troubling you with these things, excepting the desire to commemorate a delightful evening, and a wish to encourage you to shake off that modest diffidence which makes you afraid of being supposed connected with the fairyland of delusive fiction. I will requite your tag of verse from Horace himself, with a paraphrase for your own use, my dear Captain, and for that of your country club, excepting in reverence the clergyman and schoolmaster :

*Ne sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori, &c.*

Take thou no scorn,  
Of fiction born,  
Fair fiction's muse to woo;  
Old Homer's theme  
Was but a dream,  
Himself a fiction too.

Having told you your country, I must next, my dear Captain Clutterbuck, make free to mention your own immediate descent. You are not to suppose your land of prodigies so little known to us as the careful concealment of your origin would seem to imply. But you have it in common with many of your country, studiously and anxiously to hide any connexion with it. There is this difference, indeed, betwixt your countrymen and those of

our more material world, that many of the most estimable of them, such as an old Highland gentleman called Ossian, a monk of Bristol called Rowley, and others, are inclined to pass themselves off as denizens of the land of reality, whereas most of our fellow-citizens who deny their country are such as that country would be very willing to disclaim. The especial circumstances you mention relating to your life and services impose not upon us. We know the versatility of the unsubstantial species to which you belong permits them to assume all manner of disguises : we have seen them apparelled in the caftan of a Persian, and the silken robe of a Chinese,<sup>1</sup> and are prepared to suspect their real character under every disguise. But how can we be ignorant of your country and manners, or deceived by the evasion of its inhabitants, when the voyages of discovery which have been made to it rival in number those recorded by Purchas or by Hackluyt ?<sup>2</sup> And to show the skill and perseverance of your navigators and travellers, we have only to name Sinbad, Aboulfouaris, and Robinson Crusoe. These were the men for discoveries. Could we have sent Captain Greenland to look out for the north-west passage, or Peter Wilkins to examine Baffin's Bay, what discoveries might we not have expected ! But there are feats, and these both numerous and extraordinary, performed by the inhabitants of your country, which we read without once attempting to emulate.

I wander from my purpose, which was to assure you, that I know you as well as the mother who did *not* bear you, for MacDuff's peculiarity sticks to your whole race.. You are not born of woman, unless, indeed, in that figurative sense in which the celebrated Maria Edgeworth may, in her state of single blessedness, be termed mother of the finest family in England. You belong, sir, to the editors of the land of Utopia, a sort of persons for whom I have the highest esteem. How is it possible it should be otherwise, when you reckon among your corporation the sage Cid Hamet Benengeli, the short-faced president of the *Spectator's* club, poor Ben Silton, and many others, who have acted as gentlemen-ushers to works which have cheered our heaviest, and added wings to our lightest, hours ?

What I have remarked as peculiar to editors of the class in which I venture to enrol you is the happy combination of fortuitous circumstances, which usually put you in possession of the works which you have the goodness to bring into public

<sup>1</sup> See *The Persian Letters*, and *The Citizen of the World*.

<sup>2</sup> See *Les Voyages Imaginaires*.

notice. One walks on the sea-shore, and a wave casts on land a small cylindrical trunk or casket, containing a manuscript much damaged with sea-water, which is with difficulty deciphered, and so forth.<sup>1</sup> Another steps into a chandler's shop, to purchase a pound of butter, and behold ! the waste-paper on which it is laid is the manuscript of a cabalist.<sup>2</sup> A third is so fortunate as to obtain from a woman who lets lodgings the curious contents of an antique bureau, the property of a deceased lodger.<sup>3</sup> All these are certainly possible occurrences ; but, I know not how, they seldom occur to any editors save those of your country. At least I can answer for myself, that in my solitary walks by the sea, I never saw it cast ashore anything but dulse and tangle, and now and then a deceased starfish ; my landlady never presented me with any manuscript save her cursed bill ; and the most interesting of my discoveries in the way of waste-paper was finding a favourite passage of one of my own novels wrapt round an ounce of snuff. No, Captain, the funds from which I have drawn my power of amusing the public have been bought otherwise than by fortuitous adventure. I have buried myself in libraries, to extract from the nonsense of ancient days new nonsense of my own. I have turned over volumes which, from the pot-hooks I was obliged to decipher, might have been the cabalistic manuscripts of Cornelius Agrippa, although I never saw 'the door open and the devil come in.'<sup>4</sup> But all the domestic inhabitants of the libraries were disturbed by the vehemence of my studies :

From my research the boldest spider fled,  
And moths, retreating, trembled as I read.

From this learned sepulchre I emerged, like the Magician in the *Persian Tales*, from his twelvemonth's residence in the mountain, not like him to soar over the heads of the multitude, but to mingle in the crowd, and to elbow amongst the throng, making my way from the highest society to the lowest, undergoing the scorn, or, what is harder to brook, the patronising condescension of the one, and enduring the vulgar familiarity of the other ; and all, you will say, for what ? To collect materials for one of those manuscripts with which mere chance so often accommodates your countrymen — in other words, to write a successful novel. 'O, Athenians, how hard we labour to deserve your praise !'

<sup>1</sup> See the *History of Automathes*.

<sup>2</sup> *Adventures of a Guinea*.

<sup>3</sup> *Adventures of an Atom*.

<sup>4</sup> See Southey's *Ballad on the Young Man who read in a Conjuror's Books*.

# 1 INTRODUCTION TO THE MONASTERY

I might stop here, my dear Clutterbuck; it would have a touching effect, and the air of proper deference to our dear public. But I will not be false with you, though falsehood is — excuse the observation — the current coin of your country; the truth is, I have studied and lived for the purpose of gratifying my own curiosity, and passing my own time; and though the result has been that, in one shape or other, I have been frequently before the public, perhaps more frequently than prudence warranted, yet I cannot claim from them the favour due to those who have dedicated their ease and leisure to the improvement and entertainment of others.

Having communicated thus freely with you, my dear Captain, it follows of course that I will gratefully accept of your communication, which, as your Benedictine observed, divides itself both by subject, manner, and age into two parts. But I am sorry I cannot gratify your literary ambition by suffering your name to appear upon the title-page; and I will candidly tell you the reason.

The editors of your country are of such a soft and passive disposition that they have frequently done themselves great disgrace by giving up the coadjutors who first brought them into public notice and public favour, and suffering their names to be used by those quacks and impostors who live upon the ideas of others. Thus I shame to tell how the sage Cid Hamet Benengeli was induced by one Juan Avellaneda to play the Turk with the ingenious Miguel Cervantes, and to publish a Second Part of the adventures of his hero, the renowned Don Quixote, without the knowledge or co-operation of his principal aforesaid. It is true, the Arabian sage returned to his allegiance, and thereafter composed a genuine continuation of the Knight of La Mancha, in which the said Avellaneda of Tordesillas is severely chastised. For in this you pseudo-editors resemble the juggler's disciplined ape, to which a sly old Scotsman likened James I.: 'If you have Jackoo in your hand you can make him bite me; if I have Jackoo in my hand I can make him bite you.' Yet, notwithstanding the *amende honorable* thus made by Cid Hamet Benengeli, his temporary defection did not the less occasion the decease of the ingenious hidalgo Don Quixote, if he can be said to die whose memory is immortal. Cervantes put him to death lest he should again fall into bad hands. Awful yet just consequence of Cid Hamet's defection!

To quote a more modern and much less important instance. I am sorry to observe my old acquaintance, Jedediah Cleish-

## INTRODUCTION TO THE MONASTERY - li

botham, has misbehaved himself so far as to desert his original patron and set up for himself. I am afraid the poor pedagogue will make little by his new allies, unless the pleasure of entertaining the public, and, for aught I know, the gentleman of the long robe, with disputes about his identity.<sup>1</sup> Observe, therefore, Captain Clutterbuck, that, wise by these great examples, I receive you as a partner, but a sleeping partner only. As I give you no title to employ or use the firm of the co-partnery we are about to form, I will announce my property in my title-page, and put my own mark on my own chattels; which the attorney tells me it will be a crime to counterfeit, as much as it would to imitate the autograph of any other empiric — a crime amounting, as advertisements upon little vials assure to us, to nothing short of felony. If, therefore, my dear friend, your name should hereafter appear in any title-page without mine, readers will know what to think of you. I scorn to use either arguments or threats; but you cannot but be sensible that, as you owe your literary existence to me on the one hand, so, on the other, your very all is at my disposal. I can at pleasure cut off your annuity, strike your name from the half-pay establishment — nay, actually put you to death, without being answerable to any one. These are plain words to a gentleman who has served during the whole war; but I am aware you will take nothing amiss at my hands.

And now, my good sir, let us address ourselves to our task, and arrange as we best can the manuscript of your Benedictine, so as to suit the taste of this critical age. You will find I have made very liberal use of his permission to alter whatever seemed too favourable to the Church of Rome, which I abominate, were it but for her fasts and penances.

Our reader is doubtless impatient, and we must own with John Bunyan :

We have too long detain'd him in the porch,  
And kept him from the sunshine with a torch.

Adieu, therefore, my dear Captain; remember me respectfully to

<sup>1</sup> I am since more correctly informed that Mr. Cleishbotham died some months since at Ganderceugh, and that the person assuming his name is an impostor. The real Jedediah made a most Christian and edifying end; and, as I am credibly informed, having sent for a Cameronian clergyman when he was *in extremis*, was so fortunate as to convince the good man that, after all, he had no wish to bring down on the scattered remnant of Mountain folks 'the bonnets of Bonny Dundee.' Hard that the speculators in print and paper will not allow a good man to rest quiet in his grave!

This note, and the passages in the text, were occasioned by a London bookseller having printed, as a speculation, an additional collection of *Tales of my Landlord* which was not so fortunate as to succeed in passing on the world as genuine.

the parson, the schoolmaster, and the bailie, and all friends of the happy club in the village of Kennaquhair. I have never seen, and never shall see, one of their faces ; and, notwithstanding, I believe that as yet I am better acquainted with them than any other man who lives. I shall soon introduce you to my jocund friend, Mr. John Ballantyne of 'Trinity Grove, whom you will find warm from his match at single-stick with a brother publisher.<sup>1</sup> Peace to their differences ! It is a wrathful trade, and the *irritable genus* comprehends the bookselling as well as the book-writing species. — Once more adieu !

THE AUTHOR OF *WAVERLEY*.

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<sup>1</sup> In consequence of the pseudo *Tales of my Landlord* printed in London, as already mentioned, the late Mr. John Ballantyne, the Author's publisher, had a controversy with the interloping bibliopollist, each insisting that his Jedediah Cleishbotham was the real Simon Pure.

# THE MONASTERY

## CHAPTER I

O ay ! the monks, the monks, they did the mischief !  
Theirs all the grossness, all the superstition  
Of a most gross and superstitious age.  
May He be praised that sent the healthful tempest  
And scatter'd all these pestilential vapours !  
But that we owed them *all* to yonder harlot  
Throned on the seven hills with her cup of gold,  
I will as soon believe, with kind Sir Roger,  
That old Moll White took wing with cat and broomstick,  
And raised the last night's thunder.

*Old Play.*

THE village described in the Benedictine's manuscript by the name of Kennaquhair bears the same Celtic termination which occurs in Traquhair, Caquhair, and other compounds. The learned Chalmers derives this word 'quhair' from the winding course of a stream ; a definition which coincides, in a remarkable degree, with the serpentine turns of the river Tweed near the village of which we speak. It has been long famous for the splendid Monastery of St. Mary, founded by David the First of Scotland, in whose reign were formed, in the same county, the no less splendid establishments of Melrose, Jedburgh, and Kelso. The donations of land with which the King endowed these wealthy fraternities procured him from the monkish historians the epithet of Saint, and from one of his impoverished descendants the splenetic censure, 'that he had been a sore saint for the crown.'

It seems probable, notwithstanding, that David, who was as wise as well as a pious monarch, was not moved solely by religious motives to those great acts of munificence to the church, but annexed political views to his pious generosity. His posses-





the plough, was called *in-field*. Here the use of quantities of manure supplied in some degree the exhaustion of the soil, and the feuars raised tolerable oats and bear,<sup>1</sup> usually sowed on alternate ridges, on which the labour of the whole community was bestowed without distinction, the produce being divided after harvest, agreeably to their respective interests.

There was, besides, *out-field* land, from which it was thought possible to extract a crop now and then, after which it was abandoned to the 'skiey influences' until the exhausted powers of vegetation were restored. These out-field spots were selected by any feuar at his own choice, amongst the sheep-walks and hills which were always annexed to the township, to serve as pasturage to the community. The trouble of cultivating these patches of out-field, and the precarious chance that the crop would pay the labour, were considered as giving a right to any feuar who chose to undertake the adventure to the produce which might result from it.

There remained the pasturage of extensive moors, where the valleys often afforded good grass, and upon which the whole cattle belonging to the community fed indiscriminately during the summer, under the charge of the town-herd, who regularly drove them out to pasture in the morning, and brought them back at night, without which precaution they would have fallen a speedy prey to some of the snatchers in the neighbourhood. These are things to make modern agriculturists hold up their hands and stare; but the same mode of cultivation is not yet entirely in desuetude in some distant parts of North Britain, and may be witnessed in full force and exercise in the Zetland Archipelago.

The habitations of the church feuars were not less primitive than their agriculture. In each village or town were several small towers, having battlements projecting over the side walls, and usually an advanced angle or two with shot-holes for flanking the doorway, which was always defended by a strong door of oak, studded with nails, and often by an exterior grated door of iron. These small peel-houses were ordinarily inhabited by the principal feuars and their families; but, upon the alarm of approaching danger, the whole inhabitants thronged from their own miserable cottages, which were situated around, to garrison these points of defence. It was then no easy matter for a hostile party to penetrate into the village, for the men were habituated to the use of bows and

<sup>1</sup> Or bigg, a kind of coarse barley.

firearms, and the towers being generally so placed that the discharge from one crossed that of another, it was impossible to assault any of them individually.

The interior of these houses was usually sufficiently wretched, for it would have been folly to have furnished them in a manner which could excite the avarice of their lawless neighbours. Yet the families themselves exhibited in their appearance a degree of comfort, information, and independence which could hardly have been expected. Their in-field supplied them with bread and home-brewed ale, their herds and flocks with beef and mutton (the extravagance of killing lambs or calves was never thought of). Each family killed a mart, or fat bullock, in November, which was salted up for winter use, to which the goodwife could, upon great occasions, add a dish of pigeons or a fat capon; the ill-cultivated garden afforded 'lang-cale'; and the river gave salmon to serve as a relish during the season of Lent.

Of fuel they had plenty, for the bogs afforded turf; and the remains of the abused woods continued to give them logs for burning, as well as timber for the usual domestic purposes. In addition to these comforts, the goodman would now and then sally forth to the greenwood, and mark down a buck of season with his gun or his cross-bow; and the father confessor seldom refused him absolution for the trespass, if duly invited to take his share of the smoking haunch. Some, still bolder, made, either with their own domestics or by associating themselves with the moss-troopers, in the language of shepherds, 'a start and overloup'; and the golden ornaments and silken head-gear worn by the females of one or two families of note were invidiously traced by their neighbours to such successful excursions. This, however, was a more inexpressible crime in the eyes of the abbot and community of St. Mary's than the borrowing one of the 'gude king's deer'; and they failed not to discountenance and punish, by every means in their power, offences which were sure to lead to severe retaliation upon the property of the church, and which tended to alter the character of their peaceful vassalage.

As for the information possessed by those dependants of the abbacies, they might have been truly said to be better fed than taught, even though their fare had been worse than it was. Still, however, they enjoyed opportunities of knowledge from which others were excluded. The monks were in general well acquainted with their vassals and tenants, and familiar in the

families of the better class among them, where they were sure to be received with the respect due to their twofold character of spiritual father and secular landlord. Thus it often happened, when a boy displayed talents and inclination for study, one of the brethren, with a view to his being bred to the church, or out of good-nature, in order to pass away his own idle time, if he had no better motive, initiated him into the mysteries of reading and writing, and imparted to him such other knowledge as he himself possessed. And the heads of these allied families, having more time for reflection, and more skill, as well as stronger motives for improving their small properties, bore amongst their neighbours the character of shrewd, intelligent men, who claimed respect on account of their comparative wealth, even while they were despised for a less warlike and enterprising turn than the other Borderers. They lived as much as they well could amongst themselves, avoiding the company of others, and dreading nothing more than to be involved in the deadly feuds and ceaseless contentions of the secular landholders.

Such is a general picture of these communities. During the fatal wars in the commencement of Queen Mary's reign they had suffered dreadfully by the hostile invasions. For the English, now a Protestant people, were so far from sparing the church lands, that they forayed them with more unrelenting severity than even the possessions of the laity! But the peace of 1550 had restored some degree of tranquillity to those distracted and harassed regions, and matters began again gradually to settle upon the former footing. The monks repaired their ravaged shrines; the feuar again roofed his small fortalice which the enemy had ruined; the poor labourer rebuilt his cottage—an easy task, where a few sods, stones, and some pieces of wood from the next copse furnished all the materials necessary. The cattle, lastly, were driven out of the wastes and thickets in which the remnant of them had been secreted; and the mighty bull moved at the head of his seraglio and their followers, to take possession of their wonted pastures. There ensued peace and quiet, the state of the age and nation considered, to the Monastery of St. Mary and its dependencies for several tranquil years.

## CHAPTER II

In yon lone vale his early youth was bred,  
Not solitary then ; the bugle-horn  
Of fell Aleeto often waked its windings,  
From where the brook joins the majestic river  
To the wild northern bog, the curlew's haunt,  
Where oozes forth its first and feeble streamlet.

*Old Play.*

WE have said that most of the feuars dwelt in the village belonging to their township. This was not, however, universally the case. A lonely tower, to which the reader must now be introduced, was at least one exception to the general rule.

It was of small dimensions, yet larger than those which occurred in the village, as intimating that, in case of assault, the proprietor would have to rely upon his own unassisted strength. Two or three miserable huts, at the foot of the fortalice, held the bondsmen and tenants of the feuar. The site was a beautiful green knoll, which started up suddenly in the very throat of a wild and narrow glen, and which, being surrounded, except on one side, by the winding of a small stream, afforded a position of considerable strength.

But the great security of Glendearg, for so the place was called, lay in its secluded and almost hidden situation. To reach the tower, it was necessary to travel three miles up the glen, crossing about twenty times the little stream, which, winding through the narrow valley, encountered at every hundred yards the opposition of a rock or precipitous bank on the one side, which altered its course, and caused it to shoot off in an oblique direction to the other. The hills which ascend on each side of this glen are very steep, and rise boldly over the stream, which is thus imprisoned within their barriers. The sides of the glen are impracticable for horse, and are only to be traversed by means of the sheep-paths which lie along their sides. It would not be readily supposed that a road so hope-

less and so difficult could lead to any habitation more important than the summer shealing of a shepherd.

Yet the glen, though lonely, nearly inaccessible, and sterile, was not then absolutely void of beauty. The turf which covered the small portion of level ground on the sides of the stream was as close and verdant as if it had occupied the scythes of a hundred gardeners once a fortnight; and it was garnished with an embroidery of daisies and wild-flowers which the scythes would certainly have destroyed. The little brook, now confined betwixt closer limits, now left at large to choose its course through the narrow valley, danced carelessly on from stream to pool, light and unturbid, as that better class of spirits who pass their way through life, yielding to insurmountable obstacles, but as far from being subdued by them as the sailor who meets by chance with an unfavourable wind, and shapes his course so as to be driven back as little as possible.

The mountains, as they would have been called in England, *Scotticæ* the steep braes, rose abruptly over the little glen, here presenting the grey face of a rock, from which the turf had been peeled by the torrents, and there displaying patches of wood and copse, which had escaped the waste of the cattle and the sheep of the feuars, and which, feathering naturally up the beds of empty torrents, or occupying the concave recesses of the bank, gave at once beauty and variety to the landscape. Above these scattered woods rose the hill in barren but purple majesty; the dark rich hue, particularly in autumn, contrasting beautifully with the thickets of oak and birch, the mountain-ashes and thorns, the alders and quivering aspens, which chequered and varied the descent, and not less with the dark-green and velvet turf, which composed the level part of the narrow glen.

Yet, though thus embellished, the scene could neither be strictly termed sublime nor beautiful, and scarcely even picturesque or striking. But its extreme solitude pressed on the heart; the traveller felt that uncertainty whither he was going, or in what so wild a path was to terminate, which at times strikes more on the imagination than the grand features of a show-scene, when you know the exact distance of the inn where your dinner is bespoke, and at the moment preparing. These are ideas, however, of a far later age; for at the time we treat of, the picturesque, the beautiful, the sublime, and all their intermediate shades, were ideas absolutely unknown to the inhabitants and occasional visitors of Glendearg.

These had, however, attached to the scene feelings fitting the time. Its name, signifying the Red Valley, seems to have been derived not only from the purple colour of the heath, with which the upper part of the rising banks was profusely clothed, but also from the dark red colour of the rocks, and of the precipitous earthen banks, which in that country are called 'scaurs.' Another glen, about the head of Ettrick, has acquired the same name from similar circumstances; and there are probably more in Scotland to which it has been given.

As our Glendearg did not abound in mortal visitants, superstition, that it might not be absolutely destitute of inhabitants, had peopled its recesses with beings belonging to another world. The savage and capricious Brown Man of the Moors, a being which seems the genuine descendant of the Northern dwarfs, was supposed to be seen there frequently, especially after the autumnal equinox, when the fogs were thick and objects not easily distinguished. The Scottish fairies, too, a whimsical, irritable, and mischievous tribe, who, though at times capriciously benevolent, were more frequently adverse to mortals, were also supposed to have formed a residence in a particularly wild recess of the glen, of which the real name was, in allusion to that circumstance, Corrie-nan-Shian, which, in corrupted Celtic, signifies the Hollow of the Fairies. But the neighbours were more cautious in speaking about this place, and avoided giving it a name, from an idea common then throughout all the British and Celtic provinces of Scotland, and still retained in many places, that to speak either good or ill of this capricious race of imaginary beings is to provoke their resentment, and that secrecy and silence is what they chiefly desire from those who may intrude upon their revels or discover their haunts.

A mysterious terror was thus attached to the dale, which afforded access from the broad valley of the Tweed, up the little glen we have described, to the fortalice called the Tower of Glendearg. Beyond the knoll, where, as we have said, the tower was situated, the hills grew more steep, and narrowed on the slender brook, so as scarce to leave a footpath; and there the glen terminated in a wild waterfall, where a slender thread of water dashed in a precipitous line of foam over two or three precipices. Yet farther in the same direction, and above these successive cataracts, lay a wild and extensive morass, frequented only by water-fowl — wide, waste, apparently almost interminable, and serving in a great measure to separate the inhabitants of the glen from those who lived to the northward.

To restless and indefatigable moss-troopers, indeed, these morasses were well known, and sometimes afforded a retreat. They often rode down the glen, called at this tower, asked and received hospitality, but still with a sort of reserve on the part of its more peaceful inhabitants, who entertained them as a party of North American Indians might be received by a new European settler, as much out of fear as hospitality, while the uppermost wish of the landlord is the speedy departure of the savage guests.

This had not always been the current of feeling in the little valley and its tower. Simon Glendinning, its former inhabitant, boasted his connexion by blood to that ancient family of Glendonwyne, on the western border. He used to narrate at his fireside, in the autumn evenings, the feats of the family to which he belonged, one of whom fell by the side of the brave Earl of Douglas at Otterbourne. On these occasions Simon usually held upon his knee an ancient broadsword, which had belonged to his ancestors before any of the family had consented to accept a fief under the peaceful dominion of the monks of St. Mary's. In modern days, Simon might have lived at ease on his own estate, and quietly murmured against the fate that had doomed him to dwell there, and cut off his access to martial renown. But so many opportunities, nay, so many calls, there were for him who in those days spoke big to make good his words by his actions, that Simon Glendinning was soon under the necessity of marching with the men of the halidome, as it was called, of St. Mary's, in that disastrous campaign which was concluded by the battle of Pinkie.

The Catholic clergy were deeply interested in that national quarrel, the principal object of which was to prevent the union of the infant Queen Mary with the son of the heretical Henry VIII. The monks had called out their vassals, under an experienced leader. Many of themselves had taken arms, and marched to the field, under a banner representing a female, supposed to personify the Scottish Church, kneeling in the attitude of prayer, with the legend, *Afflictæ sponsæ ne obliviscaris*.<sup>1</sup>

The Scots, however, in all their wars, had more occasion for good and cautious generals than for excitation, whether political or enthusiastic. Their headlong and impatient courage uniformly induced them to rush into action without duly weighing either their own situation or that of their enemies, and the inevitable consequence was frequent defeat. With the dolorous

<sup>1</sup> Forget not the afflicted spouse.



slaughter of Pinkie we have nothing to do, excepting that, among ten thousand men of low and high degree, Simon Glendinning, of the Tower of Glendearg, bit the dust, no way disparaging in his death that ancient race from which he claimed his descent.

When the doleful news, which spread terror and mourning through the whole of Scotland, reached the Tower of Glendearg, the widow of Simon, Elspeth Brydone by her family name, was alone in that desolate habitation, excepting a hind or two, alike past martial and agricultural labour, and the helpless widows and families of those who had fallen with their master. The feeling of desolation was universal; but what availed it? The monks, their patrons and protectors, were driven from their abbey by the English forces, who now overran the country, and enforced at least an appearance of submission on the part of the inhabitants. The Protector, Somerset, formed a strong camp among the ruins of the ancient castle of Roxburgh, and compelled the neighbouring country to come in, pay tribute, and take assurance from him, as the phrase then went. Indeed, there was no power of resistance remaining; and the few barons, whose high spirit disdained even the appearance of surrender, could only retreat into the wildest fastnesses of the country, leaving their houses and property to the wrath of the English, who detached parties everywhere to distress, by military exaction, those whose chiefs had not made their submission. The abbot and his community having retreated beyond the Forth, their lands were severely forayed, as their sentiments were held peculiarly inimical to the alliance with England.

Amongst the troops detached on this service was a small party commanded by Stawarth Bolton, a captain in the English army, and full of the blunt and unpretending gallantry and generosity which have so often distinguished that nation. Resistance was in vain. Elspeth Brydone, when she descried a dozen of horsemen threading their way up the glen, with a man at their head whose scarlet cloak, bright armour, and dancing plume proclaimed him a leader, saw no better protection for herself than to issue from the iron grate, covered with a long mourning veil, and holding one of her two sons in each hand, to meet the Englishman, state her deserted condition, place the little tower at his command, and beg for his mercy. She stated, in a few brief words, her intention, and added, 'I submit, because I have nae means of resistance.'

'And I do not ask your submission, mistress, for the same reason,' replied the Englishman. 'To be satisfied of your peaceful intentions is all I ask; and, from what you tell me, there is no reason to doubt them.'

'At least, sir,' said Elspeth Brydone, 'take share of what our spence and our garners afford. Your horses are tired; your folk want refreshment.'

'Not a whit — not a whit,' answered the honest Englishman; 'it shall never be said we disturbed by carousal the widow of a brave soldier, while she was mourning for her husband. Comrades, face about. Yet stay,' he added, checking his war-horse, 'my parties are out in every direction; they must have some token that your family are under my assurance of safety. Here, my little fellow,' said he, speaking to the eldest boy, who might be about nine or ten years old, 'lend me thy bonnet.'

The child reddened, looked sulky, and hesitated, while the mother, with many a 'fye' and 'nay pshaw,' and such sarsenet chidings as tender mothers give to spoiled children, at length succeeded in snatching the bonnet from him, and handing it to the English leader.

Stawarth Bolton took his embroidered red cross from his barret-cap, and putting it into the loop of the boy's bonnet, said to the mistress, for the title of lady was not given to dames of her degree, 'By this token, which all my people will respect, you will be freed from any importunity on the part of our forayers.'<sup>1</sup> He placed it on the boy's head; but it was no sooner there than the little fellow, his veins swelling and his eyes shooting fire through tears, snatched the bonnet from his head, and, ere his mother could interfere, skimmed it into the brook. The other boy ran instantly to fish it out again, threw it back to his brother, first taking out the cross, which, with great veneration, he kissed and put into his bosom. The Englishman was half-diverted, half-surprised with the scene.

'What mean ye by throwing away St. George's red cross?' said he to the elder boy, in a tone betwixt jest and earnest.

'Because St. George is a Southern saint,' said the child, sulkily.

'Good!' said Stawarth Bolton. 'And what did you mean by taking it out of the brook again, my little fellow?' he demanded of the younger.

'Because the priest says it is the common sign of salvation to all good Christians.'

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<sup>1</sup> See Gallantry. Note 2.

‘Why, good again!’ said the honest soldier. ‘I protest unto you, mistress, I envy you these boys. Are they both yours?’

Stawarth Bolton had reason to put the question, for Halbert Glendinning, the elder of the two, had hair as dark as the raven’s plumage, black eyes, large, bold, and sparkling, that glittered under eyebrows of the same complexion, a skin deep embrowned, though it could not be termed swarthy, and an air of activity, frankness, and determination far beyond his age. On the other hand, Edward, the younger brother, was light-haired, blue-eyed, and of fairer complexion, in countenance rather pale, and not exhibiting that rosy hue which colours the sanguine cheek of robust health. Yet the boy had nothing sickly or ill-conditioned in his look, but was, on the contrary, a fair and handsome child, with a smiling face and mild yet cheerful eye.

The mother glanced a proud motherly glance, first at the one and then at the other, ere she answered the Englishman — ‘Surely, sir, they are both my children.’

‘And by the same father, mistress?’ said Stawarth; but, seeing a blush of displeasure arise on her brow, he instantly added, ‘Nay, I mean no offence; I would have asked the same question at any of my gossips in merry Lincoln. Well, dame, you have two fair boys; I would I could borrow one, for Dame Bolton and I live childless in our old hall. Come, little fellows, which of you will go with me?’

The trembling mother, half-fearing as he spoke, drew the children towards her, one with either hand, while they both answered the stranger. ‘I will not go with you,’ said Halbert, boldly, ‘for you are a false-hearted Southern, and the Southern killed my father; and I will war on you to the death, when I can draw my father’s sword.’

‘God-a-mercy, my little levin-bolt,’ said Stawarth, ‘the goodly custom of deadly feud will never go down in thy day, I presume. And you, my fine white-head, will you not go with me, to ride a cock-horse?’

‘No,’ said Edward, demurely, ‘for you are a heretic.’

‘Why, God-a-mercy still!’ said Stawarth Bolton. ‘Well, dame, I see I shall find no recruits for my troop from you; and yet I do envy you these two little chubby knaves.’ He sighed a moment, as was visible, in spite of gorget and corslet, and then added, ‘And yet my dame and I would but quarrel which of the knaves we should like best; for I should wish for

the black-eyed rogue, and she, I warrant me, for that blue-eyed, fair-haired darling. Natheless, we must brook our solitary wedlock, and wish joy to those that are more fortunate. Sergeant Britton, do thou remain here till recalled; protect this family, as under assurance; do them no wrong, and suffer no wrong to be done to them, as thou wilt answer it. Dame, Britton is a married man, old and steady; feed him on what you will, but give him not over much liquor.'

Dame Glendinning again offered refreshments, but with a faltering voice, and an obvious desire her invitation should not be accepted. The fact was, that, supposing her boys as precious in the eyes of the Englishman as in her own (the most ordinary of parental errors), she was half afraid that the admiration he expressed of them in his blunt manner might end in his actually carrying off one or other of the little darlings whom he appeared to covet so much. She kept hold of their hands, therefore, as if her feeble strength could have been of service had any violence been intended, and saw with joy she could not disguise the little party of horse countermarch, in order to descend the glen. Her feelings did not escape Stawarth Bolton. 'I forgive you, dame,' he said, 'for being suspicious that an English falcon was hovering over your Scottish moor-brood. But fear not — those who have fewest children have fewest cares; nor does a wise man covet those of another household. Adieu, dame; when the black-eyed rogue is able to drive a foray from England, teach him to spare women and children, for the sake of Stawarth Bolton.'

'God be with you, gallant Southern!' said Elspeth Glendinning, but not till he was out of hearing, spurring on his good horse to regain the head of his party, whose plumage and armour were now glancing and gradually disappearing in the distance as they wended down the glen.

'Mother,' said the elder boy, 'I will not say "amen" to a prayer for a Southern.'

'Mother,' said the younger, more reverentially, 'is it right to pray for a heretic?'

'The God to whom I pray only knows,' answered poor Elspeth; 'but these two words, "Southern" and "heretic," have already cost Scotland ten thousand of her best and bravest, and me a husband and you a father; and, whether blessing or banning, I never wish to hear them more. Follow me to the place, sir,' she said to Britton, 'and such as we have to offer you shall be at your disposal.'

## CHAPTER III

They lighted down on Tweed water,  
And blew their coals sae het,  
And fired the March and Teviotdale,  
All in an evening late.

*Auld Maitland.*

THE report soon spread through the patrimony of St. Mary's and its vicinity that the mistress of Glendearg had received assurance from the English captain, and that her cattle were not to be driven off, or her corn burnt. Among others who heard this report, it reached the ears of a lady who, once much higher in rank than Elspeth Glendinning, was now by the same calamity reduced to even greater misfortune.

She was the widow of a brave soldier, Walter Avenel, descended of a very ancient Border family, who once possessed immense estates in Eskdale. These had long since passed from them into other hands, but they still enjoyed an ancient barony of considerable extent, not very far from the patrimony of St. Mary's, and lying upon the same side of the river with the narrow vale of Glendearg, at the head of which was the little tower of the Glendinnings. Here they had lived, bearing a respectable rank amongst the gentry of their province, though neither wealthy nor powerful. This general regard had been much augmented by the skill, courage, and enterprise which had been displayed by Walter Avenel, the last baron.

When Scotland began to recover from the dreadful shock she had sustained after the battle of Pinkie Cleuch, Avenel was one of the first who, assembling a small force, set an example in those bloody and unsparing skirmishes which showed that a nation, though conquered and overrun by invaders, may yet wage against them such a war of detail as shall in the end become fatal to the foreigners. In one of these, however, Walter Avenel fell, and the news which came to the house of his fathers was followed by the distracting intelligence that a party of

Englishmen were coming to plunder the mansion and lands of his widow, in order, by this act of terror, to prevent others from following the example of the deceased.

The unfortunate lady had no better refuge than the miserable cottage of a shepherd among the hills, to which she was hastily removed, scarce conscious where or for what purpose her terrified attendants were removing her and her infant daughter from her own house. Here she was tended with all the duteous service of ancient times by the shepherd's wife, Tibb Tacket, who in better days had been her own bower-woman. For a time the lady was unconscious of her misery; but when the first stunning effect of grief was so far passed away that she could form an estimate of her own situation, the widow of Avenel had cause to envy the lot of her husband in his dark and silent abode. The domestics who had guided her to her place of refuge were presently obliged to disperse for their own safety, or to seek for necessary subsistence; and the shepherd and his wife, whose poor cottage she shared, were soon after deprived of the means of affording their late mistress even that coarse sustenance which they had gladly shared with her. Some of the English forayers had discovered and driven off the few sheep which had escaped the first researches of their avarice. Two cows shared the fate of the remnant of their stock; they had afforded the family almost their sole support, and now famine appeared to stare them in the face.

'We are broken and beggared now, out and out,' said old Martin, the shepherd, and he wrung his hands in the bitterness of agony; 'the thieves — the harrying thieves! not a clout left of the haill hirsel!'

'And to see poor Grizzy and Crumbie,' said his wife, 'turning back their necks to the byre, and routing while the stony-hearted villains were brogging them on wi' their lances!'

'There were but four of them,' said Martin, 'and I have seen the day forty wad not have ventured this length. But our strength and manhood is gane with our puir maister!'

'For the sake of the holy rood, whisht, man!' said the gude-wife; 'our leddy is half gane already, as ye may see by that fleightering of the ee-lid — a word mair and she's dead outright.'

'I could almost wish,' said Martin, 'we were a' gane, for what to do passes my puir wit. I care little for mysell, or you, Tibb; we can make a fend — work or want — we can do baith, but she can do neither.'

They canvassed their situation thus openly before the lady,

convinced by the paleness of her look, her quivering lip, and dead-set eye that she neither heard nor understood what they were saying.

'There is a way,' said the shepherd, 'but I kenna if she could bring her heart to it: there's Simon Glendinning's widow of the glen yonder has had assurance from the Southern loons, and nae soldier to steer them for one cause or other. Now, if the leddy could bow her mind to take quarters with Elspeth Glendinning till better days cast up, nae doubt it wad be doing an honour to the like of her, but ——'

'An honour!' answered Tibb; 'ay, by my word, sic an honour as wad be pride to her kin mony a lang year after her banes were in the mould. Oh! gudeman, to hear ye even the Lady of Avenel to seeking quarters wi' a kirk-vassal's widow!'

'Loth should I be to wish her to it,' said Martin; 'but what may we do? To stay here is mere starvation; and where to go, I'm sure I ken nae mair than ony tup I ever herded.'

'Speak no more of it,' said the widow of Avenel, suddenly joining in the conversation, 'I will go to the tower. Dame Elspeth is of good folk, a widow, and the mother of orphans; she will give us house-room until something be thought upon. These evil showers make the low bush better than no bield.'

'See there — see there,' said Martin, 'you see the leddy has twice our sense.'

'And natural it is,' said Tibb, 'seeing that she is convent-bred, and can lay silk broidery, forbye white-seam and shell-work.'

'Do you not think,' said the lady to Martin, still clasping her child to her bosom, and making it clear from what motives she desired the refuge, 'that Dame Glendinning will make us welcome?'

'Blithely welcome — blithely welcome, my leddy,' answered Martin, cheerily, 'and we shall deserve a welcome at her hand. Men are scarce now, my leddy, with these wars; and gie me a thought of time to it, I can do as gude a day's darg as ever I did in my life, and Tibb can sort cows with ony living woman.'

'And muckle mair could I do,' said Tibb, 'were it ony feasible house; but there will be neither pearlins to mend nor pinnars to busk up in Elspeth Glendinning's.'

'Whisht wi' your pride, woman,' said the shepherd; 'eneugh ye can do, baith outside and inside, an ye set your mind to it; and hard it is if we twa canna work for three folks' meat, forbye my dainty wee leddy there. Come awa' — come awa', nae use in

staying here langer; we have five Scots miles over moss and muir, and that is nae easy walk for a leddy born and bred.'

Household stuff there was little or none to remove or care for; an old pony which had escaped the plunderers, owing partly to its pitiful appearance, partly from the reluctance which it showed to be caught by strangers, was employed to carry the few blankets and other trifles which they possessed. When Shagram came to his master's well-known whistle, he was surprised to find the poor thing had been wounded, though slightly, by an arrow, which one of the forayers had shot off in anger after he had long chased it in vain.

'Ay, Shagram,' said the old man, as he applied something to the wound, 'must you rue the lang-bow as weel as all of us?'

'What corner in Scotland rues it not?' said the Lady of Avenel.

'Ay, ay, madam,' said Martin, 'God keep the kindly Scot from the cloth-yard shaft, and he will keep himself from the handy stroke. But let us go our way; the trash that is left I can come back for. There is nae ane to stir it but the good neighbours, and they——'

'For the love of God, goodman,' said his wife, in a remonstrating tone, 'haud your peace! Think what ye're saying, and we hae sae muckle wild land to go over before we win to the girth gate.'

The husband nodded acquiescence; for it was deemed highly imprudent to speak of the fairies either by their title of *good neighbours*<sup>1</sup> or by any other, especially when about to pass the places which they were supposed to haunt.

They set forward on their pilgrimage on the last day of October. 'This is thy birthday, my sweet Mary,' said the mother, as a sting of bitter recollection crossed her mind. 'Oh, who could have believed that the head which, a few years since, was cradled amongst so many rejoicing friends, may perhaps this night seek a cover in vain!'

The exiled family then set forward — Mary Avenel, a lovely girl between five and six years old, riding gipsy fashion upon Shagram, betwixt two bundles of bedding; the Lady of Avenel walking by the animal's side; Tibb leading the bridle; and Old Martin walking a little before, looking anxiously around him to explore the way.

Martin's task as guide, after two or three miles' walking, became more difficult than he himself had expected, or than

<sup>1</sup> See Note 3.



he was willing to avow. It happened that the extensive range of pasturage with which he was conversant lay to the west, and to get into the little valley of Glendearg he had to proceed easterly. In the wilder districts of Scotland, the passage from one vale to another, otherwise than by descending that which you leave and reascending the other, is often very difficult. Heights and hollows, mosses and rocks, intervene, and all those local impediments which throw a traveller out of his course. So that Martin, however sure of his general direction, became conscious, and at length was forced reluctantly to admit, that he had missed the direct road to Glendearg, though he insisted they must be very near it. 'If we can but win across this wide bog,' he said, 'I shall warrant we are on the top of the tower.'

But to get across the bog was a point of no small difficulty. The farther they ventured into it, though proceeding with all the caution which Martin's experience recommended, the more unsound the ground became, until, after they had passed some places of great peril, their best argument for going forward came to be that they had to encounter equal danger in returning.

The Lady of Avenel had been tenderly nurtured, but what will not a woman endure when her child is in danger? Complaining less of the dangers of the road than her attendants, who had been inured to such from their infancy, she kept herself close by the side of the pony, watching its every footstep, and ready, if it should flounder in the morass, to snatch her little Mary from its back.

At length they came to a place where the guide greatly hesitated, for all around him were broken lumps of heath, divided from each other by deep sloughs of black tenacious mire. After great consideration, Martin, selecting what he thought the safest path, began himself to lead forward Shagram, in order to afford greater security to the child. But Shagram snorted laid his ears back, stretched his two feet forward, and drew his hind feet under him, so as to adopt the best possible posture for obstinate resistance, and refused to move one yard in the direction indicated. Old Martin, much puzzled, now hesitated whether to exert his absolute authority, or to defer to the contumacious obstinacy of Shagram, and was not greatly comforted by his wife's observation, who, seeing Shagram stare with his eyes, distend his nostrils, and tremble with terror, hinted that 'He surely saw more than they could see.'

In this dilemma, the child suddenly exclaimed, 'Bonny leddy

signs to us to come yon gate.' They all looked in the direction where the child pointed, but saw nothing, save a wreath of rising mist, which fancy might form into a human figure; but which afforded to Martin only the sorrowful conviction that the danger of their situation was about to be increased by a heavy fog. He once more essayed to lead forward Shagram; but the animal was inflexible in its determination not to move in the direction Martin recommended. 'Take your awn way for it, then,' said Martin, 'and let us see what you can do for us.'

Shagram, abandoned to the discretion of his own free will, set off boldly in the direction the child had pointed. There was nothing wonderful in this, nor in its bringing them safe to the other side of the dangerous morass; for the instinct of these animals in traversing bogs is one of the most curious parts of their nature, and is a fact generally established. But it was remarkable that the child more than once mentioned the beautiful lady and her signals, and that Shagram seemed to be in the secret, always moving in the same direction which she indicated. The Lady of Avenel took little notice at the time, her mind being probably occupied by the instant danger; but her attendants exchanged expressive looks with each other more than once.

'All-Hallow eve!' said Tibb, in a whisper to Martin.

'For the mercy of Our Lady, not a word of that now!' said Martin in reply. 'Tell your beads, woman, if you cannot be silent.'

When they got once more on firm ground, Martin recognised certain landmarks, or cairns, on the tops of the neighbouring hills, by which he was enabled to guide his course, and ere long they arrived at the Tower of Glendearg.

It was at the sight of this little fortalice that the misery of her lot pressed hard on the poor Lady of Avenel. When by any accident they had met at church, market, or other place of public resort, she remembered the distant and respectful air with which the wife of the warlike baron was addressed by the spouse of the humble feuar. And now, so much was her pride humbled, that she was to ask to share the precarious safety of the same feuar's widow, and her pittance of food, which might perhaps be yet more precarious. Martin probably guessed what was passing in her mind, for he looked at her with a wistful glance, as if to deprecate any change of resolution; and answering to his looks rather than his words, she said, while the sparkle of subdued pride once more glanced from her eye, 'If it were

for myself alone, I could but die ; but for this infant, the last pledge of Avenel ——’

‘True, my lady,’ said Martin, hastily ; and, as if to prevent the possibility of her retracting, he added, ‘I will step on and see Dame Elspeth. I kend her husband weel, and have bought and sold with him, for as great a man as he was.’

Martin’s tale was soon told, and met all acceptance from her companion in misfortune. The Lady of Avenel had been meek and courteous in her prosperity ; in adversity, therefore, she met with the greater sympathy. Besides, there was a point of pride in sheltering and supporting a woman of such superior birth and rank ; and, not to do Elspeth Glendinning injustice, she felt sympathy for one whose fate resembled her own in so many points, yet was so much more severe. Every species of hospitality was gladly and respectfully extended to the distressed travellers, and they were kindly requested to stay as long at Glendearg as their circumstances rendered necessary or their inclination prompted.

## CHAPTER IV

Ne'er be I found by thee unawed,  
On that thrice hallow'd eve abroad,  
When goblins haunt from flood and fen,  
The steps of men.

COLLINS'S *Ode to Fear*.

AS the country became more settled, the Lady of Avenel would have willingly returned to her husband's mansion. But that was no longer in her power. It was a reign of minority, when the strongest had the best right, and when acts of usurpation were frequent amongst those who had much power and little conscience.

Julian Avenel, the younger brother of the deceased Walter, was a person of this description. He hesitated not to seize upon his brother's house and lands so soon as the retreat of the English permitted him. At first he occupied the property in the name of his niece ; but when the lady proposed to return with her child to the mansion of its fathers, he gave her to understand that Avenel, being a male fief, descended to the brother, instead of the daughter, of the last possessor. The ancient philosopher declined a dispute with the emperor who commanded twenty legions, and the widow of Walter Avenel was in no condition to maintain a contest with the leader of twenty moss-troopers. Julian was also a man of service, who could back a friend in case of need, and was sure, therefore, to find protectors among the ruling powers. In short, however clear the little Mary's right to the possessions of her father, her mother saw the necessity of giving way, at least for the time, to the usurpation of her uncle.

Her patience and forbearance were so far attended with advantage, that Julian, for very shame's sake, could no longer suffer her to be absolutely dependent on the charity of Elspeth Glendinning. A drove of cattle and a bull, which were probably missed by some English farmer, were driven to the pastures of Glendearg ; presents of raiment and household stuff were sent

liberally, and some little money, though with a more sparing hand; for those in the situation of Julian Avenel could come more easily by the goods than the representing medium of value, and made their payments chiefly in kind.

In the meantime, the widows of Walter Avenel and Simon Glendinning had become habituated to each other's society, and were unwilling to part. The lady could hope no more secret and secure residence than in the Tower of Glendearg, and she was now in a condition to support her share of the mutual housekeeping. Elspeth, on the other hand, felt pride, as well as pleasure, in the society of a guest of such distinction, and was at all times willing to pay much greater deference than the Lady of Walter Avenel could be prevailed on to accept.

Martin and his wife diligently served the united family in their several vocations, and yielded obedience to both mistresses, though always considering themselves as the especial servants of the Lady of Avenel. This distinction sometimes occasioned a slight degree of difference between Dame Elspeth and Tibb; the former being jealous of her own consequence, and the latter apt to lay too much stress upon the rank and family of her mistress. But both were alike desirous to conceal such petty squabbles from the lady, her hostess scarce yielding to her old domestic in respect for her person. Neither did the difference exist in such a degree as to interrupt the general harmony of the family, for the one wisely gave way as she saw the other become warm; and Tibb, though she often gave the first provocation, had generally the sense to be the first in relinquishing the argument.

The world which lay beyond was gradually forgotten by the inhabitants of this sequestered glen, and unless when she attended mass at the monastery church upon some high holiday, Alice of Avenel almost forgot that she once held an equal rank with the proud wives of the neighbouring barons and nobles who on such occasions crowded to the solemnity. The recollection gave her little pain. She loved her husband for himself, and in his inestimable loss all lesser subjects of regret had ceased to interest her. At times, indeed, she thought of claiming the protection of the Queen Regent (Mary of Guise) for her little orphan, but the fear of Julian Avenel always came between. She was sensible that he would have neither scruple nor difficulty in spiriting away the child (if he did not proceed farther), should he once consider its existence as formidable to his interest. Besides, he led a wild and

unsettled life, mingling in all feuds and forays, wherever there was a spear to be broken ; he evinced no purpose of marrying, and the fate which he continually was braving might at length remove him from his usurped inheritance. Alice of Avenel, therefore, judged it wise to check all ambitious thoughts for the present, and remain quiet in the rude but peaceable retreat to which Providence had conducted her.

It was upon an All-Hallow's eve, when the family had resided together for the space of three years, that the domestic circle was assembled round the blazing turf-fire, in the old narrow hall of the Tower of Glendearg. The idea of the master or mistress of the mansion feeding or living apart from their domestics was at this period never entertained. The highest end of the board, the most commodious settle by the fire—these were the only marks of distinction ; and the servants mingled, with deference indeed, but unreprieved and with freedom, in whatever conversation was going forward. But the two or three domestics, kept merely for agricultural purposes, had retired to their own cottages without, and with them a couple of wenches, usually employed within doors, the daughters of one of the hinds.

After their departure, Martin locked first the iron grate, and secondly the inner door, of the tower, when the domestic circle was thus arranged. Dame Elspeth sate pulling the thread from her distaff ; Tibb watched the progress of scalding the whey, which hung in a large pot upon the 'crook,' a chain terminated by a hook, which was suspended in the chimney to serve the purpose of the modern crane. Martin, while busied in repairing some of the household articles—for every man in those days was his own carpenter and smith, as well as his own tailor and shoemaker—kept from time to time a watchful eye upon the three children.

They were allowed, however, to exercise their juvenile restlessness by running up and down the hall, behind the seats of the elder members of the family, with the privilege of occasionally making excursions into one or two small apartments which opened from it, and gave excellent opportunity to play at hide-and-seek. This night, however, the children seemed not disposed to avail themselves of their privilege of visiting these dark regions, but preferred carrying on their gambols in the vicinity of the light.

In the meanwhile, Alice of Avenel, sitting close to an iron candlestick, which supported a misshapen torch of domestic

manufacture, read small detached passages from a thick clasped volume, which she preserved with the greatest care. The art of reading the lady had acquired by her residence in a nunnery during her youth, but she seldom of late years put it to any other use than perusing this little volume, which formed her whole library. The family listened to the portions which she selected, as to some good thing which there was a merit in hearing with respect, whether it was fully understood or no. To her daughter Alice of Avenel had determined to impart their mystery more fully, but the knowledge was at that period attended with personal danger, and was not rashly to be trusted to a child.

The noise of the romping children interrupted, from time to time, the voice of the lady, and drew on the noisy culprits the rebuke of Elspeth.

‘Could they not go farther a-field, if they behoved to make such a din, and disturb the lady’s good words?’ And this command was backed with the threat of sending the whole party to bed if it was not attended to punctually. Acting under the injunction, the children first played at a greater distance from the party, and more quietly, and then began to stray into the adjacent apartments, as they became impatient of the restraint to which they were subjected. But all at once the two boys came open-mouthed into the hall, to tell that there was an armed man in the spence.

‘It must be Christie of Clinthill,’ said Martin, rising; ‘what can have brought him here at this time?’

‘Or how came he in?’ said Elspeth.

‘Alas! what can he seek?’ said the Lady of Avenel, to whom this man, a retainer of her husband’s brother, and who sometimes executed his commissions at Glendearg, was an object of secret apprehension and suspicion. ‘Gracious Heavens!’ she added, rising up, ‘where is my child?’ All rushed to the spence, Halbert Glendinning first arming himself with a rusty sword, and the younger seizing upon the lady’s book. They hastened to the spence, and were relieved of a part of their anxiety by meeting Mary at the door of the apartment. She did not seem in the slightest degree alarmed or disturbed. They rushed into the spence, a sort of interior apartment in which the family ate their victuals in the summer season; but there was no one there.

‘Where is Christie of Clinthill?’ said Martin.

‘I do not know,’ said little Mary; ‘I never saw him.’

'And what made you, ye misleard loons,' said Dame Elspeth to her two boys, 'come yon gate into the ha', roaring like bull-seggs, to frighten the leddy, and her far frae strong?' The boys looked at each other in silence and confusion, and their mother proceeded with her lecture. 'Could ye find nae night for daffin but Hallowe'en, and nae time but when the leddy was reading to us about the holy saints? May — ne'er be in my fingers, if I dinna sort ye baith for it!' The eldest boy bent his eyes on the ground, the younger began to weep, but neither spoke; and the mother would have proceeded to extremities, but for the interposition of the little maiden.

'Dame Elspeth, it was *my* fault; I did say to them that I saw a man in the spence.'

'And what made you do so, child,' said her mother, 'to startle us all thus?'

'Because,' said Mary, lowering her voice, 'I could not help it.'

'Not help it, Mary! — you occasioned all this idle noise, and you could not help it? How mean you by that, minion?'

'There really was an armed man in the spence,' said Mary; 'and because I was surprised to see him, I cried out to Halbert and Edward —'

'She has told it herself,' said Halbert Glendinning, 'or it had never been told by me.'

'Nor by me neither,' said Edward, emulously.

'Mistress Mary,' said Elspeth, 'you never told us anything before that was not true; tell us if this was a Hallowe'en cantrip, and make an end of it.' The Lady of Avenel looked as if she would have interfered, but knew not how; and Elspeth, who was too eagerly curious to regard any distant hint, persevered in her inquiries. 'Was it Christie of the Clinthill? I would not for a mark that he were about the house, and a body no ken whare.'

'It was not Christie,' said Mary; 'it was — it was a gentleman — a gentleman with a bright breastplate, like what I hae seen langsyne, when we dwelt at Avenel —'

'What like was he?' continued Tibb, who now took share in the investigation.

'Black-haired, black-eyed, with a peaked black beard,' said the child, 'and many a fold of pearly round his neck, and hanging down his breast ower his breastplate; and he had a beautiful hawk, with silver bells, standing on his left hand, with a crimson silk hood upon its head —'

'Ask her no more questions, for the love of God,' said the anxious menial to Elspeth, 'but look to my leddy!' But the



Lady of Avenel, taking Mary in her hand, turned hastily away, and, walking into the hall, gave them no opportunity of remarking in what manner she received the child's communication, which she thus cut short. What Tibb thought of it appeared from her crossing herself repeatedly, and whispering into Elspeth's ear, 'St. Mary preserve us! the lassie has seen her father!'

When they reached the hall, they found the lady holding her daughter on her knee, and kissing her repeatedly. When they entered, she again rose, as if to shun observation, and retired to the little apartment where her child and she occupied the same bed.

The boys were also sent to their cabin, and no one remained by the hall fire save the faithful Tibb and Dame Elspeth, excellent persons both, and as thorough gossips as ever wagged a tongue.

It was but natural that they should instantly resume the subject of the supernatural appearance, for such they deemed it, which had this night alarmed the family.

'I could hae wished it had been the deil himself — be good to and preserve us! — rather than Christie o' the Clintbill,' said the matron of the mansion, 'for the word runs rife in the country that he is ane of the maist masterfu' thieves ever lap on horse.'

'Hout tout, Dame Elspeth,' said Tibb, 'fear ye naething frae Christie; tods keep their ain holes clean. You kirk-folk make sic a fasherie about men shifting a wee bit for their living! Our Border lairds would ride with few men at their back, if a' the light-handed lads were out o' gate.'

'Better they rade wi' nane than distress the country-side the gate they do,' said Dame Elspeth.

'But wha is to haud back the Southron, then,' said Tibb, 'if ye take away the lances and broadswords? I trow we auld wives couldna do that wi' rock and wheel, and as little the monks wi' bell and book.'

'And sae weel as the lances and broadswords hae kept them back, I trow. I was mair beholden to ae Southron, and that was Stawarth Bolton, than to a' the Border-riders ever wore St. Andrew's cross. I reckon their skelping back and forward, and lifting honest men's gear, has been a main cause of a' the breach between us and England, and I am sure that cost me a kind goodman. They spoke about the wedding of the Prince and our Queen, but it's as like to be the driving of the Cumberland folks' stocking that brought them down on us like dragons.'

Tibb would not have failed in other circumstances to answer what she thought reflections disparaging to her country folk; but she recollected that Dame Elspeth was mistress of the family, curbed her own zealous patriotism, and hastened to change the subject.

'And is it not strange,' she said, 'that the heiress of Avenel should have seen her father this blessed night?'

'And ye think it was her father, then?' said Elspeth Glendinning.

'What else can I think?' said Tibb.

'It may hae been something waur, in his likeness,' said Dame Glendinning.

'I ken naething about that,' said Tibb; 'but his likeness it was, that I will be sworn to, just as he used to ride out a-hawking; for having enemies in the country, he seldom laid off the breastplate; and for my part,' added Tibb, 'I dinna think a man looks like a man unless he has steel on his breast and by his side too.'

'I have no skill of your harness on breast or side either,' said Dame Glendinning; 'but I ken there is little luck in Hallowe'en sights, for I have had ane mysell.'

'Indeed, Dame Elspeth?' said old Tibb, edging her stool closer to the huge elbow-chair occupied by her friend, 'I should like to hear about that.'

'Ye maun ken then, Tibb,' said Dame Glendinning, 'that, when I was a hempie of nineteen or twenty, it wasna my fault if I wasna at a' the merry-makings time about.'

'That was very natural,' said Tibb; 'but ye hae sobered since that, or ye wadna haud our braw gallants sae lightly.'

'I have had that wad sober me or ony ane,' said the matron. 'Aweel, Tibb, a lass like me wasna to lack wooers, for I wasna sae ill-favoured that the tykes wad bark after me.'

'How should that be,' said Tibb, 'and you sic a weel-favoured woman to this day?'

'Fie, fie, cummer,' said the matron of Glendearg, hitching her seat of honour, in her turn, a little nearer to the cuttie-stool on which Tibb was seated; 'weel-favoured is past my time of day; but I might pass then, for I wasna sae tocherless but what I had a bit land at my breast-lace. My father was portioner of Littledearg.'

'Ye hae tell'd me that before,' said Tibb; 'but anent the Hallowe'en?'

'Aweel — aweel, I had mair joes than ane, but I favoured

nane o' them ; and sae, at Hallowe'en, Father Nicolas, the cellarer — he was cellarer before this father, Father Clement, that now is — was cracking his nuts and drinking his brown beer with us, and as blithe as might be, and they would have me try a cantrip to ken wha suld wed me ; and the monk said there was nae ill in it, and if there was, he would assoil me for it. And wha but I into the barn to winnow my three weights o' naething ? Sair, sair my mind misgave me for fear of wrang-doing and wrang-suffering baith ; but I had aye a bauld spirit. I had not winnowed the last weight clean out, and the moon was shining bright upon the floor, when in stalked the presence of my dear Simon Glendinning, that is now happy. I never saw him plainer in my life than I did that moment ; he held up an arrow as he passed me, and I swarf'd awa' wi' fright. Muckle wark there was to bring me to mysell again, and sair they tried to make me believe it was a trick of Father Nicolas and Simon between them, and that the arrow was to signify Cupid's shaft, as the father called it ; and mony a time Simon wad threep it to me after I was married — gude man, he liked not it should be said that he was seen out o' the body ! But mark the end o' it, Tibb : we were married, and the grey-goose wing was the death o' him after a' !'

'As it has been of ower mony brave men,' said Tibb ; 'I wish there wasna sic a bird as a goose in the wide warld, forbye the cleecking that we hae at the burn-side.'

'But tell me, Tibb,' said Dame Glendinning, 'what does your leddy aye do reading out o' that thick black book wi' the silver clasps ? there are ower mony gude words in it to come frae ony body but a priest. An it were about Robin Hood, or some o' David Lindsay's ballants, ane wad ken better what to say to it. I am no misdoubting your mistress nae way, but I wad like ill to hae a decent house haunted wi' ghaists and syre-carlines.'

'Ye hae me reason to doubt my leddy, or ony thing she says or does, Dame Glendinning,' said the faithful Tibb, something offended ; 'and touching the bairn, it's weel kend she was born on Hallowe'en was nine years gane, and they that are born on Hallowe'en whiles see mair than ither folk.'

'Atel that wad be the cause, then, that the bairn didna mak muchle din about what it saw ? If it had been my Halbert himself, forbye Edward, who is of softer nature, he wad hae connected the hell night of a constancy. But it's like Mistress Mary, her de signa sair natural to her.'

'That may weel be,' said Tibb; 'for on Hallowe'en she was born, as I tell ye, and our auld parish priest wad fain hae had the night ower, and All-Hallow day begun. But for a' that the sweet bairn is just like ither bairns, as ye may see yoursell; and except this blessed night, and ance before when we were in that weary bog on the road here, I kenna that it saw mair than ither folk.'

'But what saw she in the bog, then,' said Dame Glendinning, 'forbye moor-cocks and heather-blutters?'

'The wean saw something like a white leddy that weised us the gate,' said Tibb, 'when we were like to hae perished in the moss-hags: certain it was that Shagram reisted, and I ken Martin thinks he saw something.'

'And what might the white leddy be?' said Elspeth; 'have ye ony guess o' that?'

'It's weel kend that, Dame Elspeth,' said Tibb; 'if ye had lived under grit folk, as I hae dune, ye wadna be to seek in that matter.'

'I hae aye keepit my ain ha' house abune my head,' said Elspeth, not without emphasis, 'and if I havena lived wi' grit folk, grit folk have lived wi' me.'

'Weel — weel, dame,' said Tibb, 'your pardon's prayed, there was nae offence meant. But ye maun ken the great ancient families canna be just served wi' the ordinary saunts — praise to them! — like Saunt Anthony, Saunt Cuthbert, and the like, that come and gang at every sinner's bidding, but they hae a sort of saunts or angels, or what not, to themsells; and as for the White Maiden of Avenel, she is kend ower the haille country. And she is aye seen to yammer and wail before ony o' that family dies, as was weel kend by twenty folk before the death of Walter Avenel, haly be his cast!'

'If she can do nae mair than that,' said Elspeth, somewhat scornfully, 'they needna make mony vows to her, I trow. Can she make nae better fend for them than that, and has naething better to do than wait on them?'

'Mony braw services can the White Maiden do for them to the boot of that, and has dune in the auld histories,' said Tibb; 'but I mind o' naething in my day, except it was her that the bairn saw in the bog.'

'Aweel — aweel, Tibb,' said Dame Glendinning, rising and lighting the iron lamp, 'these are great privileges of your grand folk. But Our Lady and Saunt Paul are good enough saunts for me, and I'se warrant them never leave me in a bog that they

can help me out o', seeing I send four waxen candles to their chapels every Candlemas; and if they are not seen to weep at my death, I'se warrant them smile at my joyful rising again, whilk Heaven send to all of us, Amen.'

'Amen,' answered Tibb, devoutly; 'and now it's time I should hap up the wee bit gathering turf, as the fire is ower low.'

Busily she set herself to perform this duty. The relict of Simon Glendinning did but pause a moment to cast a heedful and cautious glance all around the hall, to see that nothing was out of its proper place; then, wishing Tibb good-night, she retired to repose.

'The deil's in the carline,' said Tibb to herself; 'because she was the wife of a cock-laird, she thinks herself grander, I trow, than the bower-woman of a lady of that ilk!' Having given vent to her suppressed spleen in this little ejaculation, Tibb also betook herself to slumber.

## CHAPTER V

A priest, ye cry, a priest ! — lame shepherds they,  
How shall they gather in the straggling flock ?  
Dumb dogs which bark not — how shall they compel  
The loitering vagrants to the Master's fold ?  
Fitter to bask before the blazing fire,  
And snuff the mess neat-handed Phillis dresses,  
Than on the snow wreath battle with the wolf.

*The Reformation.*

THE health of the Lady of Avenel had been gradually decaying ever since her disaster. It seemed as if the few years which followed her husband's death had done on her the work of half a century. She lost the fresh elasticity of form, the colour and the mien of health, and became wasted, wan, and feeble. She appeared to have no formed complaint; yet it was evident to those who looked on her that her strength waned daily. Her lips at length became blenched and her eye dim; yet she spoke not of any desire to see a priest, until Elspeth Glendinning in her zeal could not refrain from touching upon a point which she deemed essential to salvation. Alice of Avenel received her hint kindly, and thanked her for it.

'If any good priest would take the trouble of such a journey,' she said, 'he should be welcome; for the prayers and lessons of the good must be at all times advantageous.'

This quiet acquiescence was not quite what Elspeth Glendinning wished or expected. She made up, however, by her own enthusiasm, for the lady's want of eagerness to avail herself of ghostly counsel, and Martin was despatched with such haste as Shagram would make, to pray one of the religious men of St. Mary's to come up to administer the last consolations to the widow of Walter de Avenel.

When the sacristan had announced to the lord abbot that the lady of the umquhile Walter de Avenel was in very weak health in the Tower of Glendearg, and desired the assistance of a father confessor, the lordly monk paused on the request.

'We do remember Walter de Avenel,' he said — 'a good knight and a valiant; he was dispossessed of his lands, and slain by the Southron. May not the lady come hither to the sacrament of confession? The road is distant, and painful to travel.'

'The lady is unwell, holy father,' answered the sacristan, 'and unable to bear the journey.'

'True — ay — yes — then must one of our brethren go to her. Knowest thou if she hath aught of a jointure from this Walter de Avenel?'

'Very little, holy father,' said the sacristan; 'she hath resided at Glendearg since her husband's death, wellnigh on the charity of a poor widow, called Elspeth Glendinning.'

'Why, thou knowest all the widows in the country-side?' said the abbot. 'Ho! ho! ho!' and he shook his portly sides at his own jest.

'Ho! ho! ho!' echoed the sacristan, in the tone and tune in which an inferior applauds the jest of his superior; then added, with a hypocritical snuffle and a sly twinkle of his eye, 'It is our duty, most holy father, to comfort the widow. He! he! hé!'

This last laugh was more moderate, until the abbot should put his sanction on the jest.

'Ho! ho!' said the abbot; 'then, to leave jesting, Father Philip, take thou thy riding-gear, and go to confess this Dame Avenel.'

'But,' said the sacristan —

'Give me no "buts"; neither "butt" nor "if" pass between monk and abbot, Father Philip; the bands of discipline must not be relaxed; heresy gathers force like a snowball; the multitude expect confessions and preachings from the Benedictine as they would from so many beggarly friars, and we may not desert the vineyard, though the toil be grievous unto us.'

'And with so little advantage to the holy monastery,' said the sacristan.

'True, Father Philip; but wot you not that what preventeth harm doth good? This Julian de Avenel lives a light and evil life, and should we neglect the widow of his brother, he might foray our lands, and we never able to show who hurt us; moreover, it is our duty to an ancient family, who, in their day, have been benefactors to the abbey. Away with thee instantly, brother; ride night and day, as it be necessary, and let men see how diligent Abbot Boniface and his faithful children are in

the execution of their spiritual duty ; toil not deterring them for the glen is five miles in length ; fear not withholding them, for it is said to be haunted of spectres ; nothing moving them from pursuit of their spiritual calling, to the confusion of calumnious heretics, and the comfort and edification of all true and faithful sons of the Catholic Church. I wonder what our brother Eustace will say to this ?

Breathless with his own picture of the dangers and toil which he was to encounter, and the fame which he was to acquire (both by proxy), the abbot moved slowly to finish his luncheon in the refectory ; and the sacristan, with no very good will, accompanied Old Martin in his return to Glendearg ; the greatest impediment in the journey being the trouble of restraining his pampered mule, that she might tread in something like an equal pace with poor jaded Shagram.

After remaining an hour in private with his penitent, the monk returned, moody and full of thought. Dame Elspeth, who had placed for the honoured guest some refreshment in the hall, was struck with the embarrassment which appeared in his countenance. Elspeth watched him with great anxiety. She observed there was that on his brow which rather resembled a person come from hearing the confession of some enormous crime than the look of a confessor who resigns a reconciled penitent, not to earth, but to Heaven. After long hesitating, she could not at length refrain from hazarding a question. 'She was sure,' she said, 'the led dy had made an easy shrift. Five years had they resided together, and she could safely say no woman lived better.'

'Woman,' said the sacristan, sternly, 'thou speakest thou knowest not what. What avails clearing the outside of the platter, if the inside be foul with heresy ?'

'Our dishes and trenchers are not so clean as they could be wished, holy father,' said Elspeth, but half understanding what he said, and beginning with her apron to wipe the dust from the plates, of which she supposed him to complain.

'Forbear, Dame Elspeth,' said the monk ; 'your plates are as clean as wooden trenchers and pewter flagons can well be ; the foulness of which I speak is of that pestilential heresy, which is daily becoming ingrained in this our Holy Church of Scotland, and as a canker-worm in the rose-garland of the Spouse.'

'Holy Mother of Heaven !' said Dame Elspeth, crossing herself, 'have I kept house with a heretic ?'

'No, Elspeth — no,' replied the monk ; 'it were too strong a



speech for me to make of this unhappy lady, but I would I could say she is free from heretical opinions. Alas! they fly about like the pestilence by noonday, and infect even the first and fairest of the flock! For it is easy to see of this dame that she hath been high in judgment as in rank.'

'And she can write and read, I had almost said as weel as your reverence,' said Elspeth.

'Whom doth she write to, and what doth she read?' said the monk, eagerly.

'Nay,' replied Elspeth, 'I cannot say I ever saw her write at all, but her maiden that was — she now serves the family — says she can write. And for reading, she has often read to us good things out of a thick black volume with silver clasps.'

'Let me see it,' said the monk, hastily — 'on your allegiance as a true vassal — on your faith as a Catholic Christian — instantly — instantly, let me see it!'

The good woman hesitated, alarmed at the tone in which the confessor took up her information; and being, moreover, of opinion that what so good a woman as the Lady of Avenel studied so devoutly could not be of a tendency actually evil. But, borne down by the clamour, exclamations, and something like threats, used by Father Philip, she at length brought him the fatal volume. It was easy to do this without suspicion on the part of the owner, as she lay on her bed exhausted with the fatigue of a long conference with her confessor, and as the small 'round,' or turret closet, in which was the book and her other trifling property, was accessible by another door. Of all her effects, the book was the last she would have thought of securing, for of what use or interest could it be in a family who neither read themselves nor were in the habit of seeing any who did? So that Dame Elspeth had no difficulty in possessing herself of the volume, although her heart all the while accused her of an ungenerous and an inhospitable part towards her friend and inmate. The double power of a landlord and a feudal superior was before her eyes; and, to say truth, the boldness with which she might otherwise have resisted this double authority was, I grieve to say it, much qualified by the curiosity she entertained, as a daughter of Eve, to have some explanation respecting the mysterious volume which the lady cherished with so much care, yet whose contents she imparted with such caution. For never had Alice of Avenel read them any passage from the book in question until the iron door of the tower was locked, and all possibility of intrusion prevented.

Even then she had shown, by the selection of particular passages, that she was more anxious to impress on their minds the principles which the volume contained than to introduce them to it as a new rule of faith.

When Elspeth, half-curious, half-remorseful, had placed the book in the monk's hands, he exclaimed, after turning over the leaves, 'Now, by mine order, it is as I expected! My mule — my mule! I will abide no longer here. Well hast thou done, dame, in placing in my hands this perilous volume.'

'Is it then witchcraft or devil's work?' said Dame Elspeth, in great agitation.

'Nay, God forbid,' said the monk, signing himself with the cross, 'it is the Holy Scripture. But it is rendered into the vulgar tongue, and therefore, by the order of the Holy Catholic Church, unfit to be in the hands of any lay person.'

'And yet is the Holy Scripture communicated for our common salvation,' said Elspeth. 'Good father, you must instruct mine ignorance better; but lack of wit cannot be a deadly sin, and truly, to my poor thinking, I should be glad to read the Holy Scripture.'

'I daresay thou wouldst,' said the monk; 'and even thus did our mother Eve seek to have knowledge of good and evil, and thus sin came into the world, and death by sin.'

'I am sure, and that's true!' said Elspeth. 'O, if she had dealt by the counsel of St. Peter and St. Paul!'

'If she had revered the command of Heaven,' said the monk, 'which, as it gave her birth, life, and happiness, fixed upon the grant such conditions as best corresponded with its holy pleasure. I tell thee, Elspeth, *the Word slayeth*; that is, the text alone, read with unskilled eye and unhallowed lips, is like those strong medicines which sick men take by the advice of the learned. Such patients recover and thrive; while those dealing in them at their own hand shall perish by their own deed.'

'Nae doubt — nae doubt,' said the poor woman, 'your reverence knows best.'

'Not I,' said Father Philip, in a tone as deferential as he thought could possibly become the sacristan of St. Mary's — 'not I, but the Holy Father of Christendom, and our own holy father the lord abbot, know best. I, the poor sacristan of St. Mary's, can but repeat what I hear from others my superiors. Yet of this, good woman, be assured — the Word — the mere Word, slayeth. But the church hath her ministers to gloze

and to expound the same unto her faithful congregation ; and this I say not so much, my beloved brethren — I mean, my beloved sister (for the sacristan had got into the end of one of his old sermons) — this I speak not so much of the rectors, curates, and secular clergy, so called because they live after the fashion of the *seculum* or age, unbound by those ties which sequestrate us from the world ; neither do I speak this of the mendicant friars, whether black or grey, whether crossed or uncrossed ; but of the monks, and especially of the monks Benedictine, reformed on the rule of St. Bernard of Clairvaux, thence called Cistercian, of which monks, Christian brethren — sister, I would say — great is the happiness and glory of the country in possessing the holy ministers of St. Mary's, whereof I, though an unworthy brother, may say it hath produced more saints, more bishops, more popes — may our patrons make us thankful ! — than any holy foundation in Scotland. Wherefore — But I see Martin hath my mule in readiness, and I will but salute you with the kiss of sisterhood, which maketh not ashamed, and so betake me to my toilsome return, for the glen is of bad reputation for the evil spirits which haunt it. Moreover, I may arrive too late at the bridge, whereby I may be obliged to take the river, which I observed to be somewhat waxen.

Accordingly, he took his leave of Dame Elspeth, who was confounded by the rapidity of his utterance, and the doctrine he gave forth, and by no means easy on the subject of the book, which her conscience told her she should not have communicated to any one without the knowledge of its owner.

Notwithstanding the haste which the monk as well as his mule made to return to better quarters than they had left at the head of Glendearg ; notwithstanding the eager desire Father Philip had to be the very first who should acquaint the abbot that a copy of the book they most dreaded had been found within the halidome, or patrimony, of the abbey ; notwithstanding, moreover, certain feelings which induced him to hurry as fast as possible through the gloomy and evil-reputed glen, still the difficulties of the road, and the rider's want of habitude of quick motion, were such that twilight came upon him ere he had nearly cleared the narrow valley.

It was indeed a gloomy ride. The two sides of the vale were so near that at every double of the river the shadows from the western sky fell upon, and totally obscured, the eastern bank ; the thickets of copsewood seemed to wave with a por-

tentous agitation of boughs and leaves, and the very crags and scaurs seemed higher and grimmer than they had appeared to the monk while he was travelling in daylight and in company. Father Philip was heartily rejoiced when, emerging from the narrow glen, he gained the open valley of the Tweed, which held on its majestic course from current to pool, and from pool stretched away to other currents, with a dignity peculiar to itself amongst the Scottish rivers; for, whatever may have been the drought of the season, the Tweed usually fills up the space between its banks, seldom leaving those extensive sheets of shingle which deform the margins of many of the celebrated Scottish streams.

The monk, insensible to beauties which the age had not regarded as deserving of notice, was, nevertheless, like a prudent general, pleased to find himself out of the narrow glen in which the enemy might have stolen upon him unperceived. He drew up his bridle, reduced his mule to her natural and luxurious amble, instead of the agitating and broken trot at which, to his no small inconvenience, she had hitherto proceeded, and, wiping his brow, gazed forth at leisure on the broad moon, which, now mingling with the lights of evening, was rising over field and forest, village and fortalice, and, above all, over the stately monastery, seen far and dim amid the yellow light.

The worst part of the magnificent view, in the monk's apprehension, was that the monastery stood on the opposite side of the river, and that, of the many fine bridges which have since been built across that classical stream, not one then existed. There was, however, in recompense, a bridge then standing which has since disappeared, although its ruins may still be traced by the curious.

It was of a very peculiar form. Two strong abutments were built on either side of the river, at a part where the stream was peculiarly contracted. Upon a rock in the centre of the current was built a solid piece of masonry, constructed like the pier of a bridge, and presenting, like a pier, an angle to the current of the stream. The masonry continued solid until the pier rose to a level with the two abutments upon either side, and from thence the building rose in the form of a tower. The lower story of this tower consisted only of an archway or passage through the building, over either entrance to which hung a drawbridge with counterpoises, either of which, when dropped, connected the archway with the opposite abutment, where the further end of the drawbridge rested. When

both bridges were thus lowered, the passage over the river was complete.

The bridge-keeper, who was the dependant of a neighbouring baron, resided with his family in the second and third stories of the tower, which, when both drawbridges were raised, formed an insulated fortalice in the midst of the river. He was entitled to a small toll or custom for the passage, concerning the amount of which disputes sometimes arose between him and the passengers. It is needless to say that the bridge-ward had usually the better in these questions, since he could at pleasure detain the traveller on the opposite side; or, suffering him to pass half-way, might keep him prisoner in his tower till they were agreed on the rate of pontage.<sup>1</sup>

But it was most frequently with the monks of St. Mary's that the warder had to dispute his perquisites. These holy men insisted for, and at length obtained, a right of gratuitous passage to themselves, greatly to the discontent of the bridge-keeper. But when they demanded the same immunity for the numerous pilgrims who visited the shrine, the bridge-keeper waxed restive, and was supported by his lord in his resistance. The controversy grew animated on both sides: the abbot menaced excommunication, and the keeper of the bridge, though unable to retaliate in kind, yet made each individual monk who had to cross and recross the river endure a sort of purgatory ere he would accommodate them with a passage. This was a great inconvenience, and would have proved a more serious one, but that the river was fordable for man and horse in ordinary weather.

It was a fine moonlight night, as we have already said, when Father Philip approached this bridge, the singular construction of which gives a curious idea of the insecurity of the times. The river was not in flood, but it was above its ordinary level — 'a heavy water,' as it is called in that country, through which the monk had no particular inclination to ride, if he could manage the matter better.

'Peter, my good friend,' cried the sacristan, raising his voice — 'my very excellent friend, Peter, be so kind as to lower the drawbridge. Peter, I say, dost thou not hear? it is thy gossip, Father Philip, who calls thee.'

Peter heard him perfectly well, and saw him into the bargain; but, as he had considered the sacristan as peculiarly his enemy in his dispute with the convent, he went quietly to bed, after reconnoitring the monk through his loophole, observing to his

<sup>1</sup> See Drawbridge at Bridge-end. Note 4.

wife, that 'riding the water in a moonlight night would do the sacristan no harm, and would teach him the value of a brig the neist time, on whilk a man might pass high and dry, winter and summer, flood and ebb.'

After exhausting his voice in entreaties and threats, which were equally unattended to by Peter of the Brig, as he was called, Father Philip at length moved down the river to take the ordinary ford at the head of the next stream. Cursing the rustic obstinacy of Peter, he began, nevertheless, to persuade himself that the passage of the river by the ford was not only safe, but pleasant. The banks and scattered trees were so beautifully reflected from the bosom of the dark stream; the whole cool and delicious picture formed so pleasing a contrast to his late agitation, to the warmth occasioned by his vain endeavours to move the relentless porter of the bridge, that the result was rather agreeable than otherwise.

As Father Philip came close to the water's edge, at the spot where he was to enter it, there sat a female under a large, broken, scathed oak-tree, or rather under the remains of such a tree, weeping, wringing her hands, and looking earnestly on the current of the river. The monk was struck with astonishment to see a female there at that time of night. But he was in all honest service — and if a step farther, I put it upon his own conscience — a devoted squire of dames. After observing the maiden for a moment, although she seemed to take no notice of his presence, he was moved by her distress, and willing to offer his assistance. 'Damsel,' said he, 'thou seemest in no ordinary distress; peradventure, like myself, thou hast been refused passage at the bridge by the churlish keeper, and thy crossing may concern thee either for performance of a vow or some other weighty charge.'

The maiden uttered some inarticulate sounds, looked at the river, and then in the face of the sacristan. It struck Father Philip at that instant that a Highland chief of distinction had been for some time expected to pay his vows at the shrine of St. Mary's; and that possibly this fair maiden might be one of his family, travelling alone for accomplishment of a vow, or left behind by some accident, to whom, therefore, it would be but right and prudent to use every civility in his power especially as she seemed unacquainted with the Lowland tongue. Such at least was the only motive the sacristan was ever known to assign for his courtesy; if there was any other, I once more refer it to his own conscience.

To express himself by signs, the common language of all nations, the cautious sacristan first pointed to the river, then to his mule's crupper, and then made, as gracefully as he could, a sign to induce the fair solitary to mount behind him. She seemed to understand his meaning, for she rose up as if to accept his offer; and while the good monk, who, as we have hinted, was no great cavalier, laboured with the pressure of the right leg and the use of the left rein to place his mule with her side to the bank in such a position that the lady might mount with ease, she rose from the ground with rather portentous activity, and at one bound sate behind the monk upon the animal, much the firmer rider of the two. The mule by no means seemed to approve of this double burden; she bounded, bolted, and would soon have thrown Father Philip over her head, had not the maiden with a firm hand detained him in the saddle.

At length the restive brute changed her humour; and, from refusing to budge off the spot, suddenly stretched her nose homeward, and dashed into the ford as fast as she could scamper. A new terror now invaded the monk's mind: the ford seemed unusually deep, the water eddied off in strong ripple from the counter of the mule, and began to rise upon her side. Philip lost his presence of mind, which was at no time his most ready attribute; the mule yielded to the weight of the current, and as the rider was not attentive to keep her head turned up the river, she drifted downward, lost the ford and her footing at once, and began to swim with her head down the stream. And what was sufficiently strange, at the same moment, notwithstanding the extreme peril, the damsel began to sing, thereby increasing, if anything could increase, the bodily fear of the worthy sacristan.

## I

Merrily swim we, the moon shines bright,  
Both current and ripple are dancing in light.  
We have roused the night raven, I heard him croak,  
As we plashed along beneath the oak  
That flings its broad branches so far and so wide,  
Their shadows are dancing in midst of the tide.  
'Who wakens my nestlings,' the raven he said,  
'My beak shall ere morn in his blood be red.  
For a blue swoln corpse is a dainty meal,  
And I'll have my share with the pike and the eel.'

## II

Merrily swim we, the moon shines bright,  
There's a golden gleam on the distant height;

There 's a silver shower on the alders dank,  
 And the drooping willows that wave on the bank.  
 I see the abbey, both turret and tower,  
 It is all astir for the vesper hour ;  
 The monks for the chapel are leaving each cell,  
 But where 's Father Philip, should toll the bell ?

## III

Merrily swim we, the moon shines bright,  
 Downward we drift through shadow and light,  
 Under yon rock the eddies sleep,  
 Calm and silent, dark and deep.  
 The Kelpy has risen from the fathomless pool,  
 He has lighted his candle of death and of dool.  
 Look, father, look, and you 'll laugh to see  
 How he gapes and glares with his eyes on thee!

## IV

Good luck to your fishing, whom watch ye to-night ?  
 A man of mean or a man of might ?  
 Is it layman or priest that must float in your cove,  
 Or lover who crosses to visit his love ?  
 Hark ! heard ye the Kelpy reply as we pass'd —  
 ' God's blessing on the warder, he lock'd the bridge fast !  
 All that come to my cove are sunk,  
 Priest or layman, lover or monk.'

How long the damsel might have continued to sing, or where the terrified monk's journey might have ended, is uncertain. As she sung the last stanza, they arrived at, or rather in, a broad tranquil sheet of water, caused by a strong wear or dam-head, running across the river, which dashed in a broad cataract over the barrier. The mule, whether from choice or influenced by the suction of the current, made towards the cut intended to supply the convent mills, and entered it half swimming, half wading, and pitching the unlucky monk to and fro in the saddle at a fearful rate.

As his person flew hither and thither, his garment became loose, and in an effort to retain it, his hand lighted on the volume of the *Lady of Avenel* which was in his bosom. No sooner had he grasped it than his companion pitched him out of the saddle into the stream, where, still keeping her hand on his collar, she gave him two or three good souses in the watery fluid, so as to ensure that every other part of him had its share of wetting, and then quitted her hold when he was so near the side that by a slight effort — of a great one he was incapable — he might scramble on shore. This accordingly he accomplished, and turning his eyes to see



what had become of his extraordinary companion, she was nowhere to be seen ; but still he heard, as if from the surface of the river, and mixing with the noise of the water breaking over the dam-head, a fragment of her wild song, which seemed to run thus :

Landed — landed ! the black book hath won,  
Else had you seen Berwick with morning sun !  
Sain ye, and save ye, and blithe mot ye be,  
For seldom they land that go swimming with me.

The ecstasy of the monk's terror could be endured no longer ; his head grew dizzy, and, after staggering a few steps onward, and running himself against a wall, he sunk down in a state of insensibility.

## CHAPTER VI

Now let us sit in conclave. That these weeds  
Be rooted from the vineyard of the church,  
That these foul tares be sever'd from the wheat,  
We are, I trust, agreed. Yet how to do this,  
Nor hurt the wholesome crop and tender vine-plants,  
Craves good advisement.

*The Reformation.*

THE vesper service in the monastery church of St. Mary's was now over. The abbot had disrobed himself of his magnificent vestures of ceremony, and resumed his ordinary habit, which was a black gown, worn over a white cassock, with a narrow scapulary ; a decent and venerable dress, which was calculated to set off to advantage the portly mien of Abbot Boniface.

In quiet times no one could have filled the state of a mitred abbot, for such was his dignity, more respectably than this worthy prelate. He had, no doubt, many of those habits of self-indulgence which men are apt to acquire who live for themselves alone. He was vain, moreover ; and, when boldly confronted, had sometimes shown symptoms of timidity not very consistent with the high claims which he preferred as an eminent member of the church, or with the punctual deference which he exacted from his religious brethren, and all who were placed under his command. But he was hospitable, charitable, and by no means of himself disposed to proceed with severity against any one. In short, he would in other times have slumbered out his term of preferment with as much credit as any other 'purple abbot' who lived easily, but at the same time decorously, slept soundly, and did not disquiet himself with dreams.

But the wide alarm spread through the whole Church of Rome by the progress of the reformed doctrines sorely disturbed the repose of Abbot Boniface, and opened to him a wide field of duties and cares which he had never so much as dreamed of. There were opinions to be combated and refuted,

practices to be inquired into, heretics to be detected and punished, the fallen off to be reclaimed, the wavering to be confirmed, scandal to be removed from the clergy, and the vigour of discipline to be re-established. Post upon post arrived at the Monastery of St. Mary's—horses reeking and riders exhausted—this from the privy council, that from the Primate of Scotland, and this other again from the Queen Mother, exhorting, approving, condemning, requesting advice upon this subject and requiring information upon that.

These missives Abbot Boniface received with an important air of helplessness, or a helpless air of importance, whichever the reader may please to term it, evincing at once gratified vanity and profound trouble of mind.

The sharp-witted Primate of St. Andrews had foreseen the deficiencies of the abbot of St. Mary's, and endeavoured to provide for them by getting admitted into his monastery, as sub-prior, a brother Cistercian, a man of parts and knowledge, devoted to the service of the Catholic Church, and very capable not only to advise the abbot on occasions of difficulty, but to make him sensible of his duty in case he should, from good-nature or timidity, be disposed to shrink from it.

Father Eustace played the same part in the monastery as the old general who, in foreign armies, is placed at the elbow of the prince of the blood, who nominally commands in chief, on condition of attempting nothing without the advice of his dry-nurse; and he shared the fate of all such dry-nurses, being heartily disliked as well as feared by his principal. Still, however, the Primate's intention was fully answered. Father Eustace became the constant theme and often the bugbear of the worthy abbot, who hardly dared to turn himself in his bed without considering what Father Eustace would think of it. In every case of difficulty, Father Eustace was summoned, and his opinion asked; and no sooner was the embarrassment removed than the abbot's next thought was how to get rid of his adviser. In every letter which he wrote to those in power, he recommended Father Eustace to some high church preferment—a bishopric or an abbey; and as they dropped one after another, and were otherwise conferred, he began to think, as he confessed to the sacristan in the bitterness of his spirit, that the Monastery of St. Mary's had got a life-rent lease of their sub-prior.

Yet more indignant he would have been had he suspected that Father Eustace's ambition was fixed upon his own mitre, which, from some attacks of an apoplectic nature, deemed by the

abbot's friends to be more serious than by himself, it was supposed might be shortly vacant. But the confidence which, like other dignitaries, he reposed in his own health, prevented Abbot Boniface from imagining that it held any concatenation with the motions of Father Eustace.

The necessity under which he found himself of consulting with his grand adviser, in cases of real difficulty, rendered the worthy abbot particularly desirous of doing without him in all ordinary cases of administration, though not without considering what Father Eustace would have said of the matter. He scorned, therefore, to give a hint to the sub-prior of the bold stroke by which he had despatched Brother Philip to Glendearg ; but when the vespers came without his reappearance he became a little uneasy, the more as other matters weighed upon his mind. The feud with the warder or keeper of the bridge threatened to be attended with bad consequences, as the man's quarrel was taken up by the martial baron under whom he served ; and pressing letters of an unpleasant tendency had just arrived from the Primate. Like a gouty man who catches hold of his crutch while he curses the infirmity that reduces him to use it, the abbot, however reluctant, found himself obliged to require Eustace's presence, after the service was over, in his house, or rather palace, which was attached to, and made part of, the monastery.

Abbot Boniface was seated in his high-backed chair, the grotesque carved back of which terminated in a mitre, before a fire where two or three large logs were reduced to one red glowing mass of charcoal. At his elbow, on an oaken stand, stood the remains of a roasted capon, on which his reverence had made his evening meal, flanked by a goodly stoup of Bourdeaux of excellent flavour. He was gazing indolently on the fire, partly engaged in meditation on his past and present fortunes, partly occupied by endeavouring to trace towers and steeples in the red embers.

'Yes,' thought the abbot to himself, 'in that red perspective I could fancy to myself the peaceful towers of Dundrennan, where I passed my life ere I was called to pomp and to trouble. A quiet brotherhood we were, regular in our domestic duties ; and when the frailties of humanity prevailed over us we confessed, and were absolved by each other, and the most formidable part of the penance was the jest of the convent on the culprit. I can almost fancy that I see the cloister garden and the pear-trees which I grafted with my own hands. And for what have

I changed all this, but to be overwhelmed with business which concerns me not, to be called "My Lord Abbot," and to be tutored by Father Eustace? I would these towers were the Abbey of Aberbrothwick, and Father Eustace the abbot; or I would he were in the fire on any terms, so I were rid of him! The Primate says our Holy Father the Pope hath an adviser; I am sure he could not live a week with such a one as mine. Then there is no learning what Father Eustace thinks till you confess your own difficulties. No hint will bring forth his opinion: he is like a miser, who will not unbuckle his purse to bestow a farthing, until the wretch who needs it has owned his excess of poverty, and wrung out the boon by importunity. And thus I am dishonoured in the eyes of my religious brethren, who behold me treated like a child which hath no sense of its own. I will bear it no longer! Brother Bennet (a lay brother answered to his call), tell Father Eustace that I need not his presence.'

'I came to say to your reverence that the holy father is entering even now from the cloisters.'

'Be it so,' said the abbot, 'he is welcome; remove these things — or rather, place a trencher, the holy father may be a little hungry; yet no, remove them, for there is no good fellowship in him. Let the stoup of wine remain, however, and place another cup.'

The lay brother obeyed these contradictory commands in the way he judged most seemly: he removed the carcass of the half-sacked capon, and placed two goblets beside the stoup of Bourdeaux. At the same instant entered Father Eustace.

He was a thin, sharp-faced, slight-made little man, whose keen grey eyes seemed almost to look through the person to whom he addressed himself. His body was emaciated not only with the fasts which he observed with rigid punctuality, but also by the active and unwearied exercise of his sharp and piercing intellect:

A fiery soul, which, working out its way,  
Fretted the puny body to decay,  
And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.

He turned with conventual reverence to the lord abbot; and as they stood together it was scarce possible to see a more complete difference of form and expression. The good-natured rosy face and laughing eye of the abbot, which even his present anxiety could not greatly ruffle, was a wonderful contrast to the thin, pallid cheek and quick, penetrating glance of the

monk, in which an eager and keen spirit glanced through eyes to which it seemed to give supernatural lustre.

The abbot opened the conversation by motioning to his monk to take a stool, and inviting to a cup of wine. The courtesy was declined with respect, yet not without a remark that the vesper-service was past.

‘For the stomach’s sake, brother,’ said the abbot, colouring a little — ‘you know the text.

‘It is a dangerous one,’ answered the monk, ‘to handle alone, or at late hours. Cut off from human society — the juice of the grape becomes a perilous companion of solitude, and therefore I ever shun it.’

Abbot Boniface had poured himself out a goblet which might hold about half an English pint; but, either struck with the truth of the observation, or ashamed to act in direct opposition to it, he suffered it to remain untasted before him, and immediately changed the subject.

‘The Primate hath written to us,’ said he, ‘to make strict search within our bounds after the heretical persons denounced in this list, who have withdrawn themselves from the justice which their opinions deserve. It is deemed probable that they will attempt to retire to England by our borders, and the Primate requireth me to watch with vigilance, and what not.’

‘Assuredly,’ said the monk, ‘the magistrate should not bear the sword in vain — those be they that turn the world upside down — and doubtless your reverend wisdom will with due diligence second the exertions of the right reverend father in God, being in the peremptory defence of the Holy Church.’

‘Ay, but how is this to be done?’ answered the abbot. ‘St. Mary aid us! The Primate writes to me as if I were a temporal baron — a man under command, having soldiers under him! He says, send forth — scour the country — guard the passes. Truly these men do not travel as those who would give their lives for nothing: the last who went south passed the Dry March at the Riding Burn with an escort of thirty spears, as our reverend brother the abbot of Kelso did write unto us. How are cowls and scapularies to stop the way?’

‘Your bailiff is accounted a good man-at-arms, holy father,’ said Eustace; ‘your vassals are obliged to rise for the defence of the Holy Kirk — it is the tenure on which they hold their lands; if they will not come forth for the church which gives them bread, let their possessions be given to others.’

‘We shall not be wanting,’ said the abbot, collecting himself

with importance, 'to do whatever may advantage Holy Kirk — thyself shall bear the charge to our bailiff and our officials; but here again is our controversy with the warden of the bridge and the Baron of Meigallot. St. Mary! vexations do so multiply upon the house, and upon the generation, that a man wots not where to turn to! Thou didst say, Father Eustace, thou wouldst look into our evidents touching this free passage for the pilgrims?'

'I have looked into the chartulary of the house, holy father,' said Eustace, 'and therein I find a written and formal grant of all duties and customs payable at the drawbridge of Brighton, not only by ecclesiastics of this foundation, but by every pilgrim truly designed to accomplish his vows at this house, to the Abbot Ailford, and the monks of the house of St. Mary in Kennaquhair, from that time and for ever. The deed is dated on St. Bridget's Even, in the year of Redemption 1137, and bears the sign and seal of the granter, Charles of Meigallot, great-great-grandfather of this baron, and purports to be granted for the safety of his own soul, and for the weal of the souls of his father and mother, and of all his predecessors and successors, being Barons of Meigallot.'

'But he alleges,' said the abbot, 'that the bridge-wards have been in possession of these dues, and have rendered them available, for more than fifty years, and the baron threatens violence; meanwhile, the journey of the pilgrims is interrupted, to the prejudice of their own souls, and the diminution of the revenues of St. Mary. The sacristan advised us to put on a boat; but the warden, whom thou knowest to be a godless man, has sworn the devil tear him, but that, if they put on a boat on the laird's stream, he will rive her board from board. And then some say we should compound the claim for a small sum in silver.' Here the abbot paused a moment for a reply, but receiving none, he added, 'But what thinkest thou, Father Eustace? why art thou silent?'

'Because I am surprised at the question which the lord abbot of St. Mary's asks at the youngest of his brethren.'

'Youngest in time of your abode with us, Brother Eustace,' said the abbot, 'not youngest in years, or I think, in experience — sub-prior also of this convent.'

'I am astonished,' continued Eustace, 'that the abbot of this venerable house should ask of any one whether he can alienate the patrimony of our holy and divine patroness, or give up to an unconscientious, and perhaps a heretic, baron the

rights conferred on this church by his devout progenitor. Popes and councils alike prohibit it; the honour of the living and the weal of departed souls alike forbid it: it may not be. To force, if he dare use it, we must surrender; but never by our consent should we see the goods of the church plundered, with as little scruple as he would drive off a herd of English beeves. Rouse yourself, reverend father, and doubt nothing but that the good cause shall prevail. Whet the spiritual sword, and direct it against the wicked who would usurp our holy rights. Whet the temporal sword if it be necessary, and stir up the courage and zeal of your loyal vassals.'

The abbot sighed deeply. 'All this,' he said, 'is soon spoken by him who hath to act it not; but ——' He was interrupted by the entrance of Bennet rather hastily. 'The mule on which the sacristan had set out in the morning had returned,' he said, 'to the convent stable all over wet, and with the saddle turned round beneath her belly.'

'Sancta Maria!' said the abbot, 'our dear brother hath perished by the way!'

'It may not be,' said Eustace, hastily; 'let the bell be tolled — cause the brethren to get torches — alarm the village — hurry down to the river — I myself will be the foremost.'

The real abbot stood astonished and agape when at once he beheld his office filled, and saw all which he ought to have ordered going forward at the dictates of the youngest monk in the convent. But ere the orders of Eustace, which nobody dreamed of disputing, were carried into execution, the necessity was prevented by the sudden apparition of the sacristan, whose supposed danger excited all the alarm.



## CHAPTER VII

Raze out the written troubles of the brain,  
Cleanse the foul bosom of the perilous stuff  
That weighs upon the heart.

*Macbeth.*

**W**HAT betwixt cold and fright, the afflicted sacristan stood before his superior, propped on the friendly arm of the convent miller, drenched with water, and scarce able to utter a syllable.

After various attempts to speak, the first words he uttered were

‘Swim we merrily, the moon shines bright.’

‘Swim we merrily!’ retorted the abbot, indignantly; ‘a merry night have ye chosen for swimming, and a becoming salutation to your superior!’

‘Our brother is bewildered,’ said Eustace; ‘speak, Father Philip, how is it with you?’

‘Good luck to your fishing,’

continued the sacristan, making a most dolorous attempt at the tune of his strange companion.

‘Good luck to your fishing!’ repeated the abbot, still more surprised and displeased; ‘by my halidome, he is drunken with wine, and comes to our presence with his jolly catches in his throat! If bread and water can cure this folly——’

‘With your pardon, venerable father,’ said the sub-prior, ‘of water our brother has had enough; and methinks the confusion of his eye is rather that of terror than of aught unbecoming his profession. Where did you find him, Holy Miller?’

‘An it please your reverence, I did but go to shut the sluice of the mill, and as I was going to shut the sluice, I heard some thing groan near to me; but judging it was one of Giles Fletcher’s hogs — for so please you, he never shuts his gate —

I caught up my lever, and was about — St. Mary forgive me! — to strike where I heard the sound, when, as the saints would have it, I heard the second groan just like that of a living man. So I called up my knaves, and found the father sacristan lying wet and senseless under the wall of our kiln. So soon as we brought him to himself a bit, he prayed to be brought to your reverence, but I doubt me his wits have gone a bell-wavering by the road. It was but now that he spoke in somewhat better form.'

'Well!' said Brother Eustace, 'thou hast done well, Hob Miller; only begone now, and remember a second time to pause ere you strike in the dark.'

'Please your reverence, it shall be a lesson to me,' said the miller, 'not to mistake a holy man for a hog again, so long as I live.' And, making a bow with profound humility, the miller withdrew.

'And now that this churl is gone, Father Philip,' said Eustace, 'wilt thou tell our venerable superior what ails thee? Art thou *vino gravatus*, man? If so, we will have thee to thy cell.'

'Water! — water! not wine,' muttered the exhausted sacristan.

'Nay,' said the monk, 'if that be thy complaint, wine may perhaps cure thee'; and he reached him a cup, which the patient drank off to his great benefit.

'And now,' said the abbot, 'let his garments be changed, or rather let him be carried to the infirmary; for it will prejudice our health, should we hear his narrative while he stands there, steaming like a rising hoar-frost.'

'I will hear his adventure,' said Eustace, 'and report it to your reverence.' And, accordingly, he attended the sacristan to his cell. In about half an hour he returned to the abbot.

'How is it with Father Philip?' said the abbot; 'and through what came he into such a state?'

'He comes from Glendearg, reverend sir,' said Eustace; 'and for the rest, he telleth such a legend as has not been heard in this monastery for many a long day.' He then gave the abbot the outlines of the sacristan's adventures in the homeward journey, and added, that for some time he was inclined to think his brain was infirm, seeing he had sung, laughed, and wept all in the same breath.

'A wonderful thing it is to us,' said the abbot, 'that Satan has been permitted to put forth his hand thus far on one of our sacred brethren!'

'True,' said Father Eustace; 'but for every text there is a

paraphrase; and I have my suspicions that, if the drenching of Father Philip cometh of the Evil One, yet it may not have been altogether without his own personal fault.'

'How!' said the father abbot; 'I will not believe that thou makest doubt that Satan, in former days, hath been permitted to afflict saints and holy men, even as he afflicted the pious Job?'

'God forbid I should make question of it,' said the monk, crossing himself; 'yet, where there is an exposition of the sacristan's tale which is less than miraculous, I hold it safe to consider it at least, if not to abide by it. Now, this Hob the Miller hath a buxom daughter. Suppose—I say only suppose—that our sacristan met her at the ford on her return from her uncle's on the other side, for there she hath this evening been; suppose that, in courtesy, and to save her stripping hose and shoon, the sacristan brought her across behind him; suppose he carried his familiarities farther than the maiden was willing to admit; and we may easily suppose, father, that this wetting was the result of it.'

'And this legend invented to deceive us!' said the superior, reddening with wrath; 'but most strictly shall it be sifted and inquired into; it is not upon us that Father Philip must hope to pass the result of his own evil practices for doings of Satan. To-morrow cite the wench to appear before us; we will examine, and we will punish.'

'Under your reverence's favour,' said Eustace, 'that were but poor policy. As things now stand with us, the heretics catch hold of each flying report which tends to the scandal of our clergy. We must abate the evil, not only by strengthening discipline, but also by suppressing and stifling the voice of scandal. If my conjectures are true, the miller's daughter will be silent for her own sake; and your reverence's authority may also impose silence on her father and on the sacristan. If he is again found to afford room for throwing dishonour on his order, he can be punished with severity, but at the same time with secrecy. For what say the Decretals? *Facinora ostendi dum puniuntur, flagitia autem abscondi debent.*'

A sentence of Latin, as Eustace had before observed, had often much influence on the abbot, because he understood it not fluently, and was ashamed to acknowledge his ignorance. On these terms they parted for the night.

The next day, Abbot Boniface strictly interrogated Philip on the real cause of his disaster of the previous night. But the

sacristan stood firm to his story ; nor was he found to vary from any point of it, although the answers he returned were in some degree incoherent, owing to his intermingling with them ever and anon snatches of the strange damsel's song, which had made such deep impression on his imagination that he could not prevent himself from imitating it repeatedly in the course of his examination. The abbot had compassion with the sacristan's involuntary frailty, to which something supernatural seemed annexed, and finally became of opinion that Father Eustace's more natural explanation was rather plausible than just. And indeed, although we have recorded the adventure as we find it written down, we cannot forbear to add that there was a schism on the subject in the convent, and that several of the brethren pretended to have good reason for thinking that the miller's black-eyed daughter was at the bottom of the affair after all. Whichever way it might be interpreted, all agreed that it had too ludicrous a sound to be permitted to get abroad, and therefore the sacristan was charged, on his vow of obedience, to say no more of his ducking — an injunction which, having once eased his mind by telling his story, it may be well conjectured that he joyfully obeyed.

The attention of Father Eustace was much less forcibly arrested by the marvellous tale of the sacristan's danger and his escape than by the mention of the volume which he had brought with him from the Tower of Glendearg. A copy of the Scriptures, translated into the vulgar tongue, had found its way even into the proper territory of the church, and had been discovered in one of the most hidden and sequestered recesses of the halidome of St. Mary's !

He anxiously requested to see the volume. In this the sacristan was unable to gratify him, for he had lost it, as far as he recollected, when the supernatural being, as he conceived her to be, took her departure from him. Father Eustace went down to the spot in person, and searched all around it, in hopes of recovering the volume in question ; but his labour was in vain. He returned to the abbot, and reported that it must have fallen into the river or the mill-stream ; ' For I will hardly believe,' he said, ' that Father Philip's musical friend would fly off with a copy of the Holy Scriptures.'

' Being,' said the abbot, ' as it is, an heretical translation, it may be thought that Satan may have power over it.'

' Ay,' said Father Eustace, ' it is indeed his chiefest magazine of artillery, when he inspireth presumptuous and daring men

to set forth their own opinions and expositions of Holy Writ. But though thus abused, the Scriptures are the source of our salvation, and are no more to be reckoned unholy, because of these rash men's proceedings, than a powerful medicine is to be contemned, or held poisonous, because bold and evil leeches have employed it to the prejudice of their patients. With the permission of your reverence, I would that this matter were looked into more closely. I will myself visit the Tower of Glendearg ere I am many hours older, and we shall see if any spectre or white woman of the wild will venture to interrupt my journey or return. Have I your reverend permission and your blessing?' he added, but in a tone that appeared to set no great store by either.

'Thou hast both, my brother,' said the abbot; but no sooner had Eustace left the apartment than Boniface could not help breaking on the willing ear of the sacristan his sincere wish that any spirit, black, white, or grey, would read the adviser such a lesson as to cure him of his presumption in esteeming himself wiser than the whole community.

'I wish him no worse lesson,' said the sacristan, 'than to go swimming merrily down the river with a ghost behind, and kelpies, night-crows, and mud-eels all waiting to have a snatch at him.'

Merrily swim we, the moon shines bright!

Good luck to your fishing, whom watch you to-night?'

'Brother Philip,' said the abbot, 'we exhort thee to say thy prayers, compose thyself, and banish that foolish chant from thy mind; it is but a deception of the devil's.'

'I will essay, reverend father,' said the sacristan, 'but the tune hangs by my memory like a burr in a beggar's rags; it mingles with the psalter; the very bells of the convent seem to repeat the words, and jingle to the tune; and were you to put me to death at this very moment, it is my belief I should die singing it— "Now swim we merrily": it is as it were a spell upon me.'

He then again began to warble

'Good luck to your fishing.'

And checking himself in the strain with difficulty, he exclaimed, 'It is too certain—I am but a lost priest! "Swim we merrily"—I shall sing it at the very mass. Woe is me! I shall sing all the remainder of my life, and yet never be able to change the tune!'

The honest abbot replied, 'He knew many a good fellow in the same condition'; and concluded the remark with 'ho! ho! ho!' for his reverence, as the reader may partly have observed, was one of those dull folks who love a quiet joke.

The sacristan, well acquainted with his superior's humour, endeavoured to join in the laugh, but his unfortunate canticle came again across his imagination, and interrupted the hilarity of his customary echo.

'By the rood, Brother Philip,' said the abbot, much moved, 'you become altogether intolerable! and I am convinced that such a spell could not subsist over a person of religion, and in a religious house, unless he were under mortal sin. Wherefore, say the seven penitentiary psalms — make diligent use of thy scourge and hair-cloth — refrain for three days from all food, save bread and water — I myself will shrive thee, and we will see if this singing devil may be driven out of thee; at least I think Father Eustace himself could devise no better exorcism.'

The sacristan sighed deeply, but knew remonstrance was vain. He retired therefore to his cell, to try how far psalmody might be able to drive off the sounds of the siren tune which haunted his memory.

Meanwhile, Father Eustace proceeded to the drawbridge, in his way to the lonely valley of Glendearg. In a brief conversation with the churlish warder, he had the address to render him more tractable in the controversy betwixt him and the convent. He reminded him that his father had been a vassal under the community; that his brother was childless; and that their possession would revert to the church on his death, and might be either granted to himself the warder, or to some greater favourite of the abbot, as matters chanced to stand betwixt them at the time. The sub-prior suggested to him, also, the necessary connexion of interests betwixt the monastery and the office which this man enjoyed. He listened with temper to his rude and churlish answers; and by keeping his own interest firm pitched in his view, he had the satisfaction to find that Peter gradually softened his tone, and consented to let every pilgrim who travelled upon foot pass free of exaction until Pentecost next; they who travelled on horseback or otherwise consenting to pay the ordinary custom. Having thus accommodated a matter in which the weal of the convent was so deeply interested, Father Eustace proceeded on his journey.

## CHAPTER VIII

Nay, dally not with time, the wise man's treasure,  
Though fools are lavish on 't ; the fatal Fisher  
Hooks souls, while we waste moments.

*Old Play.*

**A** NOVEMBER mist overspread the little valley, up which slowly but steadily rode the monk Eustace. He was not insensible to the feeling of melancholy inspired by the scene and by the season. The stream seemed to murmur with a deep and oppressed note, as if bewailing the departure of autumn. Among the scattered copses which here and there fringed its banks, the oak-trees only retained that pallid green that precedes their russet hue. The leaves of the willows were most of them stripped from the branches, lay rustling at each breath, and disturbed by every step of the mule ; while the foliage of other trees, totally withered, kept still precarious possession of the boughs, waiting the first wind to scatter them.

The monk dropped into the natural train of pensive thought which these autumnal emblems of mortal hopes are peculiarly calculated to inspire. 'There,' he said, looking at the leaves which lay strewed around, 'lie the hopes of early youth, first formed that they may soonest wither, and loveliest in spring to become most contemptible in winter ; but you, ye lingerers,' he added, looking to a knot of beeches which still bore their withered leaves — 'you are the proud plans of adventurous manhood, formed later, and still clinging to the mind of age, although it acknowledges their inanity ! None lasts — none endures, save the foliage of the hardy oak, which only begins to show itself when that of the rest of the forest has enjoyed half its existence. A pale and decayed hue is all it possesses, but still it retains that symptom of vitality to the last. So be it with Father Eustace ! The fairy hopes of my youth I have trodden under foot like those neglected rustlers ; to the prouder dreams of my manhood I look back as to lofty chimeras, of

which the pith and essence have long since faded ; but my religious vows, the faithful profession which I have made in my maturer age, shall retain life while aught of Eustace lives. Dangerous it may be — feeble it must be — yet live it shall, the proud determination to serve the church of which I am a member, and to combat the heresies by which she is assailed.' Thus spoke, at least thus thought, a man zealous according to his imperfect knowledge, confounding the vital interests of Christianity with the extravagant and usurped claims of the Church of Rome, and defending his cause with an ardour worthy of a better.

While moving onward in this contemplative mood, he could not help thinking more than once that he saw in his path the form of a female dressed in white, who appeared in the attitude of lamentation. But the impression was only momentary, and whenever he looked steadily to the point where he conceived the figure appeared, it always proved that he had mistaken some natural object — a white crag, or the trunk of a decayed birch-tree with its silver bark — for the appearance in question.

Father Eustace had dwelt too long in Rome to partake the superstitious feelings of the more ignorant Scottish clergy ; yet he certainly thought it extraordinary that so strong an impression should have been made on his mind by the legend of the sacristan. 'It is strange,' he said to himself, 'that this story, which doubtless was the invention of Brother Philip to cover his own impropriety of conduct, should run so much in my head, and disturb my more serious thoughts : I am wont, I think, to have more command over my senses. I will repeat my prayers, and banish such folly from my recollection.'

The monk accordingly began with devotion to tell his beads, in pursuance of the prescribed rule of his order, and was not again disturbed by any wanderings of the imagination, until he found himself beneath the little fortalice of Glendearg.

Dame Glendinning, who stood at the gate, set up a shout of surprise and joy at seeing the good father. 'Martin,' she said — 'Jasper, where be a' the folk ? Help the right reverend superior to dismount, and take his mule from him. O father ! God has sent you in our need. I was just going to send man and horse to the convent, though I ought to be ashamed to give so much trouble to your reverences.'

'Our trouble matters not, good dame,' said Father Eustace ; 'in what can I pleasure you ? I came hither to visit the Lady of Avenel.'



‘Well-a-day!’ said Dame Elspeth, ‘and it was on her part that I had the boldness to think of summoning you, for the good lady will never be able to wear over the day! Would it please you to go to her chamber?’

‘Hath she not been shriven by Father Philip?’ said the monk.

‘Shriven she was,’ said the Dame of Glendearg, ‘and by Father Philip, as your reverence truly says; but—I wish it may have been a clean shrift. Methought Father Philip looked but moody upon it; and there was a book which he took away with him, that——’ She paused, as if unwilling to proceed.

‘Speak out, Dame Glendinning,’ said the father; ‘with us it is your duty to have no secrets.’

‘Nay, if it please your reverence, it is not that I would keep anything from your reverence’s knowledge, but I fear I should prejudice the lady in your opinion; for she is an excellent lady—months and years has she dwelt in this tower, and none more exemplary than she; but this matter, doubtless she will explain it herself to your reverence.’

‘I desire first to know it from you, Dame Glendinning,’ said the monk; ‘and I again repeat, it is your duty to tell it to me.’

‘This book, if it please your reverence, which Father Philip removed from Glendearg, was this morning returned to us in a strange manner,’ said the good widow.

‘Returned!’ said the monk. ‘How mean you?’

‘I mean,’ answered Dame Glendinning, ‘that it was brought back to the Tower of Glendearg, the saints best know how—that same book which Father Philip carried with him but yesterday. Old Martin, that is my tasker and the lady’s servant, was driving out the cows to the pasture—for we have three good milk-cows, reverend father, blessed be St. Waldhave, and thanks to the holy monastery——’

The monk groaned with impatience; but he remembered that a woman of the good dame’s condition was like a top, which, if you let it spin on untouched, must at last come to a pause; but, if you interrupt it by flogging, there is no end to its gyrations. ‘But to speak no more of the cows, your reverence, though they are likely cattle as ever were tied to a stake, the tasker was driving them out, and the lads, that is my Halbert and my Edward, that your reverence has seen at church on holidays, and especially Halbert—for you patted him on the

head, and gave him a brooch of St. Cuthbert, which he wears in his bonnet—and little Mary Avenel, that is the lady's daughter, they ran all after the cattle, and began to play up and down the pasture as young folk will, your reverence. And at length they lost sight of Martin and the cows; and they began to run up a little cleuch which we call Corrie-nan-Shian, where there is a wee bit stripe of a burn, and they saw there—Good guide us!—a white woman sitting on the burn-side wringing her hands; so the bairns were frightened to see a strange woman sitting there—all but Halbert, who will be sixteen come Whitsuntide—and, besides, he never feared ony thing—and when they went up to her—behold she was passed away!

‘For shame, good woman!’ said Father Eustace; ‘a woman of your sense to listen to a tale so idle! The young folk told you a lie, and that was all.’

‘Nay, sir, it was more than that,’ said the old dame; ‘for, besides that they never told me a lie in their lives, I must warn you that on the very ground where the white woman was sitting they found the Lady of Avenel’s book, and brought it with them to the tower.’

‘That is worthy of mark at least,’ said the monk. ‘Know you no other copy of this volume within these bounds?’

‘None, your reverence,’ returned Elspeth; ‘why should there? no one could read it were there twenty.’

‘Then you are sure it is the very same volume which you gave to Father Philip?’ said the monk.

‘As sure as that I now speak with your reverence.’

‘It is most singular!’ said the monk; and he walked across the room in a musing posture.

‘I have been upon nettles to hear what your reverence would say,’ continued Dame Glendinning, ‘respecting this matter. There is nothing I would not do for the Lady of Avenel and her family, and that has been proved, and for her servants to boot, both Martin and Tibb, although Tibb is not so civil sometimes as altogether I have a right to expect; but I cannot think it beseeming to have angels, or ghosts, or fairies, or the like, waiting upon a leddy when she is in another woman’s house, in respect it is no ways creditable. Ony thing she had to do was always done to her hand, without costing her either pains or pence, as a country body says; and, besides the discredit, I cannot but think that there is no safety in having such unchancy creatures about ane. But I have tied red thread

round the bairns's throats (so her fondness still called them), and given ilk ane of them a riding-wand of rowan-tree, forbye sewing up a slip of witch-elm into their doublets; and I wish to know of your reverence if there be ony thing mair that a lone woman can do in the matter of ghosts and fairies? — be here! that I should have named their unlucky names twice ower!’

‘Dame Glendinning,’ answered the monk, somewhat abruptly, when the good woman had finished her narrative, ‘I pray you, do you know the miller’s daughter?’

‘Did I know Kate Happer?’ replied the widow; ‘as well as the beggar knows his dish — a canty quean was Kate, and a special cummer of my ain may be twenty years syne.’

‘She cannot be the wench I mean,’ said Father Eustace: ‘she after whom I inquire is scarce fifteen, a black-eyed girl; you may have seen her at the kirk.’

‘Your reverence must be in the right; and she is my cummer’s niece, doubtless, that you are pleased to speak of. But I thank God I have always been too duteous in attention to the mass to know whether young wenches have black eyes or green ones.’

The good father had so much of the world about him that he was unable to avoid smiling when the dame boasted her absolute resistance to a temptation which was not quite so liable to beset her as those of the other sex.

‘Perhaps, then,’ he said, ‘you know her usual dress, Dame Glendinning?’

‘Ay, ay, father,’ answered the dame readily enough, ‘a white kirtle the wench wears, to hide the dust of the mill no doubt; and a blue hood, that might weel be spared, for pridefulness.’

‘Then, may it not be she,’ said the father, ‘who has brought back this book, and stepped out of the way when the children came near her?’

The dame paused, was unwilling to combat the solution suggested by the monk, but was at a loss to conceive why the lass of the mill should come so far from home into so wild a corner, merely to leave an old book with three children, from whose observation she wished to conceal herself. Above all, she could not understand why, since she had acquaintances in the family, and since the Dame Glendinning had always paid her multure and knaveship duly, the said lass of the mill had not come in to rest herself and eat a morsel, and tell her the current news of the water.

These very objections satisfied the monk that his conjectures were right. 'Dame,' he said, 'you must be cautious in what you say. This is an instance—I would it were the sole one—of the power of the Enemy in these days. The matter must be sifted with a curious and careful hand.'

'Indeed,' said Elspeth, trying to catch and chime in with the ideas of the sub-prior, 'I have often thought the miller's folk at the monastery mill were far over careless in sifting our melder, and in bolting it too; some folk say they will not stick at whiles to put in a handful of ashes amongst Christian folks' corn-meal.'

'That shall be looked after also, dame,' said the sub-prior, not displeased to see that the good old woman went off on a false scent; 'and now, by your leave, I will see this lady; do you go before, and prepare her to see me.'

Dame Glendinning left the lower apartment accordingly, which the monk paced in anxious reflection, considering how he might best discharge, with humanity as well as with effect, the important duty imposed on him. He resolved to approach the bedside of the sick person with reprimands, mitigated only by a feeling for her weak condition; he determined, in case of her reply, to which late examples of hardened heretics might encourage her, to be prepared with answers to their customary scruples. High fraught, also, with zeal against her unauthorised intrusion into the priestly function, by study of the Sacred Scriptures, he imagined to himself the answers which one of the modern school of heresy might return to him; the victorious refutation which should lay the disputant prostrate at the confessor's mercy; and the healing, yet awful exhortation, which, under pain of refusing the last consolations of religion, he designed to make to the penitent, conjuring her, as she loved her own soul's welfare, to disclose to him what she knew of the dark mystery of iniquity by which heresies were introduced into the most secluded spots of the very patrimony of the church herself; what agents they had who could thus glide, as it were unseen, from place to place, bring back the volume which the church had interdicted to the spots from which it had been removed under her express auspices; and who, by encouraging the daring and profane thirst after knowledge forbidden and useless to the laity, had encouraged the Fisher of souls to use with effect his old bait of ambition and vainglory.

Much of this premeditated disputation escaped the good father when Elspeth returned, her tears flowing faster than



her death, and could think of no attribute of praise with which she did not adorn her memory.

Indeed, the Lady of Avenel, however she might privately doubt some of the doctrines announced by the Church of Rome, and although she had probably tacitly appealed from that corrupted system of Christianity to the volume on which Christianity itself is founded, had nevertheless been regular in her attendance on the worship of the church, not, perhaps, extending her scruples so far as to break off communion. Such, indeed, was the first sentiment of the earlier reformers, who seem to have studied, for a time at least, to avoid a schism, until the violence of the Pope rendered it inevitable.

Father Eustace, on the present occasion, listened with eagerness to everything which could lead to assure him of the lady's orthodoxy in the main points of belief; for his conscience reproached him sorely that, instead of protracting conversation with the Dame of Glendearg, he had not instantly hastened where his presence was so necessary. 'If,' he said, addressing the dead body, 'thou art yet free from the utmost penalty due to the followers of false doctrine; if thou dost but suffer for a time, to expiate faults done in the body, but partaking of mortal frailty more than of deadly sin, fear not that thy abode shall be long in the penal regions to which thou mayest be doomed — if vigils, if masses, if penance, if maceration of my body till it resembles that extenuated form which the soul hath abandoned, may assure thy deliverance. The Holy Church, the godly foundation, our blessed patroness herself, shall intercede for one whose errors were counterbalanced by so many virtues. Leave me, dame; here, and by her bedside, will I perform those duties which this piteous case demands!'

Elsbeth left the monk, who employed himself in fervent and sincere, though erroneous, prayers for the weal of the departed spirit. For an hour he remained in the apartment of death, and then returned to the hall, where he found the still weeping friend of the deceased.

But it would be injustice to Mrs. Glendinning's hospitality if we suppose her to have been weeping during this long interval, or rather, if we suppose her so entirely absorbed by the tribute of sorrow which she paid frankly and plentifully to her deceased friend, as to be incapable of attending to the rites of hospitality due to the holy visitor, who was confessor at once and sub-prior, mighty in all religious and secular considerations, so far as the vassals of the monastery were interested.

her apron could dry them, and made him a signal to follow her. 'How,' said the monk, 'is she then so near her end? Nay, the church must not break or bruise, when comfort is yet possible'; and, forgetting his polemics, the good sub-prior hastened to the little apartment where, on the wretched bed which she had occupied since her misfortunes had driven her to the Tower of Glendearg, the widow of Walter Avenel had rendered up her spirit to her Creator. 'My God!' said the sub-prior, 'and has my unfortunate dallying suffered her to depart without the church's consolation! Look to her, dame,' he exclaimed with eager impatience; 'is there not yet a sparkle of the life left? may she not be recalled—recalled but for a moment? Oh! would that she could express, but by the most imperfect word, but by the most feeble motion, her acquiescence in the needful task of penitential prayer! Does she not breathe? Art thou sure she doth not?'

'She will never breathe more,' said the matron. 'O! the poor fatherless girl—now motherless also! O, the kind companion I have had these many years, whom I shall never see again! But she is in Heaven for certain, if ever woman went there; for a woman of better life——'

'Woe to me,' said the good monk, 'if indeed she went not hence in good assurance; woe to the reckless shepherd, who suffered the wolf to carry a choice one from the flock, while he busied himself with trimming his sling and his staff to give the monster battle! O! if in the long Hereafter aught but weal should that poor spirit share, what has my delay cost? the value of an immortal soul!'

He then approached the body, full of the deep remorse natural to a good man of his persuasion, who devoutly believed the doctrines of the Catholic Church. 'Ay,' said he, gazing on the pallid corpse, from which the spirit had parted so placidly as to leave a smile upon the thin blue lips, which had been so long wasted by decay that they had parted with the last breath of animation without the slightest convulsive tremor—'ay,' said Father Eustace, 'there lies the faded tree, and as it fell so it lies—awful thought for me, should my neglect have left it to descend in an evil direction!' He then again and again conjured Dame Glendinning to tell him what she knew of the demeanour and ordinary walk of the deceased.

All tended to the high honour of the deceased lady; for her companion, who admired her sufficiently while alive, notwithstanding some trifling points of jealousy, now idolised her after

she, 'it is another sort of a book than the poor Lady of Avenel's ; and blessed might we have been this day if your reverence had found the way up the glen instead of Father Philip, though the sacristan is a powerful man too, and speaks as if he would gar the house fly abroad, save that the walls are gey thick. Simon's forbears — may he and they be blessed ! — took care of that.'

The monk ordered his mule, and was about to take his leave ; and the good dame was still delaying him with questions about the funeral, when a horseman, armed and accoutred, rode into the little courtyard which surrounded the keep.



## CHAPTER IX

For since they rode among our doors  
With splent on spauld and rusty spurs,  
There grows no fruit into our furs ;  
Thus said John Up-on-land.

*Bannatyne MS.*

THE Scottish laws, which were as wisely and judiciously made as they were carelessly and ineffectually executed, had in vain endeavoured to restrain the damage done to agriculture by the chiefs and landed proprietors retaining in their service what were called jack-men, from the 'jack,' or doublet quilted with iron, which they wore as defensive armour. These military retainers conducted themselves with great insolence towards the industrious part of the community, lived in a great measure by plunder, and were ready to execute any commands of their master, however unlawful. In adopting this mode of life, men resigned the quiet hopes and regular labours of industry for an unsettled, precarious, and dangerous trade, which yet had such charms for those once accustomed to it that they became incapable of following any other. Hence the complaint of John Upland, a fictitious character, representing a countryman, into whose mouth the poets of the day put their general satires upon men and manners :

They ride about in such a rage  
By forest, frith, and field,  
With buckler, bow, and brand.  
Lo ! where they ride out through the rye !  
The Devil mot save the company,  
Quoth John Up-on-land.

Christie of the Clinthill, the horseman who now arrived at the little Tower of Glendearg, was one of the hopeful company of whom the poet complains, as was indicated by his 'splent on spauld' (iron-plates on his shoulder), his rusted spurs, and his long lance. An iron skull-cap, none of the brightest, bore

for distinction a sprig of the holly, which was Avenel's badge. A long two-edged straight sword, having a handle made of polished oak, hung down by his side. The meagre condition of his horse, and the wild and emaciated look of the rider, showed their occupation could not be accounted an easy or a thriving one. He saluted Dame Glendinning with little courtesy, and the monk with less; for the growing disrespect to the religious orders had not failed to extend itself among a class of men of such disorderly habits, although it may be supposed they were tolerably indifferent alike to the new or the ancient doctrines.

'So, our lady is dead, Dame Glendinning?' said the jack-man. 'My master has sent you even now a fat bullock for her mart; it may serve for her funeral. I have left him in the upper cleuch, as he is somewhat kenspeckle,<sup>1</sup> and is marked both with cut and birn; the sooner the skin is off, and he is in sault-fat, the less like you are to have trouble—you understand me? Let me have a peck of corn for my horse, and beef and beer for myself, for I must go on to the monastery—though I think this monk here might do mine errand.'

'Thine errand, rude man!' said the sub-prior, knitting his brows——

'For God's sake!' cried poor Dame Glendinning, terrified at the idea of a quarrel between them. 'O Christie! it is the sub-prior—O reverend sir, it is Christie of the Clinthill, the laird's chief jack-man; ye know that little havings can be expected from the like o' them.'

'Are you a retainer of the Laird of Avenel?' said the monk, addressing himself to the horseman, 'and do you speak thus rudely to a brother of St. Mary's, to whom thy master is so much beholden?'

'He means to be yet more beholden to your house, sir monk,' answered the fellow; 'for, hearing his sister-in-law, the widow of Walter of Avenel, was on her death-bed, he sent me to say to the father abbot and the brethren that he will hold the funeral-feast at their convent, and invites himself thereto, with a score of horse, and some friends, and to abide there for three days and three nights, having horse-meat and men's-meat at the charge of the community; of which his intention he sends due notice, that fitting preparation may be timeously made.'

'Friend,' said the sub-prior, 'believe not that I will do to the father abbot the indignity of delivering such an errand.'

<sup>1</sup> *Kenspeckle* — that which is easily recognised by the eye.

Think'st thou the goods of the church were bestowed upon her by holy princes and pious nobles, now dead and gone, to be consumed in revelry by every profligate layman who numbers in his train more followers than he can support by honest means, or by his own incomings? 'Tell thy master, from the sub-prior of St. Mary's, that the Primate hath issued his commands to us that we submit no longer to this compulsory exaction of hospitality on slight or false pretences. Our lands and goods were given to relieve pilgrims and pious persons, not to feast bands of rude soldiers.'

'This to me!' said the angry spearman — 'this to me and to my master! Look to yourself then, sir priest, and try if *ave* and *credo* will keep bullocks from wandering and hay-stacks from burning.'

'Dost thou menace the Holy Church's patrimony with waste and fire-raising,' said the sub-prior, 'and that in the face of the sun? I call on all who hear me to bear witness to the words this ruffian has spoken. Remember how the Lord James drowned such as you by scores in the black pool at Jeddart. To him and to the Primate will I complain.' The soldier shifted the position of his lance, and brought it down to a level with the monk's body.

Dame Glendinning began to shriek for assistance. 'Tibb Tacket! Martin! where be ye all? Christie, for the love of God, consider he is a man of Holy Kirk!'

'I care not for his spear,' said the sub-prior; 'if I am slain in defending the rights and privileges of my community, the Primate will know how to take vengeance.'

'Let him look to himself,' said Christie, but at the same time depositing his lance against the wall of the tower; 'if the Fife men spoke true who came hither with the governor in the last raid, Norman Leslie has him at feud, and is like to set him hard. We know Norman a true bloodhound, who will never quit the slot. But I had no design to offend the holy father,' he added, thinking perhaps he had gone a little too far; 'I am a rude man, bred to lance and stirrup, and not used to deal with book-learned men and priests; and I am willing to ask his forgiveness and his blessing if I have said aught amiss.'

'For God's sake, your reverence,' said the widow of Glendearg apart to the sub-prior, 'bestow on him your forgiveness; how shall we poor folk sleep in security in the dark nights, if the convent is at feud with such men as he is?'

'You are right, dame,' said the sub-prior, 'your safety should, and must, be in the first instance consulted. Soldier, I forgive thee, and may God bless thee, and send thee honesty!'

Christie of the Clinthill made an unwilling inclination with his head, and muttered apart, 'That is as much as to say, "God send thee starvation." But now to my master's demand, sir priest? What answer am I to return?'

'That the body of the widow of Walter of Avenel,' answered the father, 'shall be interred as becomes her rank, and in the tomb of her valiant husband. For your master's proffered visit of three days, with such a company and retinue, I have no authority to reply to it; you must intimate your chief's purpose to the reverend lord abbot.'

'That will cost me a farther ride,' said the man, 'but it is all in the day's work. How now, my lad,' said he to Halbert, who was handling the long lance which he had laid aside; 'how do you like such a plaything? Will you go with me, and be a moss-trooper?'

'The saints in their mercy forbid!' said the poor mother; and then, afraid of having displeased Christie by the vivacity of her exclamation, she followed it up by explaining that since Simon's death she could not look on a spear or a bow, or any implement of destruction, without trembling.

'Pshaw!' answered Christie, 'thou shouldst take another husband, dame, and drive such follies out of thy thoughts; what sayest thou to such a strapping lad as I? Why, this old tower of thine is fencible enough, and there is no want of cleuchs, and crags, and bogs, and thickets, if one was set hard; a man might bide here, and keep his half-score of lads, and as many geldings, and live on what he could lay his hand on, and be kind to thee, old wench.'

'Alas! Master Christie,' said the matron, 'that you should talk to a lone woman in such a fashion, and death in the house besides!'

'Lone woman! why, that is the very reason thou shouldst take a mate. Thy old friend is dead, why, good — choose thou another of somewhat tougher frame, and that will not die of the pip like a young chicken. Better still — Come, dame, let me have something to eat, and we will talk more of this.'

Dame Elspeth, though she well knew the character of the man, whom in fact she both disliked and feared, could not help simpering at the personal address which he thought proper to make to her. She whispered to the sub-prior, 'Only thing just

to keep him quiet,' and went into the tower to set before the soldier the food he desired, trusting, betwixt good cheer and the power of her own charms, to keep Christie of the Clinthill so well amused that the altercation betwixt him and the holy father should not be renewed.

The sub-prior was equally unwilling to hazard any unnecessary rupture between the community and such a person as Julian of Avenel. He was sensible that moderation, as well as firmness, was necessary to support the tottering cause of the Church of Rome; and that, contrary to former times, the quarrels betwixt the clergy and laity had, in the present, usually terminated to the advantage of the latter. He resolved, therefore, to avoid further strife by withdrawing, but failed not, in the first place, to possess himself of the volume which the sacristan carried off the evening before, and which had been returned to the glen in such a marvellous manner.

Edward, the younger of Dame Elspeth's boys, made great objections to the book being removed, in which Mary would probably have joined, but that she was now in her little sleeping-chamber with Tibb, who was exerting her simple skill to console the young lady for her mother's death. But the younger Glendinning stood up in defence of her property, and, with a positiveness which had hitherto made no part of his character, declared, that now the kind lady was dead, the book was Mary's, and no one but Mary should have it.

'But if it is not a fit book for Mary to read, my dear boy,' said the father, gently, 'you would not wish it to remain with her?'

'The lady read it,' answered the young champion of property, 'and so it could not be wrong; it shall not be taken away. I wonder where Halbert is? Listening to the bravading tales of gay Christie, I reckon! He is always wishing for fighting, and now he is out of the way!'

'Why, Edward, you would not fight with me, who am both a priest and an old man?'

'If you were as good a priest as the Pope,' said the boy, 'and as old as the hills to boot, you shall not carry away Mary's book without her leave. I will do battle for it.'

'But see you, my love,' said the monk, amused with the resolute friendship manifested by the boy, 'I do not take it; I only borrow it; and I leave in its place my own gay missal, as a pledge I will bring it again.'

Edward opened the missal with eager curiosity, and glanced

at the pictures with which it was illustrated. 'St. George and the dragon — Halbert will like that ; and St. Michael brandishing his sword over the head of the Wicked One — and that will do for Halbert too. And see the St. John leading his lamb in the wilderness, with his little cross made of reeds, and his scrip and staff — that shall be my favourite ; and where shall we find one for poor Mary ? — here is a beautiful woman weeping and lamenting herself.'

'That is St. Mary Magdalen repenting of her sins, my dear boy,' said the father.

'That will not suit *our* Mary ; for she commits no faults, and is never angry with us but when we do something wrong.'

'Then,' said the father, 'I will show you a Mary who will protect her and you and all good children. See how fairly she is represented, with her gown covered with golden stars.'

The boy was lost in wonder at the portrait of the Virgin which the sub-prior turned up to him.

'This,' he said, 'is really like our sweet Mary ; and I think I will let you take away the black book, that has no such goodly shows in it, and leave this for Mary instead. But you must promise to bring back the book, good father ; for now I think upon it, Mary may like that best which was her mother's.'

'I will certainly return,' said the monk, evading his answer, 'and perhaps I may teach you to write and read such beautiful letters as you see there written, and to paint them blue, green, and yellow, and to blazon them with gold.'

'Ay, and to make such figures as these blessed saints, and especially these two Marys ?' said the boy.

'With their blessing,' said the sub-prior, 'I can teach you that art too, so far as I am myself capable of showing and you of learning it.'

'Then,' said Edward, 'will I paint Mary's picture ; and remember you are to bring back the black book, that you must promise me.'

The sub-prior, anxious to get rid of the boy's pertinacity, and to set forward on his return to the convent, without having any farther interview with Christie the galloper, answered by giving the promise Edward required, mounted his mule, and set forth on his return homeward.

The November day was well spent ere the sub-prior resumed his journey ; for the difficulty of the road, and the various delays which he had met with at the tower, had detained him longer than he proposed. A chill easterly wind was sighing

among the withered leaves, and stripping them from the hold they had yet retained on the parent trees.

‘Even so,’ said the monk, ‘our prospects in this vale of time grow more disconsolate as the stream of years passes on. Little have I gained by my journey, saving the certainty that heresy is busy among us with more than his usual activity, and that the spirit of insulting religious orders and plundering the church’s property, so general in the eastern districts of Scotland, has now come nearer home.’

The tread of a horse which came up behind him interrupted his reverie, and he soon saw he was mounted by the same wild rider whom he had left at the tower.

‘Good even, my son, and *benedicite*,’ said the sub-prior as he passed. But the rude soldier scarce acknowledged the greeting by bending his head; and dashing the spurs into his horse, went on at a pace which soon left the monk and his mule far behind. ‘And there,’ thought the sub-prior, ‘goes another plague of the times — a fellow whose birth designed him to cultivate the earth, but who is perverted, by the unhallowed and unchristian divisions of the country, into a daring and dissolute robber. The barons of Scotland are now turned masterful thieves and ruffians, oppressing the poor by violence, and wasting the church, by extorting free quarters from abbeys and priories, without either shame or reason. I fear me I shall be too late to counsel the abbot to make a stand against these daring sorners<sup>1</sup> — I must make haste.’ He struck his mule with his riding-wand accordingly; but, instead of mending her pace, the animal suddenly started from the path, and the rider’s utmost efforts could not force her forward.

‘Art thou, too, infected with the spirit of the times?’ said the sub-prior; ‘thou wert wont to be ready and serviceable, and art now as restive as any wild jack-man or stubborn heretic of them all.’

While he was contending with the startled animal, a voice, like that of a female, chanted in his ear, or at least very close to it —

‘Good evening, sir priest, and so late as you ride,  
With your mule so fair, and your mantle so wide;  
But ride you through valley, or ride you o’er hill,  
There is one that has warrant to wait on you still.

Back, back,

The volume black!

I have a warrant to carry it back.’

<sup>1</sup> See To Sorne. Note 5.

The sub-prior looked around, but neither bush nor brake was near which could conceal an ambushed songstress. 'May Our Lady have mercy on me!' he said; 'I trust my senses have not forsaken me; yet how my thoughts should arrange themselves into rhymes which I despise, and music which I care not for, or why there should be the sound of a female voice in ears in which its melody has been so long indifferent, baffles my comprehension, and almost realises the vision of Philip the sacristan. Come, good mule, betake thee to the path, and let us hence while our judgment serves us.'

But the mule stood as if it had been rooted to the spot, backed from the point to which it was pressed by its rider, and by her ears laid close into her neck, and her eyes almost starting from their sockets, testified that she was under great terror.

While the sub-prior, by alternate threats and soothing, endeavoured to reclaim the wayward animal to her duty, the wild musical voice was again heard close beside him :

'What ho! sub-prior, and came you but here  
To conjure a book from a dead woman's bier?  
Sain you, and save you, be wary and wise,  
Ride back with the book, or you'll pay for your prize.  
Back, back.  
There's death in the track!  
In the name of my master, I bid thee bear back.'

'In the name of my Master,' said the astonished monk, 'that name before which all things created tremble, I conjure thee to say what thou art that hauntest me thus?'

The same voice replied —

'That which is neither ill nor well,  
That which belongs not to Heaven nor to hell,  
A wreath of the mist, a bubble of the stream,  
'Twixt a waking thought and a sleeping dream;  
A form that men spy  
With the half-shut eye,  
In the beams of the setting sun, am I.'

'This is more than simple fantasy,' said the sub-prior, rousing himself; though, notwithstanding the natural hardihood of his temper, the sensible presence of a supernatural being so near him failed not to make his blood run cold and his hair bristle. 'I charge thee,' he said aloud, 'be thine errand what it will, to depart and trouble me no more! False spirit, thou canst not appal any save those who do the work negligently.'

The voice immediately answered —



'Vainly, sir prior, wouldst thou bar me my right !  
 Like the star when it shoots, I can dart through the night ;  
 I can dance on the torrent and ride on the air,  
 And travel the world with the bonny nightmare.  
 Again, again,  
 At the crook of the glen,  
 Where bickers the burnie, I 'll meet thee again.'

The road was now apparently left open ; for the mule collected herself, and changed from her posture of terror to one which promised advance, although a profuse perspiration and general trembling of the joints indicated the bodily terror she had undergone.

'I used to doubt the existence of Cabalists and Rosicrucians,' thought the sub-prior, 'but, by my holy order, I know no longer what to say ! My pulse beats temperately, my hand is cool, I am fasting from everything but sin, and possessed of my ordinary faculties. Either some fiend is permitted to bewilder me, or the tales of Cornelius Agrippa, Paracelsus, and others who treat of occult philosophy are not without foundation. At the crook of the glen ? I could have desired to avoid a second meeting, but I am on the service of the church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against me.'

He moved around accordingly, but with precaution, and not without fear ; for he neither knew the manner in which, or the place where, his journey might be next interrupted by his invisible attendant. He descended the glen without interruption for about a mile farther, when, just at the spot where the brook approached the steep hill, with a winding so abrupt as to leave scarcely room for a horse to pass, the mule was again visited with the same symptoms of terror which had before interrupted her course. Better acquainted than before with the cause of her restiveness, the priest employed no effort to make her proceed, but addressed himself to the object, which he doubted not was the same that had formerly interrupted him, in the words of solemn exorcism prescribed by the Church of Rome on such occasions.

In reply to his demand, the voice again sung :

'Men of good are bold as sackless,<sup>1</sup>  
 Men of rude are wild and reckless.  
 Lie thou still  
 In the nook of the hill,  
 For those be before thee that wish thee ill.'

While the sub-prior listened, with his head turned in the

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<sup>1</sup> *Sackless* — Innocent.

direction from which the sounds seemed to come, he felt as if something rushed against him ; and ere he could discover the cause, he was pushed from his saddle with gentle but irresistible force. Before he reached the ground his senses were gone, and he lay long in a state of insensibility ; for the sunset had not ceased to gild the top of the distant hill when he fell, and when he again became conscious of existence the pale moon was gleaming on the landscape. He awakened in a state of terror, from which, for a few minutes, he found it difficult to shake himself free. At length he sat up on the grass, and became sensible, by repeated exertion, that the only personal injury which he had sustained was the numbness arising from extreme cold. The motion of something near him made the blood again run to his heart, and by a sudden effort he started up, and, looking around, saw to his relief that the noise was occasioned by the footsteps of his own mule. The peaceable animal had remained quietly beside her master during his trance, browsing on the grass which grew plentifully in that sequestered nook.

With some exertion he collected himself, remounted the animal, and, meditating upon his wild adventure, descended the glen till its junction with the broader valley through which the Tweed winds. The drawbridge was readily dropped at his first summons ; and so much had he won upon the heart of the churlish warden, that Peter appeared himself with a lantern to show the sub-prior his way over the perilous pass.

‘By my sooth, sir,’ he said, holding the light up to Father Eustace’s face, ‘you look sorely travelled and deadly pale ; but a little matter serves to weary out you men of the cell. I now who speak to you — I have ridden, before I was perched up here on this pillar betwixt wind and water, it may be thirty Scots miles before I broke my fast, and have had the red of a bramble rose in my cheek all the while. But will you taste some food, or a cup of distilled waters ?’

‘I may not,’ said Father Eustace, ‘being under a vow ; but I thank you for your kindness, and pray you to give what I may not accept to the next poor pilgrim who comes hither pale and fainting, for so it shall be the better both with him here and with you hereafter.’

‘By my faith, and I will do so,’ said Peter Bridge-Ward, ‘even for thy sake. It is strange now, how this sub-prior gets round one’s heart more than the rest of these cowed gentry, that think of nothing but quaffing and stuffing ! Wife, I say — wife, we will give a cup of distilled waters and a crust of bread unto

the next pilgrim that comes over; and ye may keep for the purpose the grunds of the last greybeard,<sup>1</sup> and the ill-baked bannock which the bairns couldna eat.'

While Peter issued these charitable, and at the same time prudent, injunctions, the sub-prior, whose mild interference had awakened the bridge-ward to such an act of unwonted generosity, was pacing onward to the monastery. In the way, he had to commune with and subdue his own rebellious heart, an enemy, he was sensible, more formidable than any which the external powers of Satan could place in his way.

Father Eustace had indeed strong temptation to suppress the extraordinary incident which had befallen him, which he was the more reluctant to confess, because he had passed so severe a judgment upon Father Philip, who, as he was not unwilling to allow, had, on his return from Glendearg, encountered obstacles somewhat similar to his own. Of this the sub-prior was the more convinced when, feeling in his bosom for the book which he had brought off from the Tower of Glendearg, he found it was amissing, which he could only account for by supposing it had been stolen from him during his trance.

'If I confess this strange visitation,' thought the sub-prior, 'I become the ridicule of all my brethren — I whom the Primate sent hither to be a watch, as it were, and a check upon their follies. I give the abbot an advantage over me which I shall never again recover, and Heaven only knows how he may abuse it, in his foolish simplicity, to the dishonour and loss of Holy Kirk. But then, if I make not true confession of my shame, with what face can I again presume to admonish or restrain others? Avow, proud heart,' continued he, addressing himself, 'that the weal of Holy Church interests thee less in this matter than thine own humiliation. Yes, Heaven has punished thee even in that point in which thou didst deem thyself most strong, in thy spiritual pride and thy carnal wisdom. Thou hast laughed at and derided the inexperience of thy brethren; stoop thyself in turn to their derision; tell what they may not believe; affirm that which they will ascribe to idle fear, or perhaps to idle falsehood; sustain the disgrace of a silly visionary or a wilful deceiver. Be it so; I will do my duty, and make ample confession to my superior. If the discharge of this duty destroys my usefulness in this house, God and Our Lady will send me where I can better serve them.'

There was no little merit in the resolution thus piously and

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<sup>1</sup> An old-fashioned name for an earthen jar holding spirits.

generously formed by Father Eustace. To men of any rank the esteem of their order is naturally most dear ; but in the monastic establishment, cut off, as the brethren are, from other objects of ambition, as well as from all exterior friendship and relationship, the place which they hold in the opinion of each other is all in all.

But the consciousness how much he should rejoice the abbot and most of the other monks of St. Mary's, who were impatient of the unauthorised yet irresistible control which he was wont to exercise in the affairs of the convent, by a confession which would put him in a ludicrous, or perhaps even in a criminal, point of view could not weigh with Father Eustace in comparison with the task which his belief enjoined.

As, strong in his feelings of duty, he approached the exterior gate of the monastery, he was surprised to see torches gleaming, and men assembled around it, some on horseback, some on foot, while several of the monks, distinguished through the night by their white scapularies, were making themselves busy among the crowd. The sub-prior was received with a unanimous shout of joy, which at once made him sensible that he had himself been the object of their anxiety.

'There he is ! — there he is ! God be thanked — there he is, hale and feir !' exclaimed the vassals ; while the monks exclaimed, '*Te Deum laudamus* ; the blood of Thy servants is precious in Thy sight !'

'What is the matter, children ? — what is the matter, my brethren ?' said Father Eustace, dismounting at the gate.

'Nay, brother, if thou know'st not, we will not tell thee till thou art in the refectory,' answered the monks. 'Suffice it that the lord abbot had ordered these, our zealous and faithful vassals, instantly to set forth to guard thee from imminent peril. Ye may ungirth your horses, children, and dismiss ; and to-morrow each who was at this rendezvous may send to the convent kitchen for a quarter of a yard of roast-beef<sup>1</sup> and a black-jack full of double ale.'

The vassals dispersed with joyful acclamation, and the monks, with equal jubilee, conducted the sub-prior into the refectory.

<sup>1</sup> See Note G.

## CHAPTER X

Here we stand  
Woundless and well, may Heaven's high name be bless'd for't !  
As erst, ere treason couch'd a lance against us.

DECKER.

N O sooner was the sub-prior hurried into the refectory by his rejoicing companions, than the first person on whom he fixed his eye proved to be Christie of the Clinthill. He was seated in the chimney-corner, fettered and guarded, his features drawn into that air of sulky and turbid resolution with which those hardened in guilt are accustomed to view the approach of punishment. But as the sub-prior drew near to him his face assumed a more wild and startled expression, while he exclaimed—'The devil—the devil himself brings the dead back upon the living !'

'Nay,' said a monk to him, 'say rather, that Our Lady foils the attempts of the wicked on her faithful servants : our dear brother lives and moves.'

'Lives and moves !' said the ruffian, rising and shuffling towards the sub-prior as well as his chains would permit ; 'nay, then I will never trust ashen shaft and steel point more. It is even so,' he added, as he gazed on the sub-prior with astonishment ; 'neither wem nor wound—not as much as a rent in his frock !'

'And whence should my wound have come ?' said Father Eustace.

'From the good lance that never failed me before,' replied Christie of the Clinthill.

'Heaven absolve thee for thy purpose !' said the sub-prior ; 'wouldst thou have slain a servant of the altar ?'

'To choose !' answered Christie. 'The Fifemen say, an the whole pack of ye were slain, there were more lost at Flodden.'

'Villain ! art thou heretic as well as murderer ?'

'Not I, by St. Giles,' replied the rider; 'I listened blithely enough to the Laird of Monance, when he told me ye were all cheats and knaves; but when he would have had me go hear one Wiseheart, a gospeller, as they call him, he might as well have persuaded the wild colt that had flung one rider to kneel down and help another into the saddle.'

'There is some goodness about him yet,' said the sacristan to the abbot, who at that moment entered. 'He refused to hear a heretic preacher.'

'The better for him in the next world,' answered the abbot. 'Prepare for death, my son: we deliver thee over to the secular arm of our bailie, for execution on the gallow-hill by peep of light.'

'Amen!' said the ruffian; 't is the end I must have come by sooner or later; and what care I whether I feed the crows at St. Mary's or at Carlisle?'

'Let me implore your reverend patience for an instant,' said the sub-prior; 'until I shall inquire ——'

'What!' exclaimed the abbot, observing him for the first time. 'Our dear brother restored to us when his life was unhopèd for! — nay, kneel not to a sinner like me — stand up — thou hast my blessing. When this villain came to the gate, accused by his own evil conscience, and crying out he had murdered thee, I thought that the pillar of our main aisle had fallen; no more shall a life so precious be exposed to such risks as occur in this Border country; no longer shall one beloved and rescued of Heaven hold so low a station in the church as that of a poor sub-prior: I will write by express to the Primate for thy speedy removal and advancement.'

'Nay, but let me understand,' said the sub-prior; 'did this soldier say he had slain me?'

'That he had transfixèd you,' answered the abbot, 'in full career with his lance; but it seems he had taken an indifferent aim. But no sooner didst thou fall to the ground mortally gored, as he deemed, with his weapon, than our blessed patroness appeared to him, as he averred ——'

'I averred no such thing,' said the prisoner; 'I said a woman in white interrupted me, as I was about to examine the priest's cassock, for they are usually well lined; she had a bulrush in her hand, with one touch of which she struck me from my horse, as I might strike down a child of four years old with an iron mace; and then, like a singing fiend as she was, she sung to me,

"Thank the holly-bush  
That nods on thy brow;  
Or with this slender rush  
I had strangled thee now."

I gathered myself up with fear and difficulty, threw myself on my horse, and came hither like a fool to get myself hanged for a rogue.'

'Thou seest, honoured brother,' said the abbot to the sub-prior, 'in what favour thou art with our blessed patroness, that she herself becomes the guardian of thy paths. Not since the days of our blessed founder hath she shown such grace to any one. All unworthy were we to hold spiritual superiority over thee, and we pray thee to prepare for thy speedy removal to Aberbrothwick.'

'Alas! my lord and father,' said the sub-prior, 'your words pierce my very soul. Under the seal of confession will I presently tell thee why I conceive myself rather the baffled sport of a spirit of another sort than the protected favourite of the heavenly powers. But first let me ask this unhappy man a question or two.'

'Do as ye list,' replied the abbot; 'but you shall not convince me that it is fitting you remain in this inferior office in the convent of St. Mary.'

'I would ask of this poor man,' said Father Eustace, 'for what purpose he nourished the thought of putting to death one who never did him evil?'

'Ay! but thou didst menace me with evil,' said the ruffian, 'and no one but a fool is menaced twice. Dost thou not remember what you said touching the Primate and Lord James, and the black pool of Jedwood? Didst thou think me fool enough to wait till thou hadst betrayed me to the sack and the fork? There were small wisdom in that, methinks—as little as in coming hither to tell my own misdeeds: I think the devil was in me when I took this road. I might have remembered the proverb, "Never friar forgot feud."'

'And it was solely for that—for that only hasty word of mine, uttered in a moment of impatience, and forgotten ere it was well spoken?' said Father Eustace.

'Ay! for that, and—for the love of thy gold crucifix,' said Christie of the Clinthill.

'Gracious Heaven! and could the yellow metal—the glittering earth—so far overcome every sense of what is thereby

represented? Father abbot, I pray, as a dear boon, you will deliver this guilty person to my mercy.'

'Nay, brother,' interposed the sacristan, 'to your doom if you will, not to your mercy. Remember, we are not all equally favoured by our blessed Lady, nor is it likely that every frock in the convent will serve as a coat of proof when a lance is couched against it.'

'For that very reason,' said the sub-prior, 'I would not that for my worthless self the community were to fall at feud with Julian of Avenel, this man's master.'

'Our Lady forbid!' said the sacristan; 'he is a second Julian the Apostate.'

'With our reverend father the abbot's permission, then,' said Father Eustace, 'I desire this man may be free from his chains and suffered to depart uninjured. And here, friend,' he added, giving him the golden crucifix, 'is the image for which thou wert willing to stain thy hands with murder. View it well, and may it inspire thee with other and better thoughts than those which referred to it as a piece of bullion. Part with it, nevertheless, if thy necessities require, and get thee one of such coarse substance that mammon shall have no share in any of the reflections to which it gives rise. It was the bequest of a dear friend to me; but dearer service can it never do than that of winning a soul to Heaven.'

The Borderer, now freed from his chains, stood gazing alternately on the sub-prior and on the golden crucifix. 'By St. Giles,' said he, 'I understand ye not! An ye give me gold for couching my lance at thee, what would you give me to level it at a heretic?'

'The church,' said the sub-prior, 'will try the effect of her spiritual censures to bring these stray sheep into the fold ere she employ the edge of the sword of St. Peter.'

'Ay, but,' said the ruffian, 'they say the Primate recommends a little strangling and burning in aid both of censure and of sword. But fare ye weel! I owe you a life, and it may be I will not forget my debt.'

The bailie now came bustling in, dressed in his blue coat and bandaliers, and attended by two or three halberdiers. 'I have been a thought too late in waiting upon your reverend lordship. I am grown somewhat fatter since the field of Pinkie, and my leathern coat slips not on so soon as it was wont; but the dungeon is ready, and though, as I said, I have been somewhat late ——'



Here his intended prisoner walked gravely up to the officer's nose, to his great amazement.

'You have been indeed somewhat late, bailie,' said he, 'and I am greatly obligated to your buff-coat, and to the time you took to put it on. If the secular arm had arrived some quarter of an hour sooner, I had been out of the reach of spiritual grace; but as it is, I wish you good even, and a safe riddance out of your garment of durance, in which you have much the air of a hog in armour.'

Wroth was the bailie with this comparison, and exclaimed in ire — 'An it were not for the presence of the venerable lord abbot, thou knave ——'

'Nay, an thou wouldst try conclusions,' said Christie of the Clinthill, 'I will meet thee at daybreak by St. Mary's well.'

'Hardened wretch!' said Father Eustace, 'art thou but this instant delivered from death, and dost thou so soon nurse thoughts of slaughter?'

'I will meet with thee ere it be long, thou knave,' said the bailie, 'and teach thee thine *oremus*.'

'I will meet thy cattle in a moonlight night before that day,' said he of the Clinthill.

'I will have thee by the neck one misty morning, thou strong thief,' answered the secular officer of the church.

'Thou art thyself as strong a thief as ever rode,' retorted Christie; 'and if the worms were once feasting on that fat carcass of thine, I might well hope to have thine office, by favour of these reverend men.'

'A cast of their office, and a cast of mine,' answered the bailie; 'a cord and a confessor, that is all thou wilt have from us.'

'Sirs,' said the sub-prior, observing that his brethren began to take more interest than was exactly decorous in this wrangling betwixt justice and iniquity, 'I pray you both to depart. Master bailie, retire with your halberdiers, and trouble not the man whom we have dismissed. And thou, Christie, or whatever be thy name, take thy departure, and remember thou owest thy life to the lord abbot's clemency.'

'Nay, as to that,' answered Christie, 'I judge that I owe it to your own; but impute it to whom ye list, I owe a life among ye, and there is an end.' And, whistling as he went, he left the apartment, seeming as if he held the life which he had forfeited not worthy farther thanks.

'Obstinate even to brutality!' said Father Eustace; 'and

yet, who knows but some better ore may lie under so rude an exterior?’

“Save a thief from the gallows,” said the sacristan — ‘you know the rest of the proverb; and admitting, as may Heaven grant, that our lives and limbs are safe from this outrageous knave, who shall ensure our meal and our malt, our herds and our flocks?’

‘Marry, that will I, my brethren,’ said an aged monk. ‘Ah, brethren, you little know what may be made of a repentant robber. In Abbot Ingelram’s days — ay, and I remember them as it were yesterday — the freebooters were the best welcome men that came to St. Mary’s. Ay, they paid tithe of every drove that they brought over from the South; and because they were something lightly come by, I have known them make the tithe a seventh — that is, if their confessor knew his business. Ay, when we saw from the tower a score of fat bullocks or a drove of sheep coming down the valley, with two or three stout men-at-arms behind them, with their glittering steel caps, and their black-jacks, and their long lances, the good Lord Abbot Ingelram was wont to say — he was a merry man — “There come the tithes of the spoilers of the Egyptians!” Ay, and I have seen the famous John the Armstrang — a fair man he was and a goodly, the more pity that hemp was ever heckled for him — I have seen him come into the abbey church with nine tassels of gold in his bonnet, and every tassel made of nine English nobles, and he would go from chapel to chapel, and from image to image, and from altar to altar, on his knees — and leave here a tassel, and there a noble, till there was as little gold on his bonnet as on my hood: you will find no such Border thieves now!’

‘No, truly, Brother Nicolas,’ answered the abbot; ‘they are more apt to take any gold the church has left than to bequeath or bestow any; and for cattle, beshrew me if I think they care whether beeves have fed on the meadows of Lanercost Abbey or of St. Mary’s!’

‘There is no good thing left in them,’ said Father Nicolas; ‘they are clean naught. Ah, the thieves that I have seen! — such proper men! and as pitiful as proper, and as pious as pitiful!’

‘It skills not talking of it, Brother Nicolas,’ said the abbot; ‘and I will now dismiss you, my brethren, holding your meeting upon this our inquisition concerning the danger of our reverend sub-prior instead of the attendance on the lauds this

evening. Yet let the bells be duly rung for the edification of the laymen without, and also that the novices may give due reverence. And now, *benedicite*, brethren! The cellarer will bestow on each a grace-cup and a morsel as ye pass the buttery, for ye have been turmoiled and anxious, and dangerous it is to fall asleep in such case with empty stomach.'

'*Gratias agimus quam maximas, domine reverendissime!*' replied the brethren, departing in their due order.

But the sub-prior remained behind, and falling on his knees before the abbot, as he was about to withdraw, craved him to hear under the seal of confession the adventures of the day. The reverend lord abbot yawned, and would have alleged fatigue; but to Father Eustace, of all men, he was ashamed to show indifference in his religious duties. The confession therefore proceeded, in which Father Eustace told all the extraordinary circumstances which had befallen him during the journey. And being questioned by the abbot, whether he was not conscious of any secret sin, through which he might have been subjected for a time to the delusions of evil spirits, the sub-prior admitted with frank avowal that he thought he might have deserved such penance for having judged with unfraternal rigour of the report of Father Philip, the sacristan.

'Heaven,' said the penitent, 'may have been willing to convince me, not only that He can at pleasure open a communication betwixt us and beings of a different, and, as we word it, supernatural class, but also to punish our pride of superior wisdom, or superior courage, or superior learning.'

It is well said that virtue is its own reward; and I question if duty was ever more completely recompensed than by the audience which the reverend abbot so unwillingly yielded to the confession of the sub-prior. To find the object of his fear, shall we say, or of his envy, or of both, accusing himself of the very error with which he had so tacitly charged him, was a corroboration of the abbot's judgment, a soothing of his pride, and an allaying of his fears. The sense of triumph, however, rather increased than diminished his natural good-humour; and so far was Abbot Boniface from being disposed to tyrannise over his sub-prior in consequence of this discovery, that in his exhortation he hovered somewhat ludicrously betwixt the natural expression of his own gratified vanity and his timid reluctance to hurt the feelings of Father Eustace.

'My brother,' said he, *ex cathedrâ*, 'it cannot have escaped your judicious observation that we have often declined our own

judgment in favour of your opinion, even about those matters which most nearly concerned the community. Nevertheless, grieved would we be could you think that we did this either because we deemed our own opinion less pregnant, or our wit more shallow, than that of our other brethren. For it was done exclusively to give our younger brethren, such as your much-esteemed self, my dearest brother, that courage which is necessary to a free deliverance of your opinion; we oftentimes setting apart our proper judgment, that our inferiors, and especially our dear brother the sub-prior, may be comforted and encouraged in proposing valiantly his own thoughts. Which our deference and humility may, in some sort, have produced in your mind, most reverend brother, that self-opinion of parts and knowledge which hath led unfortunately to your over-estimating your own faculties, and thereby subjecting yourself, as is but too visible, to the japes and mockeries of evil spirits. For it is assured that Heaven always holdeth us in the least esteem when we deem of ourselves most highly; and also, on the other hand, it may be that we have somewhat departed from what became our high seat in this abbey, in suffering ourselves to be too much guided, and even, as it were, controlled, by the voice of our inferior. Wherefore,' continued the lord abbot, 'in both of us such faults shall and must be amended—you hereafter presuming less upon your gifts and carnal wisdom, and I taking heed not so easily to relinquish mine own opinion for that of one lower in place and in office. Nevertheless, we would not that we should thereby lose the high advantage which we have derived, and may yet derive, from your wise counsel, which hath been so often recommended to us by our most reverend Primate. Wherefore, on affairs of high moment, we will call you to our presence in private, and listen to your opinion, which, if it shall agree with our own, we will deliver to the chapter as emanating directly from ourselves; thus sparing you, dearest brother, that seeming victory which is so apt to engender spiritual pride, and avoiding ourselves the temptation of falling into that modest facility of opinion whereby our office is lessened and our person—were that of consequence—rendered less important in the eyes of the community over which we preside.'

Notwithstanding the high notions which, as a rigid Catholic, Father Eustace entertained of the sacrament of confession, as his church calls it, there was some danger that a sense of the ridiculous might have stolen on him, when he heard his superior,

with such simple cunning, lay out a little plan for availing himself of the sub-prior's wisdom and experience, while he should take the whole credit to himself. Yet his conscience immediately told him that he was right.

'I should have thought more,' he reflected, 'of the spiritual superior and less of the individual. I should have spread my mantle over the frailties of my spiritual father, and done what I might to support his character, and, of course, to extend his utility among the brethren, as well as with others. The abbot cannot be humbled without the community being humbled in his person. Her boast is, that over all her children, especially over those called to places of distinction, she can diffuse those gifts which are necessary to render them illustrious.'

Actuated by these sentiments, Father Eustace frankly assented to the charge which his superior, even in that moment of authority, had rather intimated than made, and signified his humble acquiescence in any mode of communicating his counsel which might be most agreeable to the lord abbot, and might best remove from himself all temptation to glory in his own wisdom. He then prayed the reverend father to assign him such penance as might best suit his offence, intimating, at the same time, that he had already fasted the whole day.

'And it is that I complain of,' answered the abbot, instead of giving him credit for his abstinence — 'it is these very penances, fasts, and vigils of which we complain, as tending only to generate airs and fumes of vanity, which, ascending from the stomach into the head, do but puff us up with vainglory and self-opinion. It is meet and beseeeming that novices should undergo fasts and vigils; for some part of every community must fast, and young stomachs may best endure it. Besides, in them it abates wicked thoughts, and the desire of worldly delights. But, reverend brother, for those to fast who are dead and mortified to the world, as I and thou, is work of supererogation, and is but the matter of spiritual pride. Wherefore, I enjoin thee, most reverend brother, go to the buttery, and drink two cups at least of good wine, eating withal a comfortable morsel, such as may best suit thy taste and stomach. And in respect that thine opinion of thy own wisdom hath at times made thee less comfortable to, and companionable with, the weaker and less learned brethren, I enjoin thee, during the said repast, to choose for thy companion our reverend brother Nicolas, and, without interruption or impatience, to listen for a stricken hour to his narration concerning those things which befell in

the times of our venerable predecessor, Abbot Ingelram, on whose soul may Heaven have mercy! And for such holy exercises as may further advantage your soul, and expiate the faults whereof you have contritely and humbly avowed yourself guilty, we will ponder upon that matter, and announce our will unto you the next morning.'

It was remarkable that, after this memorable evening, the feelings of the worthy abbot towards his adviser were much more kindly and friendly than when he deemed the sub-prior the impeccable and infallible person in whose garment of virtue and wisdom no flaw was to be discerned. It seemed as if this avowal of his own imperfections had recommended Father Eustace to the friendship of the superior, although at the same time this increase of benevolence was attended with some circumstances which, to a man of the sub-prior's natural elevation of mind and temper, were more grievous than even undergoing the legends of the dull and verbose Father Nicolas. For instance, the abbot seldom mentioned him to the other monks without designing him 'our beloved Brother Eustace, poor man!' and now and then he used to warn the younger brethren against the snares of vainglory and spiritual pride, which Satan sets for the more rigidly righteous, with such looks and demonstrations as did all but expressly designate the sub-prior as one who had fallen at one time under such delusions. Upon these occasions it required all the votive obedience of a monk, all the philosophical discipline of the schools, and all the patience of a Christian, to enable Father Eustace to endure the pompous and patronising parade of his honest but somewhat thick-headed superior. He began himself to be desirous of leaving the monastery, or at least he manifestly declined to interfere with its affairs in that marked and authoritative manner which he had at first practised.

## CHAPTER XI

You call this education, do you not ?  
Why, 't is the forced march of a herd of bullocks  
Before a shouting drover. The glad van  
Move on at ease, and pause a while to snatch  
A passing morsel from the dewy greensward ;  
While all the blows, the oaths, the indignation,  
Fall on the croupe of the ill-fated laggard  
That cripples in the rear.

*Old Play.*

TWO or three years glided on, during which the storm of the approaching alteration in church government became each day louder and more perilous. Owing to the circumstances which we have intimated in the end of the last chapter, the Sub-Prior Eustace appeared to have altered considerably his habits of life. He afforded, on all extraordinary occasions, to the abbot, whether privately or in the assembled chapter, the support of his wisdom and experience ; but in his ordinary habits he seemed now to live more for himself, and less for the community, than had been his former practice.

He often absented himself for whole days from the convent ; and as the adventure of Glendearg dwelt deeply on his memory, he was repeatedly induced to visit that lonely tower, and to take an interest in the orphans who had their shelter under its roof. Besides, he felt a deep anxiety to know whether the volume which he had lost, when so strangely preserved from the lance of the murderer, had again found its way back to the Tower of Glendearg. 'It was strange,' he thought, 'that a spirit,' for such he could not help judging the being whose voice he had heard, 'should on the one side seek the advancement of heresy, and on the other interpose to save the life of a zealous Catholic priest.'

But from no inquiry which he made of the various inhabitants of the Tower of Glendearg could he learn that the copy of the translated Scriptures for which he made such diligent inquiry had again been seen by any of them.

In the meanwhile, the good father's occasional visits were of no small consequence to Edward Glendinning and to Mary Avenel. The former displayed a power of apprehending and retaining whatever was taught him which filled Father Eustace with admiration. He was at once acute and industrious, alert and accurate — one of those rare combinations of talent and industry which are seldom united.

It was the earnest desire of Father Eustace that the excellent qualities thus early displayed by Edward should be dedicated to the service of the church, to which he thought the youth's own consent might be easily obtained, as he was of a calm, contemplative, retired habit, and seemed to consider knowledge as the principal object, and its enlargement as the greatest pleasure, in life. As to the mother, the sub-prior had little doubt that, trained as she was to view the monks of St. Mary's with such profound reverence, she would be but too happy in an opportunity of enrolling one of her sons in its honoured community. But the good father proved to be mistaken in both these particulars.

When he spoke to Elspeth Glendinning of that which a mother best loves to hear, the proficiency and abilities of her son, she listened with a delighted ear. But when Father Eustace hinted at the duty of dedicating to the service of the church talents which seemed fitted to defend and adorn it, the dame endeavoured always to shift the subject; and when pressed farther, enlarged on her own incapacity, as a lone woman, to manage the feu, on the advantage which her neighbours of the township were often taking of her unprotected state, and on the wish she had that Edward might fill his father's place, remain in the tower, and close her eyes.

On such occasions the sub-prior would answer that, even in a worldly point of view, the welfare of the family would be best consulted by one of the sons entering into the community of St. Mary's, as it was not to be supposed that he would fail to afford his family the important protection which he could then easily extend towards them. What could be a more pleasing prospect than to see him high in honour? or what more sweet than to have the last duties rendered to her by a son revered for his holiness of life and exemplary manners? Besides, he endeavoured to impress upon the dame that her eldest son, Halbert, whose bold temper and headstrong indulgence of a wandering humour rendered him incapable of learning, was, for that reason, as well as that he was her eldest-born, fittest



to bustle through the affairs of the world and manage the little fief.

Elspeth durst not directly dissent from what was proposed, for fear of giving displeasure, and yet she always had something to say against it. 'Halbert,' she said, 'was not like any of the neighbour boys: he was taller by the head, and stronger by the half, than any boy of his years within the halidome. But he was fit for no peaceful work that could be devised. If he liked a book ill, he liked a plough or a pattle worse. He had scoured his father's old broadsword, suspended it by a belt round his waist, and seldom stirred without it. He was a sweet boy and a gentle if spoken fair, but cross him and he was a born devil. In a word,' she said, bursting into tears, 'deprive me of Edward, good father, and ye bereave my house of prop and pillar; for my heart tells me that Halbert will take to his father's gates, and die his father's death.'

When the conversation came to this crisis, the good-humoured monk was always content to drop the discussion for the time, trusting some opportunity would occur of removing her prejudices, for such he thought them, against Edward's proposed destination.

When, leaving the mother, the sub-prior addressed himself to the son, animating his zeal for knowledge, and pointing out how amply it might be gratified should he agree to take holy orders, he found the same repugnance which Dame Elspeth had exhibited. Edward pleaded a want of sufficient vocation to so serious a profession, his reluctance to leave his mother, and other objections, which the sub-prior treated as evasive.

'I plainly perceive,' he said one day, in answer to them, 'that the devil has his factors as well as Heaven, and that they are equally, or, alas! the former are perhaps more active, in bespeaking for their master the first of the market. I trust, young man, that neither idleness, nor licentious pleasure, nor the love of worldly gain and worldly grandeur, the chief baits with which the great Fisher of souls conceals his hook, are the causes of your declining the career to which I would incite you. But above all, I trust — above all, I hope — that the vanity of superior knowledge, a sin with which those who have made proficiency in learning are most frequently beset, has not led you into the awful hazard of listening to the dangerous doctrines which are now afloat concerning religion. Better for you that you were as grossly ignorant as the beasts which perish than that the pride of knowledge should induce you to lend an ear

to the voice of heretics.' Edward Glendinning listened to the rebuke with a downcast look, and failed not, when it was concluded, earnestly to vindicate himself from the charge of having pushed his studies into any subjects which the church inhibited; and so the monk was left to form vain conjectures respecting the cause of his reluctance to embrace the monastic state.

It is an old proverb, used by Chaucer, and quoted by Elizabeth, that 'The greatest clerks are not the wisest men'; and it is as true as if the poet had not rhymed or the queen reasoned on it. If Father Eustace had not had his thoughts turned so much to the progress of heresy, and so little to what was passing in the tower, he might have read, in the speaking eyes of Mary Avenel, now a girl of fourteen or fifteen, reasons which might discline her youthful companion towards the monastic vows. I have said, that she also was a promising pupil of the good father, upon whom her innocent and infantine beauty had an effect of which he was himself, perhaps, unconscious. Her rank and expectations entitled her to be taught the arts of reading and writing; and each lesson which the monk assigned her was conned over in company with Edward, and by him explained and re-explained, and again illustrated, until she became perfectly mistress of it.

In the beginning of their studies, Halbert had been their school companion. But the boldness and impatience of his disposition soon quarrelled with an occupation in which, without assiduity and unremitted attention, no progress was to be expected. The sub-prior's visits were at irregular intervals, and often weeks would intervene between them, in which case Halbert was sure to forget all that had been prescribed for him to learn, and much which he had partly acquired before. His deficiencies on these occasions gave him pain, but it was not of that sort which produces amendment.

For a time, like all who are fond of idleness, he endeavoured to detach the attention of his brother and Mary Avenel from their task, rather than to learn his own, and such dialogues as the following would ensue:—

'Take your bonnet, Edward, and make haste; the Laird of Colmslie is at the head of the glen with his hounds.'

'I care not, Halbert,' answered the younger brother; 'two brace of dogs may kill a deer without my being there to see them, and I must help Mary Avenel with her lesson.'

'Ay! you will labour at the monk's lessons till you turn

monk yourself,' answered Halbert. 'Mary, will you go with me, and I will show you the cushat's nest I told you of?'

'I cannot go with you, Halbert,' answered Mary, 'because I must study this lesson; it will take me long to learn it. I am sorry I am so dull, for if I could get my task as fast as Edward I should like to go with you.'

'Should you, indeed?' said Halbert; 'then I will wait for you; and, what is more, I will try to get my lesson also.'

With a smile and a sigh he took up the primer, and began heavily to con over the task which had been assigned him. As if banished from the society of the two others, he sat sad and solitary in one of the deep window-recesses; and, after in vain struggling with the difficulties of his task and his disinclination to learn it, he found himself involuntarily engaged in watching the movements of the other two students, instead of toiling any longer.

The picture which Halbert looked upon was delightful in itself, but somehow or other it afforded very little pleasure to him. The beautiful girl, with looks of simple yet earnest anxiety, was bent on disentangling those intricacies which obstructed her progress to knowledge, and looking ever and anon to Edward for assistance, while, seated close by her side, and watchful to remove every obstacle from her way, he seemed at once to be proud of the progress which his pupil made and of the assistance which he was able to render her. There was a bond betwixt them, a strong and interesting tie—the desire of obtaining knowledge, the pride of surmounting difficulties.

Feeling most acutely, yet ignorant of the nature and source of his own emotions, Halbert could no longer endure to look upon this quiet scene, but, starting up, dashed his book from him, and exclaimed aloud, 'To the fiend I bequeath all books, and the dreamers that make them! I would a score of Southrons would come up the glen, and we should learn how little all this muttering and scribbling is worth.'

Mary Avenel and his brother started, and looked at Halbert with surprise, while he went on with great animation, his features swelling, and the tears starting into his eyes as he spoke. 'Yes, Mary, I wish a score of Southrons came up the glen this very day; and you should see one good hand, and one good sword, do more to protect you than all the books that were ever opened, and all the pens that ever grew on a goose's wing.'

Mary looked a little surprised and a little frightened at his vehemence, but instantly replied affectionately, 'You are vexed,

Halbert, because you do not get your lesson so fast as Edward can ; and so am I, for I am as stupid as you. But come, and Edward shall sit betwixt us and teach us.'

'He shall not teach *me*,' said Halbert, in the same angry mood ; 'I never can teach *him* to do anything that is honourable and manly, and he shall not teach *me* any of his monkish tricks. I hate the monks, with their drawling nasal tone like so many frogs, and their long black petticoats like so many women, and their reverences, and their lordships, and their lazy vassals, that do nothing but paddle in the mire with plough and harrow, from Yule to Michaelmas. I will call none lord but him who wears a sword to make his title good ; and I will call none man but him that can bear himself manlike and masterful.'

'For Heaven's sake, peace, brother !' said Edward. 'If such words were taken up, and reported out of the house, they would be our mother's ruin.'

'Report them yourself, then, and they will be *your* making, and nobody's marring save mine own. Say that Halbert Glendinning will never be vassal to an old man with a cowl and shaven crown, while there are twenty barons who wear casque and plume that lack bold followers. Let them grant you these wretched acres, and much meal may they bear you to make your brochan !' He left the room hastily, but instantly returned, and continued to speak with the same tone of quick and irritated feeling. 'And you need not think so much, neither of you, and especially you, Edward, need not think so much of your parchment book there, and your cunning in reading it. By my faith, I will soon learn to read as well as you ; and — for I know a better teacher than your grim old monk, and a better book than his printed breviary — and since you like scholar-craft so well, Mary Avenel, you shall see whether Edward or I have most of it.' He left the apartment, and came not again.

'What can be the matter with him ?' said Mary, following Halbert with her eyes from the window, as with hasty and unequal steps he ran up the wild glen. 'Where can your brother be going, Edward ? what book ? — what teacher does he talk of ?'

'It avails not guessing,' said Edward. 'Halbert is angry, he knows not why, and speaks of he knows not what ; let us go again to our lessons, and he will come home when he has tired himself with scrambling among the crags as usual.'

But Mary's anxiety on account of Halbert seemed more deeply rooted. She declined prosecuting the task in which

they had been so pleasingly engaged, under the excuse of a headache; nor could Edward prevail upon her to resume it again that morning.

Meanwhile Halbert, his head unbonneted, his features swelled with jealous anger, and the tear still in his eye, sped up the wild and upper extremity of the little valley of Glendearg with the speed of a roebuck, choosing, as if in desperate defiance of the difficulties of the way, the wildest and most dangerous paths, and voluntarily exposing himself a hundred times to dangers which he might have escaped by turning a little aside from them. It seemed as if he wished his course to be as straight as that of the arrow to its mark.

He arrived at length in a narrow and secluded cleuch, or deep ravine, which ran down into the valley, and contributed a scanty rivulet to the supply of the brook with which Glendearg is watered. Up this he sped with the same precipitate haste which had marked his departure from the tower; nor did he pause and look around until he had reached the fountain from which the rivulet had its rise.

Here Halbert stopt short, and cast a gloomy, and almost a frightened, glance around him. A huge rock rose in front, from a cleft of which grew a wild holly-tree, whose dark green branches rustled over the spring which arose beneath. The banks on either hand rose so high, and approached each other so closely, that it was only when the sun was at its meridian height, and during the summer solstice, that its rays could reach the bottom of the chasm in which he stood. But it was now summer, and the hour was noon, so that the unwonted reflection of the sun was dancing in the pellucid fountain.

‘It is the season and the hour,’ said Halbert to himself; ‘and now I—I might soon become wiser than Edward with all his pains! Mary should see whether he alone is fit to be consulted, and to sit by her side, and hang over her as she reads, and point out every word and every letter. And she loves me better than him—I am sure she does, for she comes of noble blood, and scorns sloth and cowardice. And do I myself not stand here slothful and cowardly as any priest of them all? Why should I fear to call upon this form—this shape? Already have I endured the vision, and why not again? What can it do to me, who am a man of lith and limb, and have by my side my father’s sword? Does my heart beat, do my hairs bristle, at the thought of calling up a painted shadow, and how should I face a band of Southrons in flesh and blood? By

the soul of the first Glendinning, I will make proof of the charm !'

He cast the leathern brogue or buskin from his right foot, planted himself in a firm posture, unsheathed his sword, and first looking around to collect his resolution, he bowed three times deliberately towards the holly-tree, and as often to the little fountain, repeating at the same time, with a determined voice, the following rhyme : —

'Thrice to the holly brake,  
Thrice to the well ;  
I bid thee awake,  
White Maid of Avenel !

Noon gleams on the lake,  
Noon glows on the fell ;  
Wake thee, O wake,  
White Maid of Avenel !'

These lines were hardly uttered, when there stood the figure of a female clothed in white, within three steps of Halbert Glendinning.

I guess, 't was frightful there to see  
A lady richly clad as she —  
Beautiful exceedingly.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Coleridge's *Christabel*.

## CHAPTER XII

There's something in that ancient superstition,  
Which, erring as it is, our fancy loves.  
The spring that, with its thousand crystal bubbles,  
Bursts from the bosom of some desert rock  
In secret solitude, may well be deem'd  
The haunt of something purer, more refined,  
And mightier than ourselves.

*Old Play.*

**Y**OUNG Halbert Glendinning had scarcely pronounced the mystical rhymes, than, as we have mentioned in the conclusion of the last chapter, an appearance as of a beautiful female dressed in white stood within two yards of him. His terror for the moment overcame his natural courage, as well as the strong resolution which he had formed that the figure which he had now twice seen should not a third time daunt him. But it would seem there is something thrilling and abhorrent to flesh and blood in the consciousness that we stand in presence of a being in form like to ourselves, but so different in faculties and nature that we can neither understand its purposes nor calculate its means of pursuing them.

Halbert stood silent and gasped for breath, his hairs erecting themselves on his head, his mouth open, his eyes fixed, and, as the sole remaining sign of his late determined purpose, his sword pointed towards the apparition. At length, with a voice of ineffable sweetness, the White Lady — for by that name we shall distinguish this being — sung, or rather chanted, the following lines : —

‘ Youth of the dark eye, wherefore didst thou call me ?  
Wherefore art thou here, if terrors can appal thee ?  
He that seeks to deal with us must know no fear nor failing :  
To coward and churl our speech is dark, our gifts are unavailing.  
The breeze that brought me hither now must sweep Egyptian ground,  
The fleecy cloud on which I ride for Araby is bound ;  
The fleecy cloud is drifting by, the breeze sighs for my stay,  
For I must sail a thousand miles before the close of day.’

The astonishment of Halbert began once more to give way to his resolution, and he gained voice enough to say, though with a faltering accent, 'In the name of God, what art thou?' The answer was in melody of a different tone and measure :

'What I am I must not show,  
 What I am thou couldst not know.  
 Something betwixt heaven and hell,  
 Something that neither stood nor fell,  
 Something that through thy wit or will  
 May work thee good, may work thee ill.  
 Neither substance quite, nor shadow,  
 Haunting lonely moor and meadow,  
 Dancing by the haunted spring,  
 Riding on the whirlwind's wing ;  
 Aping in fantastic fashion  
 Every change of human passion,  
 While o'er our frozen minds they pass,  
 Like shadows from the mirror'd glass.  
 Wayward, fickle is our mood,  
 Hovering betwixt bad and good, I  
 Happier than brief-dated man,  
 Living twenty times his span ;  
 Far less happy, for we have  
 Help nor hope beyond the grave !  
 Man awakes to joy or sorrow ;  
 Ours the sleep that knows no morrow.  
 This is all that I can show,  
 This is all that thou mayest know.'

The White Lady paused, and appeared to await an answer ; but, as Halbert hesitated how to frame his speech, the vision seemed gradually to fade, and became more and more incorporeal. Justly guessing this to be a symptom of her disappearance, Halbert compelled himself to say, 'Lady, when I saw you in the glen, and when you brought back the black book of Mary of Avenel, thou didst say I should one day learn to read it.'

The White Lady replied —

'Ay ! and I taught thee the word and the spell,  
 To waken me here by the Fairies' Well.  
 But thou hast loved the heron and hawk,  
 More than to seek my haunted walk ;  
 And thou hast loved the lance and the sword,  
 More than good text and holy word ;  
 And thou hast loved the deer to track,  
 More than the lines and the letters black ;  
 And thou art a ranger of moss and of wood,  
 And scornest the nurture of gentle blood.'



‘I will do so no longer, fair maiden,’ said Halbert. ‘I desire to learn, and thou didst promise me that, when I did so desire, thou wouldst be my helper ; I am no longer afraid of thy presence, and I am no longer regardless of instruction.’ As he uttered these words, the figure of the White Maiden grew gradually as distinct as it had been at first ; and what had wellnigh faded into an ill-defined and colourless shadow again assumed an appearance at least of corporeal consistency, although the hues were less vivid, and the outline of the figure less distinct and defined — so at least it seemed to Halbert — than those of an ordinary inhabitant of the earth. ‘Wilt thou grant my request,’ he said, ‘fair lady, and give to my keeping the holy book which Mary of Avenel has so often wept for?’

The White Lady replied —

‘Thy craven fear my truth accused,  
Thine idleness my trust abused.  
He that draws to harbour late,  
Must sleep without, or burst the gate.  
There is a star for thee which burn’d,  
Its influence wanes, its course is turn’d ;  
Valour and constancy alone  
Can bring thee back the chance that’s flown.’

‘If I have been a loiterer, lady,’ answered young Glendinning, ‘thou shalt now find me willing to press forward with double speed. Other thoughts have filled my mind, other thoughts have engaged my heart, within a brief period — and by Heaven, other occupations shall henceforward fill up my time. I have lived in this day the space of years : I came hither a boy — I will return a man — a man such as may converse not only with his own kind but with whatever God permits to be visible to him. I will learn the contents of that mysterious volume ; I will learn why the Lady of Avenel loved it, why the priests feared, and would have stolen, it ; why thou didst twice recover it from their hands. What mystery is wrapt in it? Speak, I conjure thee!’ The lady assumed an air peculiarly sad and solemn, as, drooping her head and folding her arms on her bosom, she replied —

‘Within that awful volume lies  
The mystery of mysteries !  
Happiest they of human race,  
To whom God has granted grace  
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,  
To lift the latch, and force the way  
And better had they ne’er been born,  
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.’

'Give me the volume, lady,' said young Glendinning. 'They call me idle—they call me dull; in this pursuit my industry shall not fail, nor, with God's blessing, shall my understanding. Give me the volume.'

The apparition again replied—

'Many a fathom dark and deep  
I have laid the book to sleep;  
Ethereal fires around it glowing,  
Ethereal music ever flowing,  
The sacred pledge of Heav'n  
All things revere,  
Each in his sphere,  
Save man, for whom 't was giv'n.  
Lend thy hand, and thou shalt spy  
Things ne'er seen by mortal eye.'

Halbert Glendinning boldly reached his hand to the White Lady.

'Fearest thou to go with me?' she said, as his hand trembled at the soft and cold touch of her own—

'Fearest thou to go with me?  
Still it is free to thee  
A peasant to dwell;  
Thou mayest drive the dull steer,  
And chase the king's deer,  
But never more come near  
This haunted well.'

'If what thou sayest be true,' said the undaunted boy, my destinies are higher than thine own. There shall be neither well nor wood which I dare not visit. No fear of aught, natural or supernatural, shall bar my path through my native valley.'

He had scarce uttered the words, when they both descended through the earth with a rapidity which took away Halbert's breath and every other sensation, saving that of being hurried on with the utmost velocity. At length they stopped with a shock so sudden that the mortal journeyer through this unknown space must have been thrown down with violence had he not been upheld by his supernatural companion.

It was more than a minute ere, looking around him, he beheld a grotto, or natural cavern, composed of the most splendid spars and crystals, which returned in a thousand prismatic hues the light of a brilliant flame that glowed on an altar of alabaster. This altar, with its fire, formed the central point of the grotto, which was of a round form, and very high

in the roof, resembling in some respects the dome of a cathedral. Corresponding to the four points of the compass, there went off four long galleries, or arcades, constructed of the same brilliant materials with the dome itself, and the termination of which was lost in darkness.

No human imagination can conceive, or words suffice to describe, the glorious radiance which, shot fiercely forth by the flame, was returned from so many hundred thousand points of reflection, afforded by the sparry pillars and their numerous angular crystals. The fire itself did not remain steady and unmoved, but rose and fell, sometimes ascending in a brilliant pyramid of condensed flame half-way up the lofty expanse, and again fading into a softer and more rosy hue, and hovering, as it were, on the surface of the altar, to collect its strength for another powerful exertion. There was no visible fuel by which it was fed, nor did it emit either smoke or vapour of any kind.

What was of all the most remarkable, the black volume so often mentioned lay not only unconsumed, but untouched in the slightest degree, amid this intensity of fire, which, while it seemed to be of force sufficient to melt adamant, had no effect whatever on the sacred book thus subjected to its utmost influence.

The White Lady, having paused long enough to let young Glendinning take a complete survey of what was around him, now said, in her usual chant —

‘Here lies the volume thou boldly hast sought;  
Touch it and take it, — ’t will dearly be bought!’

Familiarised in some degree with marvels, and desperately desirous of showing the courage he had boasted, Halbert plunged his hand without hesitation into the flame, trusting to the rapidity of the motion to snatch out the volume before the fire could greatly affect it. But he was much disappointed. The flame instantly caught upon his sleeve, and though he withdrew his hand immediately, yet his arm was so dreadfully scorched that he had wellnigh screamed with pain. He suppressed the natural expression of anguish, however, and only intimated the agony which he felt by a contortion and a muttered groan. The White Lady passed her cold hand over his arm, and ere she had finished the following metrical chant his pain had entirely gone, and no mark of the scorching was visible :—

‘Rash thy deed,  
Mortal weed  
To immortal flames applying;  
Rasher trust  
Has thing of dust,  
On his own weak worth relying.  
Strip thee of such fences vain,  
Strip, and prove thy luck again.’

Obedient to what he understood to be the meaning of his conductress, Halbert bared his arm to the shoulder, throwing down the remains of his sleeve, which no sooner touched the floor on which he stood than it collected itself together, shrivelled itself up, and was without any visible fire reduced to light tinder, which a sudden breath of wind dispersed into empty space. The White Lady, observing the surprise of the youth, immediately repeated —

‘Mortal warp and mortal woof  
Cannot brook this charmed roof;  
All that mortal art hath wrought,  
In our cell returns to nought.  
The molten gold returns to clay,  
The polish’d diamond melts away;  
All is alter’d, all is flown,  
Nought stands fast but truth alone.  
Not for that thy quest give o’er;  
Courage! prove thy chance once more.’

Emboldened by her words, Halbert Glendinning made a second effort, and, plunging his bare arm into the flame, took out the sacred volume without feeling either heat or inconvenience of any kind. Astonished, and almost terrified, at his own success, he beheld the flame collect itself and shoot up into one long and final stream, which seemed as if it would ascend to the very roof of the cavern, and then, sinking as suddenly, became totally extinguished. The deepest darkness ensued; but Halbert had no time to consider his situation, for the White Lady had already caught his hand, and they ascended to upper air with the same velocity with which they had sunk into the earth.

They stood by the fountain in the Corrie-nan-Shian when they emerged from the bowels of the earth; but, on casting a bewildered glance around him, the youth was surprised to observe that the shadows had fallen far to the east, and that the day was wellnigh spent. He gazed on his conductress for explanation; but her figure began to fade before his eyes: her cheeks grew paler, her features less distinct, her form became shadowy, and blended itself with the mist which was ascending the hollow

ravine. What had late the symmetry of form, and the delicate yet clear hues of feminine beauty, now resembled the flitting and pale ghost of some maiden who has died for love, as it is seen, indistinctly and by moonlight, by her perjured lover.

‘Stay, spirit!’ said the youth, emboldened by his success in the subterranean dome, ‘thy kindness must not leave me, as one encumbered with a weapon he knows not how to wield. Thou must teach me the art to read and to understand this volume; else, what avails it me that I possess it?’

But the figure of the White Lady still waned before his eye, until it became an outline as pale and indistinct as that of the moon, when the winter morning is far advanced; and ere she had ended the following chant, she was entirely invisible:—

‘Alas! alas!  
Not ours the grace  
These holy characters to trace:  
Idle forms of painted air,  
Not to us is given to share  
The boon bestow’d on Adam’s race!  
With patience bide,  
Heaven will provide  
The fitting time, the fitting guide.’

The form was already gone, and now the voice itself had melted away in melancholy cadence, softening, as if the being who spoke had been slowly wafted from the spot where she had commenced her melody.

It was at this moment that Halbert felt the extremity of the terror which he had hitherto so manfully suppressed. The very necessity of exertion had given him spirit to make it, and the presence of the mysterious being, while it was a subject of fear in itself, had nevertheless given him the sense of protection being near to him. It was when he could reflect with composure on what had passed, that a cold tremor shot across his limbs, his hair bristled, and he was afraid to look around, lest he should find at his elbow something more frightful than the first vision. A breeze arising suddenly realised the beautiful and wild idea of the most imaginative of our modern bards<sup>1</sup>—

It fann’d his cheek, it raised his hair,  
Like a meadow gale in spring;  
It mingled strangely with his fears,  
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

The youth stood silent and astonished for a few minutes.

<sup>1</sup> Coleridge.

It seemed to him that the extraordinary being he had seen, half his terror, half his protectress, was still hovering on the gale which swept past him, and that she might again make herself sensible to his organs of sight. 'Speak!' he said, wildly tossing his arms — 'speak yet again: be once more present, lovely vision! Thrice have I now seen thee, yet the idea of thy invisible presence around or beside me makes my heart beat faster than if the earth yawned and gave up a demon.' But neither sound nor appearance indicated the presence of the White Lady, and nothing preternatural beyond what he had already witnessed was again audible or visible. Halbert, in the meanwhile, by the very exertion of again inviting the presence of this mysterious being, had recovered his natural audacity. He looked around once more, and resumed his solitary path down the valley into whose recesses he had penetrated.

Nothing could be more strongly contrasted than the storm of passion with which he had bounded over stock and crag, in order to plunge himself into the Corrie-nan-Shian, and the sobered mood in which he now returned homeward, industriously seeking out the most practicable path, not from a wish to avoid danger, but that he might not by personal toil distract his attention, deeply fixed on the extraordinary scene which he had witnessed. In the former case he had sought by hazard and bodily exertion to indulge at once the fiery excitation of passion and to banish the cause of the excitement from his recollection; while now he studiously avoided all interruption to his contemplative walk, lest the difficulty of the way should interfere with or disturb his own deep reflections. Thus slowly pacing forth his course, with the air of a pilgrim rather than of a deer-hunter, Halbert about the close of the evening regained his paternal tower.

## CHAPTER XIII

The miller was of manly make,  
To meet him was na mows ;  
There durst na ten come him to take,  
Sae noited he their pows.

*Christ's Kirk on the Green.*

**I**T was after sunset, as we have already stated, when Halbert Glendinning returned to the abode of his father. The hour of dinner was at noon, and that of supper about an hour after sunset at this period of the year. The former had passed without Halbert's appearing ; but this was no uncommon circumstance, for the chase, or any other pastime which occurred, made Halbert a frequent neglecter of hours ; and his mother, though angry and disappointed when she saw him not at table, was so much accustomed to his occasional absence, and knew so little how to teach him more regularity, that a testy observation was almost all the censure with which such omissions were visited.

On the present occasion, however, the wrath of good Dame Elspeth soared higher than usual. It was not merely on account of the special tup's-head and trotters, the haggis and the side of mutton, with which her table was set forth, but also because of the arrival of no less a person than Hob Miller, as he was universally termed, though the man's name was Happer.

The object of the miller's visit to the Tower of Glendearg was, like the purpose of those embassies which potentates send to each other's courts, partly ostensible, partly politic. In outward show, Hob came to visit his friends of the halidome, and share the festivity common among country folk after the barnyard has been filled, and to renew old intimacies by new conviviality. But in very truth he also came to have an eye upon the contents of each stack, and to obtain such information respecting the extent of the crop reaped and gathered in

by each feuar as might prevent the possibility of abstracted multures.

All the world knows that the cultivators of each barony or regality, temporal or spiritual, in Scotland, are obliged to bring their corn to be grinded at the mill of the territory, for which they pay a heavy charge, called the 'intown multures.' I could speak to the thirlage of *invecta et illata* too, but let that pass. I have said enough to intimate that I talk not without book. Those of the 'sucken,' or enthralled ground, were liable in penalties if, deviating from this thirlage (or thralldom), they carried their grain to another mill. Now such another mill, erected on the lands of a lay baron, lay within a tempting and convenient distance of Glendearg; and the miller was so obliging, and his charges so moderate, that it required Hob Miller's utmost vigilance to prevent evasions of his right of monopoly.

The most effectual means he could devise was this show of good fellowship and neighbourly friendship; under colour of which he made his annual cruise through the barony, numbered every cornstack, and computed its contents by the boll, so that he could give a shrewd hint afterwards whether or not the grist came to the right mill.

Dame Elspeth, like her compeers, was obliged to take these domiciliary visits in the sense of politeness; but in her case they had not occurred since her husband's death, probably because the Tower of Glendearg was distant, and there was but a trifling quantity of arable or infield land attached to it. This year there had been, upon some speculation of Old Martin's, several bolls sown in the outfield, which, the season being fine, had ripened remarkably well. Perhaps this circumstance occasioned the honest miller's including Glendearg, on this occasion, in his annual round.

Dame Glendinning received with pleasure a visit which she used formerly only to endure with patience; and she had changed her view of the matter chiefly, if not entirely, because Hob had brought with him his daughter Mysie, of whose features she could give so slight an account, but whose dress she had described so accurately, to the sub-prior.

Hitherto this girl had been an object of very trifling consideration in the eyes of the good widow; but the sub-prior's particular and somewhat mysterious inquiries had set her brains to work on the subject of Mysie of the Mill; and she had here asked a broad question, and there she had thrown



out an innuendo, and there again she had gradually led on to a conversation on the subject of poor Mysie. And from all inquiries and investigations, she had collected that Mysie was a dark-eyed, laughter-loving wench, with cherry-cheeks, and a skin as white as her father's finest bolted flour, out of which was made the abbot's own wastel-bread. For her temper, she sung and laughed from morning to night; and for her fortune, a material article, besides that which the miller might have amassed by means of his proverbial golden thumb, Mysie was to inherit a good handsome lump of land, with a prospect of the mill and mill-acres descending to her husband on an easy lease, if a fair word were spoken in season to the abbot, and to the prior, and to the sub-prior, and to the sacristan, and so forth.

By turning and again turning these advantages over in her own mind, Elspeth at length came to be of opinion that the only way to save her son Halbert from a life of 'spur, spear, and snaffle,' as they called that of the Border riders, from the dint of a cloth-yard shaft, or the loop of an inch-cord, was, that he should marry and settle, and that Mysie Happer should be his destined bride.

As if to her wish, Hob Miller arrived on his strong-built mare, bearing on a pillion behind him the lovely Mysie, with cheeks like a peony-rose (if Dame Glendinning had ever seen one), spirits all afloat with rustic coquetry, and a profusion of hair as black as ebony. The beau-ideal which Dame Glendinning had been bodying forth in her imagination became unexpectedly realised in the buxom form of Mysie Happer, whom, in the course of half an hour, she settled upon as the maiden who was to fix the restless and untutored Halbert. True, Mysie, as the dame soon saw, was like to love dancing round a May-pole as well as managing a domestic establishment, and Halbert was like to break more heads than he would grind stacks of corn. But then a miller should always be of manly make, and has been described so since the days of Chaucer and James I.<sup>1</sup> Indeed, to be able to outdo and bully the whole sucken (once more we use this barbarous phrase) in all athletic exercises was one way to render easy the collection of dues which men would have disputed with a less formidable champion. Then, as to the deficiencies of the miller's wife, the dame was of opinion that they might be supplied by the activity of the miller's mother. 'I will keep house for the young folk myself, for the tower is grown very lonely,' thought Dame

<sup>1</sup> See Motto to Chap. xiii. Note 7.

Glendinning, 'and to live near the kirk will be mair comfortable in my auld age; and then Edward may agree with his brother about the feu, more especially as he is a favourite with the sub-prior, and then he may live in the auld tower like his worthy father before him; and wha kens but Mary Avenel, high-blooded as she is, may e'en draw in her stool to the chiminey-nook, and sit down here for good and a'? It's true she has no tocher, but the like of her for beauty and sense ne'er crossed my een, and I have kend every wench in the halidome of St. Mary's — ay, and their mothers that bore them; ay, she is a sweet and lovely creature as ever tied snood over brown hair; ay, and then, though her uncle keeps her out of her ain for the present time, yet it is to be thought the grey-goose shaft will find a hole in his coat of proof, as, God help us! it has done in many a better man's. And, moreover, if they should stand on their pedigree and gentle race, Edward might say to them, that is, to her gentle kith and kin, "Whilk o' ye was her best friend when she came down the glen to Glendearg in a misty evening, on a beast mair like a cuddie than aught else?" And if they tax him with churl's blood, Edward might say that, forbye the old proverb, how

Gentle deed  
Makes gentle bleid;

yet, moreover, there comes no churl's blood from Glendinning or Brydone; for, says Edward —

The hoarse voice of the miller at this moment recalled the dame from her reverie, and compelled her to remember that, if she meant to realise her airy castle, she must begin by laying the foundation in civility to her guest and his daughter, whom she was at that moment most strangely neglecting, though her whole plan turned on conciliating their favour and good opinion, and that, in fact, while arranging matters for so intimate a union with her company, she was suffering them to sit unnoticed, and in their riding-gear, as if about to resume their journey. 'And so I say, dame,' concluded the miller, for she had not marked the beginning of his speech, 'an ye be so busied with your housekep, or aught else, why, Mysie and I will trot our way down the glen again to Johnnie Broxmouth's, who pressed us right kindly to bide with him.'

Starting at once from her dream of marriages and inter-marriages, mills, mill-lands, and baronies, Dame Elspeth felt for a moment like the milkmaid in the fable, when she overset

the pitcher on the contents of which so many golden dreams were founded. But the foundation of Dame Glendinning's hopes was only tottering, not overthrown, and she hastened to restore its equilibrium. Instead of attempting to account for her absence of mind and want of attention to her guests, which she might have found something difficult, she assumed the offensive, like an able general when he finds it necessary, by a bold attack, to disguise his weakness.

A loud exclamation she made, and a passionate complaint she set up against the unkindness of her old friend, 'who could for an instant doubt the heartiness of her welcome to him and to his hopeful daughter; and then to think of his going back to John Broxmouth's, when the auld tower stood where it did, and had room in it for a friend or two in the worst of times; and he too a neighbour that his unquhile gossip Simon, blessed be his cast! used to think the best friend he had in the hali-dome.' And on she went, urging her complaint with so much seriousness that she had wellnigh imposed on herself as well as upon Hob Miller, who had no mind to take anything in dudgeon, and, as it suited his plans to pass the night at Glendearg, would have been equally contented to do so even had his reception been less vehemently hospitable.

To all Elspeth's expostulations on the unkindness of his proposal to leave her dwelling, he answered composedly, 'Nay, dame, what could I tell? ye might have had other grist to grind, for ye looked as if ye scarce saw us; or what know I? ye might bear in mind the words Martin and I had about the last barley ye sawed, for I ken dry multures<sup>1</sup> will sometimes stick in the throat. A man seeks but his awn, and yet folk shall hold him for both miller and miller's man, that is, miller and knave,<sup>2</sup> all the country over.'

'Alas, that you will say so, neighbour Hob,' said Dame Elspeth, 'or that Martin should have had any words with you about the mill-dues! I will chide him roundly for it, I promise you, on the faith of a true widow. You know full well that a lone woman is sore put upon by her servants.'

'Nay, dame,' said the miller, unbuckling the broad belt which made fast his cloak, and served, at the same time, to suspend by his side a swinging Andrea Ferrara, 'bear no grudge at Martin, for I bear none. I take it on me as a thing

<sup>1</sup> Dry multures were a fine, or compensation in money, for not grinding at the mill of the thirl. It was, and is, accounted a vexatious exaction.

<sup>2</sup> See Note 8.

of mine office to maintain my right of multure, lock, and goupen.<sup>1</sup> And reason good, for, as the old song says,

I live by my mill, God bless her,  
She's parent, child, and wife.

The poor old slut, I am beholden to her for my living, and bound to stand by her, as I say to my mill-knaves, in right and in wrong. And so should every honest fellow stand by his bread-winner. And so, Mysie, ye may doff your cloak since our neighbour is so kindly glad to see us; why, I think, we are as blithe to see her; not one in the halidome pays their multures more dully, sequels, arriage and carriage, and mill-services used and wont.

With that the miller hung his ample cloak without further ceremony upon a huge pair of stag's antlers, which adorned at once the naked walls of the tower and served for what we vulgarly call cloak-pins.

In the meantime, Dame Elspeth assisted to disembarass the damsel whom she destined for her future daughter-in-law of her hood, mantle, and the rest of her riding-gear, giving her to appear as beseeemed the buxom daughter of the wealthy miller, gay and goodly, in a white kirtle, the seams of which were embroidered with green silken lace or fringe, entwined with some silver thread. An anxious glance did Elspeth cast upon the good-humoured face, which was now more fully shown to her, and was only obscured by a quantity of raven-black hair, which the maid of the mill had restrained by a snood of green silk, embroidered with silver, corresponding to the trimmings of her kirtle. The countenance itself was exceedingly comely—the eyes black, large, and roguishly good-humoured, the mouth was small, the lips well formed, though somewhat full, the teeth were pearly white, and the chin had a very seducing dimple in it. The form belonging to this joyous face was full and round, and firm and fair. It might become coarse and masculine some years hence, which is the common fault of Scottish beauty; but in Mysie's sixteenth year she had the shape of a Hebe. The anxious Elspeth, with all her maternal partiality, could not help admitting within herself that a better man than Halbert might go farther and fare worse. She looked a little giddy, and Halbert was not nineteen; still it was time he should be settled—for to that point the dame always returned—and here was an excellent opportunity.

<sup>1</sup> See The Sequels. Note 9.

The simple cunning of Dame Elspeth now exhausted itself in commendations of her fair guest, from the snood, as they say, to the single-soled shoe. Mysie listened and blushed with pleasure for the first five minutes; but ere ten had elapsed she began to view the old lady's compliments rather as subjects of mirth than of vanity, and was much more disposed to laugh at than to be flattered with them, for nature had mingled the good-humour with which she had endowed the damsel with no small portion of shrewdness. Even Hob himself began to tire of hearing his daughter's praises, and broke in with, 'Ay, ay, she is a clever quean enough; and, were she five years older, she shall lay a loaded sack on an aver<sup>1</sup> with e'er a lass in the halidome. But I have been looking for your two sons, dame. Men say down-bye that Halbert's turned a wild springald, and that we may have word of him from Westmoreland one moonlight night or another.'

'God forbid, my good neighbour—God, in His mercy, forbid!' said Dame Glendinning, earnestly; for it was touching the very key-note of her apprehensions to hint any probability that Halbert might become one of the marauders so common in the age and country. But, fearful of having betrayed too much alarm on the subject, she immediately added, 'That though, since the last rout at Pinkie Cleuch, she had been all of a tremble when a gun or a spear was named, or when men spoke of fighting, yet, thanks to God and Our Lady, her sons were like to live and die honest and peaceful tenants to the abbey, as their father might have done, but for that awful hosting which he went forth to, with mony a brave man that never returned.'

'Ye need not tell me of it, dame,' said the miller, 'since I was there myself, and made two pair of legs—and these were not mine, but my mare's—worth one pair of hands. I judged how it would be, when I saw our host break ranks, with rushing on through that broken ploughed field, and so, as they had made a pricker of me, I e'en pricked off with myself while the play was good.'

'Ay, ay, neighbour,' said the dame, 'ye were aye a wise and a wary man. If my Simon had had your wit, he might have been here to speak about it this day; but he was aye cracking of his good blood and his high kindred, and less would not serve him than to bide the bang to the last, with the earls, and knights, and squires, that had no wives to greet for them, or

<sup>1</sup> *Aver*—properly a horse of labour.

else had wives that cared not how soon they were widows ; but that is not for the like of us. But touching my son Halbert, there is no fear of him ; for if it should be his misfortune to be in the like case, he has the best pair of heels in the halidome, and could run almost as fast as your mare herself.'

'Is this he, neighbour?' quoth the miller.

'No,' replied the mother ; 'that is my youngest son, Edward, who can read and write like the lord abbot himself, if it were not a sin to say so.'

'Ay,' said the miller ; 'and is that the young clerk the sub-prior thinks so much of? They say he will come far ben, that lad ; wha kens but he may come to be sub-prior himself? As broken a ship has come to land.'

'To be a prior, neighbour miller,' said Edward, 'a man must first be a priest, and for that I judge I have little vocation.'

'He will take to the pleugh-pettle, neighbour,' said the good dame ; 'and so will Halbert too, I trust. I wish you saw Halbert. Edward, where is your brother?'

'Hunting, I think,' replied Edward ; 'at least he left us this morning to join the Laird of Colmslie and his hounds. I have heard them baying in the glen all day.'

'And if I had heard that music,' said the miller, 'it would have done my heart good, ay, and maybe taken me two or three miles out of my road. When I was the miller of Morebattle's knave, I have followed the hounds from Eckford to the foot of Hounam Law — followed them on foot, Dame Glendinning, ay, and led the chase when the Laird of Cessford and his gay riders were all thrown out by the mosses and gills. I brought the stag on my back to Hounam Cross, when the dogs had pulled him down. I think I see the old grey knight, as he sate so upright on his strong war-horse, all white with foam ; and "Miller," said he to me, "an thou wilt turn thy back on the mill, and wend with me, I will make a man of thee." But I chose rather to abide by clap and happer, and the better luck was mine ; for the proud Percy caused hang five of the laird's henchmen at Alnwick for burning a rickle of houses some gate beyond Fowberry, and it might have been my luck as well as another man's.'

'Ah, neighbour, neighbour,' said Dame Glendinning, 'you were aye wise and wary ; but if you like hunting, I must say Halbert's the lad to please you. He hath all those fair holiday terms of hawk and hound as ready in his mouth as Tom with the tod's-tail, that is, the lord abbot's ranger.'

'Ranges he not homeward at dinner-time, dame,' demanded the miller; 'for we call noon the dinner-hour at Kennaquhair?'

The widow was forced to admit that, even at this important period of the day, Halbert was frequently absent; at which the miller shook his head, intimating, at the same time, some allusion to the proverb of MacFarlane's geese,<sup>1</sup> which 'liked their play better than their meat.'

That the delay of dinner might not increase the miller's disposition to prejudge Halbert, Dame Glendinning called hastily on Mary Avenel to take her task of entertaining Mysie Happer, while she herself rushed to the kitchen, and, entering at once into the province of Tibb Tacket, rummaged among trenchers and dishes, snatched pots from the fire, and placed pans and gridirons on it, accompanying her own feats of personal activity with such a continued list of injunctions to Tibb that Tibb at length lost patience, and said, 'Here was as muckle wark about meating an auld miller as if they had been to banquet the blood of Bruce.' But this, as 'it was supposed to be spoken aside, Dame Glendinning did not think it convenient to hear.

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<sup>1</sup> See Note 10.

## CHAPTER XIV

Nay, let me have the friends who eat my victuals  
As various as my dishes. The feast's naught  
Where one huge plate predominates. John Plaintext,  
He shall be mighty beef, our English staple ;  
The worthy alderman, a butter'd dumpling ;  
Yon pair of whisker'd cornets, ruffs and rees ;  
Their friend the dandy, a green goose in sippets.  
And so the board is spread at once and fill'd  
On the same principle — variety.

*New Play.*

‘**A**ND what brave lass is this?’ said Hob Miller, as Mary Avenel entered the apartment to supply the absence of Dame Elspeth Glendinning.

‘The young Lady of Avenel, father,’ said the Maid of the Mill, dropping as low a courtesy as her rustic manners enabled her to make. The miller, her father, doffed his bonnet and made his reverence, not altogether so low perhaps as if the young lady had appeared in the pride of rank and riches, yet so as to give high birth the due homage which the Scotch for a length of time scrupulously rendered to it.

Indeed, from having had her mother's example before her for so many years, and from a native sense of propriety and even of dignity, Mary Avenel had acquired a demeanour which marked her title to consideration, and effectually checked any attempt at familiarity on the part of those who might be her associates in her present situation, but could not be well termed her equals. She was by nature mild, pensive, and contemplative, gentle in disposition, and most placable when accidentally offended ; but still she was of a retired and reserved habit, and shunned to mix in ordinary sports, even when the rare occurrence of a fair or wake gave her an opportunity of mingling with companions of her own age. If at such scenes she was seen for an instant, she appeared to behold them with the composed indifference of one to whom their gaiety was a



matter of no interest, and who seemed only desirous to glide away from the scene as soon as she possibly could. Something also had transpired concerning her being born on All-Hallow Eve, and the powers with which that circumstance was supposed to invest her over the invisible world. And from all these particulars combined, the young men and women of the halidome used to distinguish Mary among themselves by the name of the Spirit of Avenel, as if the fair but fragile form, the beautiful but rather colourless cheek, the dark blue eye, and the shady hair, had belonged rather to the immaterial than the substantial world. The general tradition of the White Lady, who was supposed to wait on the fortunes of the family of Avenel, gave a sort of zest to this piece of rural wit. It gave great offence, however, to the two sons of Simon Glendinning; and when the expression was in their presence applied to the young lady, Edward was wont to check the petulance of those who used it by strength of argument, and Halbert by strength of arm. In such cases Halbert had this advantage, that, although he could render no aid to his brother's argument, yet, when circumstances required it, he was sure to have that of Edward, who never indeed himself commenced a fray, but, on the other hand, did not testify any reluctance to enter into combat in Halbert's behalf, or in his rescue.

But the zealous attachment of the two youths, being themselves, from the retired situation in which they dwelt, comparative strangers in the halidome, did not serve in any degree to alter the feelings of the inhabitants towards the young lady, who seemed to have dropped amongst them from another sphere of life. Still, however, she was regarded with respect, if not with fondness; and the attention of the sub-prior to the family, not to mention the formidable name of Julian Avenel, which every new incident of those tumultuous times tended to render more famous, attached to his niece a certain importance. Thus some aspired to her acquaintance out of pride, while the more timid of the feuars were anxious to inculcate upon their children the necessity of being respectful to the noble orphan. So that Mary Avenel, little loved because little known, was regarded with a mysterious awe, partly derived from fear of her uncle's moss-troopers, and partly from her own retired and distant habits, enhanced by the superstitious opinions of the time and country.

It was not without some portion of this awe that Mysie felt herself left alone in company with a young person so distant in rank, and so different in bearing, from herself; for her worthy

father had taken the first opportunity to step out unobserved, in order to mark how the barn-yard was filled, and what prospect it afforded of grist to the mill. In youth, however, there is a sort of freemasonry, which, without much conversation, teaches young persons to estimate each other's character, and places them at ease on the shortest acquaintance. It is only when taught deceit by the commerce of the world that we learn to shroud our character from observation, and to disguise our real sentiments from those with whom we are placed in communion.

Accordingly, the two young women were soon engaged in such objects of interest as best became their age. They visited Mary Avenel's pigeons, which she nursed with the tenderness of a mother; they turned over her slender stores of finery, which yet contained some articles that excited the respect of her companion, though Mysie was too good-humoured to nourish envy. A golden rosary, and some female ornaments marking superior rank, had been rescued in the moment of their utmost adversity, more by Tibb Tacket's presence of mind than by the care of their owner, who was at that sad period too much sunk in grief to pay any attention to such circumstances. They struck Mysie with a deep impression of veneration; for, excepting what the lord abbot and the convent might possess, she did not believe there was so much real gold in the world as was exhibited in these few trinkets, and Mary, however sage and serious, was not above being pleased with the admiration of her rustic companion.

Nothing, indeed, could exhibit a stronger contrast than the appearance of the two girls—the good-humoured, laughter-loving countenance of the Maid of the Mill, who stood gazing with unrepressed astonishment on whatever was in her inexperienced eye rare and costly, and with a humble, and at the same time cheerful, acquiescence in her inferiority, asking all the little queries about the use and value of the ornaments, while Mary Avenel, with her quiet, composed dignity and placidity of manner, produced them one after another for the amusement of her companion.

As they became gradually more familiar, Mysie of the Mill was just venturing to ask why Mary Avenel never appeared at the May-pole, and to express her wonder when the young lady said she disliked dancing, when a trampling of horses at the gate of the tower interrupted their conversation.

Mysie flew to the shot-window in the full ardour of un-

restrained female curiosity. 'St. Mary! sweet lady, here come two well-mounted gallants; will you step this way to look at them?'

'No,' said Mary Avenel, 'you shall tell me who they are.'

'Well, if you like it better,' said Mysie; 'but how shall I know them? Stay, I do know one of them, and so do you, lady; he is a blithe man, somewhat light of hand they say, but the gallants of these days think no great harm of that. He is your uncle's henchman, that they call Christie of the Clinthill; and he has not his old green jerkin and the rusty black-jack over it, but a scarlet cloak, laid down with silver lace three inches broad, and a breastplate you might see to dress your hair in, as well as in that keeking-glass in the ivory frame that you showed me even now. Come, dear lady — come to the shot-window and see him.'

'If it be the man you mean, Mysie,' replied the orphan of Avenel, 'I shall see him soon enough, considering either the pleasure or comfort the sight will give me.'

'Nay, but if you will not come to see gay Christie,' replied the Maid of the Mill, her face flushed with eager curiosity, 'come and tell me who the gallant is that is with him, the handsomest, the very lovesomest young man I ever saw with sight.'

'It is my foster-brother, Halbert Glendinning,' said Mary, with apparent indifference; for she had been accustomed to call the sons of Elspeth her foster-brethren, and to live with them as if they had been brothers in earnest.

'Nay, by Our Lady, that it is not,' said Mysie; 'I know the favour of both the Glendinnings well, and I think this rider be not of our country. He has a crimson velvet bonnet, and long brown hair falling down under it, and a beard on his upper lip, and his chin clean and close shaved, save a small patch on the point of it, and a sky-blue jerkin, slashed and lined with white satin, and trunk-hose to suit, and no weapon but a rapier and dagger. Well, if I was a man, I would never wear weapon but the rapier! it is so slender and becoming, instead of having a cart-load of iron at my back, like my father's broadsword, with its great rusty basket-hilt. Do you not delight in the rapier and poniard, lady?'

'The best sword,' answered Mary, 'if I must needs answer a question of the sort, is that which is drawn in the best cause, and which is best used when it is out of the scabbard.'

'But can you not guess who this stranger should be?' said Mysie.

'Indeed, I cannot even attempt it; but, to judge by his companion, it is no matter how little he is known,' replied Mary.

'My benison on his bonny face,' said Mysie, 'if he is not going to alight here! Now, I am as much pleased as if my father had given me the silver ear-rings he has promised me so often; nay, you had as well come to the window, for you must see him by and by, whether you will or not.'

I do not know how much sooner Mary Avenel might have sought the point of observation, if she had not been scared from it by the unrestrained curiosity expressed by her buxom friend; but at length the same feeling prevailed over her sense of dignity, and satisfied with having displayed all the indifference that was necessary in point of decorum, she no longer thought herself bound to restrain her curiosity.

From the out-shot or projecting window she could perceive that Christie of the Clinthill was attended on the present occasion by a very gay and gallant cavalier, who, from the nobleness of his countenance and manner, his rich and handsome dress, and the showy appearance of his horse and furniture, must, she agreed with her new friend, be a person of some consequence.

Christie also seemed conscious of something, which made him call out with more than his usual insolence of manner: 'What, ho! so ho! the house! Churl peasants, will no one answer when I call? Ho! Martin—Tibb—Dame Glendinning!—a murrain on you, must we stand keeping our horses in the cold here, and they steaming with heat, when we have ridden so sharply?'

At length he was obeyed, and old Martin made his appearance. "'Ha!'" said Christie, "'art thou there, old truepenny?" Here, stable me these steeds, and see them well bedded, and stretch thine old limbs by rubbing them down; and see thou quit not the stable till there is not a turned hair on either of them.'

Martin took the horses to the stable as commanded, but suppressed not his indignation a moment after he could vent it with safety. 'Would not any one think,' he said to Jasper, an old ploughman, who, in coming to his assistance, had heard Christie's imperious injunctions, 'that this loon, this Christie of the Clinthill, was laird or lord at least of him? No such thing, man! I remember him a little dirty turnspit boy in the house of Avenel, that everybody in a frosty morning like this warmed

his fingers by kicking or cuffing ! and now he is a gentleman, and swears, "d—n him" and "renounce him," as if the gentlemen could not so much as keep their own wickedness to themselves, without the like of him going to hell in their very company, and by the same road. I have as much a mind as ever I had to my dinner to go back and tell him to sort his horse himself, since he is as able as I am.'

'Hout tout, man !' answered Jasper, 'keep a calm sough ; better to fleech a fool than fight with him.'

Martin acknowledged the truth of the proverb, and, much comforted therewith, betook himself to cleaning the stranger's horse with great assiduity, remarking, it was a pleasure to handle a handsome nag, and turned over the other to the charge of Jasper. Nor was it until Christie's commands were literally complied with, that he deemed it proper, after fitting ablutions, to join the party in the spence ; not for the purpose of waiting upon them, as a mere modern reader might possibly expect, but that he might have his share of dinner in their company.

In the meanwhile, Christie had presented his companion to Dame Glendinning as Sir Piercie Shafton, a friend of his and of his master, come to spend three or four days with little din in the tower. The good dame could not conceive how she was entitled to such an honour, and would fain have pleaded her want of every sort of convenience to entertain a guest of that quality. But, indeed, the visitor, when he cast his eyes round the bare walls, eyed the huge black chimney, scrutinised the meagre and broken furniture of the apartment, and beheld the embarrassment of the mistress of the family, intimated great reluctance to intrude upon Dame Glendinning a visit which could scarce, from all appearances, prove otherwise than an inconvenience to her and a penance to himself.

But the reluctant hostess and her guest had to do with an inexorable man, who silenced all expostulations with, 'Such was his master's pleasure. And, moreover,' he continued, 'though the Baron of Avenel's will must and ought to prove law to all within ten miles around him, yet here, dame,' he said, 'is a letter from your petticoated baron, the lord-priest yonder, who enjoins you, as you regard his pleasure, that you afford to this good knight such decent accommodation as is in your power, suffering him to live as privately as he shall desire. And for you, Sir Piercie Shafton,' continued Christie, 'you will judge for yourself whether secrecy and safety is not more your object

even now than soft beds and high cheer. And do not judge of the dame's goods by the semblance of her cottage; for you will see by the dinner she is about to spread for us that the vassal of the kirk is seldom found with her basket bare.' To Mary Avenel Christie presented the stranger, after the best fashion he could, as to the niece of his master the baron.

While he thus laboured to reconcile Sir Piercie Shafton to his fate, the widow, having consulted her son Edward on the real import of the lord abbot's injunction, and having found that Christie had given a true exposition, saw nothing else left for her but to make that fate as easy as she could to the stranger. He himself also seemed reconciled to his lot, by some feeling probably of strong necessity, and accepted with a good grace the hospitality which the dame offered with a very indifferent one.

In fact, the dinner, which soon smoked before the assembled guests, was of that substantial kind which warrants plenty and comfort. Dame Glendinning had cooked it after her best manner; and, delighted with the handsome appearance which her good cheer made when placed on the table, forgot both her plans and the vexations which interrupted them, in the hospitable duty of pressing her assembled visitors to eat and drink, watching every trencher as it waxed empty, and loading it with fresh supplies ere the guest could utter a negative.

In the meanwhile, the company attentively regarded each other's motions, and seemed endeavouring to form a judgment of each other's character. Sir Piercie Shafton condescended to speak to no one but to Mary Avenel, and on her he conferred exactly the same familiar and compassionate, though somewhat scornful, sort of attention which a pretty fellow of these days will sometimes condescend to bestow on a country miss when there is no prettier or more fashionable woman present. The manner, indeed, was different, for the etiquette of those times did not permit Sir Piercie Shafton to pick his teeth, or to yawn, or to gabble like the beggar whose tongue (as he says) was cut out by the Turks, or to affect deafness or blindness, or any other infirmity of the organs. But though the embroidery of his conversation was different, the groundwork was the same, and the high-flown and ornate compliments with which the gallant knight of the sixteenth century interlarded his conversation were as much the offspring of egotism and self-conceit as the jargon of the coxcombs of our own days.

The English knight was, however, something daunted at finding that Mary Avenel listened with an air of indifference, and answered with wonderful brevity, to all the fine things which ought, as he conceived, to have dazzled her with their brilliancy, and puzzled her by their obscurity. But if he was disappointed in making the desired, or rather the expected, impression upon her whom he addressed, Sir Piercie Shafton's discourse was marvellous in the ears of Mysie, the miller's daughter, and not the less so that she did not comprehend the meaning of a single word which he uttered. Indeed, the gallant knight's language was far too courtly to be understood by persons of much greater acuteness than Mysie's.

It was about this period that the 'only rare poet of his time, the witty, comical, facetiously quick, and quickly facetious John Lyly — he that sate at Apollo's table, and to whom Phœbus gave a wreath of his own bays without snatching'<sup>1</sup> — he, in short, who wrote that singularly coxcomical work, called *Euphues and his England*, was in the very zenith of his absurdity and reputation. The quaint, forced, and unnatural style which he introduced by his *Anatomy of Wit* had a fashion as rapid as it was momentary: all the court ladies were his scholars, and to *parler Euphuisme* was as necessary a qualification to a courtly gallant as those of understanding how to use his rapier or to dance a measure.

It was no wonder that the Maid of the Mill was soon as effectually blinded by the intricacies of this erudite and courtly style of conversation as she had ever been by the dust of her father's own meal-sacks. But there she sate with her mouth and eyes as open as the mill-door and the two windows, showing teeth as white as her father's bolted flour, and endeavouring to secure a word or two for her own future use out of the pearls of rhetoric which Sir Piercie Shafton scattered around him with such bounteous profusion.

For the male part of the company, Edward felt ashamed of his own manner and slowness of speech, when he observed the handsome young courtier, with an ease and volubility of which he had no conception, run over all the commonplace topics of high-flown gallantry. It is true, the good sense and natural taste of young Glendinning soon informed him that the gallant cavalier was speaking nonsense. But, alas! where is the man of modest merit and real talent who has not suffered from being outshone in conversation, and outstripped in the race of

<sup>1</sup> See John Lyly. Note 11.

life, by men of less reserve, and of qualities more showy, though less substantial? And well constituted must the mind be that can yield up the prize without envy to competitors more unworthy than himself.

Edward Glendinning had no such philosophy. While he despised the jargon of the gay cavalier, he envied the facility with which he could run on, as well as the courtly tone and expression, and the perfect ease and elegance with which he offered all the little acts of politeness to which the duties of the table gave opportunity. And if I am to speak truth, I must own that he envied those qualities the more as they were all exercised in Mary Avenel's service, and although only so far accepted as they could not be refused, intimated a wish on the stranger's part to place himself in her good graces, as the only person in the room to whom he thought it worth while to recommend himself. His title, rank, and very handsome figure, together with some sparks of wit and spirit which flashed across the cloud of nonsense which he uttered, rendered him, as the words of the old song say, 'a lad for a lady's viewing'; so that poor Edward, with all his real worth and acquired knowledge, in his home-spun doublet, blue cap, and deerskin tronsers, looked like a clown beside the courtier, and, feeling the full inferiority, nourished no good-will to him by whom he was eclipsed.

Christie, on the other hand, so soon as he had satisfied to the full a cominodious appetite, by means of which persons of his profession could, like the wolf and eagle, gorge themselves with as much food at one meal as might serve them for several days, began also to feel himself more in the background than he liked to be. This worthy had, amongst his other good qualities, an excellent opinion of himself; and, being of a bold and forward disposition, had no mind to be thrown into the shade by any one. With an impudent familiarity which such persons mistake for graceful ease, he broke in upon the knight's finest speeches with as little remorse as he would have driven the point of his lance through a laced doublet.

Sir Piercie Shafton, a man of rank and high birth, by no means encouraged or endured this familiarity, and requited the intruder either with total neglect or such laconic replies as intimated a sovereign contempt for the rude spearman who affected to converse with him upon terms of equality.

The miller held his peace; for, as his usual conversation turned chiefly on his clapper and toll-dish, he had no mind to



brag of his wealth in presence of Christie of the Clinthill, or to intrude his discourse on the English cavalier.

A little specimen of the conversation may not be out of place, were it but to show young ladies what fine things they have lost by living when Euphuism is out of fashion.

‘Credit me, fairest lady,’ said the knight, ‘that such is the cunning of our English courtiers of the hodiernal strain, that, as they have infinitely refined upon the plain and rusticial discourse of our fathers, which, as I may say, more beseemed the mouths of country roisterers in a May-game than that of courtly gallants in a galliard, so I hold it ineffably and unutterably impossible that those who may succeed us in that garden of wit and courtesy shall alter or amend it. Venus delighteth but in the language of Mercury, Bucephalus will stoop to no one but Alexander, none can sound Apollo’s pipe but Orpheus.’

‘Valiant sir,’ said Mary, who could scarcely help laughing, ‘we have but to rejoice in the chance which hath honoured this solitude with a glimpse of the sun of courtesy, though it rather blinds than enlightens us.’

‘Pretty and quaint, fairest lady,’ answered the Euphuist. ‘Ah, that I had with me my *Anatomy of Wit* — that all-to-be-unparalleled volume — that quintessence of human wit — that treasury of quaint invention — that exquisitely-pleasant-to-read, and inevitably-necessary-to-be-remembered manual of all that is worthy to be known — which indoctrines the rude in civility, the dull in intellectuality, the heavy in jocosity, the blunt in gentility, the vulgar in nobility, and all of them in that unutterable perfection of human utterance, that eloquence which no other eloquence is sufficient to praise, that art which, when we call it by its own name of Euphuism, we bestow on it its richest panegyric.’

‘By St. Mary,’ said Christie of the Clinthill, ‘if your worship had told me that you had left such stores of wealth as you talk of at Prudhoe Castle, Long Dickie and I would have had them off with us if man and horse could have carried them; but you told us of no treasure I wot of, save the silver tongs for turning up your mustachios.’

The knight treated this intruder’s mistake — for certainly Christie had no idea that all these epithets, which sounded so rich and splendid, were lavished upon a small quarto volume — with a stare, and then turning again to Mary Avenel, the only person whom he thought worthy to address, he proceeded in his strain of high-flown oratory. ‘Even thus,’ said he, ‘do

hogs condemn the splendour of Oriental pearls ; even thus are the delicacies of a choice repast in vain offered to the long-eared grazer of the common, who turneth from them to devour a thistle. Surely as idle is it to pour forth the treasures of oratory before the eyes of the ignorant, and to spread the dainties of the intellectual banquet before those who are, morally and metaphysically speaking, no better than asses.

‘Sir knight, since that is your quality,’ said Edward, ‘we cannot strive with you in loftiness of language ; but I pray you in fair courtesy, while you honour my father’s house with your presence, to spare us such vile comparisons.’

‘Peace, good villagio,’ said the knight, gracefully waving his hand — ‘I prithee peace, kind rustic ; and you, my guide, whom I may scarce call honest, let me prevail upon you to imitate the laudable taciturnity of that honest yeoman, who sits as mute as a mill-post, and of that comely damsel, who seems as with her ears she drank in what she did not altogether comprehend, even as a palfrey listening to a lute, whereof, howsoever, he knoweth not the gamut.’

‘Marvellous fine words,’ at length said Dame Glendinning, who began to be tired of sitting so long silent — ‘marvellous fine words, neighbour Happer, are they not ?’

‘Brave words — very brave words — very exceeding pyet words,’ answered the miller ; ‘nevertheless, to speak my mind, a lippy of bran were worth a bushel of them.’

‘I think so too, under his worship’s favour,’ answered Christie of the Clinthill. ‘I well remember that at the race of Morham, as we called it, near Berwick, I took a young Southern fellow out of saddle with my lance, and cast him, it might be, a gad’s length from his nag ; and so, as he had some gold on his laced doublet, I deemed he might ha’ the like on it in his pocket too, though that is a rule that does not aye hold good. So I was speaking to him of ransom, and out he comes with a handful of such terms as his honour there hath gleaned up, and craved me for mercy, as I was a true son of Mars, and such-like.’

‘And obtained no mercy at thy hand, I dare be sworn,’ said the knight, who deigned not to speak Euphuism excepting to the fair sex.

‘By my troggs,’ replied Christie, ‘I would have thrust my lance down his throat, but just then they flung open that accursed postern gates, and forth pricked old Hunsdon, and Henry Carey, and as many fellows at their heels as turned the chase northward again. So I e’en pricked Bayard with the

spur, and went off with the rest ; for a man should ride when he may not wrestle, as they say in Tynedale.'

'Trust me,' said the knight, again turning to Mary Avenel, 'if I do not pity you, lady, who, being of noble blood, are thus in a manner compelled to abide in the cottage of the ignorant, like the precious stone in the head of a toad, or like a precious garland on the brow of an ass. But soft, what gallant have we here, whose garb savoureth more of the rustic than doth his demeanour, and whose looks seem more lofty than his habit, even as —— ?'

'I pray you, sir knight,' said Mary, 'to spare your courtly similitudes for refined ears, and give me leave to name unto you my foster-brother, Halbert Glendinning.'

'The son of the good dame of the cottage, as I opine,' answered the English knight ; 'for by some such name did my guide discriminate the mistress of this mansion, which you, madam, enrich with your presence. And yet, touching this juvenal, he hath that about him which belongeth to higher birth, for all are not black who dig coals ——'

'Nor all white who are millers,' said honest Happer, glad to get in a word, as they say, edgeways.

Halbert, who had sustained the glance of the Englishman with some impatience, and knew not what to make of his manner and language, replied with some asperity, 'Sir knight, we have in this land of Scotland an ancient saying, "Scorn not the bush that bields you" : you are a guest in my father's house to shelter you from danger, if I am rightly informed by the domestics. Scoff not its homeliness nor that of its inmates ; ye might long have abidden at the court of England ere we had sought your favour or cumbered you with our society. Since your fate has sent you hither amongst us, be contented with such fare and such converse as we can afford you, and scorn us not for our kindness ; for the Scots wear short patience and long daggers.'

All eyes were turned on Halbert while he was thus speaking, and there was a general feeling that his countenance had an expression of intelligence, and his person an air of dignity, which they had never before observed. Whether it were that the wonderful being with whom he had so lately held communication had bestowed on him a grace and dignity of look and bearing which he had not before, or whether the being conversant in high matters, and called to a destiny beyond that of other men, had a natural effect in giving becoming con-

fidence to his language and manner, we pretend not to determine. But it was evident to all that, from this day, young Halbert was an altered man; that he acted with the steadiness, promptitude, and determination which belonged to riper years, and bore himself with a manner which appertained to higher rank.

The knight took the rebuke with good-humour. 'By mine honour,' he said, 'thou hast reason on thy side, good juvenal; nevertheless, I spoke not as in ridicule of the roof which relieves me, but rather in your own praise, to whom, if this roof be native, thou mayest nevertheless rise from its lowliness; even as the lark, which maketh its humble nest in the furrow, ascendeth towards the sun, as well as the eagle which buildeth her eyrie in the cliff.'

This high-flown discourse was interrupted by Dame Glendinning, who, with all the busy anxiety of a mother, was loading her son's trencher with food, and dinning in his ear her reproaches on account of his prolonged absence. 'And see,' she said, 'that you do not one day get such a sight, while you are walking about among the haunts of them that are not of our flesh and bone, as befell Mungo Murray when he slept on the greensward ring of the Auld Kirkhill at sunset, and wakened at daybreak in the wild hills of Breadalbane. And see that, when you are looking for deer, the red stag does not gaul you as he did Diccon Thorburn, who never overcast the wound that he took from a buck's horn. And see, when you go swaggering about with a long broadsword by your side; whilk it becomes no peaceful man to do, that you dinna meet with them that have broadsword and lance both: there are enow of rank riders in this land, that neither fear God nor regard man.'

Here her eye, 'in a fine frenzy rolling,' fell full upon that of Christie of the Clinthill; and at once her fears for having given offence interrupted the current of maternal rebuke, which, like rebuke matrimonial, may be often better meant than timed. There was something of sly and watchful significance in Christie's eye—an eye grey, keen, fierce, yet wily, formed to express at once cunning and malice—which made the dame instantly conjecture she had said too much, while she saw in imagination her twelve goodly cows go lowing down the glen in a moonlight night, with half a score of Border spearmen at their heels.

Her voice, therefore, sunk from the elevated tone of maternal

authority into a whimpering, apologetic sort of strain, and she proceeded to say, 'It is no that I have ony ill thoughts of the Border riders, for Tibb Tacket there has often heard me say that I thought spear and bridle as natural to a Border man as a pen to a priest, or a feather-fan to a lady; and — have you not heard me say it, Tibb?'

Tibb showed something less than her expected alacrity in attesting her mistress's deep respect for the freebooters of the southland hills; but, thus conjured, did at length reply, 'Hout ay, mistress, I'se warrant I have heard you say something like that.'

'Mother!' said Halbert, in a firm and commanding tone of voice, 'what or whom is it that you fear under my father's roof? I well hope that it harbours not a guest in whose presence you are afraid to say your pleasure to me or my brother? I am sorry I have been detained so late, being ignorant of the fair company which I should encounter on my return. I pray you, let this excuse suffice; and what satisfies you will, I trust, be nothing less than acceptable to your guests.'

An answer calculated so justly betwixt the submission due to his parent, and the natural feeling of dignity in one who was by birth master of the mansion, excited universal satisfaction. And as Elspeth herself confessed to Tibb on the same evening, 'she did not think it had been in the callant. Till that night, he took pets and passions if he was spoke to, and lap through the house like a four-year-auld at the least word of advice that was minted at him, but now he spoke as grave and as douce as the lord abbot himself. She kendna,' she said, 'what might be the upshot of it, but it was like he was a wonderfu' callant even now.'

The party then separated, the young men retiring to their apartments, the elder to their household cares. While Christie went to see his horse properly accommodated, Edward betook himself to his book, and Halbert, who was as ingenious in employing his hands as he had hitherto appeared imperfect in mental exertion, applied himself to constructing a place of concealment in the floor of his apartment by raising a plank, beneath which he resolved to deposit that copy of the Holy Scriptures which had been so strangely regained from the possession of men and spirits.

In the meanwhile, Sir Piercie Shafton sate still as a stone, in the chair in which he had deposited himself, his hands folded on his breast, his legs stretched straight out before him

and resting upon the heels, his eyes cast up to the ceiling as if he had meant to count every mesh of every cobweb with which the arched roof was canopied, wearing at the same time a face of as solemn and imperturbable gravity as if his existence had depended on the accuracy of his calculation.

He could scarce be roused from his listless state of contemplative absorption so as to take some supper, a meal at which the younger females appeared not. Sir Piercie stared around twice or thrice as if he missed something; but he asked not for them, and only evinced his sense of a proper audience being wanting by his abstraction and absence of mind, seldom speaking until he was twice addressed, and then replying, without trope or figure, in that plain English which nobody could speak better when he had a mind.

Christie, finding himself in undisturbed possession of the conversation, indulged all who chose to listen with details of his own wild and inglorious warfare, while Dame Elspeth's curch bristled with horror, and Tibb Tacket, rejoiced to find herself once more in the company of a jack-man, listened to his tales, like Desdemonda to Othello's, with undisguised delight. Meantime, the two young Glendinnings were each wrapped up in his own reflections, and only interrupted in them by the signal to move bedward.

## CHAPTER XV

He strikes no coin 't is true, but coins new phrases,  
And vends them forth as knaves vend gilded counters,  
Which wise men scorn, and fools accept in payment.

*Old Play.*

**I**N the morning Christie of the Clinthill was nowhere to be seen. As this worthy personage did seldom pique himself on sounding a trumpet before his movements, no one was surprised at his moonlight departure, though some alarm was excited lest he had not made it empty-handed. So, in the language of the national ballad,

Some ran to cupboard, and some to kist,  
But nought was away that could be mist.

All was in order, the key of the stable left above the door, and that of the iron grate in the inside of the lock. In short, the retreat had been made with scrupulous attention to the security of the garrison, and so far Christie left them nothing to complain of.

The safety of the premises was ascertained by Halbert, who, instead of catching up a gun or a cross-bow, and sallying out for the day as had been his frequent custom, now, with a gravity beyond his years, took a survey of all around the tower, and then returned to the spence, or public apartment, in which, at the early hour of seven, the morning meal was prepared.

There he found the Euphuist in the same elegant posture of abstruse calculation which he had exhibited on the preceding evening, his arms folded in the same angle, his eyes turned up to the same cobwebs, and his heels resting on the ground as before. Tired of this affectation of indolent importance, and not much flattered with his guest's persevering in it to the last, Halbert resolved at once to break the ice, being determined to know what circumstances had brought to the

Tower of Glendinning a guest at once so supercilious and so silent.

'Sir knight,' he said with some firmness, 'I have twice given you good morning, to which the absence of your mind hath, I presume, prevented you from yielding attention, or from making return. This exchange of courtesy is at your pleasure to give or withhold; but, as what I have farther to say concerns your comfort and your motions in an especial manner, I will entreat you to give me some signs of attention, that I may be sure I am not wasting my words on a monumental image.'

At this unexpected address, Sir Piercie Shafton opened his eyes, and afforded the speaker a broad stare; but, as Halbert returned the glance without either confusion or dismay, the knight thought proper to change his posture, draw in his legs, raise his eyes, fix them on young Glendinning, and assume the appearance of one who listens to what is said to him. Nay, to make his purpose more evident, he gave voice to his resolution in these words, 'Speak! we do hear.'

'Sir knight,' said the youth, 'it is the custom of this hali-dome, or patrimony, of St. Mary's to trouble with inquiries no guests who receive our hospitality, providing they tarry in our house only for a single revolution of the sun. We know that both criminals and debtors come hither for sanctuary, and we scorn to extort from the pilgrim, whom chance may make our guest, an avowal of the cause of his pilgrimage and penance. But when one so high above our rank as yourself, sir knight, and especially one to whom the possession of such pre-eminence is not indifferent, shows his determination to be our guest for a longer time, it is our usage to inquire of him whence he comes, and what is the cause of his journey.'

The English knight gaped twice or thrice before he answered, and then replied in a bantering tone, 'Truly, good villagio, your question hath in it somewhat of embarrassment, for you ask me of things concerning which I am not as yet altogether determined what answer I may find it convenient to make. Let it suffice thee, kind juvenal, that thou hast the lord abbot's authority for treating me to the best of that power of thine, which, indeed, may not always so well suffice for my accommodation as either of us would desire.'

'I must have a more precise answer than this, sir knight,' said the young Glendinning.

'Friend,' said the knight, 'be not outrageous. It may suit your northern manners thus to press harshly upon the secrets of



thy betters ; but believe me that, even as the lute, struck by an unskilful hand, doth produce discords, so ——' At this moment the door of the apartment opened, and Mary Avenel presented herself. 'But who can talk of discords,' said the knight, assuming his complimentary vein and humour, 'when the soul of harmony descends upon us in the presence of surpassing beauty ? For even as foxes, wolves, and other animals void of sense and reason do fly from the presence of the resplendent sun of heaven when he arises in his glory, so do strife, wrath, and all ireful passions retreat, and, as it were, scud away, from the face which now beams upon us, with power to compose our angry passions, illuminate our errors and difficulties, soothe our wounded minds, and lull to rest our disorderly apprehensions ; for as the heat and warmth of the eye of day is to the material and physical world, so is the eye which I now bow down before to that of the intellectual microcosm.'

He concluded with a profound bow ; and Mary Avenel, gazing from one to the other, and plainly seeing that something was amiss, could only say, 'For Heaven's sake, what is the meaning of this ?'

The newly-acquired tact and intelligence of her foster-brother was as yet insufficient to enable him to give an answer. He was quite uncertain how he ought to deal with a guest who, preserving a singularly high tone of assumed superiority and importance, seemed nevertheless so little serious in what he said that it was quite impossible to discern with accuracy whether he was in jest or earnest.

Forming, however, the internal resolution to bring Sir Piercie Shafton to a reckoning at a more fit place and season, he resolved to prosecute the matter no farther at present ; and the entrance of his mother with the damsel of the mill, and the return of the honest miller from the stack-yard, where he had been numbering and calculating the probable amount of the season's grist, rendered further discussion impossible for the moment.

In the course of the calculation, it could not but strike the man of meal and grindstones that, after the church's dues were paid, and after all which he himself could by any means deduct from the crop, still the residue which must revert to Dame Glendinning could not be less than considerable. I wot not if this led the honest miller to nourish any plans similar to those adopted by Elspeth ; but it is certain that he accepted with grateful alacrity an invitation which the dame gave to his

daughter to remain a week or two as her guest at Glendearg.

The principal persons being thus in high good-humour with each other, all business gave place to the hilarity of the morning repast; and so much did Sir Piercie appear gratified by the attention which was paid to every word that he uttered by the nut-brown Mysie, that, notwithstanding his high birth and distinguished quality, he bestowed on her some of the more ordinary and second-rate tropes of his elocution.

Mary Avenel, when relieved from the awkwardness of feeling the full weight of his conversation addressed to herself, enjoyed it much more; and the good knight, encouraged by those conciliating marks of approbation from the sex for whose sake he cultivated his oratorical talents, made speedy intimation of his purpose to be more communicative than he had shown himself in his conversation with Halbert Glendinning, and gave them to understand that it was in consequence of some pressing danger that he was at present their involuntary guest.

The conclusion of the breakfast was a signal for the separation of the company. The miller went to prepare for his departure; his daughter to arrange matters for her unexpected stay; Edward was summoned to consultation by Martin concerning some agricultural matter, in which Halbert could not be brought to interest himself; the dame left the room upon her household concerns; and Mary was in the act of following her, when she suddenly recollected that, if she did so, the strange knight and Halbert must be left alone together, at the risk of another quarrel.

The maiden no sooner observed this circumstance than she instantly returned from the door of the apartment, and, seating herself in a small stone window-seat, resolved to maintain that curb which she was sensible her presence imposed on Halbert Glendinning, of whose quick temper she had some apprehensions.

The stranger marked her motions, and, either interpreting them as inviting his society, or obedient to those laws of gallantry which permitted him not to leave a lady in silence and solitude, he instantly placed himself near to her side, and opened the conversation as follows:—

‘Credit me, fair lady,’ he said, addressing Mary Avenel, ‘it much rejoiceth me, being, as I am, a banished man from the delights of mine own country, that I shall find here, in this obscure and silvan cottage of the north, a fair form and a

candid soul, with whom I may explain my mutual sentiments. And let me pray you in particular, lovely lady, that, according to the universal custom now predominant in our court, the garden of superior wits, you will exchange with me some epithet whereby you may mark my devotion to your service. Be henceforward named, for example, my Protection, and let me be your Affability.’<sup>1</sup>

‘Our northern and country manners, sir knight, do not permit us to exchange epithets with those to whom we are strangers,’ replied Mary Avenel.

‘Nay, but see now,’ said the knight, ‘how you are startled ! even as the unbroken steed, which swerves aside from the shaking of a handkerchief, though he must in time encounter the waving of a pennon. This courtly exchange of epithets of honour is no more than the compliments which pass between valour and beauty, wherever they meet, and under whatever circumstances. Elizabeth of England herself calls Philip Sidney her Courage, and he in return calls that princess his Inspiration. Wherefore, my fair Protection, for by such epithet it shall be mine to denominate you —’

‘Not without the young lady’s consent, sir,’ interrupted Halbert. ‘Most truly do I hope your courtly and quaint breeding will not so far prevail over the more ordinary rules of civil behaviour.’

‘Fair tenant of an indifferent copyhold,’ replied the knight, with the same coolness and civility of mien, but in a tone somewhat more lofty than he used to the young lady, ‘we do not, in the southern parts, much intermingle discourse, save with those with whom we may stand on some footing of equality ; and I must, in all discretion, remind you that the necessity which makes us inhabitants of the same cabin doth not place us otherwise on a level with each other.’

‘By St. Mary,’ replied young Glendinning, ‘it is my thought that it does ; for plain men hold that he who asks the shelter is indebted to him who gives it ; and so far, therefore, is our rank equalised while this roof covers us both.’

‘Thou are altogether deceived,’ answered Sir Piercie ; ‘and that thou mayest fully adapt thyself to our relative condition, know that I account not myself thy guest, but that of thy master, the Lord Abbot of St. Mary’s, who, for reasons best known to himself and me, chooseth to administer his hospitality to me through the means of thee, his servant and vassal,

<sup>1</sup> See Usage of Epithets. Note 12.

who art, therefore, in good truth, as passive an instrument of my accommodation as this ill-made and rugged joint-stool on which I sit, or as the wooden trencher from which I eat my coarse commons. Wherefore,' he added, turning to Mary, 'fairest mistress, or rather, as I said before, most lovely Protection ——'

Mary Avenel was about to reply to him, when the stern, fierce, and resentful expression of voice and countenance with which Halbert exclaimed, 'Not from the King of Scotland, did he live, would I brook such terms!' induced her to throw herself between him and the stranger, exclaiming, 'For God's sake, Halbert, beware what you do!'

'Fear not, fairest Protection,' replied Sir Piercie, with the utmost serenity, 'that I can be provoked by this rustical and mistaught juvenal to do aught misbecoming your presence or mine own dignity; for as soon shall the gunner's linstock give fire unto the icicle, as the spark of passion inflame my blood, tempered as it is to serenity by the respect due to the presence of my gracious Protection.'

'You may well call her your protection, sir knight,' said Halbert; 'by St. Andrew, it is the only sensible word I have heard you speak! But we may meet where her protection shall no longer afford you shelter.'

'Fairest Protection,' continued the courtier, not even honouring with a look, far less with a direct reply, the threat of the incensed Halbert, 'doubt not that thy faithful Affability will be more commoved by the speech of this rudesby than the bright and serene moon is perturbed by the baying of the cottage cur, proud of the height of his own dunghill, which, in his conceit, lifteth him nearer unto the majestic luminary.'

To what lengths so unsavoury a simile might have driven Halbert's indignation is left uncertain; for at that moment Edward rushed into the apartment with the intelligence that two most important officers of the convent, the kitchener and refectioner, were just arrived with a sumpter mule, loaded with provisions, announcing that the lord abbot, the sub-prior, and the sacristan were on their way thither. A circumstance so very extraordinary had never been recorded in the annals of St. Mary's, or in the traditions of Glendearg, though there was a faint legendary report that a certain abbot had dined there in old days, after having been bewildered in a hunting expedition amongst the wilds which lie to the northward. But that the present lord abbot should have taken a voluntary journey to so

wild and dreary a spot, the very Kamtschatka of the halidome, was a thing never dreamt of; and the news excited the greatest surprise in all the members of the family, saving Halbert alone.

This fiery youth was too full of the insult he had received to think of anything as unconnected with it. 'I am glad of it,' he exclaimed — 'I am glad the abbot comes hither. I will know of him by what right this stranger is sent hither to domineer over us under our father's roof, as if we were slaves and not freemen. I will tell the proud priest to his beard ——'

'Alas! alas! my brother,' said Edward, 'think what these words may cost thee!'

'And what will, or what can, they cost me,' said Halbert, 'that I should sacrifice my human feelings and my justifiable resentment to the fear of what the abbot can do?'

'Our mother — our mother!' exclaimed Edward; 'think, if she is deprived of her home, expelled from her property, how can you amend what your rashness may ruin?'

'It is too true, by Heaven!' said Halbert, striking his forehead. Then, stamping his foot against the floor to express the full energy of the passion to which he dared no longer give vent, he turned round and left the apartment.

Mary Avenel looked at the stranger knight, while she was endeavouring to frame a request that he would not report the intemperate violence of her foster-brother, to the prejudice of his family in the mind of the abbot. But Sir Piercie, the very pink of courtesy, conjectured her meaning from her embarrassment, and waited not to be entreated.

'Credit me, fairest Protection,' said he, 'your Affability is less than capable of seeing or hearing, far less of reciting or reiterating, aught of an unseemly nature which may have chanced while I enjoyed the Elysium of your presence. The winds of idle passion may indeed rudely agitate the bosom of the rude; but the heart of the courtier is polished to resist them. As the frozen lake receives not the influence of the breeze, even so ——'

The voice of Dame Glendinning, in shrill summons, here demanded Mary Avenel's attendance, who instantly obeyed, not a little glad to escape from the compliments and similes of this courtlike gallant. Nor was it apparently less a relief on his part; for no sooner was she past the threshold of the room than he exchanged the look of formal and elaborate politeness which had accompanied each word he had uttered hitherto for an expression of the utmost lassitude and *ennui*; and after

indulging in one or two portentous yawns, broke forth into a soliloquy.

‘What the foul fiend sent this wench hither? As if it were not sufficient plague to be harboured in a hovel that would hardly serve for a dog’s kennel in England, baited by a rude peasant-boy, and dependent on the faith of a mercenary ruffian, but I cannot even have time to muse over my own mishap, but must come aloft, frisk, fidget, and make speeches to please this pale hectic phantom, because she has gentle blood in her veins! By mine honour, setting prejudice aside, the mill-wench is the more attractive of the two. But *patienza*, Piercie Shafton; thou must not lose thy well-earned claim to be accounted a devout servant of the fair sex, a witty-brained, prompt, and accomplished courtier. Rather thank Heaven, Piercie Shafton, which hath sent thee a subject, wherein, without derogating from thy rank — since the honours of the Avenel family are beyond dispute — thou mayest find a whetstone for thy witty compliments, a strop whereon to sharpen thine acute ingine, a butt whereat to shoot the arrows of thy gallantry. For even as a Bilboa blade, the more it is rubbed the brighter and the sharper will it prove, so — But what need I waste my stock of similitudes in holding converse with myself? Yonder comes the monkish retinue, like some half-score of crows winging their way slowly up the valley. I hope, a’gad, they have not forgotten my trunk-mails of apparel amid the ample provision they have made for their own belly-timber. Mercy, a’gad, I were finely helped up if the vesture has miscarried among the thievish Borderers!’

Stung by this reflection, he ran hastily downstairs, and caused his horse to be saddled, that he might, as soon as possible, ascertain this important point, by meeting the lord abbot and his retinue as they came up the glen. He had not ridden a mile before he met them advancing with the slowness and decorum which became persons of their dignity and profession. The knight failed not to greet the lord abbot with all the formal compliments with which men of rank at that period exchanged courtesies. He had the good fortune to find that his mails were numbered among the train of baggage which attended upon the party; and, satisfied in that particular, he turned his horse’s head and accompanied the abbot to the Tower of Glendearg.

Great, in the meanwhile, had been the turmoil of the good Dame Elspeth and her coadjutors to prepare for the fitting

reception of the father lord abbot and his retinue. The monks had indeed taken care not to trust too much to the state of her pantry ; but she was not the less anxious to make such additions as might enable her to claim the thanks of her feudal lord and spiritual father. Meeting Halbert, as, with his blood on fire, he returned from his altercation with her guest, she commanded him instantly to go forth to the hill, and not to return without venison ; reminding him that he was apt enough to go thither for his own pleasure, and must now do so for the credit of the house.

The miller, who was now hastening his journey homewards, promised to send up some salmon by his own servant. Dame Elspeth, who by this time thought she had guests enough, had begun to repent of her invitation to poor Mysie, and was just considering by what means, short of giving offence, she could send off the Maid of the Mill behind her father, and adjourn all her own aerial architecture till some future opportunity, when this unexpected generosity on the part of the sire rendered any present attempt to return his daughter on his hands too highly ungracious to be further thought on. So the miller departed alone on his homeward journey.

Dame Elspeth's sense of hospitality proved in this instance its own reward ; for Mysie had dwelt too near the convent to be altogether ignorant of the noble art of cookery, which her father patronised to the extent of consuming on festival days such dainties as his daughter could prepare in emulation of the luxuries of the abbot's kitchen. Laying aside, therefore, her holiday kirtle, and adopting a dress more suitable to the occasion, the good-humoured maiden bared her snowy arms above the elbows ; and, as Elspeth acknowledged, in the language of the time and country, took 'entire and aefauld part with her' in the labours of the day ; showing unparalleled talent, and indefatigable industry, in the preparation of *mortreux*, *blanc-manger*, and Heaven knows what delicacies besides, which Dame Glendinning, unassisted by her skill, dared not even have dreamt of presenting.

Leaving this able substitute in the kitchen, and regretting that Mary Avenel was so brought up that she could entrust nothing to her care, unless it might be seeing the great chamber strewed with rushes, and ornamented with such flowers and branches as the season afforded, Dame Elspeth hastily donned her best attire, and with a beating heart presented herself at the door of her little tower, to make her obeisance to

the lord abbot as he crossed her humble threshold. Edward stood by his mother, and felt the same palpitation, which his philosophy was at a loss to account for. He was yet to learn how long it is ere our reason is enabled to triumph over the force of external circumstances, and how much our feelings are affected by novelty, and blunted by use and habit.

On the present occasion, he witnessed with wonder and awe the approach of some half-score of riders, sober men upon sober palfreys, muffled in their long black garments, and only relieved by their white scapularies, showing more like a funeral procession than aught else, and not quickening their pace beyond that which permitted easy conversation and easy digestion. The sobriety of the scene was indeed somewhat enlivened by the presence of Sir Piercie Shafton, who, to show that his skill in the manege was not inferior to his other accomplishments, kept alternately pressing and checking his gay courser, forcing him to piaffe, to caracole, to passage, and to do all the other feats of the school, to the great annoyance of the lord abbot, the wonted sobriety of whose palfrey became at length discomposed by the vivacity of its companion, while the dignitary kept crying out in bodily alarm, 'I do pray you, sir — sir knight — good now, Sir Piercie — Be quiet, Benedict, there is a good steed — soh, poor fellow !' and uttering all the other precatory and soothing exclamations by which a timid horseman usually bespeaks the favour of a frisky companion, or of his own unquiet nag, and concluding the bead-roll with a sincere *Deo gratias* so soon as he alighted in the courtyard of the Tower of Glendearg.

The inhabitants unanimously knelt down to kiss the hand of the lord abbot, a ceremony which even the monks were often condemned to. Good Abbot Boniface was too much fluttered by the incidents of the latter part of his journey to go through this ceremony with much solemnity, or indeed with much patience. He kept wiping his brow with a snow-white handkerchief with one hand, while another was abandoned to the homage of his vassals ; and then signing the cross with his outstretched arm, and exclaiming, 'Bless ye — bless ye, my children !' he hastened into the house, and murmured not a little at the darkness and steepness of the rugged winding stair, whereby he at length scaled the spence destined for his entertainment, and, overcome with fatigue, threw himself, I do not say into an easy chair, but into the easiest the apartment afforded.



## CHAPTER XVI

A courtier extraordinary, who by diet  
Of meats and drinks, his temperate exercise,  
Choice music, frequent bath, his horary shifts  
Of shirts and waistcoats, means to immortalise  
Mortality itself, and makes the essence  
Of his whole happiness the trim of court.

*Magnetic Lady.*

WHEN the lord abbot had suddenly and superciliously vanished from the eyes of his expectant vassals, the sub-prior made amends for the negligence of his principal by the kind and affectionate greeting which he gave to all the members of the family, but especially to Dame Elspeth, her foster-daughter, and her son Edward. 'Where,' he even condescended to inquire, 'is that naughty Nimrod, Halbert? He hath not yet, I trust, turned, like his great prototype, his hunting-spear against man?'

'O no, an it please your reverence,' said Dame Glendinning; 'Halbert is up at the glen to get some venison, or surely he would not have been absent when such a day of honour dawned upon me and mine.'

'O, to get savoury meat, such as our soul loveth,' muttered the sub-prior; 'it has been at times an acceptable gift. I bid you good morrow, my good dame, as I must attend upon his lordship the father abbot.'

'And O, reverend sir,' said the good widow, detaining him, 'if it might be your pleasure to take part with us if there is anything wrong; and if there is anything wanted, to say that it is just coming, or to make some excuses your learning best knows how. Every bit of vassail and silver work have we been spoiled of since Pinkie Cleuch, when I lost poor Simon Glendinning, that was the warst of a.'

'Never mind — never fear,' said the sub-prior, gently extricating his garment from the anxious grasp of Dame Elspeth, 'the refectioner has with him the abbot's plate and drinking-cups; and I pray you to believe that whatever is short in your

entertainment will be deemed amply made up in your goodwill.'

So saying, he escaped from her and went into the spence, where such preparations as haste permitted were making for the noon collation of the abbot and the English knight. Here he found the lord abbot, for whom a cushion, composed of all the plaids in the house, had been unable to render Simon's huge elbow-chair a soft or comfortable place of rest.

'*Benedicite!*' said Abbot Boniface, 'now marry fie upon these hard benches with all my heart; they are as uneasy as the *scabella* of our novices. St. Jude be with us, sir knight, how have you contrived to pass over the night in this dungeon? An your bed was no softer than your seat, you might as well have slept on the stone couch of St. Pacomius. After trotting a full ten miles, a man needs a softer seat than has fallen to my hard lot.'

With sympathising faces, the sacristan and the refectioner ran to raise the lord abbot, and to adjust his seat to his mind, which was at length accomplished in some sort, although he continued alternately to bewail his fatigue and to exult in the conscious sense of having discharged an arduous duty. 'You errant cavaliers,' said he, addressing the knight, 'may now perceive that others have their travail and their toils to undergo as well as your honoured faculty. And this I will say for myself and the soldiers of St. Mary, among whom I may be termed captain, that it is not our wont to flinch from the heat of the service, or to withdraw from the good fight. No, by St. Mary! — no sooner did I learn that you were here, and dared not for certain reasons come to the monastery, where with as good will, and with more convenience, we might have given you a better reception, than, striking the table with my hammer, I called a brother. "Timothy," said I, "let them saddle Benedict — let them saddle my black palfrey, and bid the sub-prior and some half-score of attendants be in readiness to-morrow after matins; we would ride to Glendearg." Brother Timothy stared, thinking, I imagine, that his ears had scarce done him justice; but I repeated my commands, and said, "Let the kitchenier and refectioner go before to aid the poor vassals to whom the place belongs in making a suitable collation." So that you will consider, good Sir Piercie, our mutual incommodities, and forgive whatever you may find amiss.'

'By my faith,' said Sir Piercie Shafton, 'there is nothing to forgive. If you spiritual warriors have to submit to the grievous

incommodities which your lordship narrates, it would ill become me, a sinful and secular man, to complain of a bed as hard as a board, of broth which relished as if made of burnt wool, of flesh which, in its sable and singed shape, seemed to put me on a level with Richard Cœur-de-Lion, when he ate up the head of a Moor carbonadoed, and of other viands savouring rather of the rusticity of this northern region.'

'By the good saints, sir,' said the abbot, somewhat touched in point of his character for hospitality, of which he was in truth a most faithful and zealous professor, 'it grieves me to the heart that you have found our vassals no better provided for your reception. Yet I crave leave to observe that, if Sir Piercie Shafton's affairs had permitted him to honour with his company our poor house of St. Mary's, he might have had less to complain of in respect of easements.'

'To give your lordship the reasons,' said Sir Piercie Shafton, 'why I could not at this present time approach your dwelling, or avail myself of its well-known and undoubted hospitality, craves either some delay or (looking around him) a limited audience.'

The lord abbot immediately issued his mandate to the refectioner: 'Hie thee to the kitchen, Brother Hilarius, and there make inquiry of our brother the kitchener within what time he opines that our collation may be prepared, since sin and sorrow it were, considering the hardships of this noble and gallant knight, no whit mentioning or weighing those we ourselves have endured, if we were now either to advance or retard the hour of refection beyond the time when the viands are fit to be set before us.'

Brother Hilarius parted with an eager alertness to execute the will of his superior, and returned with the assurance that punctually at one after noon would the collation be ready.

'Before that time,' said the accurate refectioner, 'the wafers, flams, and pastry-meat will scarce have had the just degree of fire which learned pottingers prescribe as fittest for the body; and if it should be past one o'clock, were it but ten minutes, our brother the kitchener opines that the haunch of venison would suffer, in spite of the skill of the little turn-broche whom he has recommended to your holiness by his praises.'

'How!' said the abbot, 'a haunch of venison! From whence comes that dainty? I remember not thou didst intimate its presence in thy hamper of viviers.'

'So please your holiness and lordship,' said the refectioner,

'he is a son of the woman of the house who hath shot it and sent it in — killed but now ; yet, as the animal heat hath not left the body, the kitchenier undertakes it shall eat as tender as a young chicken ; and this youth hath a special gift in shooting deer, and never misses the heart or the brain ; so that the blood is not driven through the flesh, as happens too often with us. It is a hart of grease ; your holiness has seldom seen such a haunch.'

'Silence, Brother Hilarius,' said the abbot, wiping his mouth ; 'it is not beseeming our order to talk of food so earnestly, especially as we must oft have our animal powers exhausted by fasting, and be accessible, as being ever mere mortals, to those signs of longing (he again wiped his mouth) which arise on the mention of victuals to an hungry man. Minute down, however, the name of that youth ; it is fitting merit should be rewarded, and he shall hereafter be a *frater ad succurrendum* in the kitchen and buttery.'

'Alas ! reverend father and my good lord,' replied the refectioner, 'I did inquire after the youth, and I learn he is one who prefers the casque to the cowl, and the sword of the flesh to the weapons of the spirit.'

'And if it be so,' said the abbot, 'see that thou retain him as a deputy-keeper and man-at-arms, and not as a lay brother of the monastery ; for old Tallboy, our forester, waxes dim-eyed, and hath twice spoiled a noble buck by hitting him unwarily on the haunch. Ah ! 'tis a foul fault, the abusing by evil-killing, evil-dressing, evil appetite, or otherwise, the good creatures indulged to us for our use. Wherefore, secure us the service of this youth, Brother Hilarius, in the way that may best suit him. And now, Sir Piercie Shafton, since the fates have assigned us a space of wellnigh an hour ere we dare hope to enjoy more than the vapour or savour of our repast, may I pray you, of your courtesy, to tell me the cause of this visit ; and, above all, to inform us why you will not approach our more pleasant and better furnished *hospitium* ?'

'Reverend father and my very good lord,' said Sir Piercie Shafton, 'it is well known to your wisdom that there are stone walls which have ears, and that secrecy is to be looked to in matters which concern a man's head.'

The abbot signed to his attendants, excepting the sub-prior, to leave the room, and then said, 'Your valour, Sir Piercie, may freely unburden yourself before our faithful friend and counsellor Father Eustace, the benefits of whose advice we may too soon

lose, inasmuch as his merits will speedily recommend him to a higher station, in which, we trust, he may find the blessing of a friend and adviser as valuable as himself, since I may say of him, as our claustral rhyme goeth,<sup>1</sup>

Dixit Abbas ad prioris,  
Tu es homo boni moris,  
Quia semper sanioris  
Mihi das concilia.

Indeed,' he added, 'the office of sub-prior is altogether beneath our dear brother; nor can we elevate him unto that of prior, which, for certain reasons, is at present kept vacant amongst us. Howbeit, Father Eustace is fully possessed of my confidence, and worthy of yours, and well may it be said of him, *Intravit in secretis nostris.*'

Sir Piercie Shafton bowed to the reverend brethren, and, heaving a sigh, as if he would have burst his steel cuirass, he thus commenced his speech :

' Certes, reverend sirs, I may well heave such a suspiration, who have, as it were, exchanged heaven for purgatory, leaving the lightsome sphere of the royal court of England for a remote nook in this inaccessible desert; quitting the tiltyard, where I was ever ready among my compeers to splinter a lance, either for the love of honour or for the honour of love, in order to couch my knightly spear against base and pilfering besognios and marauders; exchanging the lighted halls, wherein I used nimbly to pace the swift coranto, or to move with a loftier grace in the stately galliard, for this rugged and decayed dungeon of rusty-coloured stone; quitting the gay theatre for the solitary chimney-nook of a Scottish dog-house; bartering the sounds of the soul-ravishing lute and the love-awakening viol-de-gamba for the discordant squeak of a northern bagpipe; above all, exchanging the smiles of those beauties who form a galaxy around the throne of England for the cold courtesy of an untaught damsel and the bewildered stare of a miller's maiden. More might I say, of the exchange of the conversation of gallant knights and gay courtiers of mine own order and capacity, whose conceits are bright and vivid as the lightning, for that of monks and churchmen — but it were discourteous to urge that topic.'

The abbot listened to this list of complaints with great round eyes, which evinced no exact intelligence of the orator's

<sup>1</sup> The rest of this doggerel rhyme may be found in Fosbrooke's learned work on *British Monachism*.

meaning; and when the knight paused to take breath, he looked with a doubtful and inquiring eye at the sub-prior, not well knowing in what tone he should reply to an exordium so extraordinary. The sub-prior accordingly stepped in to the relief of his principal.

'We deeply sympathise with you, sir knight, in the several mortifications and hardships to which fate has subjected you, particularly in that which has thrown you into the society of those who, as they were conscious they deserved not such an honour, so neither did they at all desire it. But all this goes little way to expound the cause of this train of disasters, or, in plainer words, the reason which has compelled you into a situation having so few charms for you.'

'Gentle and reverend sir,' replied the knight, 'forgive an unhappy person who, in giving a history of his miseries, dilateth upon them extremely, even as he who, having fallen from a precipice, looketh upward to measure the height from which he hath been precipitated.'

'Yea, but,' said Father Eustace, 'methinks it were wiser in him to tell those who come to lift him up which of his bones have been broken.'

'You, reverend sir,' said the knight, 'have, in the encounter of our wits, made a fair attain<sup>t</sup>; whereas I may be in some sort said to have broken my staff across.<sup>1</sup> Pardon me, grave sir, that I speak the language of the tiltyard, which is doubtless strange to your reverend ears. Ah! brave resort of the noble, the fair, and the gay! Ah! throne of love, and citadel of honour! Ah! celestial beauties, by whose bright eyes it is graced! Never more shall Piercie Shafton advance, as the centre of your radiant glances, couch his lance, and spur his horse at the sound of the spirit-stirring trumpets, nobly called the voice of war; never more shall he baffle his adversary's encounter boldly, break his spear dexterously, and, ambling around the lovely circle, receive the rewards with which beauty honours chivalry!'

Here he paused, wrung his hands, looked upwards, and seemed lost in contemplation of his own fallen fortunes.

'Mad — very mad,' whispered the abbot to the sub-prior; 'I would we were fairly rid of him; for, of a truth, I expect he will proceed from raving to mischief. Were it not better to call up the rest of the brethren?'

But the sub-prior knew better than his superior how to dis-

<sup>1</sup> See Attaint. Note 13.

tinguish the jargon of affectation from the ravings of insanity, and although the extremity of the knight's passion seemed altogether fantastic, yet he was not ignorant to what extravagancies the fashion of the day can conduct its votaries.

Allowing, therefore, two minutes' space to permit the knight's enthusiastic feelings to exhaust themselves, he again gravely reminded him that the lord abbot had taken a journey, unwonted to his age and habits, solely to learn in what he could serve Sir Piercie Shafton; that it was altogether impossible he could do so without his receiving distinct information of the situation in which he had now sought refuge in Scotland. 'The day wore on,' he observed, looking at the window; 'and if the abbot should be obliged to return to the monastery without obtaining the necessary intelligence, the regret might be mutual, but the inconvenience was like to be all on Sir Piercie's own side.'

The hint was not thrown away.

'Oh, goddess of courtesy!' said the knight, 'can I have so far forgotten thy behests as to make this good prelate's ease and time a sacrifice to my vain complaints! Know, then, most worthy, and not less worshipful, that I, your poor visitor and guest, am by birth nearly bound to the Piercie of Northumberland whose fame is so widely blown through all parts of the world where English worth hath been known. Now, this present Earl of Northumberland, of whom I propose to give you the brief history——'

'It is altogether unnecessary,' said the abbot; 'we know him to be a good and true nobleman, and a sworn upholder of our Catholic faith, in the spite of the heretical woman who now sits upon the throne of England. And it is specially as his kinsman, and as knowing that ye partake with him in such devout and faithful belief and adherence to our holy Mother Church, that we say to you, Sir Piercie Shafton, that ye be heartily welcome to us, and that, an we wist how, we would labour to do you good service in your extremity.'

'For such kind offer I rest your most humble debtor,' said Sir Piercie; 'nor need I at this moment say more than that my right honourable cousin of Northumberland, having devised with me and some others, the choice and picked spirits of the age, how and by what means the worship of God, according to the Catholic Church, might be again introduced into this distracted kingdom of England—even as one deviseth, by the assistance of his friend, to catch and to bridle a runaway

steed—it pleased him so deeply to entrust me in those communications that my personal safety becomes, as it were, entwined or complicated therewith. Natheless, as we have had sudden reason to believe, this Princess Elizabeth, who maintaineth around her a sort of counsellors skilful in tracking whatever schemes may be pursued for bringing her title into challenge, or for erecting again the discipline of the Catholic Church, has obtained certain knowledge of the trains which we had laid before we could give fire unto them. Wherefore, my right honourable cousin of Northumberland, thinking it best belike that one man should take both blame and shame for the whole, did lay the burden of all this trafficking upon my back; which load I am the rather content to bear, in that he hath always shown himself my kind and honourable kinsman, as well as that my estate, I wot not how, hath of late been somewhat insufficient to maintain the expense of those braveries wherewith it is incumbent on us, who are chosen and selected spirits, to distinguish ourselves from the vulgar.’

‘So that possibly,’ said the sub-prior, ‘your private affairs rendered a foreign journey less incommodious to you than it might have been to the noble earl, your right worthy cousin?’

‘You are right, reverend sir,’ answered the courtier; ‘*rem acu*—you have touched the point with a needle. My cost and expenses had been indeed somewhat lavish at the late triumphs and tourneys, and the flat-capp’d citizens had shown themselves unwilling to furnish my pocket for new gallantries for the honour of the nation, as well as for mine own peculiar glory; and, to speak truth, it was in some part the hope of seeing these matters amended that led me to desire a new world in England.’

‘So that the miscarriage of your public enterprise, with the derangement of your own private affairs,’ said the sub-prior, ‘have induced you to seek Scotland as a place of refuge?’

‘*Rem acu*, once again,’ said Sir Piercie; ‘and not without good cause, since my neck, if I remained, might have been brought within the circumstances of a halter; and so speedy was my journey northward, that I had but time to exchange my peach-coloured doublet of Genoa velvet, thickly laid over with goldsmith’s work, for this cuirass, which was made by Bonamico of Milan, and travelled northward with all speed, judging that I might do well to visit my right honourable cousin of Northumberland at one of his numerous castles. But as I posted towards Alnwick, even with the speed of a star



which, darting from its native sphere, shoots wildly downwards, I was met at Northallerton by one Henry Vaughan, a servant of my right honourable kinsman, who showed me that as then I might not with safety come to his presence, seeing that, in obedience to orders from his court, he was obliged to issue out letters for my incarceration.'

'This,' said the abbot, 'seems but hard measure on the part of your honourable kinsman.'

'It might be so judged, my lord,' replied Sir Piercie; 'nevertheless, I will stand to the death for the honour of my right honourable cousin of Northumberland. Also, Henry Vaughan gave me, from my said cousin, a good horse, and a purse of gold, with two Border prickers, as they are called, for my guides, who conducted me, by such roads and bye-paths as have never been seen since the days of Sir Lancelot and Sir Tristrem, into this kingdom of Scotland, and to the house of a certain baron, or one who holds the style of such, called Julian Avenel, with whom I found such reception as the place and party could afford.'

'And that,' said the abbot, 'must have been right wretched; for, to judge from the appetite which Julian sheweth when abroad, he hath not, I judge, over-abundant provision at home.'

'You are right, sir — your reverence is in the right,' continued Sir Piercie: 'we had but lenten fare, and, what was worse, a score to clear at the departure; for though this Julian Avenel called us to no reckoning, yet he did so extravagantly admire the fashion of my poniard — the *poignet* being of silver exquisitely hatched, and indeed the weapon being altogether a piece of exceeding rare device and beauty — that in faith I could not for very shame's sake but pray his acceptance of it; words which he gave me not the trouble of repeating twice, before he had stuck it into his greasy buff-belt, where, credit me, reverend sir, it showed more like a butcher's knife than a gentleman's dagger.'

'So goodly a gift might at least have purchased you a few days' hospitality,' said Father Eustace.

'Reverend sir,' said Sir Piercie, 'had I abidden with him, I should have been complimented out of every remnant of my wardrobe — actually flayed, by the hospitable gods I swear it! Sir, he secured my spare doublet, and had a pluck at my galligaskins; I was enforced to beat a retreat before I was altogether unrigged. That Border knave, his serving-man, had a pluck at me too, and usurped a scarlet cassock and steel

cuirass belonging to the page of my body, whom I was fain to leave behind me. In good time I received a letter from my right honourable cousin, showing me that he had written to you in my behalf, and sent to your charge two mails filled with wearing apparel — namely, my rich crimson silk doublet, slashed out and lined with cloth of gold, which I wore at the last revels, with baldric and trimmings to correspond; also two pair black silk slops, with hanging garters of carnation silk; also the flesh-coloured silken doublet, with the trimmings of fur, in which I danced the salvage man at the Gray's Inn mummary; also ——'

'Sir knight,' said the sub-prior, 'I pray you to spare the further inventory of your wardrobe. The monks of St. Mary's are no freebooting barons, and whatever part of your vestments arrived at our house have been this day faithfully brought hither, with the mails which contained them. I may presume from what has been said, as we have indeed been given to understand by the Earl of Northumberland, that your desire is to remain for the present as unknown and as unnoticed as may be consistent with your high worth and distinction?'

'Alas, reverend father!' replied the courtier, 'a blade when it is in the scabbard cannot give lustre, a diamond when it is in the casket cannot give light, and worth, when it is compelled by circumstances to obscure itself, cannot draw observation: my retreat can only attract the admiration of those few to whom circumstances permit its displaying itself.'

'I conceive now, my venerable father and lord,' said the sub-prior, 'that your wisdom will assign such a course of conduct to this noble knight as may be alike consistent with his safety and with the weal of the community. For you wot well that perilous strides have been made in these audacious days to the destruction of all ecclesiastical foundations, and that our holy community has been repeatedly menaced. Hitherto they have found no flaw in our raiment; but a party, friendly as well to the Queen of England as to the heretical doctrines of the schismatical church, or even to worse and wilder forms of heresy, prevails now at the court of our sovereign, who dare not yield to her suffering clergy the protection she would gladly extend to them.'

'My lord and reverend sir,' said the knight, 'I will gladly relieve ye of my presence, while ye canvass this matter at your freedom; and to speak truly, I am desirous to see in what case the chamberlain of my noble kinsman hath found my wardrobe, and how he hath packed the same, and whether it has suffered

from the journey. There are four suits of as pure and elegant device as ever the fancy of a fair lady doated upon, every one having a treble and appropriate change of ribbons, trimmings, and fringes, which, in case of need, may, as it were, renew each of them, and multiply the four into twelve. There is also my sad-coloured riding-suit, and three cut-work shirts with falling bands; I pray you, pardon me, I must needs see how matters stand with them without farther dallying.'

Thus speaking, he left the room; and the sub-prior, looking after him significantly, added, 'Where the treasure is will the heart be also.'

'St. Mary preserve our wits!' said the abbot, stunned with the knight's abundance of words; 'were man's brains ever so stuffed with silk and broadcloth, cut-work, and I wot not what besides! And what could move the Earl of Northumberland to assume for his bosom counsellor, in matters of depth and danger, such a feather-brained coxcomb as this!'

'Had he been other than what he is, venerable father,' said the sub-prior, 'he had been less fitted for the part of scape-goat, to which his right honourable cousin had probably destined him from the commencement, in case of their plot failing. I know something of this Piercie Shafton. The legitimacy of his mother's descent from the Piercie family, the point on which he is most jealous, hath been called in question. If hare-brained courage and an outrageous spirit of gallantry can make good his pretensions to the high lineage he claims, these qualities have never been denied him. For the rest, he is one of the ruffling gallants of the time, like Rowland York, Stukely,<sup>1</sup> and others, who wear out their fortunes and endanger their lives in idle braveries, in order that they may be esteemed the only choice gallants of the time; and afterwards endeavour to repair their estate by engaging in the desperate plots and conspiracies which wiser heads have devised. To use one of his own conceited similitudes, such courageous fools resemble hawks, which the wiser conspirator keeps hooded and blinded on his wrist until the quarry is on the wing, and who are then flown at them.'

'St. Mary,' said the abbot, 'he were an evil guest to introduce into our quiet household. Our young monks make bustle enough, and more than is befitting God's servants, about their outward attire already: this knight were enough to turn their brains, from the *vestiarius* down to the very scullion boy.'

<sup>1</sup> See Rowland Yorke and Stukely. Note 14.

'A worse evil might follow,' said the sub-prior. 'In these bad days, the patrimony of the church is bought and sold, forfeited and distrained, as if it were the unhallowed soil appertaining to a secular baron. Think what penalty awaits us, were we convicted of harbouring a rebel to her whom they call the Queen of England! There would neither be wanting Scottish parasites to beg the lands of the foundation, nor an army from England to burn and harry the halidome. The men of Scotland were once Scotsmen, firm and united in their love of their country, and throwing every other consideration aside when the frontier was menaced; now they are — what shall I call them? — the one part French, the other part English, considering their dear native country merely as a prize-fighting stage, upon which foreigners are welcome to decide their quarrels.'

'*Benedicite!*' replied the abbot, 'they are indeed slippery and evil times.'

'And therefore,' said Father Eustace, 'we must walk warily: we must not, for example, bring this man — this Sir Piercie Shafton, to our house of St. Mary's.'

'But how then shall we dispose of him?' replied the abbot. 'Bethink thee that he is a sufferer for Holy Church's sake; that his patron, the Earl of Northumberland, hath been our friend, and that, lying so near us, he may work us weal or woe according as we deal with his kinsman.'

'And, accordingly,' said the sub-prior, 'for these reasons, as well as for discharge of the great duty of Christian charity, I would protect and relieve this man. Let him not go back to Julian Avenel; that unconscientious baron would not stick to plunder the exiled stranger. Let him remain here: the spot is secluded, and if the accommodation be beneath his quality, discovery will become the less likely. We will make such means for his convenience as we can devise.'

'Will he be persuaded, thinkest thou?' said the abbot; 'I will leave my own travelling-bed for his repose, and send up a suitable easy-chair.'

'With such easements,' said the sub-prior, 'he must not complain; and then, if threatened by any sudden danger, he can soon come down to the sanctuary, where we will harbour him in secret until means can be devised of dismissing him in safety.'

'Were we not better,' said the abbot, 'send him on to the court, and get rid of him at once?'

'Ay, but at the expense of our friends: this butterfly may

fold his wings, and lie under cover in the cold air of Glendearg; but were he at Holyrood, he would, did his life depend on it, expand his spangled drapery in the eyes of the queen and court. Rather than fail of distinction, he would sue for love to our gracious sovereign: the eyes of all men would be upon him in the course of three short days, and the international peace of the two ends of the island endangered for a creature who, like a silly moth, cannot abstain from fluttering round a light.'

'Thou hast prevailed with me, Father Eustace,' said the abbot, 'and it will go hard but I improve on thy plan. I will send up in secret not only household stuff, but wine and wassell-bread. There is a young swankie here who shoots venison well. I will give him directions to see that the knight lacks none.'

'Whatever accommodation he can have, which infers not a risk of discovery,' said the sub-prior, 'it is our duty to afford him.'

'Nay,' said the abbot, 'we will do more, and will instantly despatch a servant express to the keeper of our revestuary to send us such things as he may want, even this night. See it done, good father.'

'I will,' answered Father Eustace; 'but I hear the gull clamorous for some one to truss his points.<sup>1</sup> He will be fortunate if he lights on any one here who can do him the office of groom of the chamber.'

'I would he would appear,' said the abbot, 'for here comes the refectiener with the collation. By my faith, the ride hath given me a sharp appetite!'

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<sup>1</sup> See Note 15.

## CHAPTER XVII

I'll seek for other aid. Spirits, they say,  
Flit round invisible, as thick as motes  
Dance in the sunbeam. If that spell  
Or necromancer's sigil can compel them,  
They shall hold counsel with me.

JAMES DUFF.

THE reader's attention must be recalled to Halbert Glendinning, who had left the Tower of Glendearg immediately after his quarrel with its new guest, Sir Piercie Shafton. As he walked with a rapid pace up the glen, Old Martin followed him, beseeching him to be less hasty.

'Halbert,' said the old man, 'you will never live to have white hair, if you take fire thus at every spark of provocation.'

'And why should I wish it, old man,' said Halbert, 'if I am to be the butt that every fool may aim a shaft of scorn against? What avails it, old man, that you yourself move, sleep, and wake, eat thy niggard meal, and repose on thy hard pallet? Why art thou so well pleased that the morning should call thee up to daily toil, and the evening again lay thee down a wearied-out wretch? Were it not better sleep and wake no more, than to undergo this dull exchange of labour for insensibility, and of insensibility for labour?'

'God help me,' answered Martin, 'there may be truth in what thou sayest; but walk slower, for my old limbs cannot keep pace with your young legs — walk slower, and I will tell you why age, though unlovely, is yet endurable.'

'Speak on then,' said Halbert, slackening his pace; 'but remember we must seek venison to refresh the fatigues of these holy men, who will this morning have achieved a journey of ten miles; and if we reach not the Brocksburn head, we are scarce like to see an antler.'

'Then know, my good Halbert,' said Martin, 'whom I love as my own son, that I am satisfied to live till death calls me, because

my Maker wills it. Ay, and although I spend what men call a hard life, pinched with cold in winter and burnt with heat in summer, though I feed hard and sleep hard, and am held mean and despised, yet I bethink me, that were I of no use on the face of this fair creation, God would withdraw me from it.'

'Thou poor old man,' said Halbert, 'and can such a vain conceit as this of thy fancied use reconcile thee to a world where thou playest so poor a part?'

'My part was nearly as poor,' said Martin, 'my person nearly as much despised, the day that I saved my mistress and her child from perishing in the wilderness.'

'Right, Martin,' answered Halbert; 'there, indeed, thou didst what might be a sufficient apology for a whole life of insignificance.'

'And do you account it for nothing, Halbert, that I should have the power of giving you a lesson of patience and submission to the destinies of Providence? Methinks there is use for the grey hairs on the old scalp, were it but to instruct the green head by precept and by example.'

Halbert held down his face and remained silent for a minute or two, and then resumed his discourse: 'Martin, seest thou aught changed in me of late?'

'Surely,' said Martin. 'I have always known you hasty, wild, and inconsiderate, rude, and prompt to speak at the volley and without reflection; but now, methinks, your bearing, without losing its natural fire, has something in it of force and dignity which it had not before. It seems as if you had fallen asleep a carle and awakened a gentleman.'

'Thou canst judge, then, of noble bearing?' said Halbert.

'Surely,' answered Martin, 'in some sort I can; for I have travelled through court, and camp, and city with my master, Walter Avenel, although he could do nothing for me in the long run but give me room for two score of sheep on the hill; and surely even now, while I speak with you, I feel sensible that my language is more refined than it is my wont to use, and that, though I know not the reason, the rude northern dialect, so familiar to my tongue, has given place to a more town-bred speech.'

'And this change in thyself and me thou canst by no means account for?' said young Glendinning.

'Change!' replied Martin, 'by Our Lady, it is not so much a change which I feel as a recalling and renewing sentiments and expressions which I had some thirty years since, ere Tibb

and I set up our humble household. It is singular that your society should have this sort of influence over me, Halbert, and that I should never have experienced it ere now.'

'Thinkest thou,' said Halbert, 'thou seest in me aught that can raise me from this base, low, despised state into one where I may rank with those proud men who now despise my clownish poverty?'

Martin paused an instant, and then answered, 'Doubtless you may, Halbert; as broken a ship has come to land. Heard ye never of Hughie Dun, who left this halidome some thirty-five years gone by? A deliverly fellow was Hughie — could read and write like a priest, and could wield brand and buckler with the best of the riders. I mind him; the like of him was never seen in the halidome of St. Mary's, and so was seen of the preferment that God sent him.'

'And what was that?' said Halbert, his eyes sparkling with eagerness.

'Nothing less,' answered Martin, 'than body-servant to the Archbishop of St. Andrews!'

Halbert's countenance fell. 'A servant — and to a priest! Was this all that knowledge and activity could raise him to?'

Martin, in his turn, looked with wistful surprise in the face of his young friend. 'And to what could fortune lead him farther?' answered he. 'The son of a kirk-feuar is not the stuff that lords and knights are made of. Courage and schoolcraft cannot change churl's blood into gentle blood, I trow. I have heard, forbye, that Hughie Dun left a good five hundred pundis of Scots money to his only daughter, and that she married the bailie of Pittenweem.'

At this moment, and while Halbert was embarrassed with devising a suitable answer, a deer bounded across their path. In an instant the cross-bow was at the youth's shoulder, the bolt whistled, and the deer, after giving one bound upright, dropt dead on the green sward.

'There lies the venison our dame wanted,' said Martin; 'who would have thought of an out-lying stag being so low down the glen at this season? And it is a hart of grease too, in full season, and three inches of fat on the brisket. Now this is all your luck, Halbert, that follows you, go where you like. Were you to put in for it, I would warrant you were made one of the abbot's yeomen pricklers, and ride about in a purple doublet as bold as the best.'

'Tush, man,' answered Halbert, 'I will serve the Queen or no



one. Take thou care to have down the venison to the tower since they expect it. I will on to the moss. I have two or three bird-bolts at my girdle, and it may be I shall find wild-fowl.'

He hastened his pace, and was soon out of sight. Martin paused for a moment, and looked after him. 'There goes the making of a right gallant stripling, an ambition have not the spoiling of him. Serve the Queen! said he. By my faith, and she hath worse servants, from all that I e'er heard of him. And wherefore should he not keep a high head? They that ettle to the top of the ladder will at least get up some rounds. They that mint<sup>1</sup> at a gown of gold will always get a sleeve of it. But come, sir (addressing the stag), you shall go to Glendearg on my two legs somewhat more slowly than you were frisking it even now on your own four nimble shanks. Nay by my faith, if you be so heavy, I will content me with the best of you, and that's the haunch and the nombles, and e'en heave up the rest on the old oak-tree yonder, and come back for it with one of the yauds.'<sup>2</sup>

While Martin returned to Glendearg with the venison, Halbert prosecuted his walk, breathing more easily since he was free of his companion. 'The domestic of a proud and lazy priest — body-squire to the Archbishop of St. Andrews,' he repeated to himself; 'and this, with the privilege of allying his blood with the bailie of Pittenweem, is thought a preferment worth a brave man's struggling for; nay more, a preferment which, if allowed, should crown the hopes, past, present, and to come, of the son of a kirk-vassal! By Heaven, but that I find in me a reluctance to practise their acts of nocturnal rapine, I would rather take the jack and lance, and join with the Border riders. Something I will do. Here, degraded and dishonoured, I will not live the scorn of each whiffing stranger from the South, because, forsooth, he wears tinkling spurs on a tawny boot. This thing — this phantom, be it what it will, I will see it once more. Since I spoke with her, and touched her hand, thoughts and feelings have dawned on me of which my former life had not even dreamed; but shall I, who feel my father's glen too narrow for my expanding spirit, brook to be bearded in it by this vain gewgaw of a courtier, and in the sight too of Mary Avenel? I will not stoop to it, by Heaven!'

As he spoke thus, he arrived in the sequestered glen of Corriean-Shian, as it verged upon the hour of noon. A few moments

<sup>1</sup> *Mint* — aim at.

<sup>2</sup> *Yauds* — horses; more particularly horses of labour.

he remained looking upon the fountain, and doubting in his own mind with what countenance the White Lady might receive him. She had not indeed expressly forbidden his again evoking her ; but yet there was something like such a prohibition implied in the farewell, which recommended him to wait for another guide.

Halbert Glendenning did not long, however, allow himself to pause. Hardihood was the natural characteristic of his mind ; and under the expansion and modification which his feelings had lately undergone it had been augmented rather than diminished. He drew his sword, undid the buskin from his foot, bowed three times with deliberation towards the fountain, and as often towards the tree, and repeated the same rhyme as formerly :

‘Thrice to the holly brake,  
Thrice to the well ;  
I bid thee awake,  
White Maid of Avenel !

Noon gleams on the lake,  
Noon glows on the fell ;  
Wake thee, O wake,  
White Maid of Avenel !’

His eye was on the holly bush as he spoke the last line ; and it was not without an involuntary shuddering that he saw the air betwixt his eye and that object become more dim, and condense, as it were, into the faint appearance of a form, through which, however, so thin and transparent was the first appearance of the phantom, he could discern the outline of the bush, as through a veil of fine crape. But gradually it darkened into a more substantial appearance, and the White Lady stood before him with displeasure on her brow. She spoke, and her speech was still song, or rather measured chant ; but, as if now more familiar, it flowed occasionally in modulated blank-verse, and at other times in the lyrical measure which she had used at their former meeting.

‘This is the day when the fairy kind  
Sits weeping alone for their hopeless lot,  
And the wood-maiden sighs to the sighing wind,  
And the mermaiden weeps in her crystal grot :  
For this is the day that a deed was wrought  
In which we have neither part nor share,  
For the children of clay was salvation bought,  
But not for the forms of sea or air !  
And ever the mortal is most forlorn,  
Who meeteth our race on the Friday morn.’

'Spirit,' said Halbert Glendenning, boldly, 'it is bootless to threaten one who holds his life at no rate. Thine anger can but slay; nor do I think thy power extendeth, or thy will stretcheth, so far. The terrors which your race produce upon others are vain against me. My heart is hardened against fear, as by a sense of despair. If I am, as thy words infer, of a race more peculiarly the care of Heaven than thine, it is mine to call, it must be thine to answer. I am the nobler being.'

As he spoke, the figure looked upon him with a fierce and ireful countenance, which, without losing the similitude of that which it usually exhibited, had a wilder and more exaggerated cast of features. The eyes seemed to contract and become more fiery, and slight convulsions passed over the face, as if it was about to be transformed into something hideous. The whole appearance resembled those faces which the imagination summons up when it is disturbed by laudanum, but which do not remain under the visionary's command, and, beautiful in their first appearance, become wild and grotesque ere we can arrest them.

But when Halbert had concluded his bold speech, the White Lady stood before him with the same pale, fixed, and melancholy aspect which she usually bore. He had expected the agitation which she exhibited would conclude in some frightful metamorphosis. Folding her arms on her bosom, the phantom replied—

'Daring youth ! for thee it is well,  
Here calling me in haunted dell,  
That thy heart has not quail'd,  
Nor thy courage fail'd,  
And that thou couldst brook  
The angry look  
Of her of Avenel.  
Did one limb shiver,  
Or an eyelid quiver,  
Thou wert lost for ever.  
Though I am form'd from the ether blue,  
And my blood is of the unfallen dew,  
And thou art framed of mud and dust,  
'T is thine to speak, reply I must.'

'I demand of thee, then,' said the youth, 'by what charm it is that I am thus altered in mind and in wishes; that I think no longer of deer or dog, of bow or bolt; that my soul spurns the bounds of this obscure glen; that my blood boils at an insult from one by whose stirrup I would some days since have run for a whole summer's morn, contented and honoured by the notice

of a single word? Why do I now seek to mate me with princes, and knights, and nobles? Am I the same who but yesterday, as it were, slumbered in contented obscurity, but who am to-day wakened to glory and ambition? Speak — tell me, if thou canst, the meaning of this change! Am I spell-bound, or have I till now been under the influence of a spell, that I feel as another being, yet am conscious of remaining the same? Speak and tell me, is it to thy influence that the change is owing?’

The White Lady replied —

‘A mightier wizard far than I  
 Wields o’er the universe his power;  
 Him owns the eagle in the sky,  
 The turtle in the bower.  
 Changeful in shape, yet mightiest still,  
 He wields the heart of man at will,  
 From ill to good, from good to ill,  
 In cot and castle-tower.’

‘Speak not thus darkly,’ said the youth, colouring so deeply that face, neck, and hands were in a sanguine glow; ‘make me sensible of thy purpose.’

The spirit answered —

‘Ask thy heart, whose secret cell  
 Is fill’d with Mary Avenel!  
 Ask thy pride, why scornful look  
 In Mary’s view it will not brook?  
 Ask it, why thou seek’st to rise  
 Among the mighty and the wise,  
 Why thou spurn’st thy lowly lot,  
 Why thy pastimes are forgot,  
 Why thou wouldst in bloody strife  
 Mend thy luck or lose thy life?  
 Ask thy heart, and it shall tell,  
 Sighing from its secret cell,  
 ‘Tis for Mary Avenel.’

‘Tell me, then,’ said Halbert, his cheek still deeply crimsoned, ‘thou who hast said to me that which I dared not say to myself, by what means shall I urge my passion — by what means make it known?’

The White Lady replied —

‘Do not ask me;  
 On doubts like these thou canst not task me.  
 We only see the passing show  
 Of human passions’ ebb and flow;  
 And view the pageant’s idle glance  
 As mortals eye the northern dance,

When thousand streamers, flashing bright,  
 Career it o'er the brow of night,  
 And gazers mark their changeful gleams,  
 But feel no influence from their beams.'

'Yet thine own fate,' replied Halbert, 'unless men greatly err, is linked with that of mortals?'

The phantom answered —

'By ties mysterious link'd, our fated race  
 Holds strange connexion with the sons of men.  
 The star that rose upon the house of Avenel,  
 When Norman Ulric first assumed the name,  
 That star, when culminating in its orbit,  
 Shot from its sphere a drop of diamond dew,  
 And this bright font received it ; and a Spirit  
 Rose from the fountain, and her date of life  
 Hath co-existence with the house of Avenel,  
 And with the star that rules it.'

'Speak yet more plainly,' answered young Glendinning ; 'of this I can understand nothing. Say, what hath forged thy weirded<sup>1</sup> link of destiny with the house of Avenel? Say, especially, what fate now overhangs that house?'

The White Lady replied —

'Look on my girdle — on this thread of gold,  
 'Tis fine as web of lightest gossamer,  
 And, but there is a spell on 't, would not bind,  
 Light as they are, the folds of my thin robe.  
 But when 't was donn'd, it was a massive chain,  
 Such as might bind the champion of the Jews,  
 Even when his locks were longest ; it hath dwindled,  
 Hath minish'd in its substance and its strength,  
 As sunk the greatness of the house of Avenel.  
 When this frail thread gives way, I to the elements  
 Resign the principles of life they lent me.  
 Ask me no more of this ! the stars forbid it.'

'Then canst thou read the stars,' answered the youth, 'and mayest tell me the fate of my passion, if thou canst not aid it?'

The White Lady again replied —

'Dim burns the once bright star of Avenel,  
 Dim as the beacon when the morn is nigh,  
 And the o'er-wearied warder leaves the light-house ;  
 There is an influence sorrowful and fearful,  
 That dogs its downward course. Disastrous passion,  
 Fierce hate and rivalry, are in the aspect  
 That lowers upon its fortunes.'

'And rivalry !' repeated Glendinning. 'It is then as I feared !

<sup>1</sup> *Weirdea* — fated.

But shall that English silkworm presume to beard me in my father's house, and in the presence of Mary Avenel? Give me to meet him, spirit — give me to do away the vain distinction of rank on which he refuses me the combat. Place us on equal terms, and gleam the stars with what aspect they will, the sword of my father shall control their influences.'

She answered as promptly as before —

'Complain not of me, child of clay,  
If to thy harm I yield the way.  
We, who soar thy sphere above,  
Know not aught of hate or love;  
As will or wisdom rules thy mood,  
My gifts to evil turn, or good.'

'Give me to redeem my honour,' said Halbert Glendinning — 'give me to retort on my proud rival the insults he has thrown on me; and let the rest fare as it will. If I cannot revenge my wrong, I shall sleep quiet, and know nought of my disgrace.'

The phantom failed not to reply —

'When Piercie Shafton boasteth high,  
Let this token meet his eye.  
The sun is westering from the dell,  
Thy wish is granted, fare thee well !'

As the White Lady spoke or chanted these last words, she undid from her locks a silver bodkin around which they were twisted, and gave it to Halbert Glendinning; then shaking her dishevelled hair till it fell like a veil around her, the outlines of her form gradually became as diffuse as her flowing tresses, her countenance grew pale as the moon in her first quarter, her features became indistinguishable, and she melted into the air.

Habit inures us to wonders; but the youth did not find himself alone by the fountain without experiencing, though in a much less degree, the revulsion of spirits which he had felt upon the phantom's former disappearance. A doubt strongly pressed upon his mind, whether it were safe to avail himself of the gifts of a spirit which did not even pretend to belong to the class of angels, and might, for aught he knew, have a much worse lineage than that which she was pleased to avow. 'I will speak of it,' he said, 'to Edward, who is clerkly learned, and will tell me what I should do. And yet, no — Edward is scrupulous and wary. I will prove the effect of her gift on Sir

Piercie Shafton if he again braves me, and by the issue I will be myself a sufficient judge whether there is danger in resorting to her counsel. Home, then — home, and we shall soon learn whether that home shall longer hold me; for not again will I brook insult, with my father's sword by my side and Mary for the spectator of my disgrace.'

## CHAPTER XVIII

I give thee eighteenpence a-day,  
And my bow shalt thou bear,  
And over all the north country,  
I make thee the chief rydere.  
And I thirteenspence a-day, quoth the queen,  
By God and by my faye;  
Come fetch thy payment when thou wilt,  
No man shall say thee nay.

*William of Cloudesley.*

THE manners of the age did not permit the inhabitants of Glendearg to partake of the collation which was placed in the spence of that ancient tower before the lord abbot and his attendants and Sir Piercie Shafton. Dame Glendinning was excluded both by inferiority of rank and by sex; for (though it was a rule often neglected) the superior of St. Mary's was debarred from taking his meals in female society. To Mary Avenel the latter, and to Edward Glendinning the former, incapacity attached: but it pleased his lordship to require their presence in the apartment, and to say sundry kind words to them upon the ready and hospitable reception which they had afforded him.

The smoking haunch now stood upon the table; a napkin, white as snow, was, with due reverence, tucked under the chin of the abbot by the refectioner; and nought was wanting to commence the repast, save the presence of Sir Piercie Shafton, who at length appeared, glittering like the sun, in a carnation-velvet doublet, slashed and puffed out with cloth of silver, his hat of the newest block, surrounded by a hatband of goldsmith's work, while around his neck he wore a collar of gold, set with rubies and topazes so rich that it vindicated his anxiety for the safety of his baggage from being founded upon his love of mere finery. This gorgeous collar or chain, resembling those worn by the knights of the highest orders of chivalry, fell down on his breast, and terminated in a medallion.



'We waited for Sir Piercie Shafton,' said the abbot, hastily assuming his place in the great chair which the kitchener advanced to the table with ready hand.

'I pray your pardon, reverend father and my good lord,' replied that pink of courtesy; 'I did but wait to cast my riding slough, and to transnew myself into some civil form meetier for this worshipful company.'

'I cannot but praise your gallantry, sir knight,' said the abbot, 'and your prudence also, for choosing the fitting time to appear thus adorned. Certes, had that goodly chain been visible in some part of your late progress, there was risk that the lawful owner might have parted company therewith.'

'This chain, said your reverence?' answered Sir Piercie. 'Surely it is but a toy, a trifle, a slight thing, which shows but poorly with this doublet; marry, when I wear that of the murrey-coloured, double-piled Genoa velvet, puffed out with cyprian, the gems, being relieved and set off by the darker and more grave ground of the stuff, show like stars giving a lustre through dark clouds.'

'I nothing doubt it,' said the abbot; 'but I pray you to sit down at the board.'

But Sir Piercie had now got into his element, and was not easily interrupted. 'I own,' he continued, 'that, slight as the toy is, it might perchance have had some captivation for Julian—— *Sancta Maria!*' said he, interrupting himself; 'what was I about to say, and my fair and beauteous Protection, or shall I rather term her my Discretion, here in presence! Indiscreet hath it been in your Affability, O most lovely Discretion, to suffer a stray word to have broke out of the pen-fold of his mouth, that might overleap the fence of civility, and trespass on the manor of decorum.'

'Marry!' said the abbot, somewhat impatiently, 'the greatest discretion that I can see in the matter is to eat our victuals being hot. Father Eustace, say the *Benedicite*, and cut up the haunch.'

The sub-prior readily obeyed the first part of the abbot's injunction, but paused upon the second. 'It is Friday, most reverend,' he said in Latin, desirous that the hint should escape, if possible, the ears of the stranger.

'We are travellers,' said the abbot, in reply, 'and *viatoribus licitum est*. You know the canon: a traveller must eat what food his hard fate sets before him. I grant you all a dispensation to eat flesh this day, conditionally that you, brethren, say

the *confiteor* at curfew time, that the knight give arms to his ability, and that all and each of you fast from flesh on such day within the next month that shall seem most convenient; wherefore fall to and eat your food with cheerful countenances; and you, father refectioner, *da miatus.*'

While the abbot was thus stating the conditions on which his indulgence was granted, he had already half-finished a slice of the noble haunch, and now washed it down with a flagon of Rhenish, modestly tempered with water.

'Well is it said,' he observed, as he required from the refectioner another slice, 'that virtue is its own reward; for though this is but humble fare, and hastily prepared, and eaten in a poor chamber, I do not remember me of having had such an appetite since I was a simple brother in the Abbey of Dundrennan, and was wont to labour in the garden from morning until nones, when our abbot struck the *cymbalum*. Then would I enter keen with hunger, parched with thirst—*da mihi vinum, quæso, et merum sit.*—and partake with appetite of whatever was set before us, according to our rule; feast or fast-day, *caritas* or *pœnitentia*, was the same to me. I had no stomach complaints then, which now crave both the aid of wine and choice cookery to render my food acceptable to my palate, and easy of digestion.'

'It may be, holy father,' said the sub-prior, 'an occasional ride to the extremity of St. Mary's patrimony may have the same happy effect on your health as the air of the garden at Dundrennan.'

'Perchance, with our patroness's blessing, such progresses may advantage us,' said the abbot; 'having an especial eye that our venison is carefully killed by some woodsman that is master of his craft.'

'If the lord abbot will permit me,' said the kitchener, 'I think the best way to assure his lordship on that important point would be to retain as a yeoman pricker, or deputy-ranger, the eldest son of this good woman, Dame Glendinning, who is here to wait upon us. I should know by mine office what belongs to killing of game, and I can safely pronounce that never saw I, or any other *coquinarius*, a bolt so justly shot. It has cloven the very heart of the buck.'

'What speak you to us of one good shot, father?' said Sir Piercie; 'I would advise you that such no more maketh a shooter than doth one swallow make a summer. I have seen this springald of whom you speak, and if his hand can send

forth his shafts as boldly as his tongue doth utter presumptuous speeches, I will own him as good an archer as Robin Hood.'

'Marry,' said the abbot, 'and it is fitting we know the truth of this matter from the dame herself; for ill-advised were we to give way to any rashness in this matter, whereby the bounties which Heaven and our patroness provide might be unskilfully mangled, and rendered unfit for worthy men's use. Stand forth, therefore, Dame Glendinning, and tell to us, as thy liege lord and spiritual superior, using plainness and truth, without either fear or favour, as being a matter wherein we are deeply interested, doth this son of thine use his bow as well as the father kitchener avers to us?'

'So please your noble fatherhood,' answered Dame Glendinning, with a deep courtesy, 'I should know somewhat of archery to my cost, seeing my husband — God assoilzie him! — was slain in the field of Pinkie with an arrow-shot, while he was fighting under the Kirk's banner, as became a liege vassal of the halidome. He was a valiant man, please your reverence, and an honest; and saving that he loved a bit of venison, and shifted for his living at a time, as Border men will sometimes do, I wot not of sin that he did. And yet, though I have paid for mass after mass, to the matter of a forty shilling, besides a quarter of wheat and four firlots of rye, I can have no assurance yet that he has been delivered from purgatory.'

'Dame,' said the lord abbot, 'this shall be looked into heedfully; and since thy husband fell, as thou sayest, in the Kirk's quarrel, and under her banner, rely upon it that we will have him out of purgatory forthwith — that is, always provided he be there. But it is not of thy husband whom we now devise to speak, but of thy son; not of a shot Scotsman, but of a shot deer. Wherefore I say answer me to the point, is thy son a practised archer, ay or no?'

'Alack! my reverend lord,' replied the widow, 'and my croft would be better tilled if I could answer your reverence that he is not. Practised archer! Marry, holy sir, I would he would practise something else — cross-bow and long-bow, hand-gun and hackbut, falconet and saker, he can shoot with them all. And if it would please this right honourable gentleman, our guest, to hold out his hat at the distance of a hundred yards, our Halbert shall send shaft, bolt, or bullet through it — so that right honourable gentleman swerve not, but hold out steady — and I will forfeit a quarter of barley if he touch but a knot

of his ribands. I have seen our Old Martin do as much, and so has our right reverend the sub-prior, if he be pleased to remember it.'

'I am not like to forget it, dame,' said Father Eustace; 'for I knew not which most to admire, the composure of the young marksman or the steadiness of the old mark. Yet I presume not to advise Sir Piercie Shafton to subject his valuable beaver, and yet more valuable person, to such a risk, unless it should be his own special pleasure.'

'Be assured it is not,' said Sir Piercie Shafton, something hastily — 'be well assured, holy father, that it is not. I dispute not the lad's qualities, for which your reverence vouches. But bows are but wood; strings are but flax, or the silkworm's excrement at best, archers are but men: fingers may slip, eyes may dazzle, the blindest may hit the butt, the best marker may shoot a bow's length beside. Therefore will we try no perilous experiments.'

'Be that as you will, Sir Piercie,' said the abbot; 'meanwhile, we will name this youth bow-bearer in the forest granted to us by good King David, that the chase might recreate our wearied spirits; the flesh of the deer improve our poor commons, and the hides cover the books of our library; thus tending at once to the sustenance of body and soul.'

'Kneel down, woman — kneel down,' said the refectioner and the kitchener with one voice to Dame Glendinning, 'and kiss his lordship's hand for the grace which he has granted to thy son.' They then, as if they had been chanting the service and the responses, set off in a sort of duetto, enumerating the advantages of the situation.

'A green gown and a pair of leathern galligaskins every Pentecost,' said the kitchener.

'Four marks by the year at Candlemas,' answered the refectioner.

'An hogshead of ale at Martlemas, of the double strike, and single ale at pleasure, as he shall agree with the cellarer —'

'Who is a reasonable man,' said the abbot, 'and will encourage an active servant of the convent.'

'A mess of broth and a dole of mutton or beef at the kitchener's on each high holiday,' resumed the kitchener.

'The gang of two cows and a palfrey on Our Lady's meadow,' answered his brother-officer.

'An ox-hide to make buskins of yearly, because of the brambles,' echoed the kitchener.

'And various other perquisites, *quæ nunc præscribere longum,*' said the abbot, summing, with his own lordly voice, the advantages attached to the office of conventual bow-bearer.

Dame Glendinning was all this while on her knees, her head mechanically turning from the one church-officer to the other, which, as they stood one on each side of her, had much the appearance of a figure moved by clock-work, and so soon as they were silent, most devoutly did she kiss the munificent hand of the abbot. Conscious, however, of Halbert's intractability in some points, she could not help qualifying her grateful and reiterated thanks for the abbot's bountiful proffer with a hope that Halbert would see his wisdom, and accept of it.

'How,' said the abbot, bending his brows, 'accept of it! Woman, is thy son in his right wits?'

Elspeth, stunned by the tone in which this question was asked, was altogether unable to reply to it. Indeed, any answer she might have made could hardly have been heard, as it pleased the two office-bearers of the abbot's table again to recommence their alternate dialogue.

'Refuse!' said the kitchener.

'Refuse!' answered the refectioner, echoing the other's word in a tone of still louder astonishment.

'Refuse four marks by the year!' said the one.

'Ale and beer — broth and mutton — cow's grass and pal-frey's!' shouted the kitchener.

'Gown and galligaskins!' responded the refectioner.

'A moment's patience, my brethren,' answered the sub-prior, 'and let us not be thus astonished before cause is afforded of our amazement. This good dame best knoweth the temper and spirit of her son; this much I can say, that it lieth not towards letters or learning, of which I have in vain endeavoured to instil into him some tincture. Nevertheless, he is a youth of no common spirit, but much like those, in my weak judgment, whom God raises up among a people when He meaneth that their deliverance shall be wrought out with strength of hand and valour of heart. Such men we have seen marked by a waywardness, and even an obstinacy, of character which hath appeared intractability and stupidity to those among whom they walked and were conversant, until the very opportunity hath arrived in which it was the will of Providence that they should be the fitting instrument of great things.'

'Now, in good time hast thou spoken, Father Eustace,' said the abbot; 'and we will see this swankie before we decide upon

the means of employing him. How say you, Sir Piercie Shafton, is it not the court fashion to suit the man to the office, and not the office to the man ?'

'So please your reverence and lordship,' answered the Northumbrian knight, 'I do partly, that is, in some sort, subscribe to what your wisdom hath delivered. Nevertheless, under reverence of the sub-prior, we do not look for gallant leaders and national deliverers in the hovels of the mean common people. Credit me, that if there be some flashes of martial spirit about this young person, which I am not called upon to dispute, though I have seldom seen that presumption and arrogance were made good upon the upshot by deed and action ; yet still these will prove insufficient to distinguish him, save in his own limited and lowly sphere, even as the glowworm, which makes a goodly show among the grass of the field, would be of little avail if deposited in a beacon-grate.'

'Now, in good time,' said the sub-prior, 'and here comes the young huntsman to speak for himself' ; for, being placed opposite to the window, he could observe Halbert as he ascended the little mound on which the tower was situated.

'Summon him to our presence,' said the lord abbot ; and with an obedient start the two attendant monks went off with emulous alertness. Dame Glendinning sprung away at the same moment, partly to gain an instant to recommend obedience to her son, partly to prevail with him to change his apparel before coming in presence of the abbot. But the kitchenier and refectioner, both speaking at once, had already seized each an arm, and were leading Halbert in triumph into the apartment, so that she could only ejaculate, 'His will be done ; but an he had but had on him his Sunday's hose !'

Limited and humble as this desire was, the fates did not grant it ; for Halbert Glendinning was hurried into the presence of the lord abbot and his party without a word of explanation, and without a moment's time being allowed to assume his holiday hose, which, in the language of the time, implied both breeches and stockings.

Yet, though thus suddenly presented amid the centre of all eyes, there was something in Halbert's appearance which commanded a certain degree of respect from the company into which he was so unceremoniously intruded, and the greater part of whom were disposed to consider him with hauteur, if not with absolute contempt. But his appearance and reception we must devote to another chapter.

## CHAPTER XIX

Now choose thee, gallant, betwixt wealth and honour ;  
There lies the pelf, in sum to bear thee through  
The dance of youth and the turmoil of manhood,  
Yet leave enough for ago's chimney-corner ;  
But an thou grasp to it, farewell ambition,  
Farewell each hope of bettering thy condition,  
And raising thy low rank above the churls  
That till the earth for bread.

*Old Play.*

**I**T is necessary to dwell for some brief space on the appearance and demeanour of young Glendinning, ere we proceed to describe his interview with the abbot of St. Mary's, at this momentous crisis of his life.

Halbert was now about nineteen years old, tall and active rather than strong, yet of that hardy conformation of limb and sinew which promises great strength when the growth shall be complete and the system confirmed. He was perfectly well made, and, like most men who have that advantage, possessed a grace and natural ease of manner and carriage which prevented his height from being the distinguished part of his external appearance. It was not until you had compared his stature with that of those amongst or near to whom he stood that you became sensible that the young Glendinning was upwards of six feet high. In the combination of unusual height with perfect symmetry, ease, and grace of carriage, the young heir of Glendearg, notwithstanding his rustic birth and education, had greatly the advantage even of Sir Piercie Shafton himself, whose stature was lower, and his limbs, though there was no particular point to object to, were on the whole less exactly proportioned. On the other hand, Sir Piercie's very handsome countenance afforded him as decided an advantage over the Scotsman as regularity of features and brilliance of complexion could give over traits which were rather strongly marked than beautiful, and upon whose complexion the 'skiey influences,'

to which he was constantly exposed, had blended the red and white into the purely nut-brown hue, which coloured alike cheeks, neck, and forehead, and blushed only in a darker glow upon the former. Halbert's eyes supplied a marked and distinguished part of his physiognomy. They were large and of a hazel colour, and sparkled in moments of animation with such uncommon brilliancy that it seemed as if they actually emitted light. Nature had closely curled the locks of dark-brown hair, which relieved and set off the features, such as we have described them, displaying a bold and animated disposition, much more than might have been expected from his situation, or from his previous manners, which hitherto had seemed bashful, homely, and awkward.

Halbert's dress was certainly not of that description which sets off to the best advantage a presence of itself prepossessing. His jerkin and hose were of coarse rustic cloth, and his cap of the same. A belt round his waist served at once to sustain the broadsword which we have already mentioned, and to hold five or six arrows and bird-bolts, which were stuck into it on the right side, along with a large knife hilted with buck-horn, or, as it was then called, a dudgeon-dagger. To complete his dress, we must notice his loose buskins of deer's-hide, formed so as to draw up on the leg as high as the knee, or at pleasure to be thrust down lower than the calves. These were generally used at the period by such as either had their principal occupation or their chief pleasure in silvan sports, as they served to protect the legs against the rough and tangled thickets into which the pursuit of game frequently led them. And these trifling particulars complete his external appearance.

It is not so easy to do justice to the manner in which young Glendinning's soul spoke through his eyes, when ushered so suddenly into the company of those whom his earliest education had taught him to treat with awe and reverence. The degree of embarrassment which his demeanour evinced had nothing in it either meanly servile or utterly disconcerted. It was no more than became a generous and ingenuous youth of a bold spirit, but totally inexperienced, who should for the first time be called upon to think and act for himself in such society, and under such disadvantageous circumstances. There was not in his carriage a grain either of forwardness or of timidity which a friend could have wished away.

He kneeled and kissed the abbot's hand, then rose, and,

<sup>1</sup> [See p. 12 above.]



retiring two paces, bowed respectfully to the circle around, smiling gently as he received an encouraging nod from the sub-prior, to whom alone he was personally known, and blushing as he encountered the anxious look of Mary Avenel, who beheld with painful interest the sort of ordeal to which her foster-brother was about to be subjected. Recovering from the transient flurry of spirits into which the encounter of her glance had thrown him, he stood composedly awaiting till the abbot should express his pleasure.

The ingenuous expression of countenance, noble form, and graceful attitude of the young man failed not to prepossess in his favour the churchmen in whose presence he stood. The abbot looked round and exchanged a gracious and approving glance with his counsellor, Father Eustace, although probably the appointment of a ranger, or bow-bearer, was one in which he might have been disposed to proceed without the sub-prior's advice, were it but to show his own free agency. But the good mien of the young man now in nomination was such that he rather hastened to exchange congratulation on meeting with so proper a subject of promotion than to indulge any other feeling. Father Eustace enjoyed the pleasure which a well-constituted mind derives from seeing a benefit light on a deserving object; for, as he had not seen Halbert since circumstances had made so material a change in his manner and feelings, he scarce doubted that the proffered appointment would, notwithstanding his mother's uncertainty, suit the disposition of a youth who had appeared devoted to woodland sports, and a foe alike to sedentary or settled occupation of any kind. The refectory and kitchen were so well pleased with Halbert's prepossessing appearance that they seemed to think that the salary, emoluments, and perquisites, the dole, the grazing, the gown, and the galligaskins could scarce be better bestowed than on the active and graceful figure before them.

Sir Piercie Shafton, whether from being more deeply engaged in his own cogitations or that the subject was unworthy of his notice, did not seem to partake of the general feeling of approbation excited by the young man's presence. He sat with his eyes half-shut, and his arms folded, appearing to be wrapped in contemplations of a nature deeper than those arising out of the scene before him. But, notwithstanding his seeming abstraction and absence of mind, there was a flutter of vanity in Sir Piercie's very handsome countenance; an occasional change of posture from one striking attitude (or what he conceived to

be such) to another, and an occasional stolen glance at the female part of the company, to spy how far he succeeded in riveting their attention, which gave a marked advantage, in comparison, to the less regular and more harsh features of Halbert Glendinning, with their composed, manly, and deliberate expression of mental fortitude.

Of the females belonging to the family of Glendearg, the miller's daughter alone had her mind sufficiently at leisure to admire, from time to time, the graceful attitudes of Sir Piercie Shafton; for both Mary Avenel and Dame Glendinning were waiting in anxiety and apprehension the answer which Halbert was to return to the abbot's proposal, and fearfully anticipating the consequences of his probable refusal. The conduct of his brother Edward, for a lad constitutionally shy, respectful, and even timid, was at once affectionate and noble. This younger son of Dame Elspeth had stood unnoticed in a corner, after the abbot, at the request of the sub-prior, had honoured him with some passing notice, and asked him a few commonplace questions about his progress in *Donatus*, and in the *Promptuarium Parvulorum*, without waiting for the answers. From his corner he now glided round to his brother's side, and keeping a little behind him, slid his right hand into the huntsman's left, and by a gentle pressure, which Halbert instantly and ardently returned, expressed at once his interest in his situation and his resolution to share his fate.

The group was thus arranged when, after the pause of two or three minutes, which he employed in slowly sipping his cup of wine, in order that he might enter on his proposal with due and deliberate dignity, the abbot at length expressed himself thus :

'My son, we, your lawful superior, and the abbot, under God's favour, of the community of St. Mary's, have heard of your manifold good gifts — a-hem — especially touching woodcraft, and the huntsman-like fashion in which you strike your game, truly and as a yeoman should, not abusing Heaven's good benefits by spoiling the flesh, as is too often seen in careless rangers — a-hem.' He made here a pause, but observing that Glendinning only replied to his compliment by a bow, he proceeded — 'My son, we commend your modesty; nevertheless, we will that thou shouldst speak freely to us touching that which we have premeditated for thine advancement, meaning to confer on thee the office of bow-bearer and ranger, as well over the chases and forests wherein our house hath privilege by the gifts of pious kings and nobles, whose souls now enjoy

the fruits of their bounties to the church, as to those which belong to us in exclusive right of property and perpetuity. Thy knee, my son, that we may, with our own hand, and without loss of time, induct thee into office.'

'Kneel down,' said the kitchener on the one side; and 'Kneel down,' said the refectioner on the other.

But Halbert Glendinning remained standing.

'Were it to show gratitude and good-will for your reverend lordship's noble offer, I could not,' he said, 'kneel low enough, or remain long enough kneeling. But I may not kneel to take investiture of your noble gift, my lord abbot, being a man determined to seek my fortune otherwise.'

'How is that, sir?' said the abbot, knitting his brows; 'do I hear you speak aright? and do you, a born vassal of the halidome, at the moment when I am destining to you such a noble expression of my good-will, propose exchanging my service for that of any other?'

'My lord,' said Halbert Glendinning, 'it grieves me to think you hold me capable of undervaluing your gracious offer, or of exchanging your service for another. But your noble proffer doth but hasten the execution of a determination which I have long since formed.'

'Ay, my son,' said the abbot, 'is it indeed so? right early have you learned to form resolutions without consulting those on whom you naturally depend. But what may it be, this sagacious resolution, if I may so far pray you?'

'To yield up to my brother and mother,' answered Halbert, 'mine interest in the fief of Glendearg; lately possessed by my father, Simon Glendinning; and having prayed your lordship to be the same kind and generous master to them that your predecessors, the venerable abbots of St. Mary's, have been to my fathers in time past—for myself, I am determined to seek my fortune where I may best find it.'

Dame Glendinning here ventured, emboldened by maternal anxiety, to break silence with an exclamation of 'O my son!' Edward, clinging to his brother's side, half-spoke, half-whispered a similar ejaculation of 'Brother! brother!'

The sub-prior took up the matter in a tone of grave reprehension, which, as he conceived, the interest he had always taken in the family of Glendearg required at his hand.

'Wilful young man,' he said, 'what folly can urge thee to push back the hand that is stretched out to aid thee? What visionary aim hast thou before thee, that can compensate for the

decent and sufficient independence which thou art now rejecting with scorn ?’

‘Four marks by the year, duly and truly,’ said the kitchener.

‘Cow’s grass, doublet, and galligaskins,’ responded the refecti-  
tioner.

‘Peace, my brethren,’ said the sub-prior ; ‘and may it please your lordship, venerable father, upon my petition, to allow this headstrong youth a day for consideration, and it shall be my part so to indoctrinate him as to convince him what is due on this occasion to your lordship, and to his family, and to himself.’

‘Your kindness, reverend father,’ said the youth, ‘craves my dearest thanks ; it is the continuance of a long train of benevolence towards me, for which I give you my gratitude, for I have nothing else to offer. It is my mishap, not your fault, that your intentions have been frustrated. But my present resolution is fixed and unalterable. I cannot accept the generous offer of the lord abbot ; my fate calls me elsewhere, to scenes where I shall end it or mend it.’

‘By Our Lady,’ said the abbot, ‘I think the youth be mad indeed ; or that you, Sir Piercie, judged of him most truly, when you prophesied that he would prove unfit for the promotion we designed him. It may be you knew something of this wayward humour before ?’

‘By the mass, not I,’ answered Sir Piercie Shafton, with his usual indifference. ‘I but judged of him by his birth and breeding ; for seldom doth a good hawk come out of a kite’s egg.’

‘Thou art thyself a kite, and kestrel to boot,’ replied Halbert Glendinning, without a moment’s hesitation.

‘This in our presence, and to a man of worship !’ said the abbot, the blood rushing to his face.

‘Yes, my lord,’ answered the youth ; ‘even in your presence I return to this gay man’s face the causeless dishonour which he has flung on my name. My brave father, who fell in the cause of his country, demands that justice at the hands of his son !’

‘Unmannered boy !’ said the abbot.

‘Nay, my good lord,’ said the knight, ‘praying pardon for the coarse interruption, let me entreat you not to be wroth with this rustical. Credit me, the north wind shall as soon puff one of your rocks from its basis, as aught which I hold so slight and inconsiderate as the churlish speech of an untaught churl shall move the spleen of Piercie Shafton.’

‘Proud as you are, sir knight,’ said Halbert, ‘in your imagined superiority, be not too confident that you cannot be moved.’

‘Faith, by nothing that thou canst urge,’ said Sir Piercie.

‘Knowest thou then this token?’ said young Glendinning, offering to him the silver bodkin which he had received from the White Lady.

Never was such an instant change, from the most contemptuous serenity to the most furious state of passion, as that which Sir Piercie Shafton exhibited. It was the difference between a cannon lying quiet in its embrasure and the same gun when touched by the linstock. He started up, every limb quivering with rage, and his features so inflamed and agitated by passion that he more resembled a demoniac than a man under the regulation of reason. He clenched both his fists, and, thrusting them forward, offered them furiously at the face of Glendinning, who was even himself startled at the frantic state of excitation which his action had occasioned. The next moment he withdrew them, struck his open palm against his own forehead, and rushed out of the room in a state of indescribable agitation. The whole matter had been so sudden that no person present had time to interfere.

When Sir Piercie Shafton had left the apartment, there was a moment’s pause of astonishment, and then a general demand that Halbert Glendinning should instantly explain by what means he had produced such a violent change in the deportment of the English cavalier.

‘I did nought to him,’ answered Halbert Glendinning, ‘but what you all saw. Am I to answer for his fantastic freaks of humour?’

‘Boy,’ said the abbot, in his most authoritative manner, ‘these subterfuges shall not avail thee. This is not a man to be driven from his temperament without some sufficient cause. That cause was given by thee, and must have been known to thee. I command thee, as thou wilt save thyself from worse measure, to explain to me by what means thou hast moved our friend thus. We choose not that our vassals shall drive our guests mad in our very presence, and we remain ignorant of the means whereby that purpose is effected.’

‘So may it please your reverence, I did but show him this token,’ said Halbert Glendinning, delivering it at the same time to the abbot, who looked at it with much attention, and then, shaking his head, gravely delivered it to the sub-prior, without speaking a word.

Father Eustace looked at the mysterious token with some attention ; and then addressing Halbert in a stern and severe voice, said, ' Young man, if thou wouldst not have us suspect thee of some strange double-dealing in this matter, let us instantly know whence thou hadst this token, and how it possesses an influence on Sir Piercie Shafton ? '

It would have been extremely difficult for Halbert, thus hard pressed, to have either evaded or answered so puzzling a question. To have avowed the truth might, in those times, have occasioned his being burnt at a stake, although in ours his confession would have only gained for him the credit of a liar beyond all rational credibility. He was fortunately relieved by the return of Sir Piercie Shafton himself, whose ear caught, as he entered, the sound of the sub-prior's question.

Without waiting until Halbert Glendinning replied, he came forward, whispering to him as he passed, ' Be secret ; thou shalt have the satisfaction thou hast dared to seek for. '

When he returned to his place, there were still marks of discomposure on his brow ; but, becoming apparently collected and calm, he looked around him, and apologised for the indecorum of which he had been guilty, which he ascribed to sudden and severe indisposition. All were silent, and looked on each other with some surprise.

The lord abbot gave orders for all to retire from the apartment, save himself, Sir Piercie Shafton, and the sub-prior.

' And have an eye,' he added, ' on that bold youth, that he escape not ; for if he hath practised by charm, or otherwise, on the health of our worshipful guest, I swear by the alb and mitre which I wear that his punishment shall be most exemplary. '

' My lord and venerable father,' said Halbert, bowing respectfully, ' fear not but that I will abide my doom. I think you will best learn from the worshipful knight himself what is the cause of his distemperature, and how slight my share in it has been. '

' Be assured,' said the knight, without looking up, however, while he spoke, ' I will satisfy the lord abbot. '

With these words the company retired, and with them young Glendinning.

When the abbot, the sub-prior, and the English knight were left alone, Father Eustace, contrary to his custom, could not help speaking the first. ' Expound unto us, noble sir,' he said, ' by what mysterious means the production of this simple toy could so far move your spirit, and overcome your patience, after

you had shown yourself proof to all the provocation offered by this self-sufficient and singular youth.'

The knight took the silver bodkin from the good father's hand, looked at it with great composure, and, having examined it all over, returned it to the sub-prior, saying at the same time, 'In truth, venerable father, I cannot but marvel that the wisdom implied alike in your silver hairs and in your eminent rank should, like a babbling hound — excuse the similitude — open thus loudly on a false scent. I were, indeed, more slight to be moved than the leaves of the aspen-tree, which wag at the least breath of heaven, could I be touched by such a trifle as this which in no way concerns me more than if the same quantity of silver were stricken into so many groats. Truth is, that from my youth upward I have been subjected to such a malady as you saw me visited with even now — a cruel and searching pain, which goeth through nerve and bone, even as a good brand in the hands of a brave soldier sheers through limb and sinew; but it passes away speedily, as you yourselves may judge.'

'Still,' said the sub-prior, 'this will not account for the youth offering to you this piece of silver, as a token by which you were to understand something, and, as we must needs conjecture, something disagreeable.'

'Your reverence is to conjecture what you will,' said Sir Piercie; 'but I cannot pretend to lay your judgment on the right scent when I see it at fault. I hope I am not liable to be called upon to account for the foolish actions of a malapert boy?'

'Assuredly,' said the sub-prior, 'we shall prosecute no inquiry which is disagreeable to our guest. Nevertheless,' said he, looking to his superior, 'this chance may, in some sort, alter the plan your lordship had formed for your worshipful guest's residence for a brief term in this tower, as a place alike of secrecy and of security; both of which, in the terms which we now stand on with England, are circumstances to be desired.'

'In truth,' said the abbot, 'and the doubt is well thought on, were it as well removed; for I scarce know in the hall-dome so fitting a place of refuge, yet see I not how to recommend it to our worshipful guest, considering the unrestrained petulance of this headstrong youth.'

'Tush! reverend sirs, what would you make of me?' said Sir Piercie Shafton. 'I protest, by mine honour, I would abide in this house were I to choose. What! I take no exceptions at the youth for showing a flash of spirit, though the spark

may light on mine own head. I honour the lad for it. I protest I will abide here, and he shall aid me in striking down a deer. I must needs be friends with him, an he be such a shot; and we will speedily send down to my lord abbot a buck of the first head, killed so artificially as shall satisfy even the reverend kitchener.'

This was said with such apparent ease and good-humour that the abbot made no farther observation on what had passed, but proceeded to acquaint his guest with the details of furniture, hangings, provisions, and so forth which he proposed to send up to the Tower of Glendearg for his accommodation. This discourse, seasoned with a cup or two of wine, served to prolong the time until the reverend abbot ordered his cavalcade to prepare for their return to the monastery.

'As we have,' he said, 'in the course of this our toilsome journey, lost our meridian,<sup>1</sup> indulgence shall be given to those of our attendants who shall, from very weariness, be unable to attend the duty at prime,<sup>2</sup> and this by way of misericord or *indulgentia*.'<sup>3</sup>

Having benevolently intimated a boon to his faithful followers which he probably judged would be far from unacceptable, the good abbot, seeing all ready for his journey, bestowed his blessing on the assembled household; gave his hand to be kissed by Dame Glendinning, himself kissed the cheek of Mary Avenel, and even of the miller's maiden, when they approached to render him the same homage; commanded Halbert to rule his temper, and to be aiding and obedient in all things to the English knight; admonished Edward to be *discipulus impiger atque strenuus*; then took a courteous farewell of Sir Piercie Shafton, advising him to lie close, for fear of the English Borderers, who might be employed to kidnap him; and having discharged these various offices of courtesy, moved forth to the courtyard, followed by the whole establishment. Here, with a heavy sigh approaching to a groan, the venerable father heaved himself upon his palfrey, whose dark purple housings swept the ground; and, greatly comforted that the discretion of the animal's pace would be no longer disturbed by the gambadoes of Sir Piercie and his prancing war-horse, he set forth at a sober and steady trot upon his return to the monastery.

<sup>1</sup> The hour of repose at noon, which, in the middle ages, was employed in slumber, and which the monastic rules of nocturnal vigils rendered necessary.

<sup>2</sup> Prime was the midnight service of the monks.

<sup>3</sup> See Note 16.



When the sub-prior had mounted to accompany his principal, his eye sought out Halbert who, partly hidden by a projection of the outward wall of the court, stood apart from, and gazing upon, the departing cavalcade and the group which assembled around them. Unsatisfied with the explanation he had received concerning the mysterious transaction of the silver bodkin, yet interesting himself in the youth, of whose character he had formed a favourable idea, the worthy monk resolved to take an early opportunity of investigating that matter. In the meanwhile, he looked upon Halbert with a serious and warning aspect, and held up his finger to him as he signed farewell. He then joined the rest of the churchmen, and followed his superior down the valley.

## CHAPTER XX

I hope you 'll give me cause to think you noble,  
And do me right with your sword, sir, as becomes  
One gentleman of honour to another ;  
All this is fair, sir — let us make no days on 't,  
I 'll lead your way.

*Love's Pilgrimage.*

THE look and sign of warning which the sub-prior gave to Halbert Glendinning as they parted went to his heart ; for, although he had profited much less than Edward by the good man's instructions, he had a sincere reverence for his person ; and even the short time he had for deliberation tended to show him he was embarked in a perilous adventure. The nature of the provocation which he had given to Sir Piercie Shafton he could not even conjecture ; but he saw that it was of a mortal quality, and he was now to abide the consequences.

That he might not force these consequences forward by any premature renewal of their quarrel, he resolved to walk apart for an hour, and consider on what terms he was to meet this haughty foreigner. The time seemed propitious for his doing so without having the appearance of wilfully shunning the stranger, as all the members of the little household were dispersing, either to perform such tasks as had been interrupted by the arrival of the dignitaries, or to put in order what had been deranged by their visit.

Leaving the tower, therefore, and descending, unobserved, as he thought, the knoll on which it stood, Halbert gained the little piece of level ground which extended betwixt the descent of the hill and the first sweep made by the brook after washing the foot of the eminence on which the tower was situated, where a few straggling birch and oak trees served to secure him from observation. But scarcely had he reached the spot when he was surprised to feel a smart tap upon the shoulder, and, turning around, he perceived he had been closely followed by Sir Piercie Shafton.

When, whether from our state of animal spirits, want of confidence in the justice of our cause, or any other motive, our own courage happens to be in a wavering condition, nothing tends so much altogether to disconcert us as a great appearance of promptitude on the part of our antagonist. Halbert Glendinning, both morally and constitutionally intrepid, was nevertheless somewhat troubled at seeing the stranger, whose resentment he had provoked, appear at once before him, and with an aspect which boded hostility. But, though his heart might beat somewhat thicker, he was too high-spirited to exhibit any external signs of emotion. 'What is your pleasure, Sir Piercie?' he said to the English knight, enduring without apparent discomposure all the terrors which his antagonist had summoned into his aspect.

'What is my pleasure?' answered Sir Piercie; 'a goodly question, after the part you have acted towards me! Young man, I know not what infatuation has led thee to place thyself in direct and insolent opposition to one who is a guest of thy liege lord the abbot, and who, even from the courtesy due to thy mother's roof, had a right to remain there without meeting insult. Neither do I ask, or care, by what means thou hast become possessed of the fatal secret by which thou hast dared to offer me open shame. But I must now tell thee that the possession of it hath cost thee thy life.'

'Not, I trust, if my hand and sword can defend it,' replied Halbert, boldly.

'True,' said the Englishman; 'I mean not to deprive thee of thy fair chance of self-defence. I am only sorry to think that, young and country-bred as thou art, it can but little avail thee. But thou must be well aware that in this quarrel I shall use no terms of quarter.'

'Rely on it, proud man,' answered the youth, 'that I shall ask none; and although thou speakest as if I lay already at thy feet, trust me that, as I am determined never to ask thy mercy, so I am not fearful of needing it.'

'Thou wilt, then,' said the knight, 'do nothing to avert the certain fate which thou hast provoked with such wantonness?'

'And how were that to be purchased?' replied Halbert Glendinning, more with the wish of obtaining some farther insight into the terms on which he stood with this stranger than to make him the submission which he might require.

'Explain to me instantly,' said Sir Piercie, 'without equivocation or delay, by what means thou wert enabled to wound my

honour so deeply ; and shouldst thou point out to me by so doing an enemy more worthy of my resentment, I will permit thine own obscure insignificance to draw a veil over thine insolence.'

'This is too high a flight,' said Glendinning, fiercely, 'for thine own presumption to soar without being checked. Thou hast come to my father's house, as well as I can guess, a fugitive and an exile, and thy first greeting to its inhabitants has been that of contempt and injury. By what means I have been able to retort that contempt, let thine own conscience tell thee. Enough for me that I stand on the privilege of a free Scotchman, and will brook no insult unreturned and no injury unrequited.'

'It is well, then,' said Sir Piercie Shafton ; 'we will dispute this matter to-morrow morning with our swords. Let the time be daybreak, and do thou assign the place. We will go forth as if to strike a deer.'

'Content,' replied Halbert Glendinning ; 'I will guide thee to a spot where a hundred men might fight and fall without any chance of interruption.'

'It is well,' answered Sir Piercie Shafton. 'Here then we part. Many will say that, in thus indulging the right of a gentleman to the son of a clod-breaking peasant, I derogate from my sphere, even as the blessed sun would derogate should he condescend to compare and match his golden beams with the twinkle of a pale, blinking, expiring, gross-fed taper. But no consideration of rank shall prevent my avenging the insult thou hast offered me. We bear a smooth face, observe me, sir villagio, before the worshipful inmates of yonder cabin, and to-morrow we try conclusions with our swords.' So saying, he turned away towards the tower.

It may not be unworthy of notice, that in the last speech only had Sir Piercie used some of those flowers of rhetoric which characterised the usual style of his conversation. Apparently, a sense of wounded honour, and the deep desire of vindicating his injured feelings, had proved too strong for the fantastic affectation of his acquired habits. Indeed, such is usually the influence of energy of mind, when called forth and exerted, that Sir Piercie Shafton had never appeared in the eyes of his youthful antagonist half so much deserving of esteem and respect as in this brief dialogue, by which they exchanged mutual defiance. As he followed him slowly to the tower, he could not help thinking to himself that, had the English knight always displayed this superior tone of bearing and feeling, he would not probably have felt so earnestly disposed to take

offence at his hand. Mortal offence, however, had been exchanged, and the matter was to be put to mortal arbitrement.

The family met at the evening meal, when Sir Piercie Shafton extended the benignity of his countenance and the graces of his conversation far more generally over the party than he had hitherto condescended to do. 'The greater part of his attention, was, of course, still engrossed by his divine and inimitable Discretion, as he chose to term Mary Avenel; but, nevertheless, there were interjectional flourishes to the Maid of the Mill, under the title of Comely Damsel, and to the dame, under that of Worthy Matron. Nay, lest he should fail to excite their admiration by the graces of his rhetoric, he generously, and without solicitation, added those of his voice; and after regretting bitterly the absence of his viol-de-gamba, he regaled them with a song, 'which,' said he, 'the inimitable Astrophel, whom mortals call Philip Sidney, composed in the nonage of his muse, to show the world what they are to expect from his riper years, and which will one day see the light in that not-to-be-paralleled perfection of human wit which he has addressed to his sister, the matchless Parthenope, whom men call Countess of Pembroke; a work,' he continued, 'whereof his friendship hath permitted me, though unworthy, to be an occasional partaker, and whereof I may well say that the deep afflictive tale which awakeneth our sorrows is so relieved with brilliant similitudes, dulcet descriptions, pleasant poems, and engaging interludes that they seem as the stars of the firmament beautifying the dusky robe of night. And though I wot well how much the lovely and quaint language will suffer by my widowed voice — widowed in that it is no longer matched by my beloved viol-de-gamba — I will essay to give you a taste of the ravishing sweetness of the poesy of the un-to-be-imitated Astrophel.'

So saying, he sung without mercy or remorse about five hundred verses, of which the two first and the four last may suffice for a specimen —

'What tongue can her perfections tell,  
On whose each part all pens may dwell?

Of whose high praise and praiseful bliss,  
Goodness the pen, Heaven paper is;  
The ink immortal fame doth send,  
As I began so I must end.'

As Sir Piercie Shafton always sung with his eyes half-shut, it was not until, agreeably to the promise of poetry, he had

fairly made an end that, looking round, he discovered that the greater part of his audience had, in the meanwhile, yielded to the charms of repose. Mary Avenel, indeed, from a natural sense of politeness, had contrived to keep awake through all the prolixities of the divine *Astrophel*; but Mysie was transported in dreams back to the dusty atmosphere of her father's mill; Edward himself, who had given his attention for some time, had at length fallen fast asleep; and the good dame's nose, could its tones have been put under regulation, might have supplied the bass of the lamented *viol-de-gamba*. Halbert, however, who had no temptation to give way to the charms of slumber, remained awake, with his eyes fixed on the songster; not that he was better entertained with the words, or more ravished with the execution, than the rest of the company, but rather because he admired, or perhaps envied, the composure which could thus spend the evening in interminable madrigals, when the next morning was to be devoted to deadly combat. Yet it struck his natural acuteness of observation that the eye of the gallant cavalier did now and then, furtively as it were, seek a glance of his countenance, as to discover how he was taking the exhibition of his antagonist's composure and serenity of mind.

'He shall read nothing in my countenance,' thought Halbert, proudly, 'that can make him think my indifference less than his own.'

And taking from the shelf a bag full of miscellaneous matters collected for the purpose, he began with great industry to dress hooks, and had finished half a dozen of flies (we are enabled, for the benefit of those who admire the antiquities of the gentle art of angling, to state that they were brown hackles) by the time that Sir Piercie had arrived at the conclusion of his long-winded strophes of the divine *Astrophel*. So that he also testified a magnanimous contempt of that which to-morrow should bring forth.

As it now waxed late, the family of Glendearg separated for the evening; Sir Piercie first saying to the dame that 'Her son Albert —

'Halbert,' said Elspeth, with emphasis — 'Halbert; after his goodsire, Halbert Brydone.'

'Well, then, I have prayed your son, Halbert, that we may strive to-morrow, with the sun's earliness, to wake a stag from his lair, that I may see whether he be as prompt at that sport as fame bespeaks him.'

'Alas! sir,' answered Dame Elspeth, 'he is but too prompt,

an you talk of promptitude, at anything that has steel at one end of it and mischief at the other. But he is at your honourable disposal, and I trust you will teach him how obedience is due to our venerable father and lord, the abbot, and prevail with him to take the bow-bearer's place in fee ; for, as the two worthy monks said, it will be a great help to a widow woman.'

'Trust me, good dame,' replied Sir Piercie, 'it is my purpose so to indoctrinate him touching his conduct and bearing towards his betters that he shall not lightly depart from the reverence due to them. We meet, then, beneath the birch-trees in the plain,' he said, looking to Halbert, 'so soon as the eye of day hath opened its lids.' Halbert answered with a sign of acquiescence, and the knight proceeded — 'And now, having wished to my fairest Discretion those pleasant dreams which wave their pinions around the couch of sleeping beauty, and to this comely damsel the bounties of Morpheus, and to all others the common good-night, I will crave you leave to depart to my place of rest, though I may say with the poet —

Ah rest ! — no rest but change of place and posture ;  
 Ah sleep ! — no sleep but worn-out Nature's swooning ;  
 Ah bed ! — no bed but cushion fill'd with stones :  
 Rest, sleep, nor bed await not on an exile.'

With a delicate obeisance he left the room, evading Dame Glendinning, who hastened to assure him he would find his accommodations for repose much more agreeable than they had been the night before, there having been store of warm coverlets and a soft feather-bed sent up from the abbey. But the good knight probably thought that the grace and effect of his exit would be diminished if he were recalled from his heroics to discuss such sublunary and domestic topics, and therefore hastened away without waiting to hear her out.

'A pleasant gentleman,' said Dame Glendinning ; 'but I will warrant him an humorous.<sup>1</sup> And sings a sweet song, though it is somewhat of the longest. Well, I make mine avow he is goodly company. I wonder when he will go away.'

Having thus expressed her respect for her guest, not without intimation that she was heartily tired of his company, the good dame gave the signal for the family to disperse, and laid her injunctions on Halbert to attend Sir Piercie Shafton at day-break, as he required.

<sup>1</sup> *Humorous* — full of whims ; thus Shakspeare, 'Humorous as winter.' The vulgar word *humorsome* comes nearest to the meaning.

When stretched on his pallet by his brother's side, Halbert had no small cause to envy the sound sleep which instantly settled on the eyes of Edward, but refused him any share of its influence. He saw now too well what the Spirit had darkly indicated, that, in granting the boon which he had asked so unadvisably, she had contributed more to his harm than his good. He was now sensible, too late, of the various dangers and inconveniences with which his dearest friends were threatened, alike by his discomfiture or his success in the approaching duel. If he fell, he might say personally, 'Good-night all.' But it was not the less certain that he should leave a dreadful legacy of distress and embarrassment to his mother and family—an anticipation which by no means tended to render the front of death, in itself a grisly object, more agreeable to his imagination. The vengeance of the abbot, his conscience told him, was sure to descend on his mother and brother, or could only be averted by the generosity of the victor. And Mary Avenel—he should have shown himself, if he succumbed in the present combat, as inefficient in protecting her as he had been unnecessarily active in bringing disaster on her, and on the house in which she had been protected from infancy. And to this view of the case were to be added all those embittered and anxious feelings with which the bravest men, even in a better or less doubtful quarrel, regard the issue of a dubious conflict, the first time when it has been their fate to engage in an affair of that nature.

But, however disconsolate the prospect seemed in the event of his being conquered, Halbert could expect from victory little more than the safety of his own life and the gratification of his wounded pride. To his friends—to his mother and brother—especially to Mary Avenel—the consequences of his triumph would be more certain destruction than the contingency of his defeat and death. If the English knight survived, he might in courtesy extend his protection to them; but if he fell, nothing was likely to screen them from the vindictive measures which the abbot and convent would surely adopt against the violation of the peace of the halidome, and the slaughter of a protected guest by one of their own vassals, within whose house they had lodged him for shelter. These thoughts, in which neither view of the case augured aught short of ruin to his family, and that ruin entirely brought on by his own rashness, were thorns in Halbert Glendinning's pillow, and deprived his soul of peace and his eyes of slumber.



There appeared no middle course, saving one which was marked by degradation, and which, even if he stooped to it, was by no means free of danger. He might indeed confess to the English knight the strange circumstances which led to his presenting him with that token which the White Lady (in her displeasure, as it now seemed) had given him, that he might offer it to Sir Piercie Shafton. But to this avowal his pride could not stoop, and reason, who is wonderfully ready to be of counsel with pride on such occasions, offered many arguments to show it would be useless as well as mean so far to degrade himself. 'If I tell a tale so wonderful,' thought he, 'shall I not either be stigmatised as a liar or punished as a wizard? Were Sir Piercie Shafton generous, noble, and benevolent, as the champions of whom we hear in romance, I might indeed gain his ear, and, without demeaning myself, escape from the situation in which I am placed. But as he is, or at least seems to be, self-conceited, arrogant, vain, and presumptuous, I should but humble myself in vain; and I will not humble myself!' he said, starting out of bed, grasping his broadsword, and brandishing it in the light of the moon, which streamed through the deep niche that served them as a window; when, to his extreme surprise and terror, an airy form stood in the moonlight, but intercepted not the reflection on the floor. Dimly as it was expressed, the sound of the voice soon made him sensible he saw the White Lady.

At no time had her presence seemed so terrific to him; for when he had invoked her, it was with the expectation of the apparition, and the determination to abide the issue. But now she had come uncalled, and her presence impressed him with a sense of approaching misfortune, and with the hideous apprehension that he had associated himself with a demon, over whose motions he had no control, and of whose powers and quality he had no certain knowledge. He remained, therefore, in mere terror, gazing on the apparition, which chanted or recited in cadence the following lines—

'He whose heart for vengeance sued,  
Must not shrink from shedding blood;  
The knot that thou hast tied with word,  
Thou must loose by edge of sword.'

'Avaunt thee, false Spirit!' said Halbert Glendinning; 'I have bought thy advice too dearly already. Begone, in the name of God!'

The Spirit laughed ; and the cold, unnatural sound of her laughter had something in it more fearful than the usually melancholy tones of her voice. She then replied —

‘You have summon’d me once—you have summon’d me twice,  
And without e’er a summons I come to you thrice ;  
Unask’d for, unsued for, you came to my glen ;  
Unsued and unask’d, I am with you again.’

Halbert Glendinning gave way for a moment to terror, and called on his brother, ‘Edward ! waken — waken, for Our Lady’s sake !’

Edward awaked accordingly, and asked what he wanted.

‘Look out,’ said Halbert — ‘look up ! seest thou no one in the room ?’

‘No, upon my good word,’ said Edward, looking out.

‘What ! seest thou nothing in the moonshine upon the floor there ?’

‘No, nothing,’ answered Edward, ‘save thyself, resting on thy naked sword. I tell thee, Halbert, thou shouldst trust more to thy spiritual arms, and less to those of steel and iron. For this many a night hast thou started and moaned, and cried out of fighting, and of spectres, and of goblins : thy sleep hath not refreshed thee, thy waking hath been a dream. Credit me, dear Halbert, say the *pater* and *credo*, resign thyself to the protection of God, and thou wilt sleep sound and wake in comfort.’

‘It may be,’ said Halbert, slowly, and having his eye still bent on the female form which to him seemed distinctly visible — ‘it may be. But tell me, dear Edward, seest thou no one on the chamber floor but me ?’

‘No one,’ answered Edward, raising himself on his elbow ; ‘dear brother, lay aside thy weapon, say thy prayers, and lay thee down to rest.’

While he thus spoke, the Spirit smiled at Halbert as if in scorn ; her wan cheek faded in the wan moonlight even before the smile had passed away, and Halbert himself no longer beheld the vision to which he had so anxiously solicited his brother’s attention. ‘May God preserve my wits !’ he said, as, laying aside his weapon, he again threw himself on his bed.

‘Amen ! my dearest brother,’ answered Edward ; ‘but we must not provoke that Heaven in our wantonness which we invoke in our misery. Be not angry with me, my dear brother : I know not why you have totally of late estranged yourself

from me. It is true, I am neither so athletic in body nor so alert in courage as you have been from your infancy; yet, till lately, you have not absolutely cast off my society. Believe me, I have wept in secret, though I forbore to intrude myself on your privacy. The time has been when you held me not so cheap; and when, if I could not follow the game so closely, or mark it so truly, as you, I could fill up our intervals of pastime with pleasant tales of the olden times, which I had read or heard, and which excited even your attention as we sate and ate our provision by some pleasant spring; but now I have, though I know not why, lost thy regard and affection. Nay, toss not thy arms about thee thus wildly,' said the younger brother; 'from thy strange dreams, I fear some touch of fever hath affected thy blood; let me draw closer around thee thy mantle.'

'Forbear,' said Halbert; 'your care is needless — your complaints are without reason — your fears on my account are in vain.'

'Nay, but hear me, brother,' said Edward. 'Your speech in sleep, and now even your waking dreams, are of beings which belong not to this world, or to our race. Our good Father Eustace says that, howbeit we may not do well to receive all idle tales of goblins and spectres, yet there is warrant from Holy Scripture to believe that the fiends haunt waste and solitary places; and that those who frequent such wildernesses alone are the prey, or the sport, of these wandering demons. And therefore I pray thee, brother, let me go with you when you go next up the glen, where, as you well know, there be places of evil reputation. Thou carest not for my escort; but, Halbert, such dangers are more safely encountered by the wise in judgment than by the bold in bosom; and though I have small cause to boast of my own wisdom, yet I have that which ariseth from the written knowledge of elder times.'

There was a moment during this discourse when Halbert had wellnigh come to the resolution of disburdening his own breast by entrusting Edward with all that weighed upon it. But when his brother reminded him that this was the morning of a high holiday, and that, setting aside all other business or pleasure, he ought to go to the monastery and shrive himself before Father Eustace, who would that day occupy the confessional, pride stepped in and confirmed his wavering resolution. 'I will not avow,' he thought, 'a tale so extraordinary, that I may be considered as an impostor or something worse: I

will not fly from this Englishman, whose arm and sword may be no better than my own. My fathers have faced his betters, were he as much distinguished in battle as he is by his quaint discourse.'

Pride, which has been said to save man, and woman too, from falling, has yet a stronger influence on the mind when it embraces the cause of passion, and seldom fails to render it victorious over conscience and reason. Halbert once determined, though not to the better course, at length slept soundly, and was only awakened by the dawn of day.

## CHAPTER XXI

Indifferent, but indifferent — pshaw, he doth it not  
Like one who is his craft's master — ne'ertheless  
I have seen a clown confer a bloody coxcomb  
On one who was a master of defence.

*Old Play.*

WITH the first grey peep of dawn, Halbert Glendinning arose and hastened to dress himself, girded on his weapon, and took a cross-bow in his hand, as if his usual sport had been his sole object. He groped his way down the dark and winding staircase, and undid with as little noise as possible the fastenings of the inner door, and of the exterior iron grate. At length he stood free in the courtyard, and looking up to the tower, saw a signal made with a handkerchief from the window. Nothing doubting that it was his antagonist, he paused, expecting him. But it was Mary Avenel, who glided like a spirit from under the low and rugged portal.

Halbert was much surprised, and felt, he knew not why, like one caught in the act of a meditated trespass. The presence of Mary Avenel had till that moment never given him pain. She spoke, too, in a tone where sorrow seemed to mingle with reproach, while she asked him with emphasis, 'What he was about to do?'

He showed his cross-bow, and was about to express the pretext he had meditated, when Mary interrupted him.

'Not so, Halbert; that evasion were unworthy of one whose word has hitherto been truth. You meditate not the destruction of the deer: your hand and your heart are aimed at other game — you seek to do battle with this stranger.'

'And wherefore should I quarrel with our guest?' answered Halbert, blushing deeply.

'There are, indeed, many reasons why you should not,' replied the maiden, 'nor is there one of avail wherefore you should; yet, nevertheless, such a quarrel you are now searching after.'

'Why should you suppose so, Mary?' said Halbert, endeavouring to hide his conscious purpose; 'he is my mother's guest; he is protected by the abbot and the community, who are our masters; he is of high degree also; and wherefore should you think that I can, or dare, resent a hasty word, which he has perchance thrown out against me more from the wantonness of his wit than the purpose of his heart?'

'Alas!' answered the maiden, 'the very asking that question puts your resolution beyond a doubt. Since your childhood you were ever daring, seeking danger rather than avoiding it, delighting in whatever had the air of adventure and of courage; and it is not from fear that you will now blench from your purpose. O let it then be from pity! — from pity, Halbert, to your aged mother, whom your death or victory will alike deprive of the comfort and stay of her age.'

'She has my brother Edward,' said Halbert, turning suddenly from her.

'She has indeed,' said Mary Avenel, 'the calm, the noble-minded, the considerate Edward, who has thy courage, Halbert, without thy fiery rashness, thy generous spirit, with more of reason to guide it. He would not have heard his mother, would not have heard his adopted sister, beseech him in vain not to ruin himself, and tear up their future hopes of happiness and protection.'

Halbert's heart swelled as he replied to this reproach, 'Well — what avails it speaking? You have him that is better than me, wiser, more considerate, braver for aught I know: you are provided with a protector, and need care no more for me.'

Again he turned to depart, but Mary Avenel laid her hand on his arm so gently that he scarce felt her hold, yet felt that it was impossible for him to strike it off. There he stood, one foot advanced to leave the courtyard, but so little determined on departure that he resembled a traveller arrested by the spell of a magician, and unable either to quit the attitude of motion or to proceed on his course.

Mary Avenel availed herself of his state of suspense. 'Hear me,' she said — 'hear me, Halbert! I am an orphan, and even Heaven hears the orphan. I have been the companion of your infancy, and if *you* will not hear me for an instant, from whom may Mary Avenel claim so poor a boon?'

'I hear you,' said Halbert Glendinning, 'but be brief, dear Mary; you mistake the nature of my business: it is but a morning of summer sport which we propose.'

‘Say not thus,’ said the maiden, interrupting him — ‘say not thus to me ; others thou mayest deceive, but me thou canst not. There has been that in me from the earliest youth which fraud flies from, and which imposture cannot deceive. For what fate has given me such a power I know not ; but, bred an ignorant maiden in this sequestered valley, mine eyes can too often see what man would most willingly hide. I can judge of the dark purpose, though it is hid under the smiling brow, and a glance of the eye says more to me than oaths and protestations do to others.’

‘Then,’ said Halbert, ‘if thou canst so read the human heart, say, dear Mary, what dost thou see in mine ? tell me that — say that what thou seest — what thou readest in this bosom, does not offend thee — say but *that*, and thou shalt be the guide of my actions, and mould me now and henceforward to honour or to dishonour at thy own free will !’

Mary Avenel became first red and then deadly pale as Halbert Glendinning spoke. But when, turning round at the close of his address, he took her hand, she gently withdrew it, and replied, ‘I cannot read the heart, Halbert, and I would not of my will know aught of yours, save what beseems us both ; I can only judge of signs, words, and actions of little outward import more truly than those around me, as my eyes, thou knowest, have seen objects not presented to those of others.’

‘Let them gaze then on one whom they shall never see more,’ said Halbert, once more turning from her, and rushing out of the courtyard without again looking back.

Mary Avenel gave a faint scream, and clasped both her hands firmly on her forehead and eyes. She had been a minute in this attitude when she was thus greeted by a voice from behind : ‘Generously done, my most element Discretion, to hide those brilliant eyes from the far inferior beams which even now begin to gild the eastern horizon. Certes, peril there were that Phœbus, outshone in splendour, might in very shamefacedness, turn back his car, and rather leave the world in darkness than incur the disgrace of such an encounter. Credit me, lovely Discretion —’

But as Sir Piercie Shafton (the reader will readily set down these flowers of eloquence to the proper owner) attempted to take Mary Avenel’s hand, in order to proceed in his speech, she shook him abruptly off, and regarding him with an eye which evinced terror and agitation, rushed past him into the tower.

The knight stood looking after her with a countenance in which contempt was strongly mingled with mortification. 'By my knighthood!' he ejaculated, 'I have thrown away upon this rude rustic Phidele a speech which the proudest beauty at the court of Felicia — so let me call the Elysium from which I am banished — might have termed the very matins of Cupid. Hard and inexorable was the fate that sent thee thither, Piercie Shafton, to waste thy wit upon country wenches and thy valour upon hobnailed clowns! But that insult — that affront — had it been offered to me by the lowest plebeian, he must have died for it by my hand, in respect the enormity of the offence doth countervail the inequality of him by whom it was given. I trust I shall find this clownish roisterer not less willing to deal in blows than in taunts.'

While he held this conversation with himself, Sir Piercie Shafton was hastening to the little tuft of birch-trees which had been assigned as the place of meeting. He greeted his antagonist with a courtly salutation, followed by this commentary: 'I pray you to observe that I doff my hat to you, though so much my inferior in rank, without derogation on my part; inasmuch as my having so far honoured you in receiving and admitting your defiance doth, in the judgment of the best martialists, in some sort, and for the time, raise you to a level with me — an honour which you may and ought to account cheaply purchased even with the loss of your life, if such should chance to be the issue of this duello.'

'For which condescension,' said Halbert, 'I have to thank the token which I presented to you.'

The knight changed colour, and grinded his teeth with rage. 'Draw your weapon!' said he to Glendinning.

'Not in this spot,' answered the youth; 'we should be liable to interruption. Follow me, and I will bring you to a place where we shall encounter no such risk.'

He proceeded to walk up the glen, resolving that their place of combat should be in the entrance of the Corrie-nan-Shian; both because the spot, lying under the reputation of being haunted, was very little frequented, and also because he regarded it as a place which to him might be termed fated, and which he therefore resolved should witness his death or victory.

They walked up the glen for some time in silence, like honourable enemies who did not wish to contend with words, and who had nothing friendly to exchange with each other. Silence, however, was always an irksome state with Sir Piercie,



and, moreover, his anger was usually a hasty and short-lived passion. As, therefore, he went forth, in his own idea, in all love and honour towards his antagonist, he saw not any cause for submitting longer to the painful restraint of positive silence. He began by complimenting Halbert on the alert activity with which he surmounted the obstacles and impediments of the way.

'Trust me,' said he, 'worthy rustic, we have not a lighter or a firmer step in our courtlike revels, and if duly set forth by a silk hose, and trained unto that stately exercise, your leg would make an indifferent good show in a pavin or a galliard. And I doubt nothing,' he added, 'that you have availed yourself of some opportunity to improve yourself in the art of fence, which is more akin than dancing to our present purpose?'

'I know nothing more of fencing,' said Halbert, 'than hath been taught me by an old shepherd of ours called Martin, and at whiles a lesson from Christie of the Clinthill; for the rest, I must trust to good sword, strong arm, and sound heart.'

'Marry and I am glad of it, young Audacity—I will call you my Audacity, and you may call me your Condescension, while we are on these terms of unnatural equality—I am glad of your ignorance with all my heart. For we martialists proportion the punishments which we inflict upon our opposites to the length and hazard of the efforts wherewith they oppose themselves to us. And I see not why you, being but a tyro, may not be held sufficiently punished for your outrecuidance and orgillous presumption by the loss of an ear, an eye, or even a finger, accompanied by some flesh-wound of depth and severity, suited to your error; whereas, had you been able to stand more effectually on your defence, I see not how less than your life could have atoned sufficiently for your presumption.'

'Now, by God and Our Lady,' said Halbert, 'unable any longer to restrain himself, 'thou art thyself over-presumptuous, who speakest thus daringly of the issue of a combat which is not yet even begun. Are you a god, that you already dispose of my life and limbs? or are you a judge in the justice air, telling, at your ease and without risk, how the head and quarters of a condemned criminal are to be disposed of?'

'Not so, O thou whom I have well permitted to call thyself my Audacity! I, thy Condescension, am neither a god to judge the issue of the combat before it is fought, nor a judge to dispose at my ease and in safety of the limbs and head of a condemned criminal; but I am an indifferent good master

of fence, being the first pupil of the first master of the first school of fence that our royal England affords, the said master being no other than the truly noble and all-unutterably-skilful Vincentio Saviola, from whom I learned the firm step, quick eye, and nimble hand — of which qualities thou, O my most rustical Audacity, art full like to reap the fruits, so soon as we shall find a piece of ground fitting for such experiments.'

They had now reached the gorge of the ravine where Halbert had at first intended to stop; but when he observed the narrowness of the level ground, he began to consider that it was only by superior agility that he could expect to make up his deficiency in the science, as it was called, of defence. He found no spot which afforded sufficient room to traverse for this purpose, until he gained the well-known fountain, by whose margin, and in front of the huge rock from which it sprung, was an amphitheatre of level turf, of small space indeed, compared with the great height of the cliffs with which it was surrounded on every point save that from which the rivulet issued forth, yet large enough for their present purpose.

When they had reached this spot of ground, fitted well by its gloom and sequestered situation to be a scene of mortal strife, both were surprised to observe that a grave was dug close by the foot of the rock with great neatness and regularity, the green turf being laid down upon the one side, and the earth thrown out in a heap upon the other. A mattock and shovel lay by the verge of the grave.

Sir Piercie Shafton bent his eye with unusual seriousness upon Halbert Glendinning, as he asked him sternly, 'Does this bode treason, young man? And have you purpose to set upon me here as in an *emboscata* or place of vantage?'

'Not on my part, by Heaven!' answered the youth. 'I told no one of our purpose, nor would I for the throne of Scotland take odds against a single arm.'

'I believe thou wouldst not, mine Audacity,' said the knight, resuming the affected manner which was become a second nature to him; 'nevertheless, this fosse is curiously well shaped, and might be the masterpiece of nature's last bed-maker — I would say the sexton. Wherefore, let us be thankful to chance, or some unknown friend, who hath thus provided for one of us the decencies of sepulture, and let us proceed to determine which shall have the advantage of enjoying this place of undisturbed slumber.'

So saying, he stripped off his doublet and cloak, which he

folded up with great care and deposited upon a large stone, while Halbert Glendinning, not without some emotion, followed his example. Their vicinity to the favourite haunt of the White Lady led him to form conjectures concerning the incident of the grave. 'It must have been her work!' he thought: 'the Spirit foresaw and has provided for the fatal event of the combat. I must return from this place a homicide, or I must remain here for ever!'

The bridge seemed now broken down behind him, and the chance of coming off honourably without killing or being killed (the hope of which issue has cheered the sinking heart of many a duellist) seemed now altogether to be removed. Yet the very desperation of his situation gave him, on an instant's reflection, both firmness and courage, and presented to him one sole alternative—conquest, namely, or death.

'As we are here,' said Sir Piercie Shafton, 'unaccompanied by any patrons or seconds, it were well you should pass your hands over my sides, as I shall over yours; not that I suspect you to use any quaint device of privy armour, but in order to comply with the ancient and laudable custom practised on all such occasions.'

While, complying with his antagonist's humour, Halbert Glendinning went through this ceremony, Sir Piercie Shafton did not fail to solicit his attention to the quality and fineness of his wrought and embroidered shirt. 'In this very shirt,' said he, 'O mine Audacity—I say in this very garment, in which I am now to combat a Scottish rustic like thyself, it was my envied lot to lead the winning party at that wondrous match at ballon made betwixt the divine Astrophel—our matchless Sidney—and the right honourable my very good lord of Oxford. All the beauties of Felicia—by which name I distinguish our beloved England—stood in the gallery, waving their kerchiefs at each turn of the game, and cheering the winners by their plaudits. After which noble sport we were refreshed by a suitable banquet, whereat it pleased the noble Urania—being the unmatched Countess of Pembroke—to accommodate me with her fan for the cooling my somewhat too much inflamed visage, to requite which courtesy I said, casting my features into a smiling yet melancholy fashion, "O divinest Urania! receive again that too fatal gift, which not like the Zephyr cooleth, but like the hot breath of the Sirocco heateth yet more that which is already inflamed." Whereupon, looking upon me somewhat scornfully, yet not so but what the ex-

perienced courtier might perceive a certain cast of approbative affection —

Here the knight was interrupted by Halbert, who had waited with courteous patience for some little time, till he found that, far from drawing to a close, Sir Piercie seemed rather inclined to wax prolix in his reminiscences.

'Sir knight,' said the youth, 'if this matter be not very much to the purpose, we will, if you object not, proceed to that which we have in hand. You should have abidden in England had you desired to waste time in words, for here we spend it in blows.'

'I crave your pardon, most rusticated Audacity,' answered Sir Piercie; 'truly I become oblivious of everything beside when the recollections of the divine court of Felicia press upon my wakened memory; even as a saint is dazzled when he be-thinks him of the beatific vision. Ah, felicitous Felician! delicate nurse of the fair, chosen abode of the wise, the birth-place and cradle of nobility, the temple of courtesy, the fane of sprightly chivalry! Ah, heavenly court, or rather courtly heaven! cheered with dances, lulled asleep with harmony, wakened with sprightly sports and tourneys, decored with silks and tissues, glittering with diamonds and jewels, standing on end with double-piled velvets, satins, and satinettas!'

'The token, sir knight — the token!' exclaimed Halbert Glendinning, who, impatient of Sir Piercie's interminable oratory, reminded him of the ground of their quarrel, as the best way to compel him to the purpose of their meeting.

And he judged right; for Sir Piercie Shafton no sooner heard him speak than he exclaimed, 'Thy death-hour has struck: betake thee to thy sword. *Via!*'

Both swords were unsheathed, and the combatants commenced their engagement. Halbert became immediately aware that, as he had expected, he was far inferior to his adversary in the use of his weapon. Sir Piercie Shafton had taken no more than his own share of real merit when he termed himself an absolutely good fencer; and Glendinning soon found that he should have great difficulty in escaping with life and honour from such a master of the sword. The English knight was master of all the mystery of the *stoccata*, *imbrocata*, *punto reverso*, *incartata*, and so forth, which the Italian masters of defence had lately introduced into general practice. But Glendinning, on his part, was no novice in the principles of the art, according to the old Scottish fashion, and possessed the first

of all qualities, a steady and collected mind. At first, being desirous to try the skill, and become acquainted with the play, of his enemy, he stood on his defence, keeping his foot, hand, eye, and body in perfect unison, and holding his sword short, and with the point towards his antagonist's face, so that Sir Piercie, in order to assail him, was obliged to make actual passes, and could not avail himself of his skill in making feints; while, on the other hand, Halbert was prompt to parry these attacks, either by shifting his ground or with the sword. The consequence was that, after two or three sharp attempts on the part of Sir Piercie, which were evaded or disconcerted by the address of his opponent, he began to assume the defensive in his turn, fearful of giving some advantage by being repeatedly the assailant. But Halbert was too cautious to press on a swordsman whose dexterity had already more than once placed him within a hair's-breadth of death, which he had only escaped by uncommon watchfulness and agility.

When each had made a feint or two, there was a pause in the conflict, both as if by one assent dropping their sword's point, and looking on each other for a moment without speaking. At length Halbert Glendinning, who felt perhaps more uneasy on account of his family than he had done before he had displayed his own courage and proved the strength of his antagonist, could not help saying, 'Is the subject of our quarrel, sir knight, so mortal that one of our two bodies must needs fill up that grave? or may we with honour, having proved ourselves against each other, sheathe our swords and depart friends?'

'Valiant and most rustical Audacity,' said the Southron knight, 'to no man on earth could you have put a question on the code of honour who was more capable of rendering you a reason. Let us pause for the space of one venue, until I give you my opinion on this dependence;<sup>1</sup> for certain it is that brave men should not run upon their fate like brute and furious wild beasts, but should slay each other deliberately, decently, and with reason. Therefore, if we coolly examine the state of our dependence, we may the better apprehend whether the sisters three have doomed one of us to expiate the same with his blood. Dost thou understand me?'

'I have heard Father Eustace,' said Halbert, after a moment's recollection, 'speak of the three furies, with their thread and their shears.'

<sup>1</sup> *Dependence* — a phrase among the brethren of the sword for an existing quarrel.

‘Enough—enough,’ interrupted Sir Piercie Shafton, crimsoning with a new fit of rage, ‘the thread of thy life is spun!’

And with these words he attacked with the utmost ferocity the Scottish youth, who had but just time to throw himself into a posture of defence. But the rash fury of the assailant, as frequently happens, disappointed its own purpose; for, as he made a desperate thrust, Halbert Glendinning avoided it, and, ere the knight could recover his weapon, requited him (to use his own language) with a resolute *stoccata*, which passed through his body, and Sir Piercie Shafton fell to the ground.

## CHAPTER XXII

Yes, life hath left him : every busy thought,  
Each fiery passion, every strong affection,  
All sense of outward ill and inward sorrow,  
Are fled at once from the pale trunk before me ;  
And I have given that which spoke and moved,  
Thought, acted, suffer'd as a living man,  
To be a ghastly form of bloody clay,  
Soon the foul food for reptiles.

*Old Play.*

**I** BELIEVE few successful duellists, if the word successful can be applied to a superiority so fatal, have beheld their dead antagonist stretched on the earth at their feet without wishing they could redeem with their own blood that which it has been their fate to spill. Least of all could such indifference be the lot of so young a man as Halbert Glendinning, who, unused to the sight of human blood, was not only struck with sorrow, but with terror, when he beheld Sir Piercie Shafton lie stretched on the greensward before him, vomiting gore as if impelled by the strokes of a pump. He threw his bloody sword on the ground, and hastened to kneel down and support him, vainly striving, at the same time, to stanch his wound, which seemed rather to bleed inwardly than externally.

The unfortunate knight spoke at intervals, when the syncope would permit him, and his words, so far as intelligible, partook of his affected and conceited, yet not ungenerous, character.

‘Most rustical youth,’ he said, ‘thy fortune hath prevailed over knightly skill, and Audacity hath overcome Condescension, even as the kite hath sometimes hawked at and struck down the falcon-gentle. Fly and save thyself! Take my purse ; it is in the nether pocket of my carnation-coloured hose, and is worth a clown’s acceptance. See that my mails, with my vestments, be sent to the Monastery of St. Mary’s (here his voice grew weak, and his mind and recollection seemed to waver). I be-

stow the cut velvet jerkin, with close breeches conforming, for — oh! — the good of my soul.'

'Be of good comfort, sir,' said Halbert, half-distracted with his agony of pity and remorse. 'I trust you shall yet do well. O for a leech!'

'Were there twenty physicians, O most generous Audacity — and that were a grave spectacle — I might not survive: my life is ebbing fast. Commend me to the rustical nymph whom I called my Discretion. O Claridiana! true empress of this bleeding heart, which now bleedeth in sad earnest! Place me on the ground at my length, most rustical victor, born to quench the pride of the burning light of the most felicitous court of Feliciana. O saints and angels — knights and ladies — masques and theatres — quaint devices — chain-work and broidery — love, honour, and beauty —!'

While muttering these last words, which slid from him, as it were unawares, while doubtless he was recalling to mind the glories of the English court, the gallant Sir Piercie Shafton stretched out his limbs, groaned deeply, shut his eyes, and became motionless.

The victor tore his hair for very sorrow, as he looked on the pale countenance of his victim. Life, he thought, had not utterly fled, but without better aid than his own he saw not how it could be preserved.

'Why,' he exclaimed, in vain penitence — 'why did I provoke him to an issue so fatal! Would to God I had submitted to the worst insult man could receive from man, rather than be the bloody instrument of this bloody deed; and doubly cursed be this evil-boding spot, which, haunted as I knew it to be by a witch or a devil, I yet chose for the place of combat! In any other place save this there had been help to be gotten by speed of foot or by uplifting of voice; but here there is no one to be found by search, no one to hear my shouts, save the evil spirit who has counselled this mischief. It is not her hour — I will essay the spell howsoever; and if she can give me aid, she *shall* do it, or know of what a madman is capable even against those of another world!'

He spurned his bloody shoe from his foot, and repeated the spell with which the reader is well acquainted; but there was neither voice, apparition, nor signal of answer. The youth, in the impatience of his despair, and with the rash hardihood which formed the basis of his character, shouted aloud — 'Witch — sorceress — fiend! art thou deaf to my cries of help, and so ready



to appear and answer those of vengeance? Arise and speak to me, or I will choke up thy fountain, tear down thy holly-bush, and leave thy haunt as waste and bare as thy fatal assistance has made me waste of comfort and bare of counsel!' This furious and raving invocation was suddenly interrupted by a distant sound, resembling a halloo, from the gorge of the ravine.

'Now may St. Mary be praised,' said the youth, hastily fastening his sandal, 'I hear the voice of some living man, who may give me counsel and help in this fearful extremity!'

Having donned his sandal, Halbert Glendinning, hallooing at intervals, in answer to the sound which he had heard, ran with the speed of a hunted buck down the rugged defile, as if paradise had been before him, hell and all her furies behind, and his eternal happiness or misery had depended upon the speed which he exerted. In a space incredibly short for any one but a Scottish mountaineer having his nerves strung by the deepest and most passionate interest, the youth reached the entrance of the ravine, through which the rill that flows down Corrie-nan-Shian discharges itself, and unites with the brook that waters the little valley of Glendearg.

Here he paused, and looked around him upwards and downwards through the glen, without perceiving a human form. His heart sank within him. But the windings of the glen intercepted his prospect, and the person whose voice he had heard might, therefore, be at no great distance, though not obvious to his sight. The branches of an oak-tree, which shot straight out from the face of a tall cliff, proffered to his bold spirit, steady head, and active limbs the means of ascending it as a place of outlook, although the enterprise was what most men would have shrunk from. But by one bound from the earth the active youth caught hold of the lower branch, and swung himself up into the tree, and in a minute more gained the top of the cliff, from which he could easily descry a human figure descending the valley. It was not that of a shepherd or of a hunter, and scarcely any others used to traverse this deserted solitude, especially coming from the north, since the reader may remember that the brook took its rise from an extensive and dangerous morass which lay in that direction.

But Halbert Glendinning did not pause to consider who the traveller might be, or what might be the purpose of his journey. To know that he saw a human being, and might receive, in the extremity of his distress, the countenance and advice of a fellow-creature, was enough for him at the moment. He threw

himself from the pinnacle of the cliff once more into the arms of the projecting oak-tree, whose boughs waved in middle air, anchored by the roots in a huge rift or chasm of the rock. Catching at the branch which was nearest to him, he dropped himself from that height upon the ground; and such was the athletic springiness of his youthful sinews, that he pitched there as lightly, and with as little injury, as the falcon stooping from her wheel.

To resume his race at full speed up the glen was the work of an instant; and as he turned angle after angle of the indented banks of the valley without meeting that which he sought, he became half afraid that the form which he had seen at such a distance had already melted into thin air, and was either a deception of his own imagination or of the elementary spirits by which the valley was supposed to be haunted.

But, to his inexpressible joy, as he turned round the base of a huge and distinguished crag, he saw, straight before and very near to him, a person whose dress, as he viewed it hastily, resembled that of a pilgrim.

He was a man of advanced life, and wearing a long beard, having on his head a large slouched hat, without either band or brooch. His dress was a tunic of black serge, which, like those commonly called hussar cloaks, had an upper part, which covered the arms and fell down on the lower; a small scrip and bottle, which hung at his back, with a stout staff in his hand, completed his equipage. His step was feeble, like that of one exhausted by a toilsome journey.

'Save ye, good father!' said the youth. 'God and Our Lady have sent you to my assistance.'

'And in what, my son, can so frail a creature as I am be of service to you?' said the old man, not a little surprised at being thus accosted by so handsome a youth, his features discomposed by anxiety, his face flushed with exertion, his hands and much of his dress stained with blood.

'A man bleeds to death in the valley here, hard by. Come with me—come with me! You are aged—you have experience—you have at least your senses—and mine have wellnigh left me.'

'A man, and bleeding to death—and here in this desolate spot?' said the stranger.

'Stay not to question it, father,' said the youth, 'but come instantly to his rescue. Follow me—follow me, without an instant's delay.'

'Nay, but, my son,' said the old man, 'we do not lightly follow the guides who present themselves thus suddenly in the bosom of a howling wilderness. Ere I follow thee, thou must expound to me thy name, thy purpose, and thy cause.'

'There is no time to expound anything,' said Halbert; 'I tell thee a man's life is at stake, and thou must come to aid him, or I will carry thee thither by force!'

'Nay, thou shalt not need,' said the traveller; 'if it indeed be as thou sayest, I will follow thee of free will, the rather that I am not wholly unskilled in leechcraft, and have in my scrip that which may do thy friend a service. Yet walk more slowly, I pray thee, for I am already wellnigh foreshortened with travel.'

With the indignant impatience of the fiery steed when compelled by his rider to keep pace with some slow drudge upon the highway, Halbert accompanied the wayfarer, burning with anxiety, which he endeavoured to subdue, that he might not alarm his companion, who was obviously afraid to trust him. When they reached the place where they were to turn off the wider glen into the Corrie, the traveller made a doubtful pause, as if unwilling to leave the broader path. 'Young man,' he said, 'if thou meanest aught but good to these grey hairs, thou wilt gain little by thy cruelty: I have no earthly treasure to tempt either robber or murderer.'

'And I,' said the youth, 'am neither; and yet — God of Heaven! — I *may* be a murderer, unless your aid comes in time to this wounded wretch!'

'Is it even so?' said the traveller; 'and do human passions disturb the breast of nature even in her deepest solitude? Yet why should I marvel that where darkness abides the works of darkness should abound? By its fruits is the tree known. Lead on, unhappy youth — I follow thee!'

And with better will to the journey than he had evinced hitherto, the stranger exerted himself to the uttermost, and seemed to forget his own fatigue in his efforts to keep pace with his impatient guide.

What was the surprise of Halbert Glendinning when, upon arriving at the fatal spot, he saw no appearance of the body of Sir Piercie Shafton! The traces of the fray were otherwise sufficiently visible. The knight's cloak had indeed vanished as well as his body, but his doublet remained where he had laid it down, and the turf on which he had been stretched was stained with blood in many a dark crimson spot.

As he gazed round him in terror and astonishment, Halbert's eyes fell upon the place of sepulture which had so lately appeared to gape for a victim. It was no longer open, and it seemed that earth had received the expected tenant; for the usual narrow hillock was piled over what had lately been an open grave, and the green sod was adjusted over all with the accuracy of an experienced sexton. Halbert stood aghast. The idea rushed on his mind irresistibly that the earth-heap before him inclosed what had lately been a living, moving, and sentient fellow-creature, whom, on little provocation, his fell act had reduced to a clod of the valley, as senseless and as cold as the turf under which he rested. The hand that scooped the grave had completed its work; and whose hand could it be save that of the mysterious being of doubtful quality whom his rashness had invoked, and whom he had suffered to intermingle in his destinies?

As he stood with clasped hands and uplifted eyes, bitterly ruing his rashness, he was roused by the voice of the stranger, whose suspicions of his guide had again been awakened by finding the scene so different from what Halbert had led him to expect. 'Young man,' he said, 'hast thou baited thy tongue with falsehood, to cut perhaps only a few days from the life of one whom nature will soon call home, without guilt on thy part to hasten his journey?'

'By the blessed Heaven! — by our dear Lady!' ejaculated Halbert —

'Swear not at all!' said the stranger, interrupting him, 'neither by Heaven, for it is God's throne, nor by earth, for it is His footstool; nor by the creatures whom He hath made, for they are but earth and clay as we are. Let thy yea be yea, and thy nay nay. Tell me in a word, why and for what purpose thou hast feigned a tale to lead a bewildered traveller yet farther astray?'

'As I am a Christian man,' said Glendinning, 'I left him here bleeding to death; and now I nowhere spy him, and much I doubt that the tomb that thou seest has closed on his mortal remains!'

'And who is he for whose fate thou art so anxious?' said the stranger; 'or how is it possible that this wounded man could have been either removed from, or interred in, a place so solitary?'

'His name,' said Halbert, after a moment's pause, 'is Piercie Shafton; there, on that very spot, I left him bleeding; and

what power has conveyed him hence, I know no more than thou dost.'

'Piercie Shafton?' said the stranger — 'Sir Piercie Shafton of Wilverton, a kinsman, as it is said, of the great Piercie of Northumberland? If thou hast slain him, to return to the territories of the proud abbot is to give thy neck to the gallows. He is well known — that Piercie Shafton — the meddling tool of wiser plotters — a hare-brained trafficker in treason — a champion of the Pope, employed as a forlorn hope by those more politic heads, who have more will to work mischief than valour to encounter danger. Come with me, youth, and save thyself from the evil consequences of this deed. Guide me to the Castle of Avenel, and thy reward shall be protection and safety.'

Again Halbert paused, and summoned his mind to a hasty council. The vengeance with which the abbot was likely to visit the slaughter of Shafton, his friend, and in some measure his guest, was likely to be severe; yet, in the various contingencies which he had considered previous to their duel, he had unaccountably omitted to reflect what was to be his line of conduct in case of Sir Piercie falling by his hand. If he returned to Glendearg, he was sure to draw on his whole family, including Mary Avenel, the resentment of the abbot and community, whereas it was possible that flight might make him be regarded as the sole author of the deed, and might avert the indignation of the monks from the rest of the inhabitants of his paternal tower. Halbert recollected also the favour expressed for the household, and especially for Edward, by the sub-prior; and he conceived that he could, by communicating his own guilt to that worthy ecclesiastic, when at a distance from Glendearg, secure his powerful interposition in favour of his family. These thoughts rapidly passed through his mind, and he determined on flight. The stranger's company and his promised protection came in aid of that resolution; but he was unable to reconcile the invitation which the old man gave him to accompany him for safety to the Castle of Avenel with the connexions of Julian, the present usurper of that inheritance. 'Good father,' he said, 'I fear that you mistake the man with whom you wish me to harbour. Avenel guided Piercie Shafton into Scotland, and his henchman, Christie of the Clinthill, brought the Southron hither.'

'Of that,' said the old man, 'I am well aware. Yet if thou wilt trust to me, as I have shown no reluctance to confide in thee, thou shalt find with Julian Avenel welcome, or at least safety.'

'Father,' replied Halbert, 'though I can ill reconcile what thou sayest with what Julian Avenel hath done, yet caring little about the safety of a creature so lost as myself, and as thy words seem those of truth and honesty, and finally, as thou didst render thyself frankly up to my conduct, I will return the confidence thou hast shown, and accompany thee to the Castle of Avenel by a road which thou thyself couldst never have discovered.' He led the way, and the old man followed for some time in silence.

## CHAPTER XXIII

'T is when the wound is stiffening with the cold  
The warrior first feels pain ; 'tis when the heat  
And fiery fever of his soul is pass'd,  
The sinner feels remorse.

*Old Play.*

THE feelings of compunction with which Halbert Glendinning was visited upon this painful occasion were deeper than belonged to an age and country in which human life was held so cheap. They fell far short certainly of those which might have afflicted a mind regulated by better religious precepts, and more strictly trained under social laws ; but still they were deep and severely felt, and divided in Halbert's heart even the regret with which he parted from Mary Avenel and the tower of his fathers.

The old traveller walked silently by his side for some time, and then addressed him. 'My son, it has been said that sorrow must speak or die. Why art thou so much cast down ? Tell me thy unhappy tale, and it may be that my grey head may devise counsel and aid for your young life.'

'Alas !' said Halbert Glendinning, 'can you wonder why I am cast down ? I am at this instant a fugitive from my father's house, from my mother and from my friends, and I bear on my head the blood of a man who injured me but in idle words, which I have thus bloodily requited. My heart now tells me I have done evil : it were harder than these rocks if it could bear unmoved the thought that I have sent this man to a long account, unhouseled and unshriev'd !'

'Pause there, my son,' said the traveller. 'That thou hast defaced God's image in thy neighbour's person, that thou hast sent dust to dust in idle wrath or idler pride, is indeed a sin of the deepest dye ; that thou hast cut short the space which Heaven might have allowed him for repentance makes it yet more deadly ; but for all this there is balm in Gilead.'

'I understand you not, father,' said Halbert, struck by the solemn tone which was assumed by his companion.

The old man proceeded. 'Thou hast slain thine enemy — it was a cruel deed; thou hast cut him off perchance in his sins — it is a fearful aggravation. Do yet by my counsel, and in lieu of him whom thou hast perchance consigned to the kingdom of Satan, let thine efforts wrest another subject from the reign of the Evil One.'

'I understand you, father,' said Halbert; 'thou wouldst have me atone for my rashness by doing service to the soul of my adversary. But how may this be? I have no money to purchase masses, and gladly would I go barefoot to the Holy Land to free his spirit from purgatory, only that——'

'My son,' said the old man, interrupting him, 'the sinner for whose redemption I entreat you to labour is not the dead but the living. It is not for the soul of thine enemy I would exhort thee to pray, that has already had its final doom from a Judge as merciful as He is just; nor, wert thou to coin that rock into ducats, and obtain a mass for each one, would it avail the departed spirit. Where the tree hath fallen it must lie. But the sapling, which hath in it yet the vigour and juice of life, may be bended to the point to which it ought to incline.'

'Art thou a priest, father?' said the young man, 'or by what commission dost thou talk of such high matters?'

'By that of my Almighty Master,' said the traveller, 'under whose banner I am an enlisted soldier.'

Halbert's acquaintance with religious matters was no deeper than could be derived from the Archbishop of St. Andrews' Catechism, and the pamphlet called the *Twa-pennie Faith*, both which were industriously circulated and recommended by the monks of St. Mary's. Yet, however indifferent and superficial a theologian, he began to suspect that he was now in company with one of the gossellers, or heretics, before whose influence the ancient system of religion now tottered to the very foundation. Bred up, as may well be presumed, in a holy horror against these formidable sectaries, the youth's first feelings were those of a loyal and devoted church vassal. 'Old man,' he said, 'wert thou able to make good with thy hand the words that thy tongue hath spoken against our Holy Mother Church, we should have tried upon this moor which of our creeds hath the better champion.'

'Nay,' said the stranger, 'if thou art a true soldier of Rome, thou wilt not pause from thy purpose because thou hast the



odds of years and of strength on thy side. Hearken to me, my son. I have showed thee how to make thy peace with Heaven, and thou hast rejected my proffer. I will now show thee how thou shalt make thy reconciliation with the powers of this world. Take this grey head from the frail body which supports it, and carry it to the chair of proud Abbot Boniface; and when thou tellest him thou hast slain Piercie Shafton, and his ire rises at the deed, lay the head of Henry Warden at his foot, and thou shalt have praise instead of censure.'

Halbert Glendinning stepped back in surprise. 'What! are you that Henry Warden so famous among the heretics that even Knox's name is scarce more frequently in their mouths? Art thou he, and darest thou to approach the halidome of St. Mary's?'

'I am Henry Warden of a surety,' said the old man, 'far unworthy to be named in the same breath with Knox, but yet willing to venture on whatever dangers my Master's service may call me to.'

'Hearken to me, then,' said Halbert; 'to slay thee I have no heart; to make thee prisoner were equally to bring thy blood on my head; to leave thee in this wild without a guide were little better. I will conduct thee, as I promised, in safety to the Castle of Avenel; but breathe not, while we are on the journey, a word against the doctrines of the holy church of which I am an unworthy, but, though an ignorant, a zealous member. When thou art there arrived, beware of thyself: there is a high price upon thy head, and Julian Avenel loves the glance of gold bonnet-pieces.'<sup>1</sup>

'Yet thou sayest not,' answered the Protestant preacher, for such he was, 'that for lucre he would sell the blood of his guest?'

'Not if thou comest an invited stranger, relying on his faith,' said the youth: 'evil as Julian may be, he dare not break the rites of hospitality; for, loose as we on these marches may be in all other ties, these are respected amongst us even to idolatry, and his nearest relations would think it incumbent on them to spill his blood themselves, to efface the disgrace such treason would bring upon their name and lineage. But if thou goest self-invited, and without assurance of safety, I promise thee thy risk is great.'

'I am in God's hand,' answered the preacher; 'it is on His errand that I traverse these wilds amidst dangers of every kind; while I am useful for my Master's service, they shall not prevail against me, and when, like the barren fig-tree, I can no

<sup>1</sup> A gold coin of James V., the most beautiful of the Scottish series; so called because the effigy of the sovereignty is represented wearing a bonnet.

longer produce fruit, what imports it when or by whom the axe is laid to the root ?'

'Your courage and devotion,' said Glendinning, 'are worthy of a better cause.'

'That,' said Warden, 'cannot be : mine is the very best.'

They continued their journey in silence, Halbert Glendinning tracing with the utmost accuracy the mazes of the dangerous and intricate morasses and hills which divided the halidome from the barony of Avenel. From time to time he was obliged to stop in order to assist his companion to cross the black intervals of quaking bog, called in the Scottish dialect 'hags,' by which the firmer parts of the morass were intersected.

'Courage, old man,' said Halbert, as he saw his companion almost exhausted with fatigue, 'we shall soon be upon hard ground. And yet, soft as this moss is, I have seen the merry falconers go through it as light as deer when the quarry was upon the flight.'

'True, my son,' answered Warden, 'for so I will still call you, though you term me no longer father ; and even so doth headlong youth pursue its pleasures, without regard to the mire and the peril of the paths through which they are hurried.'

'I have already told thee,' answered Halbert Glendinning, sternly, 'that I will hear nothing from thee that savours of doctrine.'

'Nay, but, my son,' answered Warden, 'thy spiritual father himself would surely not dispute the truth of what I have now spoken for your edification ?'

Glendinning stoutly replied, 'I know not how that may be ; but I wot well it is the fashion of your brotherhood to bait your hook with fair discourse, and to hold yourselves up as angels of light, that you may the better extend the kingdom of darkness.'

'May God,' replied the preacher, 'pardon those who have thus reported of His servants ! I will not offend thee, my son, by being instant out of season. Thou speakest but as thou art taught ; yet sure I trust that so goodly a youth will be still rescued, like a brand from the burning.'

While he thus spoke, the verge of the morass was attained, and their path lay on the declivity. Greensward it was, and, viewed from a distance, chequered with its narrow and verdant line the dark-brown heath which it traversed, though the distinction was not so easily traced when they were walking on it.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This sort of path, visible when looked at from a distance, but not to be seen when you are upon it, is called on the Border by the significant name of a 'blind road.'

The old man pursued his journey with comparative ease ; and, unwilling again to awaken the jealous zeal of his young companion for the Roman faith, he discoursed on other matters. The tone of his conversation was still grave, moral, and instructive. He had travelled much, and knew both the language and manners of other countries, concerning which Halbert Glendinning, already anticipating the possibility of being obliged to leave Scotland for the deed he had done, was naturally and anxiously desirous of information. By degrees he was more attracted by the charms of the stranger's conversation than repelled by the dread of his dangerous character as a heretic, and Halbert had called him father more than once ere the turrets of Avenel Castle came in view.

The situation of this ancient fortress was remarkable. It occupied a small rocky islet in a mountain lake, or tarn, as such a piece of water is called in Westmoreland. The lake might be about a mile in circumference, surrounded by hills of considerable height, which, except where old trees and brushwood occupied the ravines that divided them from each other, were bare and heathy. The surprise of the spectator was chiefly excited by finding a piece of water situated in that high and mountainous region, and the landscape around had features which might rather be termed wild than either romantic or sublime ; yet the scene was not without its charms. Under the burning sun of summer, the clear azure of the deep unruffled lake refreshed the eye, and impressed the mind with a pleasing feeling of deep solitude. In winter, when the snow lay on the mountains around, these dazzling masses appeared to ascend far beyond their wonted and natural height, while the lake, which stretched beneath, and filled their bosom with all its frozen waves, lay like the surface of a darkened and broken mirror around the black and rocky islet, and the walls of the grey castle with which it was crowned.

As the castle occupied, either with its principal buildings or with its flanking and outward walls, every projecting point of rock, which served as its site, it seemed as completely surrounded by water as the nest of a wild swan, save where a narrow causeway extended betwixt the islet and the shore. But the fortress was larger in appearance than in reality ; and of the buildings which it actually contained, many had become ruinous and uninhabitable. In the times of the grandeur of the Avenel family, these had been occupied by a considerable garrison of followers and retainers, but they were now in a great

measure deserted; and Julian Avenel would probably have fixed his habitation in a residence better suited to his diminished fortunes, had it not been for the great security which the situation of the old castle afforded to a man of his precarious and perilous mode of life. Indeed, in this respect the spot could scarce have been more happily chosen, for it could be rendered almost completely inaccessible at the pleasure of the inhabitant. The distance betwixt the nearest shore and the islet was not indeed above an hundred yards; but then the causeway which connected them was extremely narrow, and completely divided by two cuts, one in the midway between the islet and shore, and another close under the outward gate of the castle. These formed a formidable, and almost insurmountable, interruption to any hostile approach. Each was defended by a drawbridge, one of which, being that nearest to the castle, was regularly raised at all times during the day, and both were lifted at night.<sup>1</sup>

The situation of Julian Avenel, engaged in a variety of feuds, and a party to almost every dark and mysterious transaction which was on foot in that wild and military frontier, required all these precautions for his security. His own ambiguous and doubtful course of policy had increased these dangers; for as he made professions to both parties in the state, and occasionally united more actively with either the one or the other, as chanced best to serve his immediate purpose, he could not be said to have either firm allies and protectors or determined enemies. His life was a life of expedients and of peril; and while in pursuit of his interest, he made all the doubles which he thought necessary to attain his object, he often overran his prey, and missed that which he might have gained by observing a straighter course.

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<sup>1</sup> See Castle of Avenel. Note 17.

## CHAPTER XXIV

I'll walk on tiptoe ; arm my eye with caution,  
My heart with courage, and my hand with weapon,  
Like him who ventures on a lion's den.

*Old Play.*

WHEN, issuing from the gorge of a pass which terminated upon the lake, the travellers came in sight of the ancient castle of Avenel, the old man looked with earnest attention upon the scene before him. The castle was, as we have said, in many places ruinous, as was evident, even at this distance, by the broken, rugged, and irregular outline of the walls and of the towers. In others it seemed more entire, and a pillar of dark smoke, which ascended from the chimneys of the donjon, and spread its long dusky pennon through the clear ether, indicated that it was inhabited. But no cornfields or inclosed pasture-grounds on the side of the lake showed that provident attention to comfort and subsistence which usually appeared near the houses of the greater, and even of the lesser, barons. There were no cottages with their patches of infield, and their crofts and gardens, surrounded by rows of massive sycamores ; no church with its simple tower in the valley ; no herds of sheep among the hills ; no cattle on the lower ground ; nothing which intimated the occasional prosecution of the arts of peace and of industry. It was plain that the inhabitants, whether few or numerous, must be considered as the garrison of the castle, living within its defended precincts, and subsisting by means which were other than peaceful.

Probably it was with this conviction that the old man, gazing on the castle, muttered to himself, '*Lapis offensionis et petra scandali !*' and then, turning to Halbert Glendinning, he added, 'We may say of yonder fort as King James did of an-

other fastness in this province, that he who built it was a thief in his heart.'<sup>1</sup>

'But it was not so,' answered Glendinning; 'yonder castle was built by the old lords of Avenel, men as much beloved in peace as they were respected in war. They were the bulwark of the frontiers against foreigners, and the protectors of the natives from domestic oppression. The present usurper of their inheritance no more resembles them than the night-prowling owl resembles a falcon because she builds on the same rock.'

'This Julian Avenel, then, holds no high place in the love and regard of his neighbours?' said Warden.

'So little,' answered Halbert, 'that, besides the jack-men and riders with whom he has associated himself, and of whom he has many at his disposal, I know of few who voluntarily associate with him. He has been more than once outlawed both by England and Scotland, his lands declared forfeited, and his head set at a price. But in these unquiet times a man so daring as Julian Avenel has ever found some friends willing to protect him against the penalties of the law, on condition of his secret services.'

'You describe a dangerous man,' replied Warden.

'You may have experience of that,' replied the youth, 'if you deal not the more warily; though it may be that he also has forsaken the community of the church, and gone astray in the path of heresy.'

'What your blindness terms the path of heresy,' answered the Reformer, 'is indeed the straight and narrow way, wherein he who walks turns not aside, whether for worldly wealth or for worldly passions. Would to God this man were moved by no other and no worse spirit than that which prompts my poor endeavours to extend the kingdom of Heaven! This Baron of Avenel is personally unknown to me, is not of our congregation or of our counsel; yet I bear to him charges touching my safety from those whom he must fear if he does not respect them, and upon that assurance I will venture upon his hold. I am now sufficiently refreshed by these few minutes of repose.'

'Take, then, this advice for your safety,' said Halbert, 'and believe that it is founded upon the usage of this country and its inhabitants. If you can better shift for yourself, go not to the Castle of Avenel; if you do risk going thither, obtain from

<sup>1</sup> It was of Lochwood, the hereditary fortress of the Johnstones of Annandale, a strong castle situated in the centre of a quaking bog, that James VI. made this remark.

him, if possible, his safe-conduct, and beware that he swears it by the Black Rood. And lastly, observe whether he eats with you at the board, or pledges you in the cup; for if he gives you not these signs of welcome, his thoughts are evil towards you.'

'Alas!' said the preacher, 'I have no better earthly refuge for the present than these frowning towers, but I go thither trusting to aid which is not of this earth. But thou, good youth, needest thou trust thyself in this dangerous den?'

'I,' answered Halbert, 'am in no danger. I am well known to Christie of the Clinthill, the henchman of this Julian Avenel; and, what is a yet better protection, I have nothing either to provoke malice or to tempt plunder.'

The tramp of a steed, which clattered along the shingly banks of the loch, was now heard behind them; and, when they looked back, a rider was visible, his steel cap and the point of his long lance glancing in the setting sun, as he rode rapidly towards them.

Halbert Glendinning soon recognised Christie of the Clinthill, and made his companion aware that the henchman of Julian Avenel was approaching.

'Ha, youngling!' said Christie to Halbert, as he came up to them, 'thou hast made good my word at last, and come to take service with my noble master, hast thou not? Thou shalt find a good friend and a true; and ere St. Barnaby come round again, thou shalt know every pass betwixt Milburn Plain and Netherby, as if thou hadst been born with a jack on thy back and a lance in thy hand. What old carle hast thou with thee? He is not of the brotherhood of St. Mary's; at least he has not the buist<sup>1</sup> of these black cattle.'

'He is a wayfaring man,' said Halbert, 'who has concerns with Julian of Avenel. For myself, I intend to go to Edinburgh to see the court and the Queen, and when I return hither we will talk of your proffer. Meantime, as thou hast often invited me to the castle, I crave hospitality there to-night for myself and my companion.'

'For thyself, and welcome, young comrade,' replied Christie; 'but we harbour no pilgrims, nor aught that looks like a pilgrim.'

'So please you,' said Warden, 'I have letters of commendation to thy master from a sure friend, whom he will right willingly oblige in higher matters than in affording me a brief protection. And I am no pilgrim, but renounce the same, with all its superstitious observances.'

<sup>1</sup> *Buist* — the brand, or mark, set upon sheep or cattle by their owners.

He offered his letters to the horseman, who shook his head.

'These,' he said, 'are matters for my master, and it will be well if he can read them himself: for me, sword and lance are my book and psalter, and have been since I was twelve years old. But I will guide you to the castle, and the Baron of Avenel will himself judge of your errand.'

By this time the party had reached the causeway, along which Christie advanced at a trot, intimating his presence to the warders within the castle by a shrill and peculiar whistle. At this signal the farther drawbridge was lowered. The horseman passed it, and disappeared under the gloomy portal which was beyond it.

Glendinning and his companion, advancing more leisurely along the rugged causeway, stood at length under the same gateway, over which frowned in dark red freestone the ancient armorial bearings of the house of Avenel, which represented a female figure shrouded and muffled, which occupied the whole field. The cause of their assuming so singular a device was uncertain, but the figure was generally supposed to represent the mysterious being called the White Lady of Avenel.<sup>1</sup> The sight of this mouldering shield awakened in the mind of Halbert the strange circumstances which had connected his fate with that of Mary Avenel, and with the doings of the spiritual being who was attached to her house, and whom he saw here represented in stone, as he had before seen her effigy upon the seal ring of Walter Avenel, which, with other trinkets formerly mentioned, had been saved from pillage and brought to Glendearg when Mary's mother was driven from her habitation.

'You sigh, my son,' said the old man, observing the impression made on his youthful companion's countenance, but mistaking the cause; 'if you fear to enter, we may yet return.'

'That can you not,' said Christie of the Clinthill, who emerged at that instant from the side door under the archway. 'Look yonder, and choose whether you will return skimming the water like a wild duck, or winging the air like a plover.'

They looked, and saw that the drawbridge which they had just crossed was again raised, and now interposed its planks betwixt the setting sun and the portal of the castle, deepening the gloom of the arch under which they stood. Christie laughed, and bid them follow him, saying, by way of encourage-

<sup>1</sup> There is an ancient English family. I believe, which bears, or did bear, a ghost or spirit passant sable in a field argent. This seems to have been a device of a punning or 'canting' herald.



ment, in Halbert's ear, 'Answer boldly and readily to whatever the Baron asks you. Never stop to pick your words, and above all show no fear of him: the devil is not so black as he is painted.'

As he spoke thus, he introduced them into the large stone hall, at the upper end of which blazed a huge fire of wood. The long oaken table, which, as usual, occupied the midst of the apartment, was covered with rude preparations for the evening meal of the Baron and his chief domestics, five or six of whom, strong, athletic, savage-looking men, paced up and down the lower end of the hall, which rang to the jarring clang of their long swords that clashed as they moved, and to the heavy tramp of their high-heeled jack-boots. Iron jacks, or coats of buff, formed the principal part of their dress, and steel bonnets, or large slouched hats with Spanish plumes drooping backwards, were their head attire.

The Baron of Avenel was one of those tall, muscular, martial figures which are the favourite subjects of Salvator Rosa. He wore a cloak which had been once gaily trimmed, but which, by long wear and frequent exposure to the weather, was now faded in its colours. Thrown negligently about his tall person, it partly hid and partly showed a short doublet of buff, under which was in some places visible that light shirt of mail which was called a 'secret,' because worn instead of more ostensible armour, to protect against private assassination. A leathern belt sustained a large and heavy sword on one side, and on the other that gay poniard which had once called Sir Piercie Shafton master, of which the hatchments and gildings were already much defaced, either by rough usage or neglect.

Notwithstanding the rudeness of his apparel, Julian Avenel's manner and countenance had far more elevation than those of the attendants who surrounded him. He might be fifty or upwards, for his dark hair was mingled with grey, but age had neither tamed the fire of his eye nor the enterprise of his disposition. His countenance had been handsome, for beauty was an attribute of the family; but the lines were roughened by fatigue and exposure to the weather, and rendered coarse by the habitual indulgence of violent passions.

He seemed in deep and moody reflection, and was pacing at a distance from his dependants along the upper end of the hall, sometimes stopping from time to time to caress and feed a goshawk, which sat upon his wrist, with its jesses (*i. e.* the leathern straps fixed to its legs) wrapt around his hand. The

bird, which seemed not insensible to its master's attention, answered his caresses by ruffling forward its feathers and pecking playfully at his finger. At such intervals the Baron smiled, but instantly resumed the darksome air of sullen meditation. He did not even deign to look upon an object which few could have passed and repassed so often without bestowing on it a transient glance.

This was a woman of exceeding beauty, rather gaily than richly attired, who sat on a low seat close by the huge hall chimney. The gold chains round her neck and arms; the gay gown of green which swept the floor; the silver-embroidered girdle, with its bunch of keys, depending in housewifely pride by a silver chain; the yellow silken *couvre-chef* (Scotticé, curch) which was disposed around her head, and partly concealed her dark profusion of hair; above all, the circumstance so delicately touched in the old ballad, that 'the girdle was too short,' the 'gown of green all too strait,' for the wearer's present shape, would have intimated the Baron's lady. But then the lowly seat; the expression of deep melancholy, which was changed into a timid smile whenever she saw the least chance of catching the eye of Julian Avenel; the subdued look of grief, and the starting tear for which that constrained smile was again exchanged when she saw herself entirely disregarded — these were not the attributes of a wife, or they were those of a dejected and afflicted female who had yielded her love on less than legitimate terms.

Julian Avenel, as we have said, continued to pace the hall without paying any of that mute attention which is rendered to almost every female either by affection or courtesy. He seemed totally unconscious of her presence, or of that of his attendants, and was only roused from his own dark reflections by the notice he paid to the falcon, to which, however, the lady seemed to attend, as if studying to find either an opportunity of speaking to the Baron, or of finding something enigmatical in the expressions which he used to the bird. All this the strangers had time enough to remark; for no sooner had they entered the apartment than their usher, Christie of the Clint-hill, after exchanging a significant glance with the menials or troopers at the lower end of the apartment, signed to Halbert Glendinning and to his companion to stand still near the door, while he himself, advancing nearer the table, placed himself in such a situation as to catch the Baron's observation when he should be disposed to look around, but without presuming to

intrude himself on his master's notice. Indeed, the look of this man, naturally bold, hardy, and audacious, seemed totally changed when he was in presence of his master, and resembled the dejected and cowering manner of a quarrelsome dog when rebuked by his owner, or when he finds himself obliged to deprecate the violence of a superior adversary of his own species.

In spite of the novelty of his own situation, and every painful feeling connected with it, Halbert felt his curiosity interested in the female who sate by the chimney unnoticed and unregarded. He marked with what keen and trembling solicitude she watched the broken words of Julian, and how her glance stole towards him, ready to be averted upon the slightest chance of his perceiving himself to be watched.

Meantime, he went on with his dalliance with his feathered favourite, now giving, now withholding, the morsel with which he was about to feed the bird, and so exciting its appetite and gratifying it by turns. 'What! more yet? Thou foul kite, thou wouldst never have done: give thee part thou wilt have all. Ay, prune thy feathers, and prink thyself gay — much thou wilt make of it now; dost think I know thee not? dost think I see not that all that ruffling and pluming of wing and feathers is not for thy master, but to try what thou canst make of him, thou greedy gled? Well — there — take it then, and rejoice thyself; little boon goes far with thee, and with all thy sex — and so it should.'

He ceased to look on the bird, and again traversed the apartment. Then taking another small piece of raw meat from the trencher, on which it was placed ready cut for his use, he began once again to tempt and tease the bird, by offering and withdrawing it, until he awakened its wild and bold disposition. 'What! struggling, fluttering, aiming at me with beak and single?<sup>1</sup> So la! so la! wouldst mount? wouldst fly? the jesses are round thy clutches, fool: thou canst neither stir nor soar, but by my will. Beware thou come to reclaim, wench, else I will wring thy head off one of these days. Well, have it then, and well fare thou with it. So ho, Jenkin!' One of the attendants stepped forward. 'Take the foul gled hence to the mew — or, stay, leave her, but look well to her casting and to her bathing; we will see her fly to-morrow. How now, Christie, so soon returned?'

Christie advanced to his master, and gave an account of

<sup>1</sup> In the *kindly* language of hawking, as Lady Juliana Berners terms it, hawks' talons are called their singles.

himself and his journey, in the way in which a police-officer holds communication with his magistrate, that is, as much by signs as by words.

‘Noble sir,’ said that worthy satellite, ‘the Laird of —,’ he named no place, but pointed with his finger in a south-western direction, ‘may not ride with you the day he purposed, because the Lord Warden has threatened that he will —’

Here another blank, intelligibly enough made up by the speaker touching his own neck with his left forefinger, and leaning his head a little to one side.

‘Cowardly caitiff!’ said Julian. ‘By Heaven! the whole world turns sheer naught — it is not worth a brave man’s living in; ye may ride a day and night, and never see a feather wave or hear a horse prance; the spirit of our fathers is dead amongst us — the very brutes are degenerated — the cattle we bring home at our life’s risk are mere carrion — our hawks are riflers<sup>1</sup> — our hounds are turnspits and trindle-tails — our men are women — and our women are —’

He looked at the female for the first time, and stopped short in the midst of what he was about to say, though there was something so contemptuous in the glance that the blank might have been thus filled up — ‘Our women are such as she is.’

He said it not, however, and, as if desirous of attracting his attention at all risks, and in whatever manner, she rose and came forward to him, but with a timorousness ill-disguised by affected gaiety. ‘Our women, Julian — what would you say of the women?’

‘Nothing,’ answered Julian Avenel, ‘at least nothing but that they are kind-hearted wenches like thyself, Kate.’ The female coloured deeply, and returned to her seat. ‘And what strangers hast thou brought with thee, Christie, that stand yonder like two stone statues?’ said the Baron.

‘The taller,’ answered Christie, ‘is, so please you, a young fellow called Halbert Glendinning, the eldest son of the old widow at Glendearg.’

‘What brings him here?’ said the Baron. ‘Hath he any message from Mary Avenel?’

‘Not as I think,’ said Christie; ‘the youth is roving the country: he was always a wild slip, for I have known him since he was the height of my sword.’

‘What qualities hath he?’ said the Baron.

‘All manner of qualities,’ answered his follower: ‘he can

<sup>1</sup> So called when they only caught their prey by the feathers.

strike a buck, track a deer, fly a hawk, halloo to a hound; he shoots in the long and cross-bow to a hair's-breadth, wields a lance or sword like myself nearly, backs a horse manfully and fairly; I wot not what more a man need to do to make him a gallant companion.'

'And who,' said the Baron, 'is the old miser<sup>1</sup> who stands beside him?'

'Some cast of a priest as I fancy; he says he is charged with letters to you.'

'Bid them come forward,' said the Baron; and no sooner had they approached him more nearly, than, struck by the fine form and strength displayed by Halbert Glendinning, he addressed him thus: 'I am told, young swankie, that you are roaming the world to seek your fortune; if you will serve Julian Avenel, you may find it without going farther.'

'So please you,' answered Glendinning, 'something has chanced to me that makes it better I should leave this land, and I am bound for Edinburgh.'

'What! thou hast stricken some of the king's deer, I warrant; or lightened the meadows of St. Mary's of some of their beeves; or thou hast taken a moonlight leap over the Border?'

'No, sir,' said Halbert, 'my case is entirely different.'

'Then I warrant thee,' said the Baron, 'thou hast stabbed some brother churl in a fray about a wench: thou art a likely lad to wrangle in such a cause.'

Ineffably disgusted at his tone and manner, Halbert Glendinning remained silent while the thought darted across his mind, what would Julian Avenel have said, had he known the quarrel, of which he spoke so lightly, had arisen on account of his own brother's daughter! 'But be thy cause of flight what it will,' said Julian, in continuation, 'dost thou think the law or its emissaries can follow thee into this island, or arrest thee under the standard of Avenel? Look at the depth of the lake, the strength of the walls, the length of the causeway; look at my men, and think if they are likely to see a comrade injured, or if I, their master, am a man to desert a faithful follower, in good or evil. I tell thee, it shall be an eternal day of truce betwixt thee and justice, as they call it, from the instant thou hast put my colours into thy cap: thou shalt ride by the warden's nose as thou wouldst pass an old market-woman, and ne'er a cur which follows him shall dare to bay at thee!'

<sup>1</sup> Miser, used in the sense in which it often occurs in Spenser, and which is indeed its literal import, 'wretched old man.'

'I thank you for your offers, noble sir,' replied Halbert, 'but I must answer in brief, that I cannot profit by them; my fortunes lead me elsewhere.'

'Thou art a self-willed fool for thy pains,' said Julian, turning from him; and signing Christie to approach, he whispered in his ear, 'There is promise in that young fellow's looks, Christie, and we want men of limbs and sinews so compacted; those thou hast brought to me of late are the mere refuse of mankind, wretches scarce worth the arrow that ends them: this youngster is limbed like St. George. Ply him with wine and wassail; let the wenches weave their meshes about him like spiders — thou understandest?' Christie gave a sagacious nod of intelligence, and fell back to a respectful distance from his master. 'And thou, old man,' said the Baron, turning to the elder traveller, 'hast thou been roaming the world after fortune too? it seems not she has fallen into thy way.'

'So please you,' replied Warden, 'I were perhaps more to be pitied than I am now had I indeed met with that fortune which, like others, I have sought in my greener days.'

'Nay, understand me, friend,' said the Baron; 'if thou art satisfied with thy buckram gown and long staff, I also am well content thou shouldst be as poor and contemptible as is good for the health of thy body and soul. All I care to know of thee is, the cause which hath brought thee to my castle, where few crows of thy kind care to settle. Thou art, I warrant thee, some ejected monk of a suppressed convent, paying in his old days the price of the luxurious idleness in which he spent his youth. Ay, or it may be some pilgrim with a budget of lies from St. James of Compostella or Our Lady of Loretto; or thou mayest be some pardoner with his budget of relics from Rome, forgiving sins at a penny a-dozen, and one to the tale. Ay, I guess why I find thee in this boy's company, and doubtless thou wouldst have such a strapping lad as he to carry thy wallet, and relieve thy lazy shoulders; but, by the mass, I will cross thy cunning. I make my vow to sun and moon, I will not see a proper lad so mislead as to run the country with an old knave, like Simmie and his brother.<sup>1</sup> Away with thee!' he added, rising in wrath, and speaking so fast as to give no opportunity of answer, being probably determined to terrify the elder guest into an abrupt flight — 'away with thee, with thy clouted coat, scrip, and

<sup>1</sup> Two *questionarii*, or begging friars, whose accoutrements and roguery make the subject of an old Scottish satirical poem.

scallop-shell, or, by the name of Avenel, I will have them loose the hounds on thee !'

Warden waited with the greatest patience until Julian Avenel, astonished that the threats and violence of his language made no impression on him, paused in a sort of wonder, and said in a less imperious tone, 'Why the fiend dost thou not answer me?'

'When you have done speaking,' said Warden, in the same composed manner, 'it will be full time to reply.'

'Say on, man, in the devil's name ; but take heed — beg not here — were it but for the rinds of cheese, the refuse of the rats, or a morsel that my dogs would turn from — neither a grain of meal, nor the nineteenth part of a grey groat, will I give to any feigned limmar of thy coat.'

'It may be,' answered Warden, 'that you would have less quarrel with my coat if you knew what it covers. I am neither a friar nor mendicant, and would be right glad to hear thy testimony against these foul deceivers of God's church, and usurpers of His rights over the Christian flock, were it given in Christian charity.'

'And who or what art thou, then,' said Avenel, 'that thou comest to this Border land, and art neither monk, nor soldier, nor broken man?'

'I am an humble teacher of the Holy Word,' answered Warden. 'This letter from a most noble person will speak why I am here at this present time.'

He delivered the letter to the Baron, who regarded the seal with some surprise, and then looked on the letter itself, which seemed to excite still more. He then fixed his eyes on the stranger, and said, in a menacing tone, 'I think thou dardest not betray me or deceive me?'

'I am not the man to attempt either,' was the concise reply.

Julian Avenel carried the letter to the window, where he perused, or at least attempted to peruse, it more than once, often looking from the paper and gazing on the stranger who had delivered it, as if he meant to read the purport of the missive in the face of the messenger. Julian at length called to the female — 'Catherine, bestir thee, and fetch me presently that letter which I bade thee keep ready at hand in thy casket, having no sure lockfast place of my own.'

Catherine went with the readiness of one willing to be employed ; and as she walked, the situation which requires a wider gown and a longer girdle, and in which woman claims from man a double portion of the most anxious care, was still more

visible than before. She soon returned with the paper, and was rewarded with a cold — 'I thank thee, wench; thou art a careful secretary.'

This second paper he also perused and reperused more than once, and still, as he read it, bent from time to time a wary and observant eye upon Henry Warden. This examination and re-examination, though both the man and the place were dangerous, the preacher endured with the most composed and steady countenance, seeming, under the eagle, or rather the vulture, eye of the Baron, as unmoved as under the gaze of an ordinary and peaceful peasant. At length Julian Avenel folded both papers, and having put them into the pocket of his cloak, cleared his brow, and, coming forward, addressed his female companion. 'Catherine,' said he, 'I have done this good man injustice, when I mistook him for one of the drones of Rome. He is a preacher, Catherine — a preacher of the — the new doctrine of the Lords of the Congregation.'

'The doctrine of the blessed Scriptures,' said the preacher, 'purified from the devices of men.'

'Sayest thou?' said Julian Avenel. 'Well, thou mayest call it what thou lists; but to me it is recommended because it flings off all those sottish dreams about saints and angels and devils, and unhorses the lazy monks that have ridden us so long, and spur-galled us so hard. No more masses and corpse-gifts; no more tithes and offerings to make men poor; no more prayers or psalms to make men cowards; no more christenings and penances, and confessions and marriages.'

'So please you,' said Henry Warden, 'it is against the corruptions, not against the fundamental doctrines, of the church, which we desire to renovate, and not to abolish.'

'Prithee, peace, man,' said the Baron; 'we of the laity care not what you set up, so you pull merrily down what stands in our way. Specially it suits well with us of the southland fells; for it is our profession to turn the world upside down, and we live ever the blithest life when the downer side is uppermost.'

Warden would have replied; but the Baron allowed him not time, striking the table with the hilt of his dagger, and crying out — 'Ha! you loitering knaves, bring our supper meal quickly. See you not this holy man is exhausted for lack of food? Heard ye ever of priest or preacher that devoured not his five meals a-day?'

The attendants bustled to and fro, and speedily brought in several large smoking platters, filled with huge pieces of beef, boiled and roasted, but without any variety whatsoever, with-



out vegetables, and almost without bread, though there was at the upper end a few oat-cakes in a basket.

Julian Avenel made a sort of apology to Warden. 'You have been commended to our care, sir preacher, since that is your style, by a person whom we highly honour.'

'I am assured,' said Warden, 'that the most noble Lord——'

'Prithee, peace, man,' said Avenel; 'what need of naming names, so we understand each other? I meant but to speak in reference to your safety and comfort, of which he desires us to be chary. Now, for your safety, look at my walls and water. But touching your comfort, we have no corn of our own, and the meal-girnels of the south are less easily transported than their beeves, seeing they have no legs to walk upon. But what though? a stoup of wine thou shalt have, and of the best; thou shalt sit betwixt Catherine and me at the board-end. And, Christie, do thou look to the young springald, and call to the cellarer for a flagon of the best.'

The Baron took his wonted place at the upper end of the board; his Catherine sate down, and courteously pointed to a seat betwixt them for their reverend guest. But, notwithstanding the influence both of hunger and fatigue, Henry Warden retained his standing posture.

## CHAPTER XXV

When lovely woman stoops to folly,  
And finds too late that men betray —

**J**ULIAN AVENEL saw with surprise the demeanour of the reverend stranger. 'Beshrew me,' he said, 'these new-fashioned religioners have fast-days, I warrant me; the old ones used to confer these blessings chiefly on the laity.' 'We acknowledge no such rule,' said the preacher. 'We hold that our faith consists not in using or abstaining from special meats on special days; and in fasting we rend our hearts, and not our garments.'

'The better — the better for yourselves, and the worse for Tom Tailor,' said the Baron; 'but come, sit down, or, if thou needs must e'en give us a cast of thy office, mutter thy charm.'

'Sir Baron,' said the preacher, 'I am in a strange land, where neither mine office nor my doctrine are known, and where, it would seem, both are greatly misunderstood. It is my duty so to bear me that in my person, however unworthy, my Master's dignity may be respected, and that sin may take not confidence from relaxation of the bonds of discipline.'

'Ho la! halt there,' said the Baron; 'thou wert sent hither for thy safety, but not, I think, to preach to me or control me. What is it thou wouldst have, sir preacher? Remember thou speakest to one somewhat short of patience, who loves a short health and a long draught.'

'In a word, then,' said Henry Warden, 'that lady —'

'How!' said the Baron, starting — 'what of her? What hast thou to say of that dame?'

'Is she thy house-dame?' said the preacher, after a moment's pause, in which he seemed to seek for the best mode of expressing what he had to say — 'is she, in brief, thy wife?'

The unfortunate young woman pressed both her hands on

her face, as if to hide it, but the deep blush which crimsoned her brow and neck showed that her cheeks were also glowing; and the bursting tears, which found their way betwixt her slender fingers, bore witness to her sorrow, as well as to her shame.

‘Now, by my father’s ashes!’ said the Baron, rising and spurning from him his footstool with such violence that it hit the wall on the opposite side of the apartment; then instantly constraining himself, he muttered, ‘What need to run myself into trouble for a fool’s word?’ Then resuming his seat, he answered coldly and scornfully, ‘No, sir priest or sir preacher, Catherine is not my wife — cease thy whimpering, thou foolish wench! — She is not my wife, but she is handfasted with me, and that makes her as honest a woman.’

‘Handfasted!’ repeated Warden.

‘Knowest thou not that rite, holy man?’ said Avenel, in the same tone of derision; ‘then I will tell thee. We Border men are more wary than your inland clowns of Fife and Lothian: no jump in the dark for us, no clenching the fetters around our wrists till we know how they will wear with us: we take our wives, like our horses, upon trial. When we are handfasted, as we term it, we are man and wife for a year and day; that space gone by, each may choose another mate, or, at their pleasure, may call the priest to marry them for life; and this we call handfasting.’<sup>1</sup>

‘Then,’ said the preacher, ‘I tell thee, noble Baron, in brotherly love to thy soul, it is a custom licentious, gross, and corrupted, and, if persisted in, dangerous, yea damnable. It binds thee to the frailer being while she is the object of desire; it relieves thee when she is most the subject of pity; it gives all to brutal sense, and nothing to generous and gentle affection. I say to thee, that he who can meditate the breach of such an engagement, abandoning the deluded woman and the helpless offspring, is worse than the birds of prey; for of them the males remain with their mates until the nestlings can take wing. Above all, I say it is contrary to the pure Christian doctrine, which assigns woman to man as the partner of his labour, the soother of his evil, his helpmate in peril, his friend in affliction; not as the toy of his looser hours, or as a flower which, once cropped, he may throw aside at pleasure.’

‘Now, by the saints, a most virtuous homily!’ said the

<sup>1</sup> See Note 18.

Baron ; ' quaintly conceived and curiously pronounced, and to a well-chosen congregation. Hark ye, sir gospeller ! trow ye to have a fool in hand ? Know I not that your sect rose by bluff Harry Tudor, merely because ye aided him to change *his* Kate ; and wherefore should I not use the same Christian liberty with *mine* ? Tush, man ! bless the good food, and meddle not with what concerns thee not ; thou hast no gull in Julian Avenel.'

' He hath gulled and cheated himself,' said the preacher, ' should he even incline to do that poor sharer of his domestic cares the imperfect justice that remains to him. Can he now raise her to the rank of a pure and uncontaminated matron ? Can he deprive his child of the misery of owing birth to a mother who has erred ? He can indeed give them both the rank, the state of married wife and of lawful son ; but, in public opinion, their names will be smirched and sullied with a stain which his tardy efforts cannot entirely efface. Yet render it to them, Baron of Avenel — render to them this late and imperfect justice. Bid me bind you together for ever, and celebrate the day of your bridal, not with feasting or wassail, but with sorrow for past sin, and the resolution to commence a better life. Happy then will the chance have been that has drawn me to this castle, though I come driven by calamity, and unknowing where my course is bound, like a leaf travelling on the north wind.'

The plain, and even coarse, features of the zealous speaker were warmed at once and ennobled by the dignity of his enthusiasm ; and the wild Baron, lawless as he was, and accustomed to spurn at the control whether of religious or moral law, felt, for the first time perhaps in his life, that he was under subjection to a mind superior to his own. He sat mute and suspended in his deliberations, hesitating betwixt anger and shame, yet borne down by the weight of the just rebuke thus boldly fulminated against him.

The unfortunate young woman, conceiving hopes from her tyrant's silence and apparent indecision, forgot both her fear and shame in her timid expectation that Avenel would relent ; and fixing upon him her anxious and beseeching eyes, gradually drew near and nearer to his seat, till at length, laying a trembling hand on his cloak, she ventured to utter, ' O noble Julian, listen to the good man !'

The speech and the motion were ill-timed, and wrought on that proud and wayward spirit the reverse of her wishes.

The fierce Baron started up in a fury, exclaiming, 'What! thou foolish callet, art thou confederate with this strolling vagabond, whom thou hast seen beard me in my own hall! Hence with thee, and think that I am proof both to male and female hypocrisy!'

The poor girl started back, astounded at his voice of thunder and looks of fury, and, turning pale as death, endeavoured to obey his orders, and tottered towards the door. Her limbs failed in the attempt, and she fell on the stone floor in a manner which her situation might have rendered fatal. The blood gushed from her face. Halbert Glendinning brooked not a sight so brutal, but, uttering a deep imprecation, started from his seat, and laid his hand on his sword, under the strong impulse of passing it through the body of the cruel and hard-hearted ruffian. But Christie of the Clinthill, guessing his intention, threw his arms around him, and prevented him from stirring to execute his purpose.

The impulse to such an act of violence was indeed but momentary, as it instantly appeared that Avenel himself, shocked at the effects of his violence, was lifting up and endeavouring to soothe in his own way the terrified Catherine.

'Peace,' he said — 'prithee, peace, thou silly minion; why, Kate, though I listen not to this tramping preacher, I said not what might happen an thou dost bear me a stout boy. There — there — dry thy tears — call thy women. So ho! where be these queans? Christie — Rowley — Hutcheon — drag them hither by the hair of the head!'

A half-dozen of startled, wild-looking females rushed into the room, and bore out her who might be either termed their mistress or their companion. She showed little sign of life, except by groaning faintly and keeping her hand on her side.

No sooner had this luckless female been conveyed from the apartment than the Baron, advancing to the table, filled and drank a deep goblet of wine; then putting an obvious restraint on his passions, turned to the preacher, who stood horror-struck at the scene he had witnessed, and said, 'You have borne too hard on us, sir preacher; but coming with the commendations which you have brought me, I doubt not but your meaning was good. But we are a wilder folk than you inland men of Fife and Lothian. Be advised, therefore, by me. Spur not an unbroken horse; put not your ploughshare too deep into new land. Preach to us spiritual liberty, and we will hearken to you; but we will give no way to spiritual bondage. Sit, there-

fore, down, and pledge me in old sack, and we will talk over other matters.'

'It is *from* spiritual bondage,' said the preacher, in the same tone of admonitory reproof, 'that I came to deliver you — it is from a bondage more fearful than that of the heaviest earthly gyves: it is from your own evil passions.'

'Sit down,' said Avenel, fiercely — 'sit down while the play is good, else by my father's crest and my mother's honour——!'

'Now,' whispered Christie of the Clinthill to Halbert, 'if he refuse to sit down, I would not give a grey groat for his head.'

'Lord Baron,' said Warden, 'thou hast placed me in extremity. But if the question be, whether I am to hide the light which I am commanded to show forth or to lose the light of this world, my choice is made. I say to thee, like the Holy Baptist to Herod, it is not lawful for thee to have this woman; and I say it, though bonds and death be the consequence, counting my life as nothing in comparison of the ministry to which I am called.'

Julian Avenel, enraged at the firmness of this reply, flung from his right hand the cup in which he was about to drink to his guest, and from the other cast off the hawk, which flew wildly through the apartment. His first motion was to lay hand upon his dagger. But, changing his resolution, he exclaimed, 'To the dungeon with this insolent stroller! I will hear no man speak a word for him. Look to the falcon, Christie, thou fool; an she escape, I will despatch you after her every man.' Away with that hypocritical dreamer; drag him hence if he resist!'

He was obeyed in both points. Christie of the Clinthill arrested the hawk's flight by putting his foot on her jesses, and so holding her fast, while Henry Warden was led off, without having shown the slightest symptoms of terror, by two of the Baron's satellites. Julian Avenel walked the apartment for a short time in sullen silence, and despatching one of his attendants with a whispered message, which probably related to the health of the unfortunate Catherine, he said aloud, 'These rash and meddling priests! By Heaven! they make us worse than we would be without them.'<sup>1</sup>

The answer which he presently received seemed somewhat to pacify his angry mood, and he took his place at the board,

<sup>1</sup> See Julian Avenel. Note 19.

commanding his retinue to do the like. All sat down in silence, and began the repast.

During the meal, Christie in vain attempted to engage his youthful companion in carousal, or, at least, in conversation. Halbert Glendinning pleaded fatigue, and expressed himself unwilling to take any liquor stronger than the heather ale, which was at that time frequently used at meals. Thus every effort at jovialty died away, until the Baron, striking his hand against the table, as if impatient of the long unbroken silence, cried out aloud, 'What, ho! my masters, are ye Border riders, and sit as mute over your meal as a mess of monks and friars? Some one sing, if no one list to speak. Meat eaten without either mirth or music is ill of digestion. Louis,' he added, speaking to one of the youngest of his followers, 'thou art ready enough to sing when no one bids thee.'

The young man looked first at his master, then up to the arched roof of the hall, then drank off the horn of ale, or wine, which stood beside him, and with a rough yet not unmelodious voice sung the following ditty to the ancient air of 'Blue Bonnets over the Border.'

## I

'March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,  
 Why the deil dinna ye march forward in order?  
 March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,  
 All the Blue Bonnets are bound for the Border.  
     Many a banner spread,  
     Flutters above your head,  
 Many a crest that is famous in story;  
     Mount and make ready then,  
     Sons of the mountain glen,  
 Fight for the Queen and the old Scottish glory!

## II

Come from the hills where the hirsels are grazing,  
 Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;  
 Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,  
 Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.  
     Trumpets are sounding,  
     War-steeds are bounding,  
 Stand to your arms then, and march in good order,  
     England shall many a day  
     Tell of the bloody fray,  
 When the Blue Bonnets came over the Border!

The song, rude as it was, had in it that warlike character which at any other time would have roused Halbert's spirit; but at present the charm of minstrelsy had no effect upon him. He made it his request to Christie to suffer him to retire to

rest, a request with which that worthy person, seeing no chance of making a favourable impression on his intended proselyte in his present humour, was at length pleased to comply. But no Sergeant Kite who ever practised the profession of recruiting was more attentive that his object should not escape him than was Christie of the Clinthill. He indeed conducted Halbert Glendinning to a small apartment overlooking the lake, which was accommodated with a truckle-bed. But before quitting him Christie took special care to give a look to the bars which crossed the outside of the window, and when he left the apartment he failed not to give the key a double turn — circumstances which convinced young Glendinning that there was no intention of suffering him to depart from the Castle of Avenel at his own time and pleasure. He judged it, however, most prudent to let these alarming symptoms pass without observation.

No sooner did he find himself in undisturbed solitude than he ran rapidly over the events of the day in his recollection, and to his surprise found that his own precarious fate, and even the death of Piercie Shafton, made less impression on him than the singularly bold and determined conduct of his companion, Henry Warden. Providence, which suits its instruments to the end they are to achieve, had awakened in the cause of Reformation in Scotland a body of preachers of more energy than refinement, bold in spirit, and strong in faith, contemners of whatever stood betwixt them and their principal object, and seeking the advancement of the great cause in which they laboured by the roughest road, provided it were the shortest. The soft breeze may wave the willow, but it requires the voice of the tempest to agitate the boughs of the oak ; and, accordingly, to milder hearers, and in a less rude age, their manners would have been ill adapted, but they were singularly successful in their mission to the rude people to whom it was addressed.

Owing to these reasons, Halbert Glendinning, who had resisted and repelled the arguments of the preacher, was forcibly struck by the firmness of his demeanour in the dispute with Julian Avenel. It might be discourteous, and most certainly it was incautious, to choose such a place and such an audience, for upbraiding with his transgressions a baron whom both manners and situation placed in full possession of independent power. But the conduct of the preacher was uncompromising, firm, manly, and obviously grounded upon the deepest conviction which duty and principle could afford ; and Glendinning, who had viewed the conduct of Avenel with the deepest abhor-



rence, was proportionally interested in the brave old man, who had ventured life rather than withhold the censure due to guilt. This pitch of virtue seemed to him to be in religion what was demanded by chivalry of her votaries in war—an absolute surrender of all selfish feelings, and a combination of every energy proper to the human mind to discharge the task which duty demanded.

Halbert was at the period when youth is most open to generous emotions, and knows best how to appreciate them in others, and he felt, although he hardly knew why, that, whether Catholic or heretic, the safety of this man deeply interested him. Curiosity mingled with the feeling, and led him to wonder what the nature of those doctrines could be which stole their votary so completely from himself, and devoted him to chains or to death as their sworn champion. He had indeed been told of saints and martyrs of former days who had braved for their religious faith the extremity of death and torture. But their spirit of enthusiastic devotion had long slept in the ease and indolent habits of their successors, and their adventures, like those of knights-errant, were rather read for amusement than for edification. A new impulse had been necessary to rekindle the energies of religious zeal, and that impulse was now operating in favour of a purer religion, with one of whose steadiest votaries the youth had now met for the first time.

The sense that he himself was a prisoner, under the power of this savage chieftain, by no means diminished Halbert's interest in the fate of his fellow-sufferer, while he determined at the same time so far to emulate his fortitude that neither threats nor suffering should compel him to enter into the service of such a master. The possibility of escape next occurred to him, and, though with little hope of effecting it in that way, Glendinning proceeded to examine more particularly the window of the apartment. The apartment was situated in the first story of the castle, and was not so far from the rock on which it was founded but that an active and bold man might with little assistance descend to a shelf of the rock which was immediately below the window, and from thence either leap or drop himself down into the lake which lay before his eye, clear and blue in the placid light of a full summer's moon. 'Were I once placed on that ledge,' thought Glendinning, 'Julian Avenel and Christie had seen the last of me.' The size of the window favoured such an attempt, but the stanchions or iron bars seemed to form an insurmountable obstacle.

While Halbert Glendinning gazed from the window with that eagerness of hope which was prompted by the energy of his character and his determination not to yield to circumstances, his ear caught some sounds from below, and listening with more attention, he could distinguish the voice of the preacher engaged in his solitary devotions. To open a correspondence with him became immediately his object, and failing to do so by less marked sounds, he at length ventured to speak, and was answered from beneath — 'Is it thou, my son?' The voice of the prisoner now sounded more distinctly than when it was first heard, for Warden had approached the small aperture which, serving his prison for a window, opened just betwixt the wall and the rock, and admitted a scanty portion of light through a wall of immense thickness. This *soupirail* being placed exactly under Halbert's window, the contiguity permitted the prisoners to converse in a low tone, when Halbert declared his intention to escape, and the possibility he saw of achieving his purpose, but for the iron stanchions of the window. 'Prove thy strength, my son, in the name of God!' said the preacher. Halbert obeyed him more in despair than hope, but to his great astonishment, and somewhat to his terror, the bar parted asunder near the bottom, and the longer part being easily bent outwards and not secured with lead in the upper socket, dropt out into Halbert's hand. He immediately whispered, but as energetically as a whisper could be expressed — 'By Heaven, the bar has given way in my hand!'

'Thank Heaven, my son, instead of swearing by it,' answered Warden from his dungeon.

With little effort Halbert Glendinning forced himself through the opening thus wonderfully effected, and using his leathern sword-belt as a rope to assist him, let himself safely drop on the shelf of rock upon which the preacher's window opened. But through this no passage could be effected, being scarce larger than a loophole for musketry; and apparently constructed for that purpose.

'Are there no means by which I can assist your escape, my father?' said Halbert.

'There are none, my son,' answered the preacher; 'but if thou wilt ensure my safety, that may be in thy power.'

'I will labour earnestly for it,' said the youth.

'Take then a letter which I will presently write, for I have the means of light and writing materials in my scrip. Hasten towards Edinburgh, and on the way thou wilt meet a body of

horse marching southwards. Give this to their leader, and acquaint him of the state in which thou hast left me. It may hap that thy doing so will advantage thyself.'

In a minute or two the light of a taper gleamed through the shot-hole, and very shortly after the preacher, with the assistance of his staff, pushed a billet to Glendinning through the window.

'God bless thee, my son,' said the old man, 'and complete the marvellous work which He has begun!'

'Amen!' answered Halbert, with solemnity, and proceeded on his enterprise.

He hesitated a moment whether he should attempt to descend to the edge of the water; but the steepness of the rock, and darkness of the night, rendered the enterprise too dangerous. He clasped his hands above his head, and boldly sprung from the precipice, shooting himself forward into the air as far as he could for fear of sunken rocks, and alighted on the lake, head foremost, with such force as sunk him for a minute below the surface. But, strong, long-breathed, and accustomed to such exercise, Halbert, even though encumbered with his sword, dived and rose like a sea-fowl, and swam across the lake in the northern direction. When he landed and looked back on the castle, he could observe that the alarm had been given, for lights glanced from window to window, and he heard the draw-bridge lowered, and the tread of horses' feet upon the causeway. But, little alarmed for the consequence of a pursuit during the darkness, he wrung the water from his dress, and, plunging into the moors, directed his course to the north-east by the assistance of the polar star.

## CHAPTER XXVI

Why, what an intricate impeach is this !  
I think you all have drank of Circe's cup.  
If here you housed him, here he would have been ;  
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly.

*Comedy of Errors.*

THE course of our story, leaving for the present Halbert Glendinning to the guidance of his courage and his fortune, returns to the Tower of Glendearg, where matters in the meanwhile fell out with which it is most fitting that the reader should be acquainted.

The meal was prepared at noontide with all the care which Elspeth and Tibb, assisted by the various accommodations which had been supplied from the monastery, could bestow on it. Their dialogue ran on as usual in the intervals of their labour, partly as between mistress and servant, partly as maintained by gossips of nearly equal quality.

'Look to the minced meat, Tibb,' said Elspeth ; 'and turn the broach even, thou good-for-nothing Simmie : thy wits are harrying birds' nests, child. Weel, Tibb, this is a fasheous job — this Sir Piercie lying leaguer with us up here, and wha kens for how lang ?'

'A fasheous job, indeed,' answered her faithful attendant, 'and little good did the name ever bring to fair Scotland. Ye may have your hands fuller of them than they are yet. Mony a sair heart have the Piercies given to Scots wife and bairns with their pricking on the Borders. There was Hotspur, and many more of that bloody kindred, have sate in our skirts since Malcolm's time, as Martin says !'

'Martin should keep a weel-scrapit tongue in his head,' said Elspeth, 'and not slander the kin of anybody that quarters at Glendearg ; forbye, that Sir Piercie Shafton is much respected with the holy fathers of the community, and they will make up to us ony fasherie that we may have with him, either by

good word or good deed, I'se warrant them. He is a considerate lord, the lord abbot.

'And weel he likes a saft seat to his hinder end,' said Tibb; 'I have seen a belted baron sit on a bare bench, and find nae fault. But an ye are pleased, mistress, I am pleased.'

'Now, in good time, here comes Mysie of the Mill. And where hae ye been, lass, for a's gane wrang without you?' said Elspeth.

'I just gaed a blink up the burn,' said Mysie, 'for the young lady has been down on her bed, and is no just that weel. So I gaed a gliff up the burn.'

'To see the young lads come hame frae the sport, I will warrant you,' said Elspeth. 'Ay, ay, Tibb, that's the way the young folk guide us, Tibbie; leave us to do the wark, and out to the play themsells.'

'Ne'er a bit of that, mistress,' said the Maid of the Mill, stripping her round pretty arms, and looking actively and good-humouredly round for some duty that she could discharge; 'but just—I thought ye might like to ken if they were coming back, just to get the dinner forward.'

'And saw you aught of them, then?' demanded Elspeth.

'Not the least tokening,' said Mysie, 'though I got to the head of a knowe, and though the English knight's beautiful white feather could have been seen over all the bushes in the shaw.'

'The knight's white feather!' said Dame Glendinning; 'ye are a sillie hempie—my Halbert's high head will be seen farther than his feather, let it be as white as it like, I trow.'

Mysie made no answer, but began to knead dough for wastel-cake with all despatch, observing that Sir Piercie had partaken of that dainty, and commended it, upon the preceding day. And presently, in order to place on the fire the girdle or iron plate on which these cakes were to be baked, she displaced a stew-pan in which some of Tibb's delicacies were submitted to the action of the kitchen fire. Tibb muttered betwixt her teeth—'And it is the broth for my sick bairn that maun make room for the dainty Southron's wastel-bread! It was a blithe time in Wight Wallace's day, or good King Robert's, when the pock-puddings gat naething here but hard straits and bloody crowns. But we will see how it will a' end.'

Elspeth did not think it proper to notice these discontented expressions of Tibbie, but they sunk into her mind; for she was apt to consider her as a sort of authority in matters of war and

policy, with which her former experience as bower-woman at Avenel Castle made her better acquainted than were the peaceful inhabitants of the halidome. She only spoke, however, to express her surprise that the hunters did not return.

'An they come not back the sooner,' said Tibb, 'they will fare the waur, for the meat will be roasted to a cinder; and there is poor Simmie that can turn the spit nae langer: the bairn is melting like an icicle in warm water. Gang awa', bairn, and take a mouthful of the caller air, and I will turn the broach till ye come back.'

'Rin up to the bartizan at the tower head, callant,' said Dame Glendinning, 'the air will be callerer there than ony gate else, and bring us word if our Halbert and the gentleman are coming down the glen.'

The boy lingered long enough to allow his substitute, Tibb Tacket, heartily to tire of her own generosity and of his cricket-stool by the side of a huge fire. He at length returned with the news that he had seen nobody.

The matter was not remarkable so far as Halbert Glendinning was concerned, for, patient alike of want and of fatigue, it was no uncommon circumstance for him to remain in the wilds till curfew time. But nobody had given Sir Piercie Shafton credit for being so keen a sportsman, and the idea of an Englishman preferring the chase to his dinner was altogether inconsistent with their preconceptions of the national character. Amidst wondering and conjecturing, the usual dinner hour passed long away; and the inmates of the tower, taking a hasty meal themselves, adjourned their more solemn preparations until the hunters' return at night, since it seemed now certain that their sport had either carried them to a greater distance, or engaged them for a longer time, than had been expected.

About four hours after noon, arrived, not the expected sportsmen, but an unlooked-for visitant, the sub-prior from the monastery. The scene of the preceding day had dwelt on the mind of Father Eustace, who was of that keen and penetrating cast of mind which loves not to leave unascertained whatever of mysterious is subjected to its inquiry. His kindness was interested in the family of Glendearg, which he had now known for a long time; and besides, the community was interested in the preservation of the peace betwixt Sir Piercie Shafton and his youthful host, since whatever might draw public attention on the former could not fail to be prejudicial.

to the monastery, which was already threatened by the hand of power. He found the family assembled all but Mary Avenel, and was informed that Halbert Glendinning had accompanied the stranger on a day's sport. So far was well. They had not returned; but when did youth and sport conceive themselves bound by set hours? and the circumstance excited no alarm in his mind.

While he was conversing with Edward Glendinning touching his progress in the studies he had pointed out to him, they were startled by a shriek from Mary Avenel's apartment, which drew the whole family thither in headlong haste. They found her in a swoon in the arms of Old Martin, who was bitterly accusing himself of having killed her: so indeed it seemed, for her pale features and closed eyes argued rather a dead corpse than a living person. The whole family were instantly in tumult. Snatching her from Martin's arms with the eagerness of affectionate terror, Edward bore her to the casement, that she might receive the influence of the open air; the sub-prior, who, like many of his profession, had some knowledge of medicine, hastened to prescribe the readiest remedies which occurred to him; and the terrified females contended with, and impeded each other, in their rival efforts to be useful.

'It has been ane of her weary ghaists,' said Dame Glendinning.

'It's just a trembling on her spirits, as her blessed mother used to have,' said Tibb.

'It's some ill news has come ower her,' said the miller's maiden; while burnt feathers, cold water, and all the usual means of restoring suspended animation, were employed alternately, and with little effect.

At length a new assistant, who had joined the group unobserved, tendered his aid in the following terms: 'How is this, my most fair Discretion? What cause hath moved the ruby current of life to rush back to the citadel of the heart, leaving pale those features in which it should have delighted to meander for ever! Let me approach her,' he said, 'with this sovereign essence, distilled by the fair hands of the divine Urania, and powerful to recall fugitive life, even if it were trembling on the verge of departure.'

Thus speaking, Sir Piercie Shafton knelt down, and most gracefully presented to the nostrils of Mary Avenel a silver pouncet-box, exquisitely chased, containing a sponge dipt in the essence which he recommended so highly. Yes, gentle reader,

it was Sir Piercie Shafton himself who thus unexpectedly proffered his good offices!—his cheeks, indeed, very pale, and some part of his dress stained with blood, but not otherwise appearing different from what he was on the preceding evening. But no sooner had Mary Avenel opened her eyes and fixed them on the figure of the officious courtier, than she screamed faintly, and exclaimed — ‘Secure the murderer!’

Those present stood aghast with astonishment, and none more so than the Euphuist, who found himself so suddenly and so strangely accused by the patient whom he was endeavouring to succour, and who repelled his attempts to yield her assistance with all the energy of abhorrence.

‘Take him away!’ she exclaimed — ‘take away the murderer!’

‘Now, by my knighthood,’ answered Sir Piercie, ‘your lovely faculties either of mind or body are, O my most fair Discretion, obnubilated by some strange hallucination! For either your eyes do not discern that it is Piercie Shafton, your most devoted Affability, who now stands before you, or else, your eyes discerning truly, your mind has most erroneously concluded that he has been guilty of some delict or violence to which his hand is a stranger. No murder, O most scornful Discretion, hath been this day done, saving but that which your angry glances are now performing on your most devoted captive.’

He was here interrupted by the sub-prior, who had, in the meantime, been speaking with Martin apart, and had received from him an account of the circumstances which, suddenly communicated to Mary Avenel, had thrown her into this state. ‘Sir knight,’ said the sub-prior, in a very solemn tone, yet with some hesitation, ‘circumstances have been communicated to us of a nature so extraordinary that, reluctant as I am to exercise such authority over a guest of our venerable community, I am constrained to request from you an explanation of them. You left this tower early in the morning, accompanied by a youth, Halbert Glendinning, the eldest son of this good dame, and you return hither without him. Where, and at what hour, did you part company from him?’

The English knight paused for a moment, and then replied — ‘I marvel that your reverence employs so grave a tone to enforce so light a question. I parted with the villagio whom you call Halbert Glendinning some hour or twain after sunrise.’

‘And at what place, I pray you?’ said the monk.

‘In a deep ravine, where a fountain rises at the base of a



huge rock, an earth-born Titan, which heaveth up its grey head, even as ——

‘Spare us further description,’ said the sub-prior; ‘we know the spot. But that youth hath not since been heard of, and it will fall on you to account for him.’

‘My bairn!—my bairn!’ exclaimed Dame Glendinning. ‘Yes, holy father, make the villain account for my bairn!’

‘I swear, good woman, by bread and by water, which are the props of our life ——’

‘Swear by wine and wastel-bread, for these are the props of *thy* life, thou greedy Southron!’ said Dame Glendinning; ‘a base belly-god, to come here to eat the best, and practise on our lives that give it to him!’

‘I tell thee, woman,’ said Sir Piercie Shafton, ‘I did but go with thy son to the hunting.’

‘A black hunting it has been to him, poor bairn,’ replied Tibb; ‘and sae I said it wad prove since I first saw the false Southron snout of thee. Little good comes of a Piercie’s hunting, from Chevy Chase till now.’

‘Be silent, woman,’ said the sub-prior, ‘and rail not upon the English knight; we do not yet know of anything beyond suspicion.’

‘We will have his heart’s blood!’ said Dame Glendinning; and, seconded by the faithful Tibbie, she made such a sudden onslaught on the unlucky Euphuist as must have terminated in something serious, had not the monk, aided by Mysie Happer, interposed to protect him from their fury. Edward had left the apartment the instant the disturbance broke out, and now entered sword in hand, followed by Martin and Jasper, the one having a hunting-spear in his hand, the other a cross-bow.

‘Keep the door,’ he said to his two attendants; ‘shoot him or stab him without mercy should he attempt to break forth; if he offers an escape, by Heaven, he shall die!’

‘How now, Edward,’ said the sub-prior; ‘how is this that you so far forget yourself? meditating violence to a guest, and in my presence, who represent your liege lord?’

Edward stepped forward with his drawn sword in his hand. ‘Pardon me, reverend father,’ he said, ‘but in this matter the voice of nature speaks louder and stronger than yours. I turn my sword’s point against this proud man, and I demand of him the blood of my brother—the blood of my father’s son—of the heir of our name! If he denies to give me a true account of him, he shall not deny me vengeance.’

Embarrassed as he was, Sir Piercie Shafton showed no personal fear. 'Put up thy sword,' he said, 'young man; not in the same day does Piercie Shafton contend with two peasants.'

'Hear him! he confesses the deed, holy father,' said Edward.

'Be patient, my son,' said the sub-prior, endeavouring to soothe the feelings which he could not otherwise control — 'be patient, thou wilt attain the ends of justice better through my means than thine own violence. And you, woman, be silent. Tibb, remove your mistress and Mary Avenel.'

While Tibb, with the assistance of the other females of the household, bore the poor mother and Mary Avenel into separate apartments; and while Edward, still keeping his sword in his hand, hastily traversed the room, as if to prevent the possibility of Sir Piercie Shafton's escape, the sub-prior insisted upon knowing from the perplexed knight the particulars which he knew respecting Halbert Glendinning. His situation became extremely embarrassing, for what he might with safety have told of the issue of their combat was so revolting to his pride that he could not bring himself to enter into the detail; and of Halbert's actual fate he knew, as the reader is well aware, absolutely nothing.

The father in the meanwhile pressed him with remonstrances, and prayed him to observe, he would greatly prejudice himself by declining to give a full account of the transactions of the day. 'You cannot deny,' he said, 'that yesterday you seemed to take the most violent offence at this unfortunate youth; and that you suppressed your resentment so suddenly as to impress us all with surprise. Last night you proposed to him this day's hunting party, and you set out together by break of day. You parted, you said, at the fountain near the rock, about an hour or twain after sunrise, and it appears that before you parted you had been at strife together.'

'I said not so,' replied the knight. 'Here is a coil indeed about the absence of a rustical bondsman, who, I daresay, hath gone off — if he be gone — to join the next rascally band of freebooters! Ye ask me, a knight of the Piercie's lineage, to account for such an insignificant fugitive, and I answer, let me know the price of his head, and I will pay it to your convent treasurer.'

'You admit, then, that you have slain my brother?' said Edward, interfering once more; 'I will presently show you at what price we Scots rate the lives of our friends!'

'Peace, Edward — peace, I entreat — I command thee!' said the sub-prior. 'And you, sir knight, think better of us than to suppose you may spend Scottish blood, and reckon for it as for wine spilt in a drunken revel. This youth was no bondsman; thou well knowest that, in thine own land, thou hadst not dared to lift thy sword against the meanest subject of England but her laws would have called thee to answer for the deed. Do not hope it will be otherwise here, for you will but deceive yourself.'

'You drive me beyond my patience,' said the Enphuist, 'even as the over-driven ox is urged into madness! What can I tell you of a young fellow whom I have not seen since the second hour after sunrise?'

'But can you explain in what circumstances you parted with him?' said the monk.

'What *are* the circumstances, in the devil's name, which you desire should be explained? for although I protest against this constraint as alike unworthy and inhospitable, yet would I willingly end this fray, provided that by words it may be ended,' said the knight.

'If these end it not,' said Edward, 'blows shall, and that full speedily.'

'Peace, impatient boy!' said the sub-prior; 'and do you, Sir Piercie Shafton, acquaint me why the ground is bloody by the verge of the fountain in Corrie-nan-Shian, where, as you say yourself, you parted from Halbert Glendinning.'

Resolute not to avow his defeat if possibly he could avoid it, the knight answered, in a haughty tone, that he supposed it was no unusual thing to find the turf bloody where hunters had slain a deer.

'And did you bury your game as well as kill it?' said the monk. 'We must know from you who is the tenant of that grave — that newly-made grave, beside the very fountain whose margin is so deeply crimsoned with blood. Thou seest thou canst not evade me; therefore be ingenuous, and tell us the fate of this unhappy youth, whose body is doubtless lying under that bloody turf.'

'If it be,' said Sir Piercie, 'they must have buried him alive; for I swear to thee, reverend father, that this rustic juvenal parted from me in perfect health. Let the grave be searched, and if his body be found, then deal with me as ye list.'

'It is not my sphere to determine thy fate, sir knight, but

that of the lord abbot and the right reverend chapter. It is but my duty to collect such information as may best possess their wisdom with the matters which have chanced.'

'Might I presume so far, reverend father,' said the knight, 'I should wish to know the author and evidence of all these suspicions, so unfoundedly urged against me?'

'It is soon told,' said the sub-prior; 'nor do I wish to disguise it, if it can avail you in your defence. This maiden, Mary Avenel, apprehending that you nourished malice against her foster-brother under a friendly brow, did advisedly send up the old man, Martin Tacket, to follow your footsteps, and to prevent mischief. But it seems that your evil passions had outrun precaution; for when he came to the spot, guided by your footsteps upon the dew, he found but the bloody turf and the new-covered grave; and after long and vain search through the wilds after Halbert and yourself, he brought back the sorrowful news to her who had sent him.'

'Saw he not my doublet, I pray you?' said Sir Piercie; 'for when I came to myself I found that I was wrapped in my cloak, but without my under garment, as your reverence may observe.'

So saying, he opened his cloak, forgetting, with his characteristic inconsistency, that he showed his shirt stained with blood.

'How! cruel man,' said the monk, when he observed this confirmation of his suspicions; 'wilt thou deny the guilt, even while thou bearest on thy person the blood thou hast shed? Wilt thou longer deny that thy rash hand has robbed a mother of a son, our community of a vassal, the Queen of Scotland of a liege subject? And what canst thou expect, but that, at the least, we deliver thee up to England, as undeserving our further protection?'

'By the saints!' said the knight, now driven to extremity, 'if this blood be the witness against me, it is but rebel blood, since this morning at sunrise it flowed within my own veins.'

'How were that possible, Sir Piercie Shafton,' said the monk, 'since I see no wound from whence it can have flowed?'

'That,' said the knight, 'is the most mysterious part of the transaction. See here!'

So saying, he undid his shirt collar, and, opening his bosom, showed the spot through which Halbert's sword had passed, but already cicatrised, and bearing the appearance of a wound lately healed.

'This exhausts my patience, sir knight,' said the sub-prior, 'and is adding insult to violence and injury. Do you hold me for a child or an idiot, that you pretend to make me believe that the fresh blood with which your shirt is stained flowed from a wound which has been healed for weeks or months? Unhappy mocker, thinkest thou thus to blind us? Too well do we know that it is the blood of your victim, wrestling with you in the desperate and mortal struggle, which has thus dyed your apparel.'

The knight, after a moment's recollection, said in reply, 'I will be open with you, my father; bid these men stand out of ear-shot, and I will tell you all I know of this mysterious business; and muse not, good father, though it may pass thy wit to expound it, for I avouch to you it is too dark for mine own.'

The monk commanded Edward and the two men to withdraw, assuring the former that his conference with the prisoner should be brief, and giving him permission to keep watch at the door of the apartment; without which allowance he might, perhaps, have had some difficulty in procuring his absence. Edward had no sooner left the chamber than he despatched messengers to one or two families of the halidome, with whose sons his brother and he sometimes associated, to tell them that Halbert Glendinning had been murdered by an Englishman, and to require them to repair to the Tower of Glendearg without delay. The duty of revenge in such cases was, held so sacred that he had no reason to doubt they would instantly come with such assistance as would ensure the detention of the prisoner. He then locked the doors of the tower, both inner and outer, and also the gate of the courtyard. Having taken these precautions, he made a hasty visit to the females of the family, exhausting himself in efforts to console them, and in protestations that he would have vengeance for his murdered brother.

## CHAPTER XXVII

Now, by Our Lady, sheriff, 't is hard reckoning,  
That I, with every odds of birth and barony,  
Should be detain'd here for the casual death  
Of a wild forester, whose utmost having  
Is but the brazen buckle of the belt  
In which he sticks his hedge-knife.

*Old Play.*

**W**HILE Edward was making preparations for securing and punishing the supposed murderer of his brother, with an intense thirst for vengeance which had not hitherto shown itself as part of his character, Sir Piercie Shafton made such communications as it pleased him to the sub-prior, who listened with great attention, though the knight's narrative was none of the clearest, especially as his self-conceit led him to conceal or abridge the details which were necessary to render it intelligible.

'You are to know,' he said, 'reverend father, that this rustical juvenal having chosen to offer me, in the presence of your venerable superior, yourself, and other excellent and worthy persons, besides the damsel Mary Avenel, whom I term my Discretion in all honour and kindness, a gross insult, rendered yet more intolerable by the time and place, my just resentment did so gain the mastery over my discretion, that I resolved to allow him the privileges of an equal, and to indulge him with the combat.'

'But, sir knight,' said the sub-prior, 'you still leave two matters very obscure. First, why the token he presented to you gave you so much offence, as I with others witnessed; and then again, how the youth, whom you then met for the first, or at least the second, time, knew so much of your history as enabled him so greatly to move you.'

The knight coloured very deeply.

'For your first query,' he said, 'most reverend father, we will,

if you please, pretermitt it as nothing essential to the matter in hand; and for the second, I protest to you that I know as little of his means of knowledge as you do, and that I am wellnigh persuaded he deals with Sathanas, of which more anon. Well, sir — in the evening, I failed not to veil my purpose with a pleasant brow, as is the custom amongst us martialists, who never display the bloody colours of defiance in our countenance until our hand is armed to fight under them. I amused the fair Discretion with some canzonettes and other toys, which could not but be ravishing to her inexperienced ears. I arose in the morning, met my antagonist, who, to say truth, for an inexperienced villagio, comported himself as stoutly as I could have desired. So, coming to the encounter, reverend sir, I did try his mettle with some half a dozen of downright passes, with any one of which I could have been through his body, only that I was loth to take so fatal an advantage, but rather, mixing mercy with my just indignation, studied to inflict upon him some flesh-wound of no very fatal quality. But, sir, in the midst of my clemency, he, being instigated, I think, by the devil, did follow up his first offence with some insult of the same nature. Whereupon, being eager to punish him, I made an estramazone, and my foot slipping at the same time — not from any fault of fence on my part, or any advantage of skill on his, but the devil having, as I said, taken up the matter in hand, and the grass being slippery — ere I recovered my position I encountered his sword, which he had advanced, with my undefended person, so that, as I think, I was in some sort run through the body. My juvenal, being beyond measure apalled at his own unexpected and unmerited success in this strange encounter, takes the flight and leaves me there, and I fall into a dead swoon for the lack of the blood I had lost so foolishly; and when I awake as from a sound sleep, I find myself lying, an it like you, wrapt up in my cloak at the foot of one of the birch-trees which stand together in a clump near to this place. I feel my limbs, and experience little pain, but much weakness; I put my hand to the wound — it was whole and skinned over as you now see it; I rise and come hither; and in these words you have my whole day's story.'

'I can only reply to so strange a tale,' answered the monk, 'that it is scarce possible that Sir Piercie Shafton can expect me to credit it. Here is a quarrel, the cause of which you conceal; a wound received in the morning, of which there is no recent appearance at sunset; a grave filled up, in which no

body is deposited ; the vanquished found alive and well ; the victor departed no man knows whither. These things, sir knight, hang not so well together that I should receive them as gospel.'

'Reverend father,' answered Sir Piercie Shafton, 'I pray you in the first place to observe, that if I offer peaceful and civil justification of that which I have already averred to be true, I do so only in devout deference to your dress and to your order, protesting, that to any other opposite, saving a man of religion, a lady, or my liege prince, I would not deign to support that which I had once attested, otherwise than with the point of my good sword. And so much being premised, I have to add, that I can but gage my honour as a gentleman, and my faith as a Catholic Christian, that the things which I have described to you have happened to me as I have described them, and not otherwise.'

'It is a deep assertion, sir knight,' answered the sub-prior ; 'yet, bethink you, it is only an assertion, and that no reason can be alleged why things should be believed which are so contrary to reason. Let me pray you to say whether the grave which has been seen at your place of combat was open or closed when your encounter took place?'

'Reverend father,' said the knight, 'I will veil from you nothing, but show you each secret of my bosom ; even as the pure fountain revealeth the smallest pebble which graces the sand at the bottom of its crystal mirror, and as ——'

'Speak in plain terms, for the love of Heaven !' said the monk ; 'these holiday phrases belong not to solemn affairs. Was the grave open when the conflict began?'

'It was,' answered the knight, 'I acknowledge it ; even as he that acknowledgeth ——'

'Nay, I pray you, fair son, forbear these similitudes, and observe me. On yesterday at even no grave was found in that place, for Old Martin chanced, contrary to his wont, to go thither in quest of a strayed sheep. At break of day, by your own confession, a grave was opened in that spot, and there a combat was fought ; only one of the combatants appears, and he is covered with blood, and to all appearance woundless.' Here the knight made a gesture of impatience. 'Nay, fair son, hear me but one moment — the grave is closed and covered by the sod ; what can we believe, but that it conceals the bloody corpse of the fallen duellist?'

'By Heaven, it cannot !' said the knight, 'unless the juvenal



hath slain himself, and buried himself, in order to place me in the predicament of his murderer.'

'The grave shall doubtless be explored, and that by to-morrow's dawn,' said the monk; 'I will see it done with mine own eyes.'

'But,' said the prisoner, 'I protest against all evidence which may arise from its contents, and do insist beforehand that whatever may be found in that grave shall not prejudicate me in my defence. I have been so haunted by diabolical deceptions in this matter, that what do I know but that the devil may assume the form of this rustical juvenal, in order to procure me farther vexation? I protest to you, holy father, it is my very thought that there is witchcraft in all that hath befallen me. Since I entered into this northern land, in which men say that sorceries do abound, I, who am held in awe and regard even by the prime gallants in the court of Feliciana, have been here bearded and taunted by a clod-treading clown. I, whom Vincentio Saviola termed his nimblest and most agile disciple, was, to speak briefly, foiled by a cow-boy, who knew no more of fence than is used at every country wake. I am run, as it seemed to me, through the body, with a very sufficient *stoccata*, and faint on the spot; and yet, when I recover, I find myself without either wem or wound, and lacking nothing of my apparel, saving my murrey-coloured doublet, slashed with satin, which I will pray may be inquired after, lest the devil, who transported me, should have dropped it in his passage among some of the trees or bushes — it being a choice and most fanciful piece of raiment, which I wore for the first time at the Queen's pageant in Southwark.'

'Sir knight,' said the monk, 'you do again go astray from this matter. I inquire of you respecting that which concerns the life of another man, and, it may be, touches your own also, and you answer me with the tale of an old doublet!'

'Old!' exclaimed the knight; 'now, by the gods and saints, if there be a gallant at the British court more fancifully considerate and more considerately fanciful, more quaintly curious and more curiously quaint, in frequent changes of all rich articles of vesture, becoming one who may be accounted point-device a courtier, I will give you leave to term me a slave and a liar.'

The monk thought, but did not say, that he had already acquired right to doubt the veracity of the Euphuist, considering the marvellous tale which he had told. Yet his own strange adventure, and that of Father Philip, rushed on his

mind, and forbade his coming to any conclusion. He contented himself, therefore, with observing, that these were certainly strange incidents, and requested to know if Sir Piercie Shafton had any other reason for suspecting himself to be in a manner so particularly selected for the sport of sorcery and witchcraft.

'Sir sub-prior,' said the Euphuist, 'the most extraordinary circumstance remains behind, which alone, had I neither been bearded in dispute nor foiled in combat, nor wounded and cured in the space of a few hours, would nevertheless of itself, and without any other corroborative, have compelled me to believe myself the subject of some malevolent fascination. Reverend sir, it is not to your ears that men should tell tales of love and gallantry, nor is Sir Piercie Shafton one who, to any ears whatsoever, is wont to boast of his fair acceptance with the choice and prime beauties of the court; insomuch that a lady, none of the least resplendent constellations which revolve in that hemisphere of honour, pleasure, and beauty, but whose name I here pretermit, was wont to call me her Taciturnity. Nevertheless, truth must be spoken; and I cannot but allow, as the general report of the court, allowed in camps, and echoed back by city and country, that in the alacrity of the accost, the tender delicacy of the regard, the facetiousness of the address, the adopting and pursuing of the fancy, the solemn close and the graceful fall-off, Piercie Shafton was accounted the only gallant of the time, and so well accepted amongst the choicer beauties of the age, that no silk-hosed reveller of the presence-chamber, or plumed joustier of the tilt-yard, approached him by a bow's-length in the ladies' regard, being the mark at which every well-born and generous juvenal aimeth his shaft. Nevertheless, reverend sir, having found in this rude place something which by blood and birth might be termed a lady, and being desirous to keep my gallant humour in exercise, as well as to show my sworn devotion to the sex in general, I did shoot off some arrows of compliment at this Mary Avenel, terming her my Discretion, with other quaint and well-imagined courtesies, rather bestowed out of my bounty than warranted by her merit, or perchance like unto the boyish fowler, who, rather than not exercise his bird-piece, will shoot at crows or magpies for lack of better game —'

'Mary Avenel is much obliged by your notice,' answered the monk; 'but to what does all this detail of past and present gallantry conduct us?'

'Marry, to this conclusion,' answered the knight; 'that either this my Discretion or I myself am little less than bewitched; for, instead of receiving my accost with a gratified bow, answering my regard with a suppressed smile, accompanying my falling off or departure with a slight sigh — honours with which I protest to you the noblest dancers and proudest beauties in Feliciania have graced my poor services — she hath paid me as little and as cold regard as if I had been some hob-nailed clown of these bleak mountains! Nay, this very day, while I was in the act of kneeling at her feet to render her the succours of this pungent quintessence of purest spirit distilled by the fairest hands of the court of Feliciania, she pushed me from her with looks which savoured of repugnance, and, as I think, thrust at me with her foot as if to spurn me from her presence. These things, reverend father, are strange, portentous, unnatural, and befall not in the current of mortal affairs, but are symptomatic of sorcery and fascination. So that, having given to your reverence a perfect, simple, and plain account of all that I know concerning this matter, I leave it to your wisdom to solve what may be found soluble in the same, it being my purpose to-morrow, with the peep of dawn, to set forward towards Edinburgh.'

'I grieve to be an interruption to your designs, sir knight,' said the monk, 'but that purpose of thine may hardly be fulfilled.'

'How, reverend father!' said the knight, with an air of the utmost surprise; 'if what you say respects my departure, understand that it *must* be, for I have so resolved it.'

'Sir knight,' reiterated the sub-prior, 'I must once more repeat, this *cannot* be, until the abbot's pleasure be known in the matter.'

'Reverend sir,' said the knight, drawing himself up with great dignity, 'I desire my hearty and thankful commendations to the abbot; but in this matter I have nothing to do with his reverend pleasure, designing only to consult my own.'

'Pardon me,' said the sub-prior; 'the lord abbot hath in this matter a voice potential.'

Sir Piercie Shafton's colour began to rise. 'I marvel,' he said, 'to hear your reverence talk thus. What! will you, for the imagined death of a rude, low-born frampler and wrangler, venture to impinge upon the liberty of the kinsman of the house of Piercie?'

'Sir knight,' returned the sub-prior, civilly, 'your high

lineage and your kindling anger will avail you nothing in this matter. You shall not come here to seek a shelter, and then spill our blood as if it were water.'

'I tell you,' said the knight, 'once more, as I have told you already, that there was no blood spilled but mine own!'

'That remains to be proved,' replied the sub-prior; 'we of the community of St. Mary's of Kennaquhair use not to take fairy tales in exchange for the lives of our liege vassals.'

'We of the house of Piercie,' answered Shafton, 'brook neither threats nor restraint. I say I will travel to-morrow, happen what may!'

'And I,' answered the sub-prior, in the same tone of determination, 'say that I will break your journey, come what may!'

'Who shall gainsay me,' said the knight, 'if I make my way by force?'

'You will judge wisely to think ere you make such an attempt,' answered the monk, with composure; 'there are men enough in the halidome to vindicate its rights over those who dare to infringe them.'

'My cousin of Northumberland will know how to revenge this usage to a beloved kinsman so near to his blood,' said the Englishman.

'The lord abbot will know how to protect the rights of his territory, both with the temporal and spiritual sword,' said the monk. 'Besides, consider, were we to send you to your kinsman at Alnwick or Warkworth to-morrow, he dare do nothing but transmit you in fetters to the Queen of England. Bethink, sir knight, that you stand on slippery ground, and will act most wisely in reconciling yourself to be a prisoner in this place until the abbot shall decide the matter. There are armed men enow to countervail all your efforts at escape. Let patience and resignation, therefore, arm you to a necessary submission.'

So saying, he clapped his hands and called aloud. Edward entered, accompanied by two young men who had already joined him, and were well armed.

'Edward,' said the sub-prior, 'you will supply the English knight here in this spence with suitable food and accommodation for the night, treating him with as much kindness as if nothing had happened between you. But you will place a sufficient guard, and look carefully that he make not his escape. Should he attempt to break forth, resist him to the death; but in no other case harm a hair of his head, as you shall be answerable.'

Edward Glendinning replied — 'That I may obey your commands, reverend sir, I will not again offer myself to this person's presence; for shame it were to me to break the peace of the halidome, but not less shame to leave my brother's death unavenged.'

As he spoke, his lips grew livid, the blood forsook his cheek, and he was about to leave the apartment, when the sub-prior recalled him, and said in a solemn tone — 'Edward, I have known you from infancy. I have done what lay within my reach to be of use to you. I say nothing of what you owe to me as the representative of your spiritual superior. I say nothing of the duty from the vassal to the sub-prior. But Father Eustace expects from the pupil whom he has nurtured — he expects from Edward Glendinning, that he will not, by any deed of sudden violence, however justified in his own mind by the provocation, break through the respect due to public justice, or that which he has an especial right to claim from him.'

'Fear nothing, my reverend father, for so in an hundred senses may I well term you,' said the young man; 'fear not, I would say, that I will in anything diminish the respect I owe to the venerable community by whom we have so long been protected, far less that I will do aught which can be personally less than respectful to you. But the blood of my brother must not cry for vengeance in vain: your reverence knows our Border creed.'

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, and I will requite it," answered the monk. 'The heathenish custom of deadly feud which prevails in this land, through which each man seeks vengeance at his own hand when the death of a friend or kinsman has chanced, hath already deluged our vales with the blood of Scottish men, spilled by the hands of countrymen and kindred. It were endless to count up the fatal results. On the Eastern Border, the Homes are at feud with the Swintons and Cockburns; in our Middle Marches, the Scotts and Kerrs have spilled as much brave blood in domestic feud as might have fought a pitched field in England, could they have but forgiven and forgotten a casual rencounter that placed their names in opposition to each other. On the west frontier, the Johnstones are at war with the Maxwells, the Jardines with the Bells, drawing with them the flower of the country, which should place their breasts as a bulwark against England, into private and bloody warfare, of which it is the only end to waste and impair — of the country, already divided in

itself. Do not, my dear son Edward, permit this bloody prejudice to master your mind. I cannot ask you to think of the crime supposed as if the blood spilled had been less dear to you. Alas! I know that is impossible. But I do require you, in proportion to your interest in the supposed sufferer—for as yet the whole is matter of supposition—to bear on your mind the evidence on which the guilt of the accused person must be tried. He hath spoken with me, and I confess his tale is so extraordinary that I should have, without a moment's hesitation, rejected it as incredible, but that an affair which chanced to myself in this very glen—More of that another time. Suffice it for the present to say that, from what I have myself experienced, I deem it possible—that, extraordinary as Sir Piercie Shafton's story may seem, I hold it not utterly impossible.'

'Father,' said Edward Glendinning, when he saw that his preceptor paused, unwilling farther to explain upon what grounds he was inclined to give a certain degree of credit to Sir Piercie Shafton's story, while he admitted it as improbable—'father to me you have been in every sense. You know that my hand grasped more readily to the book than to the sword; and that I lacked utterly the ready and bold spirit which distinguished—' Here his voice faltered, and he paused for a moment, and then went on with resolution and rapidity—'I would say, that I was unequal to Halbert in promptitude of heart and of hand; but Halbert is gone, and I stand his representative, and that of my father—his successor in all his rights (while he said this his eyes shot fire), and bound to assert and maintain them as he would have done; therefore I am a changed man, increased in courage as in my rights and pretensions. And, reverend father, respectfully, but plainly and firmly, do I say, his blood, if it has been shed by this man, shall be atoned. Halbert shall not sleep neglected in his lonely grave, as if with him the spirit of my father had ceased for ever. His blood flows in my veins, and while his has been poured forth unrequited, mine will permit me no rest. My poverty and meanness of rank shall not avail the lordly murderer. My calm nature and peaceful studies shall not be his protection. Even the obligations, holy father, which I acknowledge to you, shall not be his protection. I wait with patience the judgment of the abbot and chapter for the slaughter of one of their most anciently descended vassals. If they do right to my brother's memory, it is well. But mark me, father, if they shall fail in rendering me that

justice, I bear a heart and a hand which, though I love not such extremities, are capable of remedying such an error. He who takes up my brother's succession must avenge his death.'

The monk perceived with surprise that Edward, with his extreme diffidence, humility, and obedient assiduity, for such were his general characteristics, had still boiling in his veins the wild principles of those from whom he was descended, and by whom he was surrounded. His eyes sparkled, his frame was agitated, and the extremity of his desire of vengeance seemed to give a vehemence to his manner resembling the restlessness of joy.

'May God help us,' said Father Eustace, 'for, frail wretches as we are, we cannot help ourselves under sudden and strong temptation. Edward, I will rely on your word that you do nothing rashly.'

'That will I not,' said Edward — 'that, my better than father, I surely will not. But the blood of my brother — the tears of my mother — and — and — and of Mary Avenel, shall not be shed in vain. I will not deceive you, father: if this Piercie Shafton hath slain my brother, he dies, if the whole blood of the whole house of Piercie were in his veins.'

There was a deep and solemn determination in the utterance of Edward Glendinning, expressive of a rooted resolution. The sub-prior sighed deeply, and for the moment yielded to circumstances, and urged the acquiescence of his pupil no farther. He commanded lights to be placed in the lower chamber, which for a time he paced in silence.

A thousand ideas, and even differing principles, debated with each other in his bosom. He greatly doubted the English knight's account of the duel, and of what had followed it. Yet the extraordinary and supernatural circumstances which had befallen the sacristan and himself in that very glen prevented him from being absolutely incredulous on the score of the wonderful wound and recovery of Sir Piercie Shafton, and prevented him from at once condemning as impossible that which was altogether improbable. Then he was at a loss how to control the fraternal affections of Edward, with respect to whom he felt something like the keeper of a wild animal, a lion's whelp or tiger's cub, which he has held under his command from infancy, but which, when grown to maturity, on some sudden provocation, displays his fangs and talons, erects his crest, resumes his savage nature, and bids defiance at once to his keeper and to all mankind.

How to restrain and mitigate an ire which the universal

## THE MONASTERY

example of the times rendered deadly and inveterate, was sufficient cause of anxiety to Father Eustace. But he had also to consider the situation of his community, dishonoured and degraded by submitting to suffer the slaughter of a vassal to pass unavenged—a circumstance which of itself might in those difficult times have afforded pretext for a revolt among their wavering adherents, or, on the other hand, exposed the community to imminent danger, should they proceed against a subject of England of high degree, connected with the house of Northumberland and other northern families of high rank, who, as they possessed the means, could not be supposed to lack inclination to wreak upon the patrimony of St. Mary of Kennaquhair any violence which might be offered to their kinsman.

In either case, the sub-prior well knew that, the ostensible cause of feud, insurrection, or incursion being once afforded, the case would not be ruled either by reason or by evidence, and he groaned in spirit when, upon counting up the chances which arose in this ambiguous dilemma, he found he had only a choice of difficulties. He was a monk, but he felt also, as a man, indignant at the supposed slaughter of young Glen dinning by one skilful in all the practice of arms, in which the vassal of the monastery was most likely to be deficient; and aid the resentment which he felt for the loss of a youth who he had known from infancy, came in full force the sense of dishonour arising to his community from passing over so great an insult unavenged. Then the light in which it might be viewed by those who at present presided in the stormy council of Scotland, attached as they were to the Reformation, allied by common faith and common interest with Queen Elizabeth, was a formidable subject of apprehension. The prior well knew how they lusted after the revenues of the church (to express it in the ordinary phrase of the time), and how readily they would grasp at a pretext for encroaching on those of St. Mary's as was afforded by the suffering to pass unpunished the death of a native Scottishman by a Catholic Englishman, a rebel to Elizabeth.

On the other hand, to deliver up to England, or was nearly the same thing, to the Scottish administration an English knight leagued with the Piercie by kinship, political intrigue, a faithful follower of the Catholic religion, who had fled to the halidome for protection, was



estimation of the sub-prior, an act most unworthy in itself, and meriting the malediction of Heaven, besides being, moreover, fraught with great temporal risk. If the government of Scotland was now almost entirely in the hands of the Protestant party, the Queen was still a Catholic, and there was no knowing when, amid the sudden changes which agitated that tumultuous country, she might find herself at the head of her own affairs, and able to protect those of her own faith. Then if the court of England and its Queen were zealously Protestant, the northern counties, whose friendship or enmity were of most consequence in the first instance to the community of St. Mary's, contained many Catholics, the heads of whom were able, and must be supposed willing, to avenge any injury suffered by Sir Piercie Shafton.

On either side, the sub-prior, thinking, according to his sense of duty, most anxiously for the safety and welfare of his monastery, saw the greatest risk of damage, blame, inroad, and confiscation. The only course on which he could determine was to stand by the helm like a resolute pilot, watch every contingency, do his best to weather each reef and shoal, and commit the rest to Heaven and his patroness.

As he left the apartment, the knight called after him, beseeching he would order his trunk-mails to be sent into his apartment, understanding he was to be guarded there for the night, as he wished to make some alteration in his apparel.<sup>1</sup>

'Ay, ay,' said the monk, muttering as he went up the winding stair, 'carry him his trumpery with all despatch. Alas! that man, with so many noble objects of pursuit, will amuse himself like a jackanape with a laced jerkin and a cap and bells! I must now to the melancholy work of consoling that which is wellnigh inconsolable, a mother weeping for her first-born.'

Advancing, after a gentle knock, into the apartment of the women, he found that Mary Avenel had retired to bed extremely indisposed, and that Dame Glendinning and Tibb were indulging their sorrows by the side of a decaying fire, and by the light of a small iron lamp, or cruize, as it was termed. Poor Elspeth's apron was thrown over her head, and bitterly did she sob and weep for 'her beautiful, her brave — the very image of her dear Simon Glendinning, the stay of her widowhood and the support of her old age.'

The faithful Tibb echoed her complaints, and, more violently

<sup>1</sup> See Foppery of the Sixteenth Century. Note 20.

clamorous, made deep promises of revenge on Sir Piercie Shaf-ton, 'if there were a man left in the south who could draw a whinger, or a woman that could thrave a rape.' The presence of the sub-prior imposed silence on these clamours. He sate down by the unfortunate mother, and essayed, by such topics as his religion and reason suggested, to interrupt the current of Dame Glendinning's feelings; but the attempt was in vain. She listened, indeed, with some little interest, while he pledged his word and his influence with the abbot that the family which had lost their eldest-born by means of a guest received at his command should experience particular protection at the hands of the community; and that the fief which belonged to Simon Glendinning should, with extended bounds and added privileges, be conferred on Edward; but it was only for a very brief space that the mother's sobs were apparently softer and her grief more mild. She soon blamed herself for casting a moment's thought upon world's gear while poor Halbert was lying stretched in his bloody shirt. The sub-prior was not more fortunate when he promised that Halbert's body 'should be removed to hallowed ground, and his soul secured by the prayers of the church in his behalf.' Grief would have its natural course, and the voice of the comforter was wasted in vain.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

He is at liberty, I have ventured for him !  
 . . . . . if the law  
 Find and condemn me for 't, some living wenches,  
 Some honest-hearted maids will sing my dirge,  
 And tell to memory my death was noble,  
 Dying almost a martyr.

*The Two Noble Kinsmen.*

THE sub-prior of St. Mary's, in taking his departure from the spence in which Sir Piercie Shafton was confined, and in which some preparations were made for his passing the night, as the room which might be most conveniently guarded, left more than one perplexed person behind him. There was connected with this chamber, and opening into it, a small 'outshot,' or projecting part of the building, occupied by a sleeping apartment, which upon ordinary occasions was that of Mary Avenel, and which, in the unusual number of guests who had come to the tower on the former evening, had also accommodated Mysie Happer, the miller's daughter; for anciently, as well as in the present day, a Scottish house was always rather too narrow and limited for the extent of the owner's hospitality, and some shift and contrivance was necessary, upon any unusual occasion, to ensure the accommodation of all the guests.

The fatal news of Halbert Glendinning's death had thrown all former arrangements into confusion. Mary Avenel, whose case required immediate attention, had been transported into the apartment hitherto occupied by Halbert and his brother, as the latter proposed to watch all night in order to prevent the escape of the prisoner. Poor Mysie had been altogether overlooked, and had naturally enough betaken herself to the little apartment which she had hitherto occupied, ignorant that the space through which lay the only access to it, was to be the sleeping-chamber of Sir Piercie Shafton. The measures taken for securing him there had been so sudden that she was not aware of it, until she found that the other females had been removed

from the spence by the sub-prior's direction, and having once missed the opportunity of retreating along with them, bashfulness, and the high respect which she was taught to bear to the monks, prevented her venturing forth alone, and intruding herself on the presence of Father Eustace, while in secret conference with the Southron. There appeared no remedy but to wait till their interview was over; and, as the door was thin, and did not shut very closely, she could hear every word which passed betwixt them.

It thus happened, that without any intended intrusion on her part, she became privy to the whole conversation of the sub-prior and the English knight, and could also observe from the window of her little retreat that more than one of the young men summoned by Edward arrived successively at the tower. These circumstances led her to entertain most serious apprehension that the life of Sir Piercie Shafton was in great and instant peril.

Woman is naturally compassionate, and not less willingly so when youth and fair features are on the side of him who claims her sympathy. The handsome presence, elaborate dress and address of Sir Piercie Shafton, which had failed to make any favourable impression on the grave and lofty character of Mary Avenel, had completely dazzled and bewildered the poor Maid of the Mill. The knight had perceived this result, and, flattered by seeing that his merit was not universally underrated, he had bestowed on Mysie a good deal more of his courtesy than in his opinion her rank warranted. It was not cast away, but received with a devout sense of his condescension, and with gratitude for his personal notice, which, joined to her fears for his safety and the natural tenderness of her disposition, began to make wild work in her heart.

'To be sure it was very wrong in him to slay Halbert Glendinning,' it was thus she argued the case with herself, 'but then he was a gentleman born, and a soldier, and so gentle and courteous withal that she was sure the quarrel had been all of young Glendinning's own seeking; for it was well known that both these lads were so taken up with that Mary Avenel that they never looked at another lass in the halidome, more than if they were of a different degree. And then Halbert's dress was as clownish as his manners were haughty; and this poor young gentleman, who was habited like any prince, banished from his own land, was first drawn into a quarrel by a rude brangler, and

then persecuted and like to be put to death by his kin and allies.

Mysie wept bitterly at the thought, and then her heart rising against such cruelty and oppression to a defenceless stranger, who dressed with so much skill, and spoke with so much grace, she began to consider whether she could not render him some assistance in this extremity.

Her mind was now entirely altered from its original purpose. At first her only anxiety had been to find the means of escaping from the interior apartment, without being noticed by any one; but now she began to think that Heaven had placed her there for the safety and protection of the persecuted stranger. She was of a simple and affectionate, but at the same time an alert and enterprising, character, possessing more than female strength of body, and more than female courage, though with feelings as capable of being bewildered with gallantry of dress and language as a fine gentleman of any generation would have desired to exercise his talents upon. 'I will save him,' she thought, 'that is the first thing to be resolved; and then I wonder what he will say to the poor miller's maiden, that has done for him what all the dainty dames in London or Holyrood would have been afraid to venture upon.'

Prudence began to pull her sleeve as she indulged speculations so hazardous, and hinted to her that the warmer Sir Piercie Shafton's gratitude might prove, it was the more likely to be fraught with danger to his benefactress. Alas! poor Prudence, thou mayest say with our moral teacher —

I preach for ever, but I preach in vain.

The miller's maiden, while you pour your warning into her unwilling bosom, has glanced her eye on the small mirror by which she has placed her little lamp, and it returns to her a countenance and eyes, pretty and sparkling at all times, but ennobled at present with the energy of expression proper to those who have dared to form, and stand prepared to execute, deeds of generous audacity.

'Will these features — will these eyes, joined to the benefit I am about to confer upon Sir Piercie Shafton, do nothing towards removing the distance of rank between us?'

Such was the question which female vanity asked of fancy; and though even fancy dared not answer in a ready affirmative, a middle conclusion was adopted. 'Let me first succour the gallant youth, and trust to fortune for the rest.'

Banishing, therefore, from her mind everything that was personal to herself, the rash but generous girl turned her whole thoughts to the means of executing this enterprise.

The difficulties which interposed were of no ordinary nature. The vengeance of the men of that country, in cases of deadly feud, that is, in cases of a quarrel excited by the slaughter of any of their relations, was one of their most marked characteristics; and Edward, however gentle in other respects, was so fond of his brother that there could be no doubt that he would be as signal in his revenge as the customs of the country authorised. There were to be passed the inner door of the apartment, the two gates of the tower itself, and the gate of the courtyard, ere the prisoner was at liberty; and then a guide and means of flight were to be provided, otherwise ultimate escape was impossible. But where the will of woman is strongly bent on the accomplishment of such a purpose, her wit is seldom baffled by difficulties, however embarrassing.

The sub-prior had not long left the apartment ere Mysie had devised a scheme for Sir Piercie Shafton's freedom, daring indeed, but likely to be successful, if dexterously conducted. It was necessary, however, that she should remain where she was till so late an hour that all in the tower should have betaken themselves to repose, excepting those whose duty made them watchers. The interval she employed in observing the movements of the person in whose service she was thus boldly a volunteer.

She could hear Sir Piercie Shafton pace the floor to and fro, in reflection doubtless on his own untoward fate and precarious situation. By and by she heard him making a rustling among his trunks, which, agreeably to the order of the sub-prior, had been placed in the apartment to which he was confined, and which he was probably amusing more melancholy thoughts by examining and arranging. Then she could hear him resume his walk through the room, and, as if his spirits had been somewhat relieved and elevated by the survey of his wardrobe, she could distinguish that at one turn he half-recited a sonnet, at another half-whistled a galliard, and at the third hummed a saraband. At length she could understand that he extended himself on the temporary couch which had been allotted to him, after muttering his prayers hastily, and in a short time she concluded he must be fast asleep.

She employed the moments which intervened in considering her enterprise under every different aspect; and, dangerous as

it was, the steady review which she took of the various perils accompanying her purpose furnished her with plausible devices for obviating them. Love and generous compassion, which give singly such powerful impulse to the female heart, were in this case united, and championed her to the last extremity of hazard.

It was an hour past midnight. All in the tower slept sound but those who had undertaken to guard the English prisoner; or if sorrow and suffering drove sleep from the bed of Dame Glendinning and her foster-daughter, they were too much wrapt in their own griefs to attend to external sounds. The means of striking light were at hand in the small apartment, and thus the miller's maiden was enabled to light and trim a small lamp. With a trembling step and throbbing heart, she undid the door which separated her from the apartment in which the Southron knight was confined, and almost flinched from her fixed purpose when she found herself in the same room with the sleeping prisoner. She scarcely trusted herself to look upon him, as he lay wrapped in his cloak, and fast asleep upon the pallet bed, but turned her eyes away while she gently pulled his mantle with no more force than was just equal to awaken him. He moved not until she had twitched his cloak a second and a third time, and then at length looking up, was about to make an exclamation in the suddenness of his surprise.

Mysie's bashfulness was conquered by her fear. She placed her fingers on her lips, in token that he must observe the most strict silence, and then pointed to the door to intimate that it was watched.

Sir Piercie Shafton now collected himself, and sat upright on his couch. He gazed with surprise on the graceful figure of the young woman who stood before him; her well-formed person, her flowing hair, and the outline of her features showed dimly, and yet to advantage, by the partial and feeble light which she held in her hand. The romantic imagination of the gallant would soon have coined some compliment proper for the occasion, but Mysie left him not time.

'I come,' she said, 'to save your life, which is else in great peril; if you answer me, speak as low as you can, for they have sentinelled your door with armed men.'

'Comeliest of millers' daughters,' answered Sir Piercie, who by this time was sitting upright on his couch, 'dread nothing for my safety. Credit me that, as in very truth I have not spilled the red puddle, which these villagios call the blood,

of their most uncivil relation, so I am under no apprehension whatever for the issue of this restraint, seeing that it cannot but be harmless to me. Natheless, to thee, O most molendinar beauty, I return the thanks which thy courtesy may justly claim.'

'Nay, but, sir knight,' answered the maiden, in a whisper as low as it was tremulous, 'I deserve no thanks, unless you will act by my counsel. Edward Glendinning hath sent for Dan of the Howlethirst and young Adie of Aikenshaw, and they are come with three men more, and with bow, and jack, and spear, and I heard them say to each other and to Edward, as they alighted in the court, that they would have amends for the death of their kinsman, if the monk's cowl should smoke for it. And the vassals are so wilful now that the abbot himself dare not control them, for fear they turn heretics, and refuse to pay their feu-duties.'

'In faith,' said Sir Piercie Shafton, 'it may be a shrewd temptation, and perchance the monks may rid themselves of trouble and cumber by handing me over the march to Sir John Foster or Lord Hunsdon, the English wardens, and so make peace with their vassals and with England at once. Fairest Molinara, I will for once walk by thy rede, and if thou dost contrive to extricate me from this vile kennel, I will so celebrate thy wit and beauty that the Baker's Nymph of Raphael d'Urbino shall seem but a gipsy in comparison of my Molinara.'

'I pray you, then, be silent,' said the miller's daughter; 'for if your speech betrays that you are awake, my scheme fails utterly, and it is Heaven's mercy and Our Lady's that we are not already overheard and discovered.'

'I am silent,' replied the Southron, 'even as the starless night; but yet, if this contrivance of thine should endanger thy safety, fair and no less kind than fair damsel, it were utterly unworthy of me to accept it at thy hand.'

'Do not think of me,' said Mysie, hastily; 'I am safe—I will take thought for myself, if I once saw you out of this dangerous dwelling; if you would provide yourself with any part of your apparel or goods, lose no time.'

The knight *did*, however, lose some time ere he could settle in his own mind what to take and what to abandon of his wardrobe, each article of which seemed endeared to him by recollection of the feasts and revels at which it had been exhibited. For some little while Mysie left him to make his selections at



leisure, for she herself had also some preparations to make for flight. But when, returning from the chamber into which she had retired, with a small bundle in her hand, she found him still indecisive, she insisted in plain terms that he should either make up his baggage for the enterprise or give it up entirely. Thus urged, the disconsolate knight hastily made up a few clothes into a bundle, regarded his trunk-mails with a mute expression of parting sorrow, and intimated his readiness to wait upon his kind guide.

She led the way to the door of the apartment, having first carefully extinguished her lamp, and motioning to the knight to stand close behind her, tapped once or twice at the door. She was at length answered by Edward Glendinning, who demanded to know who knocked within, and what was desired.

'Speak low,' said Mysie Happer, 'or you will awaken the English knight. It is I, Mysie Happer, who knock; I wish to get out; you have locked me up, and I was obliged to wait till the Southron slept.'

'Locked you up!' replied Edward, in surprise.

'Yes,' answered the miller's daughter, 'you have locked me up into this room: I was in Mary Avenel's sleeping apartment.'

'And can you not remain there till morning,' replied Edward, 'since it has so chanced?'

'What!' said the miller's daughter, in a tone of offended delicacy, '*I* remain here a moment longer when I can get out without discovery! I would not, for all the halidome of St. Mary's, remain a minute longer in the neighbourhood of a man's apartment than I can help it. For whom or for what do you hold me? I promise you, my father's daughter has been better brought up than to put in peril her good name.'

'Come forth, then, and get to thy chamber in silence,' said Edward.

So saying, he undid the bolt. The staircase without was in utter darkness, as Mysie had before ascertained. So soon as she stepped out, she took hold of Edward as if to support herself, thus interposing her person betwixt him and Sir Piercie Shafton, by whom she was closely followed. Thus screened from observation, the Englishman slipped past on tiptoe, unshod and in silence, while the damsel complained to Edward that she wanted a light.

'I cannot get you a light,' said he, 'for I cannot leave this post; but there is a fire below.'

'I will sit below till morning,' said the Maid of the Mill;

and, tripping downstairs, heard Edward bolt and bar the door of the now tenantless apartment with vain caution.

At the foot of the stair which she descended, she found the object of her care waiting her farther directions. She recommended to him the most absolute silence, which, for once in his life, he seemed not unwilling to observe, conducted him with as much caution as if he were walking on cracked ice to a dark recess used for depositing wood, and instructed him to ensconce himself behind the fagots. She herself lighted her lamp once more at the kitchen fire, and took her distaff and spindle, that she might not seem to be unemployed in case any one came into the apartment. From time to time, however, she stole towards the window on tiptoe to catch the first glance of the dawn, for the farther prosecution of her adventurous project. At length she saw, to her great joy, the first peep of the morning brighten upon the grey clouds of the east, and, clasping her hands together, thanked Our Lady for the sight, and implored protection during the remainder of her enterprise. Ere she had finished her prayer, she started at feeling a man's arm across her shoulder, while a rough voice spoke in her ear, 'What! menseful Mysie of the Mill so soon at her prayers? Now, benison on the bonny eyes that open so early! I'll have a kiss for good-morrow's sake.'

Dan of the Howlethirst, for he was the gallant who paid Mysie this compliment, suited the action with the word, and the action, as is usual in such cases of rustic gallantry, was rewarded with a cuff, which Dan received as a fine gentleman receives a tap with a fan, but which, delivered by the energetic arm of the miller's maiden, would have certainly astonished a less robust gallant.

'How now, sir coxcomb!' said she, 'and must you be away from your guard over the English knight to plague quiet folks with your horse-tricks!'

'Truly you are mistaken, pretty Mysie,' said the clown, 'for I have not yet relieved Edward at his post; and were it not a shame to let him stay any longer, by my faith, I could find it in my heart not to quit you these two hours.'

'O, you have hours and hours enough to see any one,' said Mysie; 'but you must think of the distress of the household even now, and get Edward to sleep for awhile, for he has kept watch this whole night.'

'I will have another kiss first,' answered Dan of the Howlethirst.

But Mysie was now on her guard, and, conscious of the vicinity of the wood-hole, offered such strenuous resistance that the swain cursed the nymph's bad humour with very unpastoral phrase and emphasis, and ran upstairs to relieve the guard of his comrade. Stealing to the door, she heard the new sentinel hold a brief conversation with Edward, after which the latter withdrew, and the former entered upon the duties of his watch.

Mysie suffered him to walk there a little while undisturbed, until the dawning became more general, by which time she supposed he might have digested her coyness, and then presenting herself before the watchful sentinel, demanded of him 'the keys of the outer tower, and of the courtyard gate.'

'And for what purpose?' answered the warder.

'To milk the cows, and drive them out to their pasture,' said Mysie; 'you would not have the poor beasts kept in the byre a' morning, and the family in such distress that there isna ane fit to do a turn but the byre-woman and myself?'

'And where is the byre-woman?' said Dan.

'Sitting with me in the kitchen, in case these distressed folks want anything.'

'There are the keys then, Mysie Dorts,' said the sentinel.

'Many thanks, Dan Ne'er-do-Weel,' answered the Maid of the Mill, and escaped downstairs in a moment.

To hasten to the wood-hole, and there to robe the English knight in a short gown and petticoat, which she had provided for the purpose, was the work of another moment. She then undid the gates of the tower, and made towards the byre or cow-house, which stood in one corner of the courtyard. Sir Piercie Shafton remonstrated against the delay which this would occasion.

'Fair and generous Molinara,' he said, 'had we not better undo the outward gate, and make the best of our way hence, even like a pair of sea-news who make towards shelter of the rocks as the storm waxes high?'

'We must drive out the cows first,' said Mysie, 'for a sin it were to spoil the poor widow's cattle, both for her sake and the poor beasts' own; and I have no mind any one shall leave the tower in a hurry to follow us. Besides, you must have your horse, for you will need a fleet one ere all be done.'

So saying, she locked and double-locked both the inward and outward door of the tower, proceeded to the cow-house, turned out the cattle, and, giving the knight his own horse to lead, drove them before her out at the courtyard gate, intending to

return for her own palfrey. But the noise attending the first operation caught the wakeful attention of Edward, who, starting to the bartizan, called to know what the matter was.

Mysie answered with great readiness, that 'She was driving out the cows, for that they would be spoiled for want of looking to.'

'I thank thee, kind maiden,' said Edward; 'and yet,' he added, after a moment's pause, 'what damsel is that thou hast with thee?'

Mysie was about to answer, when Sir Piercie Shafton, who apparently did not desire that the great work of his liberation should be executed without the interposition of his own ingenuity, exclaimed from beneath, 'I am she, O most bucolical juvenal, under whose charge are placed the milky mothers of the herd.'

'Hell and darkness!' exclaimed Edward, in a transport of fury and astonishment, 'it is Piercie Shafton. What! treason! treason!—ho!—Dan—Jasper—Martin—the villain escapes!'

'To horse! to horse!' cried Mysie, and in an instant mounted behind the knight, who was already in the saddle.

Edward caught up a cross-bow and let fly a bolt, which whistled so near Mysie's ear that she called to her companion, 'Spur—spur, sir knight! the next will not miss us. Had it been Halbert instead of Edward who bent that bow, we had been dead.'

The knight pressed his horse, which dashed past the cows, and down the knoll on which the tower was situated. Then taking the road down the valley, the gallant animal, reckless of its double burden, soon conveyed them out of hearing of the tumult and alarm with which their departure filled the Tower of Glendearg.

Thus it strangely happened that two men were flying in different directions at the same time, each accused of being the other's murderer.

## CHAPTER XXIX

Sure he cannot  
Be so unmanly as to leave me here ;  
If he do, maids will not so easily  
Trust men again.

*The Two Noble Kinsmen.*

THE knight continued to keep the good horse at a pace as quick as the road permitted, until they had cleared the valley of Glendearg, and entered upon the broad dale of the Tweed, which now rolled before them in crystal beauty, displaying on its opposite bank the huge grey Monastery of St. Mary's, whose towers and pinnacles were scarce yet touched by the newly-risen sun, so deeply the edifice lies shrouded under the mountains which rise to the southward.

Turning to the left, the knight continued his road down to the northern bank of the river, until they arrived nearly opposite to the weir, or dam-dike, where Father Philip concluded his extraordinary aquatic excursion.

Sir Piercie Shafton, whose brain seldom admitted more than one idea at a time, had hitherto pushed forward without very distinctly considering where he was going. But the sight of the monastery so near to him reminded him that he was still on dangerous ground, and that he must necessarily provide for his safety by choosing some settled plan of escape. The situation of his guide and deliverer also occurred to him; for he was far from being either selfish or ungrateful. He listened, and discovered that the miller's daughter was sobbing and weeping bitterly as she rested her head on his shoulder.

'What ails thee,' he said, 'my generous Molinara? is there aught that Piercie Shafton can do which may show his gratitude to his deliverer?' Mysie pointed with her finger across the river, but ventured not to turn her eyes in that direction. 'Nay, but speak plain, most generous damsel,' said the knight, who, for once, was puzzled as much as his own elegance of speech

was wont to puzzle others, 'for I swear to you that I comprehend nought by the extension of thy fair digit.'

'Yonder is my father's house,' said Mysie, in a voice interrupted by the increased burst of her sorrow.

'And I was carrying thee discourteously to a distance from thy habitation?' said Shafton, imagining he had found out the source of her grief. 'Woe worth the hour that Piercie Shafton, in attention to his own safety, neglected the accommodation of any female, far less of his most beneficent liberatrice! Dismount, then, O lovely Molinara, unless thou wouldst rather that I should transport thee on horseback to the house of thy molendinary father, which, if thou sayest the word, I am prompt to do, defying all dangers which may arise to me personally, whether by monk or miller.'

Mysie suppressed her sobs, and with considerable difficulty muttered her desire to alight, and take her fortune by herself. Sir Piercie Shafton, too devoted a squire of dames to consider the most lowly as exempted from a respectful attention, independent of the claims which the miller's maiden possessed over him, dismounted instantly from his horse, and received in his arms the poor girl, who still wept bitterly, and, when placed on the ground, seemed scarce able to support herself, or at least still clung, though, as it appeared, unconsciously, to the support he had afforded. He carried her to a weeping birch-tree, which grew on the greensward bank around which the road winded, and, placing her on the ground beneath it, exhorted her to compose herself. A strong touch of natural feeling struggled with, and half overcame, his acquired affectation, while he said, 'Credit me, most generous damsel, the service you have done to Piercie Shafton he would have deemed too dearly bought had he foreseen it was to cost you these tears and singults. Show me the cause of your grief, and if I can do aught to remove it, believe that the rights you have acquired over me will make your commands sacred as those of an empress. Speak, then, fair Molinara, and command him whom fortune hath rendered at once your debtor and your champion. What are your orders?'

'Only that you will fly and save yourself,' said Mysie, mustering up her utmost efforts to utter these few words.

'Yet,' said the knight, 'let me not leave you without some token of remembrance.' Mysie would have said there needed none, and most truly would she have spoken, could she have spoken for weeping. 'Piercie Shafton is poor,' he continued,

'but let this chain testify he is not ungrateful to his deliverer.'

He took from his neck the rich chain and medallion we have formerly mentioned, and put it into the powerless hand of the poor maiden, who neither received nor rejected it, but, occupied with more intense feelings, seemed scarce aware of what he was doing.

'We shall meet again,' said Sir Piercie Shafton, 'at least I trust so; meanwhile, weep no more, fair Molinara, an thou lovest me.'

The phrase of conjuration was but used as an ordinary commonplace expression of the time, but bore a deeper sense to poor Mysie's ear. She dried her tears; and when the knight, in all kind and chivalrous courtesy, stooped to embrace her at their parting, she rose humbly up to receive the proffered honour in a posture of more deference, and meekly and gratefully accepted the offered salute. Sir Piercie Shafton mounted his horse, and began to ride off; but curiosity, or perhaps a stronger feeling, soon induced him to look back, when he beheld the miller's daughter standing still motionless on the spot where they had parted, her eyes turned after him, and the unheeded chain hanging from her hand.

It was at this moment that a glimpse of the real state of Mysie's affections, and of the motive from which she had acted in the whole matter, glanced on Sir Piercie Shafton's mind. The gallants of that age, disinterested, aspiring, and lofty-minded even in their coxcombry, were strangers to those degrading and mischievous pursuits which are usually termed low amours. They did not 'chase the humble maidens of the plain,' or degrade their own rank to deprive rural innocence of peace and virtue. It followed of course that, as conquests in this class were no part of their ambition, they were in most cases totally overlooked and unsuspected, left unimproved, as a modern would call it, where, as on the present occasion, they were casually made. The companion of Astrophel, and flower of the tilt-yard of Feliciania, had no more idea that his graces and good parts could attach the love of Mysie Happer than a first-rate beauty in the boxes dreams of the fatal wound which her charms may inflict on some attorney's romantic apprentice in the pit. I suppose, in any ordinary case, the pride of rank and distinction would have pronounced on the humble admirer the doom which Beau Feilding denounced against the whole female world, 'Let them look and die'; but the obligations

under which he lay to the enamoured maiden, miller's daughter as she was, precluded the possibility of Sir Piercie's treating the matter *en cavalier*; and, much embarrassed, yet a little flattered at the same time, he rode back to try what could be done for the damsel's relief.

The innate modesty of poor Mysie could not prevent her showing too obvious signs of joy at Sir Piercie Shafton's return. She was betrayed by the sparkle of the rekindling eye, and a caress which, however timidly bestowed, she could not help giving to the neck of the horse which brought back the beloved rider.

'What farther can I do for you, kind Molinara?' said Sir Piercie Shafton, himself hesitating and blushing; for, to the grace of Queen Bess's age be it spoken, her courtiers wore more iron on their breasts than brass on their foreheads, and even amid their vanities preserved still the decaying spirit of chivalry, which inspired of yore the very gentle knight of Chaucer,

Who in his port was modest as a maid.

Mysie blushed deeply, with her eyes fixed on the ground, and Sir Piercie proceeded in the same tone of embarrassed kindness. 'Are you afraid to return home alone, my kind Molinara? would you that I should accompany you?'

'Alas!' said Mysie, looking up, and her cheek changing from scarlet to pale, 'I have no home left!'

'How! no home?' said Shafton. 'Says my generous Molinara she hath no home, when yonder stands the house of her father, and but a crystal stream between?'

'Alas!' answered the miller's maiden, 'I have no longer either home or father. He is a devoted servant to the abbey; I have offended the abbot, and if I return home my father will kill me.'

'He dare not injure thee, by Heaven!' said Sir Piercie. 'I swear to thee, by my honour and knighthood, that the forces of my cousin of Northumberland shall lay the monastery so flat that a horse shall not stumble as he rides over it, if they should dare to injure a hair of your head! Therefore be hopeful and content, kind Mysinda, and know you have obliged one who can and will avenge the slightest wrong offered to you.'

He sprung from his horse as he spoke, and in the animation of his argument grasped the willing hand of Mysie, or Mysinda,



as he had now christened her. He gazed too upon full black eyes, fixed upon his own with an expression which, however subdued by maidenly shame, it was impossible to mistake, on cheeks where something like hope began to restore the natural colour, and on two lips which, like double rosebuds, were kept a little apart by expectation, and showed within a line of teeth as white as pearl. All this was dangerous to look upon, and Sir Piercie Shafton, after repeating with less and less force his request that the fair Mysinda would allow him to carry her to her father's, ended by asking the fair Mysinda to go along with him. 'At least,' he added, 'until I shall be able to conduct you to a place of safety.'

Mysie Happer made no answer; but, blushing scarlet betwixt joy and shame, mutely expressed her willingness to accompany the Southron knight, by knitting her bundle closer, and preparing to resume her seat *en croupe*. 'And what is your pleasure that I should do with this?' she said, holding up the chain as if she had been for the first time aware that it was in her hand.

'Keep it, fairest Mysinda, for my sake,' said the knight.

'Not so, sir,' answered Mysie, gravely; 'the maidens of my country take no such gifts from their superiors, and I need no token to remind me of this morning.'

Most earnestly and courteously did the knight urge her acceptance of the proposed guerdon; but on this point Mysie was resolute, feeling, perhaps, that to accept of anything bearing the appearance of reward would be to place the service she had rendered him on a mercenary footing. In short, she would only agree to conceal the chain, lest it might prove the means of detecting the owner, until Sir Piercie should be placed in perfect safety.

They mounted and resumed their journey, of which Mysie, as bold and sharp-witted in some points as she was simple and susceptible in others, now took in some degree the direction, having only inquired its general destination, and learned that Sir Piercie Shafton desired to go to Edinburgh, where he hoped to find friends and protection. Possessed of this information, Mysie availed herself of her local knowledge to get as soon as possible out of the bounds of the halidome, and into those of a temporal baron, supposed to be addicted to the Reformed doctrines, and upon whose limits, at least, she thought their pursuers would not attempt to hazard any violence. She was not indeed very apprehensive of a pursuit, reckoning

with some confidence that the inhabitants of the Tower of Glendearg would find it a matter of difficulty to surmount the obstacles arising from their own bolts and bars, with which she had carefully secured them before setting forth on the retreat.

They journeyed on, therefore, in tolerable security, and Sir Piercie Shafton found leisure to amuse the time in high-flown speeches and long anecdotes of the court of Feliciana, to which Mysie bent an ear not a whit less attentive that she did not understand one word out of three which was uttered by her fellow-traveller. She listened, however, and admired upon trust, as many a wise man has been contented to treat the conversation of a handsome but silly mistress. As for Sir Piercie, he was in his element; and well assured of the interest and full approbation of his auditor, he went on spouting Euphuism of more than usual obscurity, and at more than usual length. Thus passed the morning, and noon brought them within sight of a winding stream, on the side of which arose an ancient baronial castle, surrounded by some large trees. At a small distance from the gate of the mansion extended, as in those days was usual, a straggling hamlet, having a church in the centre.

'There are two hostelries in this Kirktown,' said Mysie, 'but the worst is best for our purpose; for it stands apart from the other houses, and I ken the man weel, for he has dealt with my father for malt.'

This *causa scientiæ*, to use a lawyer's phrase, was ill chosen for Mysie's purpose; for Sir Piercie Shafton had, by dint of his own loquacity, been talking himself all this while into a high esteem for his fellow-traveller, and, pleased with the gracious reception which she afforded to his powers of conversation, had wellnigh forgotten that she was not herself one of those high-born beauties of whom he was recounting so many stories, when this unlucky speech at once placed the most disadvantageous circumstances attending her lineage under his immediate recollection. He said nothing, however. What indeed could he say? Nothing was so natural as that a miller's daughter should be acquainted with publicans who dealt with her father for malt, and all that was to be wondered at was the concurrence of events which had rendered such a female the companion and guide of Sir Piercie Shafton of Wilverton, kinsman of the great Earl of Northumberland, whom princes and sovereigns themselves termed cousin, because of the

Piercie blood.<sup>1</sup> He felt the disgrace of strolling through the country with a miller's maiden on the crupper behind him, and was even ungrateful enough to feel some emotions of shame when he halted his horse at the door of the little inn.

But the alert intelligence of Mysie Happer spared him further sense of derogation, by instantly springing from his horse, and cramming the ears of mine host, who came out with his mouth agape to receive a guest of the knight's appearance, with an imagined tale, in which circumstance on circumstance were huddled so fast as to astonish Sir Piercie Shafton, whose own invention was none of the most brilliant. She explained to the publican that this was a great English knight travelling from the monastery to the court of Scotland, after having paid his vows to St. Mary, and that she had been directed to conduct him so far on the road; and that Ball, her palfrey, had fallen by the way, because he had been overwrought with carrying home the last melder of meal to the portioner of Langhope; and that she had turned in Ball to graze in the Tasker's Park, near Cripplecross, for he had stood as still as Lot's wife with very weariness; and that the knight had courteously insisted she should ride behind him; and that she had brought him to her kend friend's hostelry rather than to proud Peter Peddie's, who got his malt at the Mellerstane mills; and that he must get the best that the house afforded, and that he must get it ready in a moment of time, and that she was ready to help in the kitchen.

All this ran glibly off the tongue without pause on the part of Mysie Happer, or doubt on that of the landlord. The guest's horse was conducted to the stable, and he himself installed in the cleanest corner and best seat which the place afforded. Mysie, ever active and officious, was at once engaged in preparing food, in spreading the table, and in making all the better arrangements which her experience could suggest for the honour and comfort of her companion. He would fain have resisted this; for while it was impossible not to be gratified with the eager and alert kindness which was so active in his service, he felt an undefinable pain in seeing Mysinda engaged in these menial services, and discharging them, moreover, as one to whom they were but too familiar. Yet this jarring feeling was mixed with, and perhaps balanced by, the extreme

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<sup>1</sup> Froissart tells us somewhere (the readers of romances are indifferent to accurate reference) that the King of France called one of the Piercies cousin, because of the blood of Northumberland.

grace with which the neat-handed maiden executed these tasks, however mean in themselves, and gave to the wretched corner of a miserable inn of the period the air of a bower, in which an enamoured fairy, or at least a shepherdess of Arcadia, was displaying, with unavailing solicitude, her designs on the heart of some knight, destined by fortune to higher thoughts and a more splendid union.

The lightness and grace with which Mysie covered the little round table with a snow-white cloth, and arranged upon it the hastily-roasted capon, with its accompanying stoup of Bourdeaux, were but plebeian graces in themselves; but yet there were very flattering ideas excited by each glance. She was so very well made, agile at once and graceful, with her hand and arm as white as snow, and her face in which a smile contended with a blush, and her eyes which looked ever at Shafton when he looked elsewhere, and were dropped at once when they encountered his, that she was irresistible! In fine, the affectionate delicacy of her whole demeanour, joined to the promptitude and boldness she had so lately evinced, tended to ennoble the services she had rendered, as if some

Sweet engaging Grace  
Put on some clothes to come abroad,  
And took a waiter's place.

But, on the other hand, came the damning reflection that these duties were not taught her by love, to serve the beloved only, but arose from the ordinary and natural habits of a miller's daughter, accustomed, doubtless, to render the same service to every wealthier churl who frequented her father's mill. This stopped the mouth of vanity, and of the love which vanity had been hatching, as effectually as a peck of literal flour would have done.

Amidst this variety of emotions, Sir Piercie Shafton forgot not to ask the object of them to sit down and partake the good cheer which she had been so anxious to provide and to place in order. He expected that this invitation would have been bashfully, perhaps, but certainly most thankfully, accepted; but he was partly flattered and partly piqued by the mixture of deference and resolution with which Mysie declined his invitation. Immediately after, she vanished from the apartment, leaving the Euphuist to consider whether he was most gratified or displeased by her disappearance.

In fact, this was a point on which he would have found it

difficult to make up his mind, had there been any necessity for it. As there was none, he drank a few cups of claret, and sang (to himself) a strophe or two of the canzonettes of the divine Astrophel. But in spite both of wine and of Sir Philip Sidney, the connexion in which he now stood, and that which he was in future to hold, with the lovely Molinara, or Mysinda, as he had been pleased to denominate Mysie Happer, recurred to his mind. The fashion of the times, as we have already noticed, fortunately coincided with his own natural generosity of disposition, which indeed amounted almost to extravagance, in prohibiting, as a deadly sin, alike against gallantry, chivalry, and morality, his rewarding the good offices he had received from this poor maiden by abusing any of the advantages which her confidence in his honour had afforded. To do Sir Piercie justice, it was an idea which never entered into his head; and he would probably have dealt the most scientific *imbroglio*, *stoccata*, or *punto reverso*, which the school of Vincent Saviola had taught him, to any man who had dared to suggest to him such selfish and ungrateful meanness. On the other hand, he was a man, and foresaw various circumstances which might render their journey together in this intimate fashion a scandal and a snare. Moreover, he was a coxcomb and a courtier, and felt there was something ridiculous in travelling the land with a miller's daughter behind his saddle, giving rise to suspicions not very creditable to either, and to ludicrous constructions, so far as he himself was concerned.

'I would,' he said half-aloud, 'that, if such might be done without harm or discredit to the too-ambitious, yet too-well-distinguishing Molinara, she and I were fairly severed, and bound on our different courses; even as we see the goodly vessel bound for the distant seas hoist sails and bear away into the deep, while the humble flyboat carries to shore those friends who, with wounded hearts and watery eyes, have committed to their higher destinies the more daring adventurers by whom the fair frigate is manned.'

He had scarce uttered the wish when it was gratified; for the host entered to say that his worshipful knighthood's horse was ready to be brought forth as he had desired; and on his inquiry for 'the — the — damsel — that is — the young woman —'

'Mysie Happer,' said the landlord, 'has returned to her father's; but she bade me say, you could not miss the road for Edinburgh, in respect it was neither far way nor foul gate.'

It is seldom we are exactly blessed with the precise fulfil-

ment of our wishes at the moment when we utter them; perhaps because Heaven wisely withholds what, if granted, would be often received with ingratitude. So at least it chanced in the present instance; for, when mine host said that Mysie was returned homeward, the knight was tempted to reply with an ejaculation of surprise and vexation, and a hasty demand whither and when she had departed. The first emotions his prudence suppressed, the second found utterance.

'Where is she gane?' said the host, gazing on him, and repeating his question. 'She is gane hame to her father's, it is like; and she gaed just when she gave orders about your worship's horse, and saw it well fed — she might have trusted me, but millers and millers' kin think a'body as thief-like as themselves — an' she's three miles on the gate by this time.'

'Is she gone, then?' muttered Sir Piercie, making two or three hasty strides through the narrow apartment — 'is she gone? Well, then, let her go. She could have had but disgrace by abiding by me, and I little credit by her society. That I should have thought there was such difficulty in shaking her off! I warrant she is by this time laughing with some clown she has encountered; and my rich chain will prove a good dowry. And ought it not to prove so? and has she not deserved it, were it ten times more valuable? Piercie Shafton! Piercie Shafton! dost thou grudge thy deliverer the guerdon she hath so dearly won? The selfish air of this northern land hath infected thee, Piercie Shafton, and blighted the blossoms of thy generosity, even as it is said to shrivel the flowers of the mulberry. Yet I thought,' he added, after a moment's pause, 'that she would not so easily and voluntarily have parted from me. But it skills not thinking of it. Cast my reckoning, mine host, and let your groom lead forth my nag.'

The good host seemed also to have some mental point to discuss, for he answered not instantly, debating perhaps whether his conscience would bear a double charge for the same guests. Apparently his conscience replied in the negative, though not without hesitation, for he at length replied — 'It's daffing to lee; it winna deny that the lawing is clean paid. Ne'ertheless, if your worshipful knighthood pleases to give aught for increase of trouble —'

'How!' said the knight; 'the reckoning paid! and by whom, I pray you?'

'E'en by Mysie Happer, if truth maun be spoken, as I said before,' answered the honest landlord, with as many com-

punctious visitings for telling the verity as another might have felt for making a lie in the circumstances; 'and out of the monies supplied for your honour's journey by the abbot, as she tauld to me. And laith were I to surcharge any gentleman that darkens my doors.' He added, in the confidence of honesty which his frank avowal entitled him to entertain — 'Nevertheless, as I said before, if it pleases your knighthood of free good-will to consider extraordinary trouble ——'

The knight cut short his argument by throwing the landlord a rose-noble, which probably doubled the value of a Scottish reckoning, though it would have defrayed but a half one at the Three Cranes or the Vintry. The bounty so much delighted mine host that he ran to fill the stirrup-cup (for which no charge was ever made) from a butt yet charier than that which he had pierced for the former stoup. The knight paced slowly to horse, partook of his courtesy, and thanked him with the stiff condescension of the court of Elizabeth; then mounted and followed the northern path, which was pointed out as the nearest to Edinburgh, and which, though very unlike a modern highway, bore yet so distinct a resemblance to a public and frequented road as not to be easily mistaken.

'I shall not need her guidance it seems,' said he to himself, as he rode slowly onward; 'and I suppose that was one reason of her abrupt departure, so different from what one might have expected. Well, I am well rid of her. Do we not pray to be liberated from temptation? Yet that she should have erred so much in estimation of her own situation and mine as to think of defraying the reckoning! I would I saw her once more, but to explain to her the solecism of which her inexperience hath rendered her guilty. And I fear,' he added, as he emerged from some straggling trees, and looked out upon a wild moorish country, composed of a succession of swelling lumpish hills — 'I fear I shall soon want the aid of this Ariadne, who might afford me a clue through the recesses of yonder mountainous labyrinth.'

As the knight thus communed with himself, his attention was caught by the sound of a horse's footsteps; and a lad, mounted on a little grey Scottish nag, about fourteen hands high, coming along a path which led from behind the trees, joined him on the highroad, if it could be termed such.

The dress of the lad was completely in village fashion, yet neat and handsome in appearance. He had a jerkin of grey cloth slashed and trimmed, with black hose of the same, with

deer-skin rullions or sandals, and handsome silver spurs. A cloak of a dark mulberry colour was closely drawn round the upper part of his person, and the cape in part muffled his face, which was also obscured by his bonnet of black velvet cloth, and its little plume of feathers.

Sir Piercie Shafton, fond of society, desirous also to have a guide, and, moreover, prepossessed in favour of so handsome a youth, failed not to ask him whence he came, and whither he was going. The youth looked another way, as he answered, that he was going to Edinburgh 'to seek service in some nobleman's family.'

'I fear me you have run away from your last master,' said Sir Piercie, 'since you dare not look me in the face while you answer my question.'

'Indeed, sir, I have not,' answered the lad, bashfully, while, as if with reluctance, he turned round his face, and instantly withdrew it. It was a glance, but the discovery was complete. There was no mistaking the dark full eye, the cheek in which much embarrassment could not altogether disguise an expression of comic humour, and the whole figure at once betrayed, under her metamorphosis, the Maid of the Mill. The recognition was joyful, and Sir Piercie Shafton was too much pleased to have regained his companion to remember the very good reasons which had consoled him for losing her.

To his questions respecting her dress, she answered that she had obtained it in the Kirktown from a friend; it was the holiday suit of a son of hers, who had taken the field with his liege lord, the baron of the land. She had borrowed the suit under pretence she meant to play in some mumming or rural masquerade. She had left, she said, her own apparel in exchange, which was better worth ten crowns than this was worth four.

'And the nag, my ingenious Molinara,' said Sir Piercie — 'whence comes the nag?'

'I borrowed him from our host at the Gled's Nest,' she replied; and added, half-stifling a laugh, 'he has sent to get, instead of it, our Ball, which I left in the Tasker's Park at Cripplecross. He will be lucky if he find it there.'

'But then the poor man will lose his horse, most argute Mysinda,' said Sir Piercie Shafton, whose English notions of property were a little startled at a mode of acquisition more congenial to the ideas of a miller's daughter, and he a Border miller to boot, than with those of an English person of quality.



‘And if he does lose his horse,’ said Mysie, laughing, ‘surely he is not the first man on the marches who has had such a mischance? But he will be no loser, for I warrant he will stop the value out of monies which he has owed my father this many a day.’

‘But then your father will be the loser,’ objected yet again the pertinacious uprightness of Sir Piercie Shafton.

‘What signifies it now to talk of my father?’ said the damsel, pettishly; then instantly changing to a tone of deep feeling, she added ‘My father has this day lost that which will make him hold light the loss of all the gear he has left.’

Struck with the accents of remorseful sorrow in which his companion uttered these few words, the English knight felt himself bound both in honour and conscience to expostulate with her as strongly as he could on the risk of the step which she had now taken, and on the propriety of her returning to her father’s house. The matter of his discourse, though adorned with many unnecessary flourishes, was honourable both to his head and heart.

The Maid of the Mill listened to his flowing periods with her head sunk on her bosom as she rode, like one in deep thought or deeper sorrow. When he had finished, she raised up her countenance, looked full on the knight, and replied with great firmness—‘If you are weary of my company, Sir Piercie Shafton, you have but to say so, and the miller’s daughter will be no farther cumber to you. And do not think I will be a burden to you, if we travel together to Edinburgh: I have wit enough and pride enough to be a willing burden to no man. But if you reject not my company at present, and fear not it will be burdensome to you hereafter, speak no more to me of returning back. All that you can say to me I have said to myself; and that I am now here is a sign that I have said it to no purpose. Let this subject, therefore, be for ever ended betwixt us. I have already, in some small fashion, been useful to you, and the time may come I may be more so; for this is not your land of England, where men say justice is done with little fear or favour to great and to small; but it is a land where men do by the strong hand, and defend by the ready wit, and I know better than you the perils you are exposed to.’

Sir Piercie Shafton was somewhat mortified to find that the damsel conceived her presence useful to him as a protectress as well as guide, and said something of seeking protection from nought save his own arm and his good sword. Mysie answered

very quietly, that she nothing doubted his bravery; but it was that very quality of bravery which was most likely to involve him in danger. Sir Piercie Shafton, whose head never kept very long in any continued train of thinking, acquiesced without much reply, resolving in his own mind that the maiden only used this apology to disguise her real motive of affection to his person. The romance of the situation flattered his vanity and elevated his imagination, as placing him in the situation of one of those romantic heroes of whom he had read the histories, where similar transformations made a distinguished figure.

He took many a sidelong glance at his page, whose habits of country sport and country exercise had rendered her quite adequate to sustain the character she had assumed. She managed the little nag with dexterity, and even with grace; nor did anything appear that could have betrayed her disguise, except when a bashful consciousness of her companion's eyes being fixed on her gave her an appearance of temporary embarrassment, which greatly added to her beauty.

The couple rode forward as in the morning, pleased with themselves and with each other, until they arrived at the village where they were to repose for the night, and where all the inhabitants of the little inn, both male and female, joined in extolling the good grace and handsome countenance of the English knight, and the uncommon beauty of his youthful attendant.

It was here that Mysie Happer first made Sir Piercie Shafton sensible of the reserved manner in which she proposed to live with him. She announced him as her master, and, waiting upon him with the reverent demeanour of an actual domestic, permitted not the least approach to familiarity, not even such as the knight might with the utmost innocence have ventured upon. For example, Sir Piercie, who, as we know, was a great connoisseur in dress, was detailing to her the advantageous change which he proposed to make in her attire so soon as they should reach Edinburgh, by arraying her in his own colours of pink and carnation. Mysie Happer listened with great complacency to the unction with which he dilated upon welts, laces, slashes, and trimmings, until, carried away by the enthusiasm with which he was asserting the superiority of the falling band over the Spanish ruff, he approached his hand, in the way of illustration, towards the collar of his page's doublet. She instantly stepped back, and gravely reminded him that she was alone, and under his protection.

'You cannot but remember the cause which has brought me here,' she continued; 'make the least approach to any familiarity which you would not offer to a princess surrounded by her court, and you have seen the last of the miller's daughter. She will vanish as the chaff disappears from the shieling-hill,<sup>1</sup> when the west wind blows.'

'I do protest, fair Molinara,' said Sir Piercie Shafton — but the fair Molinara had disappeared before his protest could be uttered. 'A most singular wench,' said he to himself; 'and by this hand as discreet as she is fair-featured. Certes, shame it were to offer her scathe or dishonour! She makes similes, too, though somewhat savouring of her condition. Had she but read *Euphues*, and forgotten that accursed mill and shieling-hill, it is my thought that her converse would be broidered with as many and as choice pearls of compliment as that of the most rhetorical lady in the court of Feliciana. I trust she means to return to bear me company!'

But that was no part of Mysie's prudential scheme. It was then drawing to dusk, and he saw her not again until the next morning, when the horses were brought to the door, that they might prosecute their journey.

But our story here necessarily leaves the English knight and his page, to return to the Tower of Glendearg.

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<sup>1</sup> The place where corn was winnowed, while that operation was performed by the hand, was called in Scotland the Shieling-hill.

## CHAPTER XXX

You call it an ill angel — it may be so ;  
But sure I am, among the ranks which fell,  
'Tis the first fiend e'er counsell'd man to rise,  
And win the bliss the sprite himself had forfeited.

*Old Play.*

WE must resume our narrative at the period when Mary Avenel was conveyed to the apartment which had been formerly occupied by the two Glendinnings, and when her faithful attendant, Tibbie, had exhausted herself in useless attempts to compose and to comfort her. Father Eustace also dealt forth with well-meant kindness those apothegms and dogmata of consolation which friendship almost always offers to grief, though they are uniformly offered in vain. She was at length left to indulge in the desolation of her own sorrowful feelings. She felt as those who, loving for the first time, have lost what they loved, before time and repeated calamity have taught them that every loss is to a certain extent reparable or endurable.

Such grief may be conceived better than it can be described, as is well known to those who have experienced it. But Mary Avenel had been taught by the peculiarity of her situation to regard herself as the child of destiny ; and the melancholy and reflecting turn of her disposition gave to her sorrows a depth and breadth peculiar to her character. The grave — and it was a bloody grave — had closed, as she believed, over the youth to whom she was secretly, but most warmly, attached ; the force and ardour of Halbert's character bearing a singular correspondence to the energy of which her own was capable. Her sorrow did not exhaust itself in sighs and tears, but, when the first shock had passed away, concentrated itself with deep and steady meditation to collect and calculate, like a bankrupt debtor, the full amount of her loss. It seemed as if all that connected her with earth had vanished with this broken tie. She had never dared to anticipate the probability of an ulti-

mate union with Halbert, yet now his supposed fall seemed that of the only tree which was to shelter her from the storm. She respected the more gentle character and more peaceful attainments of the younger Glendinning; but it had not escaped her (what never indeed escaped woman in such circumstances) that he was disposed to place himself in competition with what she, the daughter of a proud and warlike race, deemed the more manly qualities of his elder brother; and there is no time when a woman does so little justice to the character of a surviving lover as when comparing him with the preferred rival of whom she has been recently deprived.

The motherly but coarse kindness of Dame Glendinning, and the doating fondness of her old domestic, seemed now the only kind feeling of which she formed the object; and she could not but reflect how little these were to be compared with the devoted attachment of a high-souled youth, whom the least glance of her eye could command, as the high-mettled steed is governed by the bridle of the rider. It was when plunged among these desolating reflections that Mary Avenel felt the void of mind arising from the narrow and bigoted ignorance in which Rome then educated the children of her church. Their whole religion was a ritual, and their prayers were the formal iteration of unknown words, which, in the hour of affliction, could yield but little consolation to those who from habit resorted to them. Unused to the practice of mental devotion, and of personal approach to the Divine Presence by prayer, she could not help exclaiming in her distress, 'There is no aid for me on earth, and I know not how to ask it from Heaven!'

As she spoke thus in an agony of sorrow, she cast her eyes into the apartment, and saw the mysterious Spirit which waited upon the fortunes of her house standing in the moonlight in the midst of the room. The same form, as the reader knows, had more than once offered itself to her sight; and either her native boldness of mind, or some peculiarity attached to her from her birth, made her now look upon it without shrinking. But the White Lady of Avenel was now more distinctly visible, and more closely present, than she had ever before seemed to be, and Mary was appalled by her presence. She would, however, have spoken; but there ran a tradition, that though others who had seen the White Lady had asked questions and received answers, yet those of the house of Avenel who had ventured to speak to her had never long survived the colloquy. The figure, besides, as, sitting up in her bed, Mary Avenel

gazed on it intently, seemed by its gestures to caution her to keep silence, and at the same time to bespeak attention.

The White Lady then seemed to press one of the planks of the floor with her foot, while, in her usual low, melancholy, and musical chant, she repeated the following verses :—

‘Maiden, whose sorrows wail the living dead,  
Whose eyes shall commune with the dead alive,  
Maiden, attend ! Beneath my foot lies hid  
The Word, the Law, the Path, which thou dost strive  
To find, and canst not find. Could spirits shed  
Tears for their lot, it were my lot to weep,  
Showing the road which I shall never tread,  
Though my foot points it. Sleep, eternal sleep,  
Dark, long, and cold forgetfulness my lot !  
But do not thou at human ills repine,  
Secure there lies full guerdon in this spot  
For all the woes that wait frail Adam’s line ;  
Stoop then and make it yours — I may not make it mine !’

The phantom stooped towards the floor as she concluded, as if with the intention of laying her hand on the board on which she stood. But, ere she had completed that gesture, her form became indistinct, was presently only like the shade of a fleecy cloud which passed betwixt earth and the moon, and was soon altogether invisible.

A strong impression of fear, the first which she had experienced in her life to any agitating extent, seized upon the mind of Mary Avenel, and for a minute she felt a disposition to faint. She repelled it, however, mustered her courage, and addressed herself to saints and angels, as her church recommended. Broken slumbers at length stole on her exhausted mind and frame, and she slept until the dawn was about to arise, when she was awakened by the cry of ‘Treason ! treason ! follow — follow !’ which arose in the tower, when it was found that Piercie Shafton had made his escape.

Apprehensive of some new misfortune, Mary Avenel hastily arranged the dress which she had not laid aside, and, venturing to quit her chamber, learned from Tibb, who, with her grey hairs dishevelled like those of a sibyl, was flying from room to room, that ‘The bloody Southron villain had made his escape, and that Halbert Glendinning, poor bairn, would sleep unrevengeed and unquiet in his bloody grave.’ In the lower apartments the young men were roaring like thunder, and venting in oaths and exclamations against the fugitives the rage which they experienced in finding themselves locked up within the

tower, and debarred from their vindictive pursuit by the wily precautions of Mysie Happer. The authoritative voice of the sub-prior commanding silence was next heard; upon which Mary Avenel, whose tone of feeling did not lead her to enter into counsel or society with the rest of the party, again retired to her solitary chamber.

The rest of the family held counsel in the spence, Edward almost beside himself with rage, and the sub-prior in no small degree offended at the effrontery of Mysie Happer in attempting such a scheme, as well as at the mingled boldness and dexterity with which it had been executed. But neither surprise nor anger availed aught. The windows, well secured with iron bars for keeping assailants out, proved now as effectual for detaining the inhabitants within. The battlements were open, indeed; but, without ladder or ropes to act as a substitute for wings, there was no possibility of descending from them. They easily succeeded in alarming the inhabitants of the cottages beyond the precincts of the court; but the men had been called in to strengthen the guard for the night, and only women and children remained, who could contribute nothing in the emergency, except their useless exclamations of surprise; and there were no neighbours for miles around. Dame Elspeth, however, though drowned in tears, was not so unmindful of external affairs but that she could find voice enough to tell the women and children without to 'leave their skirling, and look after the cows that she couldna get minded, what wi' the awfu' distraction of her mind, what wi' that fause slut having locked them up in their ain tower as fast as if they had been in the Jeddart tolbooth.'

Meanwhile, the men, finding other modes of exit impossible, unanimously concluded to force the doors with such tools as the house afforded for the purpose. These were not very proper for the occasion, and the strength of the doors was great. The interior one, formed of oak, occupied them for three mortal hours, and there was little prospect of the iron door being forced in double the time.

While they were engaged in this ungrateful toil, Mary Avenel had with much less labour acquired exact knowledge of what the Spirit had intimated in her mystic rhyme. On examining the spot which the phantom had indicated by her gestures, it was not difficult to discover that a board had been loosened, which might be raised at pleasure. On removing this piece of plank, Mary Avenel was astonished to find the Black Book, well

remembered by her as her mother's favourite study, of which she immediately took possession, with as much joy as her present situation rendered her capable of feeling.

Ignorant in a great measure of its contents, Mary Avenel had been taught from her infancy to hold this volume in sacred veneration. It is probable that the deceased lady of Walter Avenel only postponed initiating her daughter into the mysteries of the Divine Word until she should be better able to comprehend both the lessons which it taught and the risk at which, in those times, they were studied. Death interposed, and removed her before the times became favourable to the Reformers, and before her daughter was so far advanced in age as to be fit to receive religious instruction of this deep import. But the affectionate mother had made preparations for the earthly work which she had most at heart. There were slips of paper inserted in the volume, in which, by an appeal to, and a comparison of, various passages in Holy Writ, the errors and human inventions with which the Church of Rome had defaced the simple edifice of Christianity, as erected by its Divine architect, were pointed out. These controversial topics were treated with a spirit of calmness and Christian charity which might have been an example to the theologians of the period; but they were clearly, fairly, and plainly argued, and supported by the necessary proofs and references. Other papers there were which had no reference whatever to polemics, but were the simple effusions of a devout mind communing with itself. Among these was one frequently used, as it seemed from the state of the manuscript, on which the mother of Mary had transcribed and placed together those affecting texts to which the heart has recourse in affliction, and which assure us at once of the sympathy and protection afforded to the children of the promise. In Mary Avenel's state of mind, these attracted her above all the other lessons which, coming from a hand so dear, had reached her at a time so critical, and in a manner so touching. She read the affecting promise, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee,' and the consoling exhortation, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee.' She read them, and her heart acquiesced in the conclusion, Surely this is the Word of God!

There are those to whom a sense of religion has come in storm and tempest; there are those whom it has summoned amid scenes of revelry and idle vanity; there are those, too, who have heard its 'still small voice' amid rural leisure and



placid contentment. But perhaps the knowledge which causeth not to err is most frequently impressed upon the mind during seasons of affliction; and tears are the softened showers which cause the seed of Heaven to spring and take root in the human breast. At least it was thus with Mary Avenel. She was insensible to the discordant noise which rang below, the clang of bars and the jarring symphony of the levers which they used to force them, the measured shouts of the labouring inmates as they combined their strength for each heave, and gave time with their voices to the exertion of their arms, and their deeply muttered vows of revenge on the fugitives who had bequeathed them at their departure a task so toilsome and difficult. Not all this din, combined in hideous concert, and expressive of aught but peace, love, and forgiveness, could divert Mary Avenel from the new course of study on which she had so singularly entered. 'The serenity of Heaven,' she said, 'is above me; the sounds which are around are but those of earth and earthly passion.'

Meanwhile, the noon was passed, and little impression was made on the iron grate, when they who laboured at it received a sudden reinforcement by the unexpected arrival of Christie of the Clinthill. He came at the head of a small party, consisting of four horsemen, who bore in their caps the sprig of holly which was the badge of Avenel.

'What, ho! my masters,' he said, 'I bring you a prisoner.'

'You had better have brought us liberty,' said Dan of the Howlethirst.

Christie looked at the state of affairs with great surprise. 'An I were to be hanged for it,' he said, 'as I may for as little a matter, I could not forbear laughing at seeing men peeping through their own bars like so many rats in a rat-trap, and he with the beard behind, like the oldest rat in the cellar!'

'Hush, thou unmannered knave,' said Edward, 'it is the sub-prior; and this is neither time, place, nor company for your ruffian jests.'

'What, ho! is my young master malapert?' said Christie; 'why, man, were he my own carnal father, instead of being father to half the world, I would have my laugh out. And now it is over, I must assist you, I reckon, for you are setting very greenly about this gear; put the pinch nearer the staple, man, and hand me an iron crow through the grate, for that's the fowl to fly away with a wicket on its shoulders. I have broke into as many grates as you have teeth in your young

head; ay, and broke out of them, too, as the captain of the Castle of Lochmaben knows full well.'

Christie did not boast more skill than he really possessed; for, applying their combined strength, under the direction of that experienced engineer, bolt and staple gave way before them, and in less than half an hour the grate, which had so long repelled their force, stood open before them.

'And now,' said Edward, 'to horse, my mates, and pursue the villain Shafton!'

'Halt there,' said Christie of the Clinthill; 'pursue your guest, my master's friend and my own! There go two words to that bargain. What the foul fiend would you pursue him for?'

'Let me pass,' said Edward, vehemently, 'I will be staid by no man; the villain has murdered my brother!'

'What says he?' said Christie, turning to the others; 'murdered? who is murdered, and by whom?'

'The Englishman, Sir Piercie Shafton,' said Dan of the Howlethirst, 'has murdered young Halbert Glendinning yesterday morning, and we have all risen to the fray.'

'It is a bedlam business, I think,' said Christie. 'First I find you all locked up in your own tower, and next I am come to prevent you revenging a murder that was never committed!'

'I tell you,' said Edward, 'that my brother was slain and buried yesterday morning by this false Englishman.'

'And I tell you,' answered Christie, 'that I saw him alive and well last night. I would I knew his trick of getting out of the grave; most men find it more hard to break through a green sod than a grated door.'

Everybody now paused, and looked on Christie in astonishment, until the sub-prior, who had hitherto avoided communication with him, came up, and required earnestly to know whether he meant really to maintain that Halbert Glendinning lived.

'Father,' he said, with more respect than he usually showed to any one save his master, 'I confess I may sometimes jest with those of your coat, but not with you; because, as you may partly recollect, I owe you a life. It is certain as the sun is in heaven that Halbert Glendinning supped at the house of my master the Baron of Avenel last night, and that he came thither in company with an old man, of whom more anon.'

'And where is he now?'

'The devil only can answer that question,' replied Christie,

'for the devil has possessed the whole family, I think. He took fright, the foolish lad, at something or other which our Baron did in his moody humour, and so he jumped into the lake and swam ashore like a wild duck. Robin of Redcastle spoiled a good gelding in chasing him this morning.'

'And why did he chase the youth?' said the sub-prior; 'what harm had he done?'

'None that I know of,' said Christie; 'but such was the Baron's order, being in his mood, and all the world having gone mad, as I have said before.'

'Whither away so fast, Edward?' said the monk.

'To Corrie-nan-Shian, father,' answered the youth. 'Martin and Dan, take pickaxe and mattock, and follow me if you be men!'

'Right,' said the monk, 'and fail not to give us instant notice what you find.'

'If you find aught there like Halbert Glendinning,' said Christie, hallooing after Edward, 'I will be bound to eat him unsalted. 'Tis a sight to see now how that fellow takes the bent! It is in the time of action men see what lads are made of. Halbert was aye skipping up and down like a roe, and his brother used to sit in the chimney-nook, with his book and sic-like trash. But the lad was like a loaded hackbut, which will stand in the corner as quiet as an old crutch until ye draw the trigger, and then there is nothing but flash and smoke. But here comes my prisoner; and, setting other matters aside, I must pray a word with you, sir sub-prior, respecting him. I came on before to treat about him, but I was interrupted with this fasherie.'

As he spoke, two more of Avenel's troopers rode into the courtyard, leading betwixt them a horse, on which, with his hands bound to his side, sate the Reformed preacher, Henry Warden.

## CHAPTER XXXI

At school I knew him — a sharp-witted youth,  
Grave, thoughtful, and reserved among his mates,  
Turning the hours of sport and food to labour,  
Starving his body to inform his mind.

*Old Play.*

**T**HE sub-prior, at the Borderer's request, had not failed to return to the tower, into which he was followed by Christie of the Clinthill, who, shutting the door of the apartment, drew near, and began his discourse with great confidence and familiarity.

'My master,' he said, 'sends me with his commendations to you, sir sub-prior, above all the community of St. Mary's, and more specially than even to the abbot himself; for, though he be termed "my lord," and so forth, all the world knows that you are the tongue of the trump.'

'If you have aught to say to me concerning the community,' said the sub-prior, 'it were well you proceeded in it without further delay. Time presses, and the fate of young Glendinning dwells on my mind.'

'I will be caution for him, body for body,' said Christie. 'I do protest to you, as sure as I am a living man, so surely is he one.'

'Should I not tell his unhappy mother the joyful tidings?' said Father Eustace; 'and yet better wait till they return from searching the grave. Well, sir jack-man, your message to me from your master?'

'My lord and master,' said Christie, 'hath good reason to believe that, from the information of certain back-friends, whom he will reward at more leisure, your reverend community hath been led to deem him ill attached to Holy Church, allied with heretics and those who favour heresy, and a hungerer after the spoils of your abbey.'

'Be brief, good henchman,' said the sub-prior, 'for the devil is ever most to be feared when he preacheth.'

‘Briefly then — my master desires your friendship ; and to excuse himself from the maligners’ calumnies, he sends to your abbot that Henry Warden whose sermons have turned the world upside down, to be dealt with as Holy Church directs, and as the abbot’s pleasure may determine.’

The sub-prior’s eyes sparkled at the intelligence ; for it had been accounted a matter of great importance that this man should be arrested, possessed, as he was known to be, of so much zeal and popularity that scarcely the preaching of Knox himself had been more awakening to the people, and more formidable to the Church of Rome.

In fact, that ancient system, which so well accommodated its doctrines to the wants and wishes of a barbarous age, had, since the art of printing and the gradual diffusion of knowledge, lain floating like some huge leviathan, into which ten thousand reforming fishers were darting their harpoons. The Roman Church of Scotland, in particular, was at her last gasp, actually blowing blood and water, yet still with unremitted, though animal, exertions maintaining the conflict with the assailants, who on every side were plunging their weapons into her bulky body. In many large towns the monasteries had been suppressed by the fury of the populace ; in other places, their possessions had been usurped by the power of the Reformed nobles ; but still the hierarchy made a part of the common law of the realm, and might claim both its property and its privileges wherever it had the means of asserting them. The community of St. Mary’s of Kennaquhair was considered as being particularly in this situation. They had retained, undiminished, their territorial power and influence ; and the great barons in the neighbourhood, partly from their attachment to the party in the state who still upheld the old system of religion, partly because each grudged the share of the prey which the others must necessarily claim, had as yet abstained from despoiling the halidome. The community was also understood to be protected by the powerful Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, whose zealous attachment to the Catholic faith caused at a later period the great rebellion of the tenth of Elizabeth.

Thus happily placed, it was supposed by the friends of the decaying cause of the Roman Catholic faith that some determined example of courage and resolution, exercised where the franchises of the church were yet entire, and her jurisdiction undisputed, might awe the progress of the new opinions into

activity ; and, protected by the laws which still existed and by the favour of the sovereign, might be the means of securing the territory which Rome yet preserved in Scotland, and perhaps of recovering that which she had lost.

The matter had been considered more than once by the northern Catholics of Scotland, and they had held communication with those of the south. Father Eustace, devoted by his public and private vows, had caught the flame, and had eagerly advised that they should execute the doom of heresy on the first Reformed preacher, or, according to his sense, on the first heretic of eminence, who should venture within the precincts of the halidome. A heart naturally kind and noble was, in this instance, as it has been in many more, deceived by its own generosity. Father Eustace would have been a bad administrator of the inquisitorial power of Spain, where that power was omnipotent, and where judgment was exercised without danger to those who inflicted it. In such a situation his rigour might have relented in favour of the criminal, whom it was at his pleasure to crush or to place at freedom. But in Scotland during this crisis the case was entirely different. The question was, whether one of the spirituality dared, at the hazard of his own life, to step forward to assert and exercise the rights of the church. Was there any one who would venture to wield the thunder in her cause, or must it remain like that in the hand of a painted Jupiter, the object of derision instead of terror ? The crisis was calculated to awake the soul of Eustace ; for it comprised the question, whether he dared, at all hazards to himself, to execute with stoical severity a measure which, according to the general opinion, was to be advantageous to the church, and, according to ancient law, and to his firm belief, was not only justifiable but meritorious.

While such resolutions were agitated amongst the Catholics, chance placed a victim within their grasp. Henry Warden had, with the animation proper to the enthusiastic Reformers of the age, transgressed, in the vehemence of his zeal, the bounds of the discretional liberty allowed to his sect so far that it was thought the Queen's personal dignity was concerned in bringing him to justice. He fled from Edinburgh, with recommendations, however, from Lord James Stewart, afterwards the celebrated Earl of Murray, to some of the Border chieftains of inferior rank, who were privately conjured to procure him safe passage into England. One of the principal persons to whom such recommendation was addressed was Julian Avenel ; for as yet, and

for a considerable time afterwards, the correspondence and interest of Lord James lay rather with the subordinate leaders than with the chiefs of great power and men of distinguished influence upon the Border. Julian Avenel had intrigued without scruple with both parties; yet, bad as he was, he certainly would not have practised aught against the guest whom Lord James had recommended to his hospitality, had it not been for what he termed the preacher's officious intermeddling in his family affairs. But when he had determined to make Warden rue the lecture he had read him, and the scene of public scandal which he had caused in this hall, Julian resolved, with the constitutional shrewdness of his disposition, to combine his vengeance with his interest. And therefore, instead of doing violence on the person of Henry Warden within his own castle, he determined to deliver him up to the community of St. Mary's, and at once make them the instruments of his own revenge and found a claim of personal recompense, either in money or in a grant of abbey lands at a low quit-rent, which last began now to be the established form in which the temporal nobles plundered the spirituality.

The sub-prior, therefore, of St. Mary's unexpectedly saw the steadfast, active, and inflexible enemy of the church delivered into his hand, and felt himself called upon to make good his promises to the friends of the Catholic faith, by quenching heresy in the blood of one of its most zealous professors.

To the honour more of Father Eustace's heart than of his consistency, the communication that Henry Warden was placed within his power struck him with more sorrow than triumph; but his next feelings were those of exultation. 'It is sad,' he said to himself, 'to cause human suffering, it is awful to cause human blood to be spilled; but the judge to whom the sword of St. Paul, as well as the keys of St. Peter, are confided must not flinch from his task. Our weapon returns into our own bosom if not wielded with a steady and unrelenting hand against the irreconcilable enemies of the Holy Church. *Pereat iste!* It is the doom he has incurred, and were all the heretics in Scotland armed and at his back, they should not prevent its being pronounced, and, if possible, enforced. Bring the heretic before me,' he said, issuing his commands aloud and in a tone of authority. Henry Warden was led in, his hands still bound, but his feet at liberty.

'Clear the apartment,' said the sub-prior, 'of all but the necessary guard on the prisoner.'

All retired except Christie of the Clinthill, who, having dismissed the inferior troopers whom he commanded, unsheathed his sword, and placed himself beside the door, as if taking upon him the character of sentinel.

The judge and the accused met face to face, and in that of both was enthroned the noble confidence of rectitude. The monk was about, at the utmost risk to himself and his community, to exercise what in his ignorance he conceived to be his duty. The preacher, actuated by a better-informed, yet not a more ardent, zeal, was prompt to submit to execution for God's sake, and to seal, were it necessary, his mission with his blood. Placed at such a distance of time as better enables us to appreciate the tendency of the principles on which they severally acted, we cannot doubt to which the palm ought to be awarded. But the zeal of Father Eustace was as free from passion and personal views as if it had been exerted in a better cause.

They approached each other, armed each and prepared for intellectual conflict, and each intently regarding his opponent, as if either hoped to spy out some defect, some chasm in the armour of his antagonist. As they gazed on each other, old recollections began to awake in either bosom, at the sight of features long unseen and much altered, but not forgotten. The brow of the sub-prior dismissed by degrees its frown of command, the look of calm yet stern defiance gradually vanished from that of Warden, and both lost for an instant that of gloomy solemnity. They had been ancient and intimate friends in youth at a foreign university, but had been long separated from each other; and the change of name, which the preacher had adopted from motives of safety, and the monk from the common custom of the convent, had prevented the possibility of their hitherto recognising each other in the opposite parts which they had been playing in the great polemical and political drama. But now the sub-prior exclaimed, 'Henry Wellwood!' and the preacher replied, 'William Allan!' and, stirred by the old familiar names and never-to-be-forgotten recollections of college studies and college intimacy, their hands were for a moment locked in each other.

'Remove his bonds,' said the sub-prior, and assisted Christie in performing that office with his own hands, although the prisoner scarcely would consent to be unbound, repeating with emphasis that he rejoiced in the cause for which he suffered shame. When his hands were at liberty, however, he showed



his sense of the kindness by again exchanging a grasp and a look of affection with the sub-prior.

The salute was frank and generous on either side, yet it was but the friendly recognition and greeting which are wont to take place betwixt adverse champions, who do nothing in hate, but all in honour. As each felt the pressure of the situation in which they stood, he quitted the grasp of the other's hand, and fell back, confronting each other with looks more calm and sorrowful than expressive of any other passion.

The sub-prior was the first to speak. 'And is this, then, the end of that restless activity of mind, that bold and indefatigable love of truth, that urged investigation to its utmost limits, and seemed to take Heaven itself by storm : is this the termination of Wellwood's career? And having known and loved him during the best years of our youth, do we meet in our old age as judge and criminal?'

'Not as judge and criminal,' said Henry Warden, for to avoid confusion we describe him by his later and best-known name — 'not as judge and criminal do we meet, but as a misguided oppressor and his ready and devoted victim. I too may ask, are these the harvest of the rich hopes excited by the classical learning, acute logical powers, and varied knowledge of William Allan, that he should sink to be the solitary drone of a cell, graced only above the swarm with the high commission of executing Roman malice on all who oppose Roman imposture?'

'Not to thee,' answered the sub-prior, 'be assured — not unto thee, nor unto mortal man, will I render an account of the power with which the church may have invested me. It was granted but as a deposit for her welfare ; for her welfare it shall at every risk be exercised, without fear and without favour.'

'I expected no less from your misguided zeal,' answered the preacher ; 'and in me have you met one on whom you may fearlessly exercise your authority, secure that his mind at least will defy your influence, as the snows of that Mont Blanc which we saw together shrink not under the heat of the hottest summer sun.'

'I do believe thee,' said the sub-prior — 'I do believe that thine is indeed metal unmalleable by force. Let it yield then to persuasion. Let us debate these matters of faith as we once were wont to conduct our scholastic disputes, when hours, nay days, glided past in the mutual exercise of our intellectual

powers. It may be thou mayest yet hear the voice of the shepherd, and return to the universal fold.'

'No, Allan,' replied the prisoner, 'this is no vain question, devised by dreaming scholiasts, on which they may whet their intellectual faculties until the very metal be wasted away. The errors which I combat are like those fiends which are only cast out by fasting and prayer. Alas! not many wise, not many learned are chosen; the cottage and the hamlet shall in our days bear witness against the schools and their disciples. Thy very wisdom, which is foolishness, hath made thee, as the Greeks of old, hold as foolishness that which is the only true wisdom.'

'This,' said the sub-prior, sternly, 'is the mere cant of ignorant enthusiasm, which appealeth from learning and from authority, from the sure guidance of that lamp which God hath afforded us in the councils and in the fathers of the church, to a rash, self-willed, and arbitrary interpretation of the Scriptures, wrested according to the private opinion of each speculating heretic.'

'I disdain to reply to the charge,' replied Warden. 'The question at issue between your church and mine is, whether we will be judged by the Holy Scriptures, or by the devices and decisions of men not less subject to error than ourselves, and who have defaced our holy religion with vain devices, reared up idols of stone and wood, in form of those who, when they lived, were but sinful creatures, to share the worship due only to the Creator; established a toll-house betwixt Heaven and Hell, that profitable purgatory of which the Pope keeps the keys, like as an iniquitous judge commutes punishment for bribes, and —'

'Silence, blasphemer,' said the sub-prior, sternly, 'or I will have thy blatant obloquy stopped with a gag!'

'Ay,' replied Warden, 'such is the freedom of the Christian conference to which Rome's priests so kindly invite us! — the gag — the rack — the axe — is the *ratio ultima Romæ*. But know thou, mine ancient friend, that the character of thy former companion is not so changed by age but that he still dares to endure for the cause of truth all that thy proud hierarchy shall dare to inflict.'

'Of that,' said the monk, 'I nothing doubt. Thou wert ever a lion to turn against the spear of the hunter, not a stag to be dismayed at the sound of his bugle.' He walked through the room in silence. 'Wellwood,' he said at length, 'we can no

longer be friends. Our faith, our hope, our anchor on futurity is no longer the same.'

'Deep is my sorrow that thou speakest truth. May God so judge me,' said the Reformer, 'as I would buy the conversion of a soul like thine with my dearest heart's blood.'

'To thee, and with better reason, do I return the wish,' replied the sub-prior; 'it is such an arm as thine that should defend the bulwarks of the church, and it is now directing the battering-ram against them, and rendering practicable the breach through which all that is greedy, and all that is base, and all that is mutable and hot-headed in this innovating age already hope to advance to destruction and to spoil. But since such is our fate, that we can no longer fight side by side as friends, let us at least act as generous enemies. You cannot have forgotten,

O gran bonta dei cavalieri antiqui !  
Erano nemici, eran' de fede diversa —

Although, perhaps,' he added, stopping short in his quotation, 'your new faith forbids you to reserve a place in your memory even for what high poets have recorded of loyal faith and generous sentiment.'

'The faith of Buchanan,' replied the preacher — 'the faith of Buchanan and of Beza cannot be unfriendly to literature. But the poet you have quoted affords strains fitter for a dissolute court than for a convent.'

'I might retort on your Theodore Beza,' said the sub-prior, smiling; 'but I hate the judgment that, like the flesh-fly, skims over whatever is sound, to detect and settle upon some spot which is tainted. But to the purpose. If I conduct thee or send thee a prisoner to St. Mary's, thou art to-night a tenant of the dungeon, to-morrow a burden to the gibbet-tree. If I were to let thee go hence at large, I were thereby wronging the Holy Church, and breaking mine own solemn vow. Other resolutions may be adopted in the capital, or better times may speedily ensue. Wilt thou remain a true prisoner upon thy parole, rescue or no rescue, as is the phrase amongst the warriors of this country? Wilt thou solemnly promise that thou wilt do so, and that at my summons thou wilt present thyself before the abbot and chapter of St. Mary's, and that thou wilt not stir from this house above a quarter of a mile in any direction? Wilt thou, I say, engage me thy word for this? and such is the sure trust which I repose in thy good faith, that thou shalt

remain here unharmed and unsecured, a prisoner at large, subject only to appear before our court when called upon.'

The preacher paused. 'I am unwilling,' he said, 'to fetter my native liberty by any self-adopted engagement. But I am already in your power, and you may bind me to my answer. By such promise, to abide within a certain limit and to appear when called upon, I renounce not any liberty which I at present possess and am free to exercise; but, on the contrary, being in bonds, and at your mercy, I acquire thereby a liberty which I at present possess not. I will therefore accept of thy proffer, as what is courteously offered on thy part, and may be honourably accepted on mine.'

'Stay yet,' said the sub-prior, 'one important part of thy engagement is forgotten: thou art farther to promise that, while thus left at liberty, thou wilt not preach or teach, directly or indirectly, any of those pestilent heresies by which so many souls have been in this our day won over from the kingdom of light to the kingdom of darkness.'

'There we break off our treaty,' said Warden, firmly. 'Woe unto me if I preach not the Gospel!'

The sub-prior's countenance became clouded, and he again paced the apartment, and muttered, 'A plague upon the self-willed fool!' then stopped short in his walk, and proceeded in his argument. 'Why, by thine own reasoning, Henry, thy refusal here is but peevish obstinacy. It is in my power to place you where your preaching can reach no human ear; in promising therefore to abstain from it, you grant nothing which you have it in your power to refuse.'

'I know not that,' replied Henry Warden; 'thou mayest indeed cast me into a dungeon, but can I foretell that my Master hath not task-work for me to perform even in that dreary mansion? The chains of saints have, ere now, been the means of breaking the bonds of Satan. In a prison, holy Paul found the jailor whom he brought to believe the word of salvation, he and all his house.'

'Nay,' said the sub-prior, in a tone betwixt anger and scorn, 'if you match yourself with the blessed Apostle, it were time we had done; prepare to endure what thy folly, as well as thy heresy, deserves. Bind him, soldier.'

With proud submission to his fate, and regarding the sub-prior with something which almost amounted to a smile of superiority, the preacher placed his arms so that the bonds could be again fastened round him.

'Spare me not,' he said to Christie; for even that ruffian hesitated to draw the cord straitly.

The sub-prior, meanwhile, looked at him from under his cowl, which he had drawn over his head, and partly over his face, as if he wished to shade his own emotions. They were those of a huntsman within point-blank shot of a noble stag, who is yet too much struck with his majesty of front and of antler to take aim at him. They were those of a fowler, who, levelling his gun at a magnificent eagle, is yet reluctant to use his advantage when he sees the noble sovereign of the birds pruning himself in proud defiance of whatever may be attempted against him. The heart of the sub-prior, bigoted as he was, relented, and he doubted if he ought to purchase, by a rigorous discharge of what he deemed his duty, the remorse he might afterwards feel for the death of one so nobly independent in thought and character, the friend, besides, of his own happiest years, during which they had, side by side, striven in the noble race of knowledge, and indulged their intervals of repose in the lighter studies of classical and general letters.

The sub-prior's hand pressed his half-o'ershadowed cheek, and his eye, more completely obscured, was bent on the ground, as if to hide the workings of his relenting nature.

'Were but Edward safe from the infection,' he thought to himself — 'Edward, whose eager and enthusiastic mind presses forward in the chase of all that hath even the shadow of knowledge, I might trust this enthusiast with the women, after due caution to them that they cannot, without guilt, attend to his reveries.'

As the sub-prior revolved these thoughts, and delayed the definitive order which was to determine the fate of the prisoner, a sudden noise at the entrance of the tower diverted his attention for an instant; and, his cheek and brow inflamed with all the glow of heat and determination, Edward Glendinning rushed into the room.

## CHAPTER XXXII

Then in my gown of sober grey  
Along the mountain path I'll wander,  
And wind my solitary way  
To the sad shrine that courts me yonder.

There, in the calm monastic shade,  
All injuries may be forgiven ;  
And there for thee, obdurate maid,  
My orisons shall rise to heaven.

*The Cruel Lady of the Mountains.*

THE first words which Edward uttered were — 'My brother is safe, reverend father — he is safe, thank God, and lives! There is not in Corrie-nan-Shian a grave, nor a vestige of a grave. The turf around the fountain has neither been disturbed by pick-axe, spade, nor mattock since the deer's-hair first sprang there. He lives as surely as I live!'

The earnestness of the youth — the vivacity with which he looked and moved — the springy step, outstretched hand, and ardent eye, reminded Henry Warden of Halbert, so lately his guide. The brothers had indeed a strong family resemblance, though Halbert was far more athletic and active in his person, taller and better knit in the limbs, and though Edward had, on ordinary occasions, a look of more habitual acuteness and more profound reflection. The preacher was interested as well as the sub-prior.

'Of whom do you speak, my son?' he said, in a tone as unconcerned as if his own fate had not been at the same instant trembling in the balance, and as if a dungeon and death did not appear to be his instant doom — 'of whom, I say, speak you? If of a youth somewhat older than you seem to be, brown-haired, open-featured, taller and stronger than you appear, yet having much of the same air, and of the same tone of voice — if such a one is the brother whom you seek, it may be I can tell you news of him.'

'Speak, then, for Heaven's sake,' said Edward; 'life or death lies on thy tongue.'

The sub-prior joined eagerly in the same request, and, without waiting to be urged, the preacher gave a minute account of the circumstances under which he met the elder Glendinning, with so exact a description of his person that there remained no doubt as to his identity. When he mentioned that Halbert Glendinning had conducted him to the dell, in which they found the grass bloody, and a grave newly closed, and told how the youth accused himself of the slaughter of Sir Piercie Shafton, the sub-prior looked on Edward with astonishment.

'Didst thou not say, even now,' he said, 'that there was no vestige of a grave in that spot?'

'No more vestige of the earth having been removed than if the turf had grown there since the days of Adam,' replied Edward Glendinning. 'It is true,' he added, 'that the adjacent grass was trampled and bloody.'

'These are delusions of the Enemy,' said the sub-prior, crossing himself. 'Christian men may no longer doubt of it.'

'But an it be so,' said Warden, 'Christian men might better guard themselves by the sword of prayer than by the idle form of a cabalistical spell.'

'The badge of our salvation,' said the sub-prior, 'cannot be so termed: the sign of the cross disarmeth all evil spirits.'

'Ay,' answered Henry Warden, apt and armed for controversy, 'but it should be borne in the heart, not scored with the fingers in the air. That very impassive air, through which your hand passes, shall as soon bear the imprint of your action as the external action shall avail the fond bigot who substitutes vain motions of the body, idle genuflections and signs of the cross, for the living and heart-born duties of faith and good works.'

'I pity thee,' said the sub-prior, as actively ready for polemics as himself—'I pity thee, Henry, and reply not to thee. Thou mayest as well winnow forth and measure the ocean with a sieve as mete out the power of holy words, deeds, and signs by the erring gage of thine own reason.'

'Not by mine own reason would I mete them,' said Warden; 'but by His Holy Word, that unfading and unerring lamp of our paths, compared to which human reason is but as a glimmering and fading taper, and your boasted tradition only a misleading wild-fire. Show me your Scripture warrant for ascribing virtue to such vain signs and motions.'

'I offered thee a fair field of debate,' said the sub-prior, 'which thou didst refuse. I will not at present resume the controversy.'

'Were these my last accents,' said the Reformer, 'and were they uttered at the stake, half-choked with smoke, and as the fagots kindled into a blaze around me, with that last utterance I would testify against the superstitious devices of Rome.'

The sub-prior suppressed with pain the controversial answer which arose to his lips, and turning to Edward Glendinning, he said, 'There could be now no doubt that his mother ought presently to be informed that her son lived.'

'I told you that two hours since,' said Christie of the Clint-hill, 'an you would have believed me. But it seems you are more willing to take the word of an old grey sinner, whose life has been spent in pattering heresy, than mine, though I never rode a foray in my life without duly saying my paternoster.'

'Go, then,' said Father Eustace to Edward; 'let thy sorrowing mother know that her son is restored to her from the grave, like the child of the widow of Zarephath; at the intercession,' he added, looking at Henry Warden, 'of the blessed saint whom I invoked in his behalf.'

'Deceived thyself,' said Warden, instantly, 'thou art a deceiver of others. It was no dead man, no creature of clay, whom the blessed Tishbite invoked, when, stung by the reproach of the Shunammite woman, he prayed that her son's soul might come into him again.'

'It was by his intercession, however,' repeated the sub-prior; 'for what says the Vulgate? Thus it is written: "*Et exaudivit Dominus vocem Helie; et reversa est anima pueri intra eum; et revixit*"; and thinkest thou the intercession of a glorified saint is more feeble than when he walks on earth, shrouded in a tabernacle of clay, and seeing but with the eye of flesh?'

During this controversy, Edward Glendinning appeared restless and impatient, agitated by some strong internal feeling, but whether of joy, grief, or expectation his countenance did not expressly declare. He took now the unusual freedom to break in upon the discourse of the sub-prior, who, notwithstanding his resolution to the contrary, was obviously kindling in the spirit of controversy, which Edward diverted by conjuring his reverence to allow him to speak a few words with him in private.

'Remove the prisoner,' said the sub-prior to Christie; 'look



to him carefully that he escape not; but for thy life do him no injury.'

His commands being obeyed, Edward and the monk were left alone, when the sub-prior thus addressed him:

'What hath come over thee, Edward, that thy eye kindles so wildly, and thy cheek is thus changing from scarlet to pale? Why didst thou break in so hastily and unadvisedly upon the argument with which I was prostrating yonder heretic? And wherefore dost thou not tell thy mother that her son is restored to her by the intercession, as Holy Church well warrants us to believe, of blessed St. Benedict, the patron of our order? For if ever my prayers were put forth to him with zeal, it hath been in behalf of this house, and thine eyes have seen the result; go tell it to thy mother.'

'I must tell her then,' said Edward, 'that if she has regained one son, another is lost to her.'

'What meanest thou, Edward? what language is this?' said the sub-prior.

'Father,' said the youth, kneeling down to him, 'my sin and my shame shall be told thee, and thou shalt witness my penance with thine own eyes.'

'I comprehend thee not,' said the sub-prior. 'What canst thou have done to deserve such self-accusation? Hast thou too listened,' he added, knitting his brows, 'to the demon of heresy, ever most effectual tempter of those who, like yonder unhappy man, are distinguished by their love of knowledge?'

'I am guiltless in that matter,' answered Glendinning, 'nor have presumed to think otherwise than thou, my kind father, hast taught me, and than the church allows.'

'And what is it then, my son,' said the sub-prior, kindly, 'which thus afflicts thy conscience? Speak it to me, that I may answer thee in the words of comfort; for the church's mercy is great to those obedient children who doubt not her power.'

'My confession will require her mercy,' replied Edward. 'My brother Halbert, so kind, so brave, so gentle, who spoke not, thought not, acted not but in love to me, whose hand had aided me in every difficulty, whose eye watched over me like the eagle's over her nestlings, when they prove their first flight from the eyrie—this brother, so kind, so gently affectionate,—I heard of his sudden—his bloody—his violent death, and I rejoiced; I heard of his unexpected restoration, and I sorrowed!'

'Edward,' said the father, 'thou art beside thyself; what

could urge thee to such odious ingratitude? In your hurry of spirits you have mistaken the confused tenor of your feelings. Go, my son, pray and compose thy mind; we will speak of this another time.'

'No, father — no,' said Edward, vehemently, 'now or never! I will find the means to tame this rebellious heart of mine, or I will tear it out of my bosom. Mistake its passions! No, father, grief can ill be mistaken for joy. All wept, all shrieked around me — my mother — the menials — she too, the cause of my crime — all wept; and I — I could hardly disguise my brutal and insane joy under the appearance of revenge. "Brother," I said, "I cannot give thee tears, but I will give thee blood." Yes, father, as I counted hour after hour, while I kept watch upon the English prisoner, and said, "I am an hour nearer to hope and to happiness ———"'

'I understand thee not, Edward,' said the monk, 'nor can I conceive in what way thy brother's supposed murder should have affected thee with such unnatural joy. Surely the sordid desire to succeed him in his small possessions ———'

'Perish the paltry trash!' said Edward, with the same emotion. 'No, father, it was rivalry — it was jealous rage — it was the love of Mary Avenel, that rendered me the unnatural wretch I confess myself!'

'Of Mary Avenel!' said the priest — 'of a lady so high above either of you in name and in rank? How dared Halbert — how dared you, to presume to lift your eye to her but in honour and respect, as a superior of another degree from yours?'

'When did love wait for the sanction of heraldry?' replied Edward; 'and in what but a line of dead ancestors was Mary, our mother's guest and foster-child, different from us, with whom she was brought up? Enough, we loved — we both loved her! But the passion of Halbert was requited. He knew it not, he saw it not; but I was sharper-eyed. I saw that, even when I was more approved, Halbert was more beloved. With me she would sit for hours at our common task, with the cold simplicity and indifference of a sister, but with Halbert she trusted not herself. She changed colour, she was fluttered when he approached her; and when he left her she was sad, pensive, and solitary. I bore all this — I saw my rival's advancing progress in her affections — I bore it, father, and yet I hated him not — I could not hate him!'

'And well for thee that thou didst not,' said the father;

'wild and headstrong as thou art, wouldst thou hate thy brother for partaking in thine own folly?'

'Father,' replied Edward, 'the world esteems thee wise, and holds thy knowledge of mankind high; but thy question shows that thou hast never loved. It was by an effort that I saved myself from hating my kind and affectionate brother, who, all unsuspecting of my rivalry, was perpetually loading me with kindness. Nay, there were moods of my mind in which I could return that kindness for a time with energetic enthusiasm. Never did I feel this so strongly as on the night which parted us. But I could not help rejoicing when he was swept from my path; could not help sorrowing when he was again restored to be a stumbling-block in my paths.'

'May God be gracious to thee, my son!' said the monk; 'this is an awful state of mind. Even in such evil mood did the first murderer rise up against his brother, because Abel's was the more acceptable sacrifice.'

'I will wrestle with the demon which has haunted me, father,' replied the youth, firmly — 'I will wrestle with him, and I will subdue him. But first I must remove from the scenes which are to follow here. I cannot endure that I should see Mary Avenel's eyes again flash with joy at the restoration of her lover. It were a sight to make indeed a second Cain of me! My fierce, turbid, and transitory joy discharged itself in a thirst to commit homicide, and how can I estimate the frenzy of my despair?'

'Madman!' said the sub-prior, 'at what dreadful crime does thy fury drive?'

'My lot is determined, father,' said Edward, in a resolute tone; 'I will embrace the spiritual state which you have so oft recommended. It is my purpose to return with you to St. Mary's, and, with the permission of the Holy Virgin and of St. Benedict, to offer my profession to the abbot.'

'Not now, my son,' said the sub-prior — 'not in this dis-temperature of mind. The wise and good accept not gifts which are made in heat of blood, and which may be after repented of; and shall we make our offerings to wisdom and to goodness itself with less of solemn resolution and deep devotion of mind than is necessary to make them acceptable to our own frail companions in this valley of darkness? This I say to thee, my son, not as meaning to deter thee from the good path thou art now inclined to prefer, but that thou mayest make thy vocation and thine election sure.'

'There are actions, father,' returned Edward, 'which brook

no delay, and this is one. It must be done this very *now*, or it may never be done. Let me go with you ; let me not behold the return of Halbert into this house. Shame, and the sense of the injustice I have already done him, will join with these dreadful passions which urge me to do him yet farther wrong. Let me then go with you.'

'With me, my son,' said the sub-prior, 'thou shalt surely go ; but our rule, as well as reason and good order, require that you should dwell a space with us as a probationer, or novice, before taking upon thee those final vows which, sequestering thee for ever from the world, dedicate thee to the service of Heaven.'

'And when shall we set forth, father?' said the youth, as eagerly as if the journey which he was now undertaking led to the pleasures of a summer holiday.

'Even now, if thou wilt,' said the sub-prior, yielding to his impetuosity ; 'go, then, and command them to prepare for our departure. Yet stay,' he said, as Edward, with all the awakened enthusiasm of his character, hastened from his presence, 'come hither, my son, and kneel down.'

Edward obeyed, and kneeled down before him. Notwithstanding his slight figure and thin features, the sub-prior could, from the energy of his tone and the earnestness of his devotional manner, impress his pupils and his penitents with no ordinary feelings of personal reverence. His heart always was, as well as seemed to be, in the duty which he was immediately performing ; and the spiritual guide who thus shows a deep conviction of the importance of his office seldom fails to impress a similar feeling upon his hearers. Upon such occasions as the present his puny body seemed to assume more majestic stature ; his spare and emaciated countenance bore a bolder, loftier, and more commanding port ; his voice, always beautiful, trembled as labouring under the immediate impulse of the Divinity ; and his whole demeanour seemed to bespeak, not the mere ordinary man, but the organ of the church, in which she had vested her high power for delivering sinners from their load of iniquity.

'Hast thou, my fair son,' said he, 'faithfully recounted the circumstances which have thus suddenly determined thee to a religious life ?'

'The sins I have confessed, my father,' answered Edward ; 'but I have not yet told of a strange appearance which, acting in my mind, hath, I think, aided to determine my resolution.'

'Tell it, then, now,' returned the sub-prior; 'it is thy duty to leave me uninstructed in nought, so that thereby I may understand the temptation that besets thee.'

'I tell it with unwillingness,' said Edward; 'for although, God wot, I speak but the mere truth, yet even while my tongue speaks it as truth, my own ears receive it as fable.'

'Yet say the whole,' said Father Eustace; 'neither fear rebuke from me, seeing I may know reasons for receiving as true that which others might regard as fabulous.'

'Know, then, father,' replied Edward, 'that betwixt hope and despair — and, Heavens! what a hope! — the hope to find the corpse mangled and crushed hastily in amongst the bloody clay which the foot of the scornful victor had trod down upon my good, my gentle, my courageous brother — I sped to the glen called Corrie-nan-Shian; but, as your reverence has been already informed, neither the grave, which my unhallowed wishes had, in spite of my better self, longed to see, nor any appearance of the earth having been opened, was visible in the solitary spot where Martin had, at morning yesterday, seen the fatal hillock. You know our dalesmen, father. The place hath an evil name, and this deception of the sight inclined them to leave it. My companions became affrighted, and hastened down the glen as men caught in trespass. My hopes were too much blighted, my mind too much agitated, to fear either the living or the dead. I descended the glen more slowly than they, often looking back, and not ill pleased with the poltroonery of my companions, which left me to my own perplexed and moody humour, and induced them to hasten into the broader dale. They were already out of sight and lost amongst the windings of the glen, when, looking back, I saw a female form standing beside the fountain —'

'How, my fair son?' said the sub-prior, 'beware you jest not with your present situation!'

'I jest not, father,' answered the youth; 'it may be I shall never jest again — surely not for many a day. I saw, I say, the form of a female clad in white, as the spirit which haunts the house of Avenel is supposed to be. Believe me, my father, for, by Heaven and earth, I say nought but what I saw with these eyes!'

'I believe thee, my son,' said the monk; 'proceed in thy strange story.'

'The apparition,' said Edward Glendinning, 'sung, and thus ran her lay; for, strange as it may seem to you, her words abide

by my remembrance as if they had been sung to me from infancy upward :

“Thou who seek'st my fountain lone,  
With thoughts and hopes thou dar'st not own ;  
Whose heart within leap'd wildly glad  
When most his brow seem'd dark and sad ;  
Hie thee back, thou find'st not here  
Corpse or coffin, grave or bier.  
The dead alive is gone and fled ;  
Go thou, and join the living dead !

The living dead, whose sober brow  
Oft shrouds such thoughts as thou hast now,  
Whose hearts within are seldom cured  
Of passions by their vows abjured ;  
Where, under sad and solemn show,  
Vain hopes are nursed, wild wishes glow.  
Seek the convent's vaulted room,  
Prayer and vigil be thy doom ;  
Doff the green, and don the grey,  
To the cloister hence away !”

“'Tis a wild lay,” said the sub-prior, ‘and chanted, I fear me, with no good end. But we have power to turn the machinations of Satan to his shame. Edward, thou shalt go with me as thou desirest ; thou shalt prove the life for which I have long thought thee best fitted : thou shalt aid, my son, this trembling hand of mine to sustain the Holy Ark, which bold unhallowed men press rashly forward to touch and to profane. Wilt thou not first see thy mother ?’

‘I will see no one,’ said Edward, hastily ; ‘I will risk nothing that may shake the purpose of my heart. From St. Mary's they shall learn my destination — all of them shall learn it. My mother — Mary Avenel — my restored and happy brother — they shall all know that Edward lives no longer ; to the world to be a clog on their happiness. Mary shall no longer need to constrain her looks and expressions to coldness because I am nigh. She shall no longer —’

‘My son,’ said the sub-prior, interrupting him, ‘it is not by looking back on the vanities and vexations of this world that we fit ourselves for the discharge of duties which are not of it. Go, get our horses ready, and, as we descend the glen together, I will teach thee the truths through which the fathers and wise men of old had that precious alchemy which can convert suffering into happiness.’

## CHAPTER XXXIII

Now, on my faith, this gear is all entangled,  
Like to the yarn-clue of the drowsy knitter,  
Dragg'd by the frolic kitten through the cabin,  
While the good dame sits nodding o'er the fire !  
Masters, attend ; 't will crave some skill to clear it.

*Old Play.*

EDWARD, with the speed of one who doubts the steadiness of his own resolution, hastened to prepare the horses for their departure, and at the same time thanked and dismissed the neighbours who had come to his assistance, and who were not a little surprised both at the suddenness of his proposed departure and at the turn affairs had taken.

'Here's cold hospitality,' quoth Dan of the Howlethirst to his comrades ; 'I trow the Glendinnings may die and come alive right oft ere I put foot in stirrup again for the matter.'

Martin soothed them by placing food and liquor before them. They ate sullenly, however, and departed in bad humour.

The joyful news that Halbert Glendinning lived was quickly communicated through the sorrowing family. The mother wept and thanked Heaven alternately ; until, her habits of domestic economy awakening as her feelings became calmer, she observed, 'It would be an unco task to mend the yetts, and what were they to do while they were broken in that fashion ? At open doors dogs come in.'

Tibb remarked, 'She aye thought Halbert was ower gleg at his weapon to be killed sae easily by ony Sir Piercie of them a'. They might say of these Southrons as they liked ; but they had not the pith and wind of a canny Scot when it came to close grips.'

On Mary Avenel the impression was inconceivably deeper. She had but newly learned to pray, and it seemed to her that her prayers had been instantly answered : that the compassion of Heaven, which she had learned to implore in the words of

Scripture, had descended upon her after a manner almost miraculous, and recalled the dead from the grave at the sound of her lamentations. There was a dangerous degree of enthusiasm in this strain of feeling, but it originated in the purest devotion.

A silken and embroidered muffler, one of the few articles of more costly attire which she possessed, was devoted to the purpose of wrapping up and concealing the sacred volume, which henceforth she was to regard as her chiefest treasure, lamenting only that, for want of a fitting interpreter, much must remain to her a book closed and a fountain sealed. She was unaware of the yet greater danger she incurred, of putting an imperfect or even false sense upon some of the doctrines which appeared most comprehensible. But Heaven had provided against both these hazards.

While Edward was preparing the horses, Christie of the Clinthill again solicited his orders respecting the Reformed preacher, Henry Warden, and again the worthy monk laboured to reconcile in his own mind the compassion and esteem which, almost in spite of him, he could not help feeling for his former companion with the duty which he owed to the church. The unexpected resolution of Edward had removed, he thought, the chief objection to his being left at Glendearg.

'If I carry this Wellwood, or Warden, to the monastery,' he thought, 'he must die—die in his heresy—perish body and soul. And though such a measure was once thought advisable, to strike terror into the heretics, yet such is now their daily-increasing strength that it may rather rouse them to fury and to revenge. True, he refuses to pledge himself to abstain from sowing his tares among the wheat; but the ground here is too barren to receive them. I fear not his making impression on these poor women, the vassals of the church, and bred up in due obedience to her behests. The keen, searching, inquiring, and bold disposition of Edward might have afforded fuel to the fire; but that is removed, and there is nothing left which the flame may catch to. Thus shall he have no power to spread his evil doctrines abroad, and yet his life shall be preserved, and it may be his soul rescued as a prey from the fowler's net. I will myself contend with him in argument; for when we studied in common I yielded not to him, and surely the cause for which I struggle will support me, were I yet more weak than I deem myself. Were this man reclaimed from his errors, an hundred-fold more advantage would arise to the



church from his spiritual regeneration than from his temporal death.'

Having finished these meditations, in which there was at once goodness of disposition and narrowness of principle, a considerable portion of self-opinion, and no small degree of self-delusion, the sub-prior commanded the prisoner to be brought into his presence.

'Henry,' he said, 'whatever a rigid sense of duty may demand of me, ancient friendship and Christian compassion forbid me to lead thee to assured death. Thou wert wont to be generous, though stern and stubborn in thy resolves; let not thy sense of what thine own thoughts term duty draw thee farther than mine have done. Remember, that every sheep whom thou shalt here lead astray from the fold will be demanded in time and through eternity of him who hath left thee the liberty of doing such evil. I ask no engagement of thee, save that thou remain a prisoner on thy word at this tower, and wilt appear when summoned.'

'Thou hast found an invention to bind my hands,' replied the preacher, 'more sure than would have been the heaviest shackles in the prison of thy convent. I will not rashly do what may endanger thee with thy unhappy superiors, and I will be the more cautious because, if we had farther opportunity of conference, I trust thine own soul may yet be rescued as a brand from the burning, and that, casting from thee the livery of Anti-Christ, that trader in human sins and human souls, I may yet assist thee to lay hold on the Rock of Ages.'

The sub-prior heard the sentiment, so similar to that which had occurred to himself, with the same kindly feelings with which the game-cock hears and replies to the challenge of his rival.

'I bless God and Our Lady,' said he, drawing himself up, 'that my faith is already anchored on that Rock on which St. Peter founded his church.'

'It is a perversion of the text,' said the eager Henry Warden, 'grounded on a vain play upon words—a most idle paronomasia.'

The controversy would have been rekindled, and in all probability—for what can ensure the good temper and moderation of polemics?—might have ended in the preacher's being transported a captive to the monastery, had not Christie of the Clint-hill observed that it was growing late, and that he, having to descend the glen, which had no good reputation, cared not

greatly for travelling there after sunset. The sub-prior, therefore, stifled his desire of argument, and again telling the preacher that he trusted to his gratitude and generosity, he bade him farewell.

'Be assured, my old friend,' replied Warden, 'that no willing act of mine shall be to thy prejudice. But if my Master shall place work before me, I must obey God rather than man.'

These two men, both excellent from natural disposition and acquired knowledge, had more points of similarity than they themselves would have admitted. In truth, the chief distinction betwixt them was that the Catholic, defending a religion which afforded little interest to the feelings, had, in his devotion to the cause he espoused, more of the head than of the heart, and was politic, cautious, and artful; while the Protestant, acting under the strong impulse of more lately adopted conviction, and feeling, as he justly might, a more animated confidence in his cause, was enthusiastic, eager, and precipitate in his desire to advance it. The priest would have been contented to defend, the preacher aspired to conquer; and, of course, the impulse by which the latter was governed was more active and more decisive. They could not part from each other without a second pressure of hands, and each looked in the face of his old companion, as he bade him adieu, with a countenance strongly expressive of sorrow, affection, and pity.

Father Eustace then explained briefly to Dame Glendinning that this person was to be her guest for some days, forbidding her and her whole household, under high spiritual censures, to hold any conversation with him on religious subjects, but commanding her to attend to his wants in all other particulars.

'May Our Lady forgive me, reverend father,' said Dame Glendinning, somewhat dismayed at this intelligence, 'but I must needs say that ower mony guests have been the ruin of mony a house, and I trow they will bring down Glendearg. First came the Lady of Avenel—her soul be at rest!—she meant nae ill, but she brought with her as mony bogles and fairies as hae kept the house in care ever since, sae that we have been living as it were in a dream. And then came that English knight, if it please you, and if he hasna killed my son outright, he has chased him aff the gate, and it may be lang eneugh ere I see him again—forbye the damage done to outer door and inner door. And now your reverence has given me the charge of a heretic, who, it is like, may bring the great horned devil himself down upon us all; and they say that it is

neither door nor window will serve him, but he will take away the side of the auld tower along with him. Nevertheless, reverend father, your pleasure is doubtless to be done to our power.'

'Go to, woman,' said the sub-prior; 'send for workmen from the clachan, and let them charge the expense of their repairs to the community, and I will give the treasurer warrant to allow them. Moreover, in settling the rental-mails and feuduties, thou shalt have allowance for the trouble and charges to which thou art now put; and I will cause strict search to be made after thy son.'

The dame courtesied deep and low at each favourable expression; and when the sub-prior had done speaking, she added her farther hope, that the sub-prior would hold some communing with her gossip the miller concerning the fate of his daughter, and expound to him that the chance had by no means happened through any negligence on her part.

'I sair doubt me, father,' she said, 'whether Mysie finds her way back to the mill in a hurry; but it was all her father's own fault that let her run lamping about the country, riding on bare-backed naigs, and never settling to do a turn of wark within doors, unless it were to dress dainties at dinner-time for his ain kyte.'

'You remind me, dame, of another matter of urgency,' said Father Eustace; 'and, God knows, too many of them press on me at this moment. This English knight must be sought out, and explanation given to him of these most strange chances. The giddy girl must also be recovered. If she hath suffered in reputation by this unhappy mistake, I will not hold myself innocent of the disgrace. Yet how to find them out I know not.'

'So please you,' said Christie of the Clinthill, 'I am willing to take the chase, and bring them back by fair means or foul; for though you have always looked as black as night at me, whenever we have forgathered, yet I have not forgotten that, had it not been for you, "my neck would have kend the weight of my four quarters." If any man can track the tread of them, I will say in the face of both Merse and Teviotdale, and take the Forest to boot, I am that man. But first I have matters to treat of on my master's score, if you will permit me to ride down the glen with you.'

'Nay, but, my friend,' said the sub-prior, 'thou shouldst remember I have but slender cause to trust thee for a companion through a place so solitary.'

'Tush! tush!' said the jack-man, 'fear me not; I had the worst too surely to begin that sport again. Besides, have I not said a dozen of times I owe you a life? and when I owe a man either a good turn or a bad I never fail to pay it sooner or later. Moreover, beshrew me if I care to go alone down the glen, or even with my troopers, who are, every loon of them, as much devil's bairns as myself; whereas, if your reverence, since that is the word, take beads and psalter, and I come along with jack and spear, you will make the devils take the air, and I will make all human enemies take the earth.'

Edward here entered, and told his reverence that his horse was prepared. At this instant his eye caught his mother's, and the resolution which he had so strongly formed was staggered when he recollected the necessity of bidding her farewell. The sub-prior saw his embarrassment, and came to his relief.

'Dame,' said he, 'I forgot to mention that your son Edward goes with me to St. Mary's, and will not return for two or three days.'

'You'll be wishing to help him to recover his brother? May the saints reward your kindness!'

The sub-prior returned the benediction, which, in this instance, he had not very well deserved, and he and Edward set forth on their route. They were presently followed by Christie, who came up with his followers at such a speedy pace as intimated sufficiently that his wish to obtain spiritual convoy through the glen was extremely sincere. He had, however, other matters to stimulate his speed, for he was desirous to communicate to the sub-prior a message from his master Julian, connected with the delivery of the prisoner Warden; and having requested the sub-prior to ride with him a few yards before Edward and the troopers of his own party, he thus addressed him, sometimes interrupting his discourse in a manner testifying that his fear of supernatural beings was not altogether lulled to rest by his confidence in the sanctity of his fellow-traveller.

'My master,' said the rider, 'deemed he had sent you an acceptable gift in that old heretic preacher; but it seems, from the slight care you have taken of him, that you make small account of the boon.'

'Nay,' said the sub-prior, 'do not thus judge of it. The community must account highly of the service, and will reward it to thy master in goodly fashion. But this man and I are old friends, and I trust to bring him back from the paths of perdition.'

'Nay,' said the moss-trooper, 'when I saw you shake hands at the beginning, I counted that you would fight it all out in love and honour, and that there would be no extreme dealings betwixt ye; however, it is all one to my master. St. Mary! what call you you, sir monk?'

'The branch of a willow streaming across the path betwixt us and the sky.'

'Beshrew me,' said Christie, 'if it looked not like a man's hand holding a sword. But touching my master, he, like a prudent man, hath kept himself aloof in these broken times, until he could see with precision what footing he was to stand upon. Right tempting offers he hath had from the Lords of Congregation, whom you call heretics; and at one time he was minded, to be plain with you, to have taken their way; for he was assured that the Lord James<sup>1</sup> was coming this road at the head of a round body of cavalry. And accordingly Lord James did so far reckon upon him that he sent this man Warden, or whatsoever be his name, to my master's protection, as an assured friend; and, moreover, with tidings that he himself was marching hitherward at the head of a strong body of horse.'

'Now, Our Lady forefend!' said the sub-prior.

'Amen!' answered Christie, in some trepidation, 'did your reverence see aught?'

'Nothing whatever,' replied the monk; 'it was thy tale which wrested from me that exclamation.'

'And it was some cause,' replied he of the Clinthill, 'for if Lord James should come hither, your halidome would smoke for it. But be of good cheer, that expedition is ended before it was begun. The Baron of Avenel had sure news that Lord James has been fain to march westward with his merry men, to protect Lord Semple against Cassilis and the Kennedies. By my faith, it will cost him a brush; for wot ye what they say of that name—

'Twixt Wigton and the town of Ayr,  
Portpatrick and the cruives of Cree,  
No man need think for to bide there,  
Unless he court St. Kennedie.'

'Then,' said the sub-prior, 'the Lord James's purpose of coming southwards being broken cost this person, Henry Warden, a cold reception at Avenel Castle.'

'It would not have been altogether so rough a one,' said the moss-trooper, 'for my master was in heavy thought what to

<sup>1</sup> Lord James Stewart, afterwards the Regent Murray.

do in these unsettled times, and would scarce have hazarded misusing a man sent to him by so terrible a leader as the Lord James; but, to speak the truth, some busy devil tempted the old man to meddle with my master's Christian liberty of handfasting with Catherine of Newport. So that broke the wand of peace between them, and now ye may have my master, and all the force he can make, at your devotion, for Lord James never forgave wrong done to him; and if he come by the upper hand he will have Julian's head if there were never another of the name, as it is like there is not, excepting the bit slip of a lassie yonder. And now I have told you more of my master's affairs than he would thank me for; but you have done me a frank turn once, and I may need one at your hands again.'

'Thy frankness,' said the sub-prior, 'shall surely advantage thee; for much it concerns the church in these broken times to know the purposes and motives of those around us. But what is it that thy master expects from us in reward of good service; for I esteem him one of those who are not willing to work without their hire?'

'Nay, that I can tell you flatly; for Lord James had promised him, in case he would be of his faction in these parts, an easy tack of the teind-sheaves of his own barony of Avenel, together with the lands of Cranberry Moor, which lie intersected with his own. And he will look for no less at your hand.'

'But there is Old Gilbert of Cranberry Moor,' said the sub-prior, 'what are we to make of him? The heretic Lord James may take on him to dispoone upon the goods and lands of the halidome at his pleasure, because, doubtless, but for the protection of God, and the baronage which yet remain faithful to their creed, he may despoil us of them by force; but while they are the property of the community we may not take steadings from ancient and faithful vassals to gratify the covetousness of those who serve God only from the lucre of gain.'

'By the mass,' said Christie, 'it is well talking, sir priest; but when ye consider that Gilbert has but two half-starved cowardly peasants to follow him, and only an auld jaded aver to ride upon, fitter for the plough than for manly service; and that the Baron of Avenel never rides with fewer than ten jackmen at his back, and oftener with fifty, bodin in all that effeirs to war as if they were to do battle for a kingdom, and mounted on nags that nicker at the clash of a sword as if it were the clank of the lid of a corn-chest—I say, when ye have com-

puted all this, ye may guess what course will best serve your monastery.'

'Friend,' said the monk, 'I would willingly purchase thy master's assistance on his own terms, since times leave us no better means of defence against the sacrilegious spoliation of heresy; but to take from a poor man his patrimony——'

'For that matter,' said the rider, 'his seat would scarce be a soft one if my master thought that Gilbert's interest stood betwixt him and what he wishes. The halidome has land enough, and Gilbert may be quartered elsewhere.'

'We will consider the possibility of so disposing the matter,' said the monk, 'and will expect in consequence your master's most active assistance, with all the followers he can make, to join in the defence of the halidome against any force by which it may be threatened.'

'A man's hand and a mailed glove on that,' said the jack-man. 'They call us marauders, thieves, and what not; but the side we take we hold by. And I will be blithe when my Baron comes to a point which side he will take, for the castle is a kind of hell — Our Lady forgive me for naming such a word in this place! — while he is in his mood, studying how he may best advantage himself. And now, Heaven be praised! we are in the open valley, and I may swear a round oath, should aught happen to provoke it.'

'My friend,' said the sub-prior, 'thou hast little merit in abstaining from oaths or blasphemy if it be only out of fear of evil spirits.'

'Nay, I am not quite a church vassal yet,' said the jack-man, 'and if you link the curb too tight on a young horse, I promise you he will rear. Why, it is much for me to forbear old customs on any account whatever.'

The night being fine, they forded the river at the spot where the sacristan met with his unhappy encounter with the spirit. As soon as they arrived at the gate of the monastery, the porter in waiting eagerly exclaimed, 'Reverend father, the lord abbot is most anxious for your presence.'

'Let these strangers be carried to the great hall,' said the sub-prior, 'and be treated with the best by the cellarer; reminding them, however, of that modesty and decency of conduct which becometh guests in a house like this.'

'But the lord abbot demands you instantly, my venerable brother,' said Father Philip, arriving in great haste. 'I have

<sup>1</sup> See Good Faith of the Borderers. Note 21.

not seen him more discouraged or desolate of counsel since the field of Pinkie Cleuch was stricken.'

'I come, my good brother — I come,' said Father Eustace. 'I pray thee, good brother, let this youth, Edward Glendinning, be conveyed to the chamber of the novices, and placed under their instructor. God hath touched his heart, and he proposeth laying aside the vanities of the world to become a brother of our holy order; which, if his good parts be matched with fitting docility and humility, he may one day live to adorn.'

'My very venerable brother,' exclaimed old Father Nicolas, who came hobbling with a third summons to the sub-prior, 'I pray thee to hasten to our worshipful lord abbot. The holy patroness be with us! never saw I abbot of the house of St. Mary's in such consternation; and yet I remember me well when Father Ingelram had the news of Flodden field.'

'I come — I come, venerable brother,' said Father Eustace. And having repeatedly ejaculated, 'I come!' he at last went to the abbot in good earnest.



## CHAPTER XXXIV

It is not texts will do it. Church artillery  
Are silenced soon by real ordnance,  
And canons are but vain opposed to cannon.  
Go, coin your crosier, melt your church plate down,  
Bid the starved soldier banquet in your halls,  
And quaff your long-saved hogsheads. Turn them out  
Thus primed with your good cheer, to guard your wall,  
And they will venture for't.

*Old Play.*

THE abbot received his counsellor with a tremulous eagerness of welcome which announced to the sub-prior an extreme agitation of spirits and the utmost need of good counsel. There was neither mazer-dish nor standing-cup upon the little table at the elbow of his huge chair of state; his beads alone lay there, and it seemed as if he had been telling them in his extremity of distress. Beside the beads was placed the mitre of the abbot, of an antique form and blazing with precious stones, and the rich and highly-embossed crosier rested against the same table.

The sacristan and old Father Nicolas had followed the sub-prior into the abbot's apartment, perhaps with the hope of learning something of the important matter which seemed to be in hand. They were not mistaken; for, after having ushered in the sub-prior, and being themselves in the act of retiring, the abbot made them a signal to remain.

'My brethren,' he said, 'it is well known to you with what painful zeal we have overseen the weighty affairs of this house committed to our unworthy hand; your bread hath been given to you, and your water hath been sure; I have not wasted the revenues of the convent on vain pleasures, as hunting or hawking, or in change of rich cope or alb, or in feasting idle bards and jesters, saving those who, according to old wont, were received in time of Christmas and Easter. Neither have I

enriched either mine own relations nor strange women at the expense of the patrimony.'

'There hath not been such a lord abbot,' said Father Nicolas, 'to my knowledge, since the days of Abbot Ingelram, who ——'

At that portentous word, which always preluded a long story, the abbot broke in.

'May God have mercy on his soul!—we talk not of him now. What I would know of ye, my brethren, is, whether I have, in your mind, faithfully discharged the duties of mine office?'

'There has never been subject of complaint,' answered the sub-prior.

The sacristan, more diffuse, enumerated the various acts of indulgence and kindness which the mild government of Abbot Boniface had conferred on the brotherhood of St. Mary's—the *indulgentiæ*, the *gratias*, the *biberes*, the weekly mess of boiled almonds, the enlarged accommodation of the refectory, the better arrangement of the cellarage, the improvement of the revenue of the monastery, the diminution of the privations of the brethren.

'You might have added, my brother,' said the abbot, listening with melancholy acquiescence to the detail of his own merits, 'that I caused to be built that curious screen which secureth the cloisters from the north-east wind. But all these things avail nothing. As we read in holy Maccabee, *Capta est civitas per voluntatem Dei*. It hath cost me no little thought, no common toil, to keep these weighty matters in such order as you have seen them; there was both barn and binn to be kept full; infirmary, dormitory, guest-hall, and refectory to be looked to; processions to be made, confessions to be heard, strangers to be entertained, *venia* to be granted or refused; and I warrant me, when every one of you was asleep in your cell, the abbot hath lain awake for a full hour by the bell, thinking how these matters might be ordered seemly and suitably.'

'May we ask, reverend my lord,' said the sub-prior, 'what additional care has now been thrown upon you, since your discourse seems to point that way?'

'Marry, this it is,' said the abbot. 'The talk is not now of *biberes*<sup>1</sup> or of *caritas*, or of boiled almonds, but of an English band coming against us from Hexham, commanded by Sir John

<sup>1</sup> See Indulgences of the Monks. Note 22.

Foster; nor is it of the screening us from the east wind, but how to escape Lord James Stewart, who cometh to lay waste and destroy with his heretic soldiers.'

'I thought that purpose had been broken by the feud between Semple and the Kennedies,' said the sub-prior, hastily.

'They have accorded that matter at the expense of the church as usual,' said the abbot: 'the Earl of Cassilis is to have the teind-sheaves of his lands, which were given to the house of Crossraguel, and he has stricken hands with Stewart, who is now called Murray. *Principes convenerunt unum adversus Dominum.* There are the letters.'

The sub-prior took the letters, which had come by an express messenger from the Primate of Scotland, who still laboured to uphold the tottering fabric of the system under which he was at length buried, and, stepping towards the lamp, read them with an air of deep and settled attention; the sacristan and Father Nicolas looked as helplessly at each other as the denizens of the poultry-yard when the hawk soars over it. The abbot seemed bowed down with the extremity of sorrowful apprehension, but kept his eye timorously fixed on the sub-prior, as if striving to catch some comfort from the expression of his countenance. When at length he beheld that, after a second intent perusal of the letters, he remained still silent and full of thought, he asked him in an anxious tone, 'What is to be done?'

'Our duty must be done,' answered the sub-prior, 'and the rest is in the hands of God.'

'Our duty — our duty!' answered the abbot, impatiently; 'doubtless we are to do our duty; but what is that duty? or how will it serve us? Will bell, book, and candle drive back the English heretics? or will Murray care for psalms and antiphonars? or can I fight for the halidome like Judas Maccabeus against those profane Nicanors? or send the sacristan against this new Holofernes, to bring back his head in a basket?'

'True, my lord abbot,' said the sub-prior, 'we cannot fight with carnal weapons, it is alike contrary to our habit and vow; but we can die for our convent and for our order. Besides, we can arm those who will and can fight. The English are but few in number, trusting, as it would seem, that they will be joined by Murray, whose march has been interrupted. If Foster, with his Cumberland and Hexham bandits, ventures to march into Scotland to pillage and despoil our house, we will

levy our vassals, and, I trust, shall be found strong enough to give him battle.'

'In the blessed name of Our Lady,' said the abbot, 'think you that I am Petrus Eremita, to go forth the leader of an host?'

'Nay,' said the sub-prior, 'let some man skilled in war lead our people: there is Julian Avenel, an approved soldier.'

'But a scoffer, a debauched person, and, in brief, a man of Belial,' quoth the abbot.

'Still,' said the monk, 'we must use his ministry in that to which he has been brought up. We can guerdon him richly, and indeed I already know the price of his service. The English, it is expected, will presently set forth, hoping here to seize upon Piercie Shafton, whose refuge being taken with us, they make the pretext of this unheard-of inroad.'

'Is it even so?' said the abbot; 'I never judged that his body of satin and his brain of feathers boded us much good.'

'Yet we must have his assistance, if possible,' said the sub-prior; 'he may interest in our behalf the great Piercie, of whose friendship he boasts, and that good and faithful lord may break Foster's purpose. I will despatch the jack-man after him with all speed. Chiefly, however, I trust to the military spirit of the land, which will not suffer peace to be easily broken on the frontier. Credit me, my lord, it will bring to our side the hands of many whose hearts may have gone astray after strange doctrines. The great chiefs and barons will be ashamed to let the vassals of peaceful monks fight unaided against the old enemies of Scotland.'

'It may be,' said the abbot, 'that Foster will wait for Murray, whose purpose hitherward is but delayed for a short space.'

'By the rood, he will not,' said the sub-prior; 'we know this Sir John Foster — a pestilent heretic, he will long to destroy the church; born a Borderer, he will thirst to plunder her of her wealth; a Border warden, he will be eager to ride in Scotland. There are too many causes to urge him on. If he joins with Murray, he will have at best but an auxiliary's share of the spoil; if he comes hither before him, he will reckon on the whole harvest of depredation as his own. Julian Avenel also has, as I have heard, some spite against Sir John Foster; they will fight, when they meet, with double determination. Sacristan, send for our bailiff. Where is the roll of fencible men liable to do suit and service to the halidome? Send off to the Baron of

Meigallot; he can raise threescore horse and better. Say to him the monastery will compound with him for the customs of his bridge, which have been in controversy, if he will show himself a friend at such a point. And now, my lord, let us compute our possible numbers and those of the enemy, that human blood be not spilled in vain. Let us therefore calculate——'

'My brain is dizzied with the emergency,' said the poor abbot. 'I am not, I think, more a coward than others, so far as my own person is concerned; but speak to me of marching and collecting soldiers, and calculating forces, and you may as well tell of it to the youngest novice of a nunnery. But my resolution is taken. Brethren,' he said, rising up, and coming forward with that dignity which his comely person enabled him to assume, 'hear for the last time the voice of your Abbot Boniface. I have done for you the best that I could; in quieter times I had perhaps done better, for it was for quiet that I sought the cloister, which has been to me a place of turmoil, as much as if I had sate in the receipt of custom, or ridden forth as leader of an armed host. But now matters turn worse and worse, and I, as I grow old, am less able to struggle with them. Also, it becomes me not to hold a place whereof the duties, through my default or misfortune, may be but imperfectly filled by me. Wherefore I have resolved to demit this mine high office, so that the order of these matters may presently devolve upon Father Eustatius here present, our well-beloved sub-prior; and I now rejoice that he hath not been provided according to his merits elsewhere, seeing that I well hope he will succeed to the mitre and staff which it is my present purpose to lay down.'

'In the name of Our Lady, do nothing hastily, my lord!' said Father Nicolas. 'I do remember that when the worthy Abbot Ingelram, being in his ninetieth year—for I warrant you he could remember when Benedict the Thirteenth was deposed—and being ill at ease and bed-ridden, the brethren rounded in his ear that he were better resign his office. And what said he, being a pleasant man? marry, that while he could crook his little finger he would keep hold of the crosier with it.'

The sacristan also strongly remonstrated against the resolution of his superior, and set down the insufficiency he pleaded to the native modesty of his disposition. The abbot listened in downcast silence; even flattery could not win his ear.

Father Eustace took a nobler tone with his disconcerted and

dejected superior. 'My lord abbot,' he said, 'if I have been silent concerning the virtues with which you have governed this house, do not think that I am unaware of them. I know that no man ever brought to your high office a more sincere wish to do well to all mankind; and if your rule has not been marked with the bold lines which sometimes distinguished your spiritual predecessors, their faults have equally been strangers to your character.'

'I did not believe,' said the abbot, turning his looks to Father Eustace with some surprise, 'that you, father, of all men, would have done me this justice.'

'In your absence,' said the sub-prior, 'I have even done it more fully. Do not lose the good opinion which all men entertain of you by renouncing your office when your care is most needed.'

'But, my brother,' said the abbot, 'I leave a more able in my place.'

'That you do not,' said Eustace; 'because it is not necessary: you should resign in order to possess the use of whatever experience or talent I may be accounted master of. I have been long enough in this profession to know that the individual qualities which any of us may have are not his own, but the property of the community, and only so far useful when they promote the general advantage. If you care not in person, my lord, to deal with this troublesome matter, let me implore you to go instantly to Edinburgh, and make what friends you can in our behalf, while I in your absence will, as sub-prior, do my duty in defence of the halidome. If I succeed, may the honour and praise be yours, and if I fail, let the disgrace and shame be mine own.'

The abbot mused for a space, and then replied, 'No, Father Eustatius, you shall not conquer me by your generosity. In times like these, this house must have a stronger pilotage than my weak hands afford; and he who steers the vessel must be chief of the crew. Shame were it to accept the praise of other men's labours; and, in my poor mind, all the praise which can be bestowed on him who undertakes a task so perilous and perplexing is a meed beneath his merits. Misfortune to him would deprive him of an iota of it! Assume, therefore, your authority to-night, and proceed in the preparations you judge necessary. Let the chapter be summoned to-morrow after we have heard mass, and all shall be ordered as I have told you. *Benedicite*, my brethren! — peace be with you! May the new

abbot-expectant sleep as sound as he who is about to resign his mitre.'

They retired, affected even to tears. The good abbot had shown a point of his character to which they were strangers. Even Father Eustace had held his spiritual superior hitherto as a good-humoured, indolent, self-indulgent man, whose chief merit was the absence of gross faults; so that this sacrifice of power to a sense of duty, even if a little alloyed by the meaner motives of fear and apprehended difficulties, raised him considerably in the sub-prior's estimation. He even felt an aversion to profit by the resignation of the Abbot Boniface, and in a manner to rise on his ruins; but this sentiment did not long contend with those which led him to recollect higher considerations. It could not be denied that Boniface was entirely unfit for his situation in the present crisis; and the sub-prior felt that he himself, acting merely as a delegate, could not well take the decisive measures which the time required; the weal of the community therefore demanded his elevation. If, besides, there crept in a feeling of a high dignity obtained, and the native exultation of a haughty spirit called to contend with the imminent dangers attached to a post of such distinction, these sentiments were so cunningly blended and amalgamated with others of a more disinterested nature that, as the sub-prior himself was unconscious of their agency, we, who have a regard for him, are not solicitous to detect it.

The abbot elect carried himself with more dignity than formerly, when giving such directions as the pressing circumstances of the times required; and those who approached him could perceive an unusual kindling of his falcon eye and an unusual flush upon his pale and faded cheek. With briefness and precision he wrote and dictated various letters to different barons, acquainting them with the meditated invasion of the halidome by the English, and conjuring them to lend aid and assistance as in a common cause. The temptation of advantage was held out to those whom he judged less sensible of the cause of honour, and all were urged by the motives of patriotism and ancient animosity to the English. The time had been when no such exhortations would have been necessary. But so essential was Elizabeth's aid to the Reformed party in Scotland, and so strong was that party almost everywhere, that there was reason to believe a great many would observe neutrality on the present occasion, even if they did not go the length of uniting with the English against the Catholics.

When Father Eustace considered the number of the immediate vassals of the church whose aid he might legally command, his heart sunk at the thoughts of ranking them under the banner of the fierce and profligate Julian Avenel.

'Were the young enthusiast Halbert Glendinning to be found,' thought Father Eustace in his anxiety, 'I would have risked the battle under his leading, young as he is, and with better hope of God's blessing. But the bailiff is now too infirm, nor know I a chief of name whom I might trust in this important matter better than this Avenel.' He touched a bell which stood on the table, and commanded Christie of the Clint-hill to be brought before him. 'Thou owest me a life,' said he to that person on his entrance, 'and I may do thee another good turn if thou be'st sincere with me.'

Christie had already drained two standing-cups of wine, which would, on another occasion, have added to the insolence of his familiarity. But at present there was something in the augmented dignity of manner of Father Eustace which imposed a restraint on him. Yet his answers partook of his usual character of undaunted assurance. He professed himself willing to return a true answer to all inquiries.

'Has the Baron, so styled, of Avenel any friendship with Sir John Foster, warden of the West Marches of England?'

'Such friendship as is between the wild-cat and the terrier,' replied the rider.

'Will he do battle with him should they meet?'

'As surely,' answered Christie, 'as ever cock fought on Shrovetide even.'

'And would he fight with Foster in the church's quarrel?'

'On any quarrel, or upon no quarrel whatever,' replied the jack-man.

'We will then write to him, letting him know that if, upon occasion of an apprehended incursion by Sir John Foster, he will agree to join his force with ours, he shall lead our men, and be gratified for doing so to the extent of his wish. Yet one word more. Thou didst say thou couldst find out where the English knight Piercie Shafton has this day fled to?'

'That I can, and bring him back too, by fair means or force, as best likes your reverence.'

'No force must be used upon him. Within what time wilt thou find him out?'

'Within thirty hours, so he have not crossed the Lothian firth. If it is to do you a pleasure, I will set off directly, and



wind him as a sleuth-dog tracks the moss-trooper,' answered Christie.

'Bring him hither, then, and thou wilt deserve good at our hands, which I may soon have free means of bestowing on thee.'

'Thanks to your reverence, I put myself in your reverence's hands. We of the spear and snaffle walk something recklessly through life; but if a man were worse than he is, your reverence knows he must live, and that's not to be done without shifting, I trow.'

'Peace, sir, and begone on thine errand; thou shalt have a letter from us to Sir Piercie.'

Christie made two steps towards the door; then turning back and hesitating, like one who would make an impertinent pleasantry if he dared, he asked what he was to do with the wench, Mysie Happer, whom the Southron knight had carried off with him.

'Am I to bring her hither, please your reverence?'

'Hither, you malapert knave?' said the churchman; 'remember you to whom you speak?'

'No offence meant,' replied Christie; 'but if such is not your will, I would carry her to Avenel Castle, where a well-favoured wench was never unwelcome.'

'Bring the unfortunate girl to her father's, and break no scurril jests here,' said the sub-prior. 'See that thou guide her in all safety and honour.'

'In safety, surely,' said the rider, 'and in such honour as her outbreak has left her. I bid your reverence farewell, I must be on horse before cock-crow.'

'What, in the dark! how knowest thou which way to go?'

'I tracked the knight's horse-tread as far as near to the ford, as we rode along together,' said Christie, 'and I observed the track turn to the northward. He is for Edinburgh, I will warrant you; so soon as daylight comes I will be on the road again. It is a kenspeckle hoof-mark, for the shoe was made by old Eckie of Cannobie—I would swear to the curve of the cawker.' So saying, he departed.

'Hateful necessity,' said Father Eustace, looking after him, 'that obliges us to use such implements as these! But, assailed as we are on all sides, and by all conditions of men, what alternative is left us? But now let me to my most needful task.'

The abbot elect accordingly sate down to write letters,

arrange orders, and take upon him the whole charge of an institution which tottered to its fall, with the same spirit of proud and devoted fortitude wherewith the commander of a fortress, reduced nearly to the last extremity, calculates what means remain to him to protract the fatal hour of successful storm. In the meanwhile Abbot Boniface, having given a few natural sighs to the downfall of the pre-eminence he had so long enjoyed amongst his brethren, fell fast asleep, leaving the whole cares and toils of office to his assistant and successor.

## CHAPTER XXXV

And when he came to broken briggs,  
He slack'd his bow and swam ;  
And when he came to grass growing,  
Set down his feet and ran.

*Gil Morrice.*

WE return to Halbert Glendinning, who, as our readers may remember, took the highroad to Edinburgh. His intercourse with the preacher, Henry Warden, from whom he received a letter at the moment of his deliverance, had been so brief that he had not even learned the name of the nobleman to whose care he was recommended. Something like a name had been spoken indeed, but he had only comprehended that he was to meet the chief advancing towards the south, at the head of a party of horse. When day dawned on his journey, he was in the same uncertainty. A better scholar would have been informed by the address of the letter, but Halbert had not so far profited by Father Eustace's lessons as to be able to decipher it. His mother-wit taught him that he must not, in such uncertain times, be too hasty in asking information of any one ; and when, after a long day's journey, night surprised him near a little village, he began to be dubious and anxious concerning the issue of his journey.

In a poor country, hospitality is generally exercised freely, and Halbert, when he requested a night's quarters, did nothing either degrading or extraordinary. The old woman to whom he made this request granted it the more readily that she thought she saw some resemblance between Halbert and her son Saunders, who had been killed in one of the frays so common in the time. It is true, Saunders was a short, square-made fellow, with red hair and a freckled face, and somewhat bandy-legged, whereas the stranger was of a brown complexion, tall, and remarkably well made. Nevertheless, the widow was clear that there existed a general resemblance betwixt her

guest and Saunders, and kindly pressed him to share of her evening cheer. A pedlar, a man of about forty years old, was also her guest, who talked with great feeling of the misery of pursuing such a profession as his in the time of war and tumult.

'We think much of knights and soldiers,' said he; 'but the pedder-coffe who travels the land has need of more courage than them all. I am sure he maun face mair risk, God help him. Here have I come this length, trusting the godly Earl of Murray would be on his march to the Borders, for he was to have gusted with the Baron of Avenel; and instead of that comes news that he has gone westlandways about some tuiizie in Ayrshire. And what to do I wot not; for if I go to the south without a safeguard, the next bonny rider I meet might ease me of sack and pack, and maybe of my life to boot; and then, if I try to strike across the moors, I may be as ill off before I can join myself to that good lord's company.'

No one was quicker at catching a hint than Halbert Glendinning. He said he himself had a desire to go westward. The pedlar looked at him with a very doubtful air, when the old dame, who perhaps thought her young guest resembled the umquhile Saunders not only in his looks, but in a certain pretty turn to slight-of-hand, which the defunct was supposed to have possessed, tipped him the wink, and assured the pedlar he need have no doubt that her young eousin was a true man.

'Cousin!' said the pedlar, 'I thought you said this youth had been a stranger.'

'Ill hearing makes ill rehearsing,' said the landlady; 'he is a stranger to me by eyesight, but that does not make him a stranger to me by blood, more especially seeing his likeness to my son Saunders, poor bairn.'

The pedlar's scruples and jealousies being thus removed, or at least silenced, the travellers agreed that they would proceed in company together the next morning by daybreak, the pedlar acting as a guide to Glendinning, and the youth as a guard to the pedlar, until they should fall in with Murray's detachment of horse. It would appear that the landlady never doubted what was to be the event of this compact, for, taking Glendinning aside, she charged him 'to be moderate with the puir body, but at all events not to forget to take a piece of black say, to make the auld wife a new rokelay.' Halbert laughed, and took his leave.

It did not a little appal the pedlar, when, in the midst of a

black heath, the young man told him the nature of the commission with which their hostess had charged him. He took heart, however, upon seeing the open, frank, and friendly demeanour of the youth, and vented his exclamations on the ungrateful old traitress. 'I gave her,' he said, 'yestere'en, nae farther gane, a yard of that very black say, to make her a *couvre-chef*; but I see it is ill done to teach the cat the way to the kirk.'

Thus set at ease on the intentions of his companion (for in those happy days the worst was always to be expected from a stranger), the pedlar acted as Halbert's guide over moss and moor, over hill and many a dale, in such a direction as might best lead them towards the route of Murray's party. At length they arrived upon the side of an eminence, which commanded a distant prospect over a tract of savage and desolate moorland, marshy and waste — an alternate change of shingly hill and level morass, only varied by blue stagnant pools of water. A road scarcely marked winded like a serpent through the wilderness, and the pedlar, pointing to it, said — 'The road from Edinburgh to Glasgow. Here we must wait, and if Murray and his train be not already passed by, we shall soon see trace of them, unless some new purpose shall have altered their resolution; for in these blessed days no man, were he the nearest the throne, as the Earl of Murray may be, knows when he lays his head on his pillow at night where it is to lie upon the following even.'

They paused accordingly, and sat down, the pedlar cautiously using for a seat the box which contained his treasures, and not concealing from his companion that he wore under his cloak a pistolet hanging at his belt in case of need. He was courteous, however, and offered Halbert a share of the provisions which he carried about him for refreshment. They were of the coarsest kind — oat-bread baked into cakes, oatmeal slaked with cold water, an onion or two, and a morsel of smoked ham, completed the feast. But such as it was, no Scotsman of the time, had his rank been much higher than that of Glendinning, would have refused to share in it, especially as the pedlar produced, with a mysterious air, a tup's horn, which he carried slung from his shoulders, and which, when its contents were examined, produced to each party a clam-shellful of excellent usquebaugh — a liquor strange to Halbert, for the strong waters known in the south of Scotland came from France, and in fact such were but rarely used.

The pedlar recommended it as excellent, said he had procured it in his last visit to the braes of Doune, where he had securely traded under the safe-conduct of the Laird of Buchanan. He also set an example to Halbert, by devoutly emptying the cup 'to the speedy downfall of Anti-Christ.'

Their conviviality was scarce ended ere a rising dust was seen on the road of which they commanded the prospect, and half a score of horsemen were dimly descried advancing at considerable speed, their casques glancing, and the points of their spears twinkling, as they caught a glimpse of the sun.

'These,' said the pedlar, must be the outscourers of Murray's party; let us lie down in the peat-hag and keep ourselves out of sight.'

'And why so?' said Halbert; 'let us rather go down and make a signal to them.'

'God forbid!' replied the pedlar; 'do you ken so ill the customs of our Scottish nation? That plump of spears that are spurring on so fast are doubtless commanded by some wild kinsman of Morton, or some such daring fear-nothing as neither regards God nor man. It is their business, if they meet with any enemies, to pick quarrels and clear the way of them; and the chief knows nothing of what happens, coming up with his more discreet and moderate friends, it may be a full mile in the rear. Were we to go near these lads of the laird's belt, your letter would do you little good, and my pack would do me muckle black ill; they would tirl every steek of claithe from our back, fling us into a moss-hag with a stone at our heels, naked as the hour that brought us into this cumbered and sinful world, and neither Murray nor any other man ever the wiser. But if he did come to ken of it, what might he help it? — it would be accounted a mere mistake, and there were all the moan made. O credit me, youth, that, when men draw cold steel on each other in their native country, they neither can nor may dwell deeply on the offences of those whose swords are useful to them.'

They suffered, therefore, the vanguard, as it might be termed, of the Earl of Murray's host to pass forward; and it was not long until a denser cloud of dust began to arise to the northward.

'Now,' said the pedlar, 'let us hurry down the hill; for to tell the truth,' said he, dragging Halbert along earnestly, 'a Scottish noble's march is like a serpent: the head is furnished with fangs, and the tail hath its sting; the only harmless point of access is the main body.'

land's long line of kings, were well calculated to impress awe and reverence. His dress had little to distinguish him from the high-born nobles and barons by whom he was attended. A buff-coat, richly embroidered with silken lace, supplied the place of armour; and a massive gold chain, with its medal, hung round his neck. His black velvet bonnet was decorated with a string of large and fair pearls, and with a small tufted feather; a long heavy sword was girt to his side, as the familiar companion of his hand. He wore gilded spurs on his boots, and these completed his equipment.

'This letter,' he said, 'is from the godly preacher of the Word, Henry Warden, young man, is it not so?' Halbert answered in the affirmative. 'And he writes to us, it would seem, in some strait, and refers us to you for the circumstances. Let us know, I pray you, how things stand with him.'

In some perturbation, Halbert Glendinning gave an account of the circumstances which had accompanied the preacher's imprisonment. When he came to the discussion of the handfasting engagement, he was struck with the ominous and displeased expression of Murray's brows, and, contrary to all prudential and politic rule, seeing something was wrong, yet not well aware what that something was, had almost stopped short in his narrative.

'What ails the fool?' said the Earl, drawing his dark-red eyebrows together, while the same dusky glow kindled on his brow. 'Hast thou not learned to tell a true tale without stammering?'

'So please you,' answered Halbert, with considerable address, 'I have never before spoken in such a presence.'

'He seems a modest youth,' said Murray, turning to his next attendant, 'and yet one who in a good cause will neither fear friend nor foe. Speak on, friend, and speak freely.'

Halbert then gave an account of the quarrel betwixt Julian Avenel and the preacher, which the Earl, biting his lip the while, compelled himself to listen to as a thing of indifference. At first he appeared even to take the part of the Baron.

'Henry Warden,' he said, 'is too hot in his zeal. The law both of God and man maketh allowance for certain alliances, though not strictly formal, and the issue of such may succeed.'

This general declaration he expressed, accompanying it with a glance around upon the few followers who were present at this interview. The most of them answered — 'There is no contravening that'; but one or two looked on the ground, and



JAMES STUART, EARL OF MURRAY AND REGENT OF SCOTLAND.  
From a drawing by Lodge.



'I will hasten as fast as you,' said the youth; 'but tell me why the rearward of such an army should be as dangerous as the van?'

'Because, as the vanguard consists of their picked wild desperates, resolute for mischief, such as neither fear God nor regard their fellow-creatures, but understand themselves bound to hurry from the road whatever is displeasing to themselves, so the rear-guard consists of misproud serving-men, who, being in charge of the baggage, take care to amend by their exactions upon travelling-merchants and others their own thefts on their master's property. You will hear the advanced *enfants perdus*, as the French call them, and so they are indeed, namely, children of the fall, singing unclean and fulsome ballads of sin and harlotrie. And then will come on the middle-ward, when you will hear the canticles and psalms sung by the Reforming nobles, and the gentry, and honest and pious clergy, by whom they are accompanied. And last of all, you will find in the rear a legion of godless lackeys, and palfreniers, and horse-boys, talking of nothing but dicing, drinking, and drabbing.'

As the pedlar spoke, they had reached the side of the high-road, and Murray's main body was in sight, consisting of about three hundred horse, marching with great regularity, and in a closely compacted body. Some of the troopers wore the liveries of their masters, but this was not common. Most of them were dressed in such colours as chance dictated. But the majority being clad in blue cloth, and the whole armed with cuirass and back-plate, with sleeves of mail, gauntlets, and poldroons, and either mailed hose or strong jack-boots, they had something of a uniform appearance. Many of the leaders were clad in complete armour, and all in a certain half-military dress, which no man of quality in those disturbed times ever felt himself sufficiently safe to abandon.

The foremost of this party immediately rode up to the pedlar and to Halbert Glendinning, and demanded of them who they were. The pedlar told his story, and young Glendinning exhibited his letter, which a gentleman carried to Murray. In an instant after the word 'Halt!' was given through the squadron, and at once the onward heavy tramp, which seemed the most distinctive attribute of the body, ceased, and was heard no more. The command was announced that the troop should halt here for an hour to refresh themselves and their horses. The pedlar was assured of safe protection, and accommodated with the use of a baggage horse. But at the same time he was

ordered into the rear — a command which he reluctantly obeyed, and not without wringing pathetically the hand of Halbert as he separated from him.

The young heir of Glendearg was in the meanwhile conducted to a plot of ground more raised, and therefore drier, than the rest of the moor. Here a carpet was flung on the ground by way of tablecloth, and around it sat the leaders of the party, partaking of an entertainment as coarse, with relation to their rank, as that which Glendinning had so lately shared. Murray himself rose as he came forward, and advanced a step to meet him.

This celebrated person had in his appearance, as well as in his mind, much of the admirable qualities of James V., his father. Had not the stain of illegitimacy rested upon his birth, he would have filled the Scottish throne with as much honour as any of the Stewart race. But history, while she acknowledges his high talents, and much that was princely, nay, royal, in his conduct, cannot forget that ambition led him farther than honour or loyalty warranted. Brave amongst the bravest, fair in presence and in favour, skilful to manage the most intricate affairs, to attach to himself those who were doubtful, to stun and overwhelm, by the suddenness and intrepidity of his enterprises, those who were resolute in resistance, he attained, and as to personal merit certainly deserved, the highest place in the kingdom. But he abused, under the influence of strong temptation, the opportunities which his sister Mary's misfortunes and imprudence threw in his way : he supplanted his sovereign and benefactress in her power, and his history affords us one of those mixed characters in which principle was so often sacrificed to policy that we must condemn the statesman while we pity and regret the individual. Many events in his life gave likelihood to the charge that he himself aimed at the crown ; and it is too true that he countenanced the fatal expedient of establishing an English, that is, a foreign and a hostile, interest in the councils of Scotland. But his death may be received as an atonement for his offences, and may serve to show how much more safe is the person of a real patriot than that of the mere head of a faction, who is accounted answerable for the offences of his meanest attendants.

When Murray approached, the young rustic was naturally abashed at the dignity of his presence. The commanding form, and the countenance to which high and important thoughts were familiar, the features which bore the resemblance of Scot-



were silent. Murray then turned again to Glendinning, commanding him to say what next chanced, and not to omit any particular. When he mentioned the manner in which Julian had cast from him his concubine, Murray drew a deep breath, set his teeth hard, and laid his hand on the hilt of his dagger. Casting his eyes once more round the circle, which was now augmented by one or two of the Reformed preachers, he seemed to devour his rage in silence, and again commanded Halbert to proceed. When he came to describe how Warden had been dragged to a dungeon, the Earl seemed to have found the point at which he might give vent to his own resentment, secure of the sympathy and approbation of all who were present. 'Judge you,' he said, looking to those around him — 'judge you, my peers and noble gentlemen of Scotland, betwixt me and this Julian Avenel — he hath broken his own word, and hath violated my safe-conduct; and judge you also, my reverend brethren — he hath put his hand forth upon a preacher of the Gospel, and perchance may sell his blood to the worshippers of Anti-Christ!'

'Let him die the death of a traitor,' said the secular chiefs, 'and let his tongue be struck through with the hangman's fiery iron, to avenge his perjury!'

'Let him go down to his place with Baal's priests,' said the preachers, 'and be his ashes cast into Tophet!'

Murray heard them with the smile of expected revenge; yet it is probable that the brutal treatment of the female, whose circumstances somewhat resembled those of the Earl's own mother, had its share in the grim smile which curled his sun-burnt cheek and his haughty lip. To Halbert Glendinning, when his narrative was finished, he spoke with great kindness.

'He is a bold and gallant youth,' said he to those around, 'and formed of the stuff which becomes a bustling time. There are periods when men's spirits shine bravely through them. I will know something more of him.'

He questioned him more particularly concerning the Baron of Avenel's probable forces, the strength of his castle, the dispositions of his next heir, and this brought necessarily forward the sad history of his brother's daughter, Mary Avenel, which was told with an embarrassment that did not escape Murray.

'Ha! Julian Avenel,' he said, 'and do you provoke my resentment, when you have so much more reason to deprecate my justice! I knew Walter Avenel, a true Scotsman and a

good soldier. Our sister, the Queen, must right his daughter; and were her land restored, she would be a fitting bride to some brave man who may better merit our favour than the traitor Julian.' Then looking at Halbert, he said, 'Art thou of gentle blood, young man?'

Halbert, with a faltering and uncertain voice, began to speak of his distant pretensions to claim a descent from the ancient Glendonwynes of Galloway, when Murray interrupted him with a smile.

'Nay — nay, leave pedigrees to bards and heralds. In our days, each man is the son of his own deeds. The glorious light of Reformation hath shone alike on prince and peasant; and peasant as well as prince may be illustrated by fighting in its defence. It is a stirring world, where all may advance themselves who have stout hearts and strong arms. Tell me frankly why thou hast left thy father's house.'

Halbert Glendinning made a frank confession of his duel with Piercie Shafton, and mentioned his supposed death.

'By my hand,' said Murray, 'thou art a bold sparrow-hawk, to match thee so early with such a kite as Piercie Shafton. Queen Elizabeth would give her glove filled with gold crowns to know that meddling coxcomb to be under the sod. Would she not, Morton?'

'Ay, by my word, and esteem her glove a better gift than the crowns,' replied Morton, 'which few Border lads like this fellow will esteem just valuation.'

'But what shall we do with this young homicide?' said Murray; 'what will our preachers say?'

'Tell them of Moses and of Benaiiah,' said Morton; 'it is but the smiting of an Egyptian when all is said out.'

'Let it be so,' said Murray, laughing; 'but we will bury the tale, as the prophet did the body, in the sand. I will take care of this swankie. Be near to us, Glendinning, since that is thy name. We retain thee as a squire of our household. The master of our horse will see thee fully equipped and armed.'

During the expedition which he was now engaged in, Murray found several opportunities of putting Glendinning's courage and presence of mind to the test, and he began to rise so rapidly in his esteem that those who knew the Earl considered the youth's fortune as certain. One step only was wanting to raise him to a still higher degree of confidence and favour: it was the abjuration of the Popish religion. The ministers who attended upon Murray, and formed his chief support amongst the people,

found an easy convert in Halbert Glendinning, who, from his earliest days, had never felt much devotion towards the Catholic faith, and who listened eagerly to more reasonable views of religion. By thus adopting the faith of his master, he rose higher in his favour, and was constantly about his person during his prolonged stay in the west of Scotland, which the intractability of those whom the Earl had to deal with protracted from day to day and week to week.

## CHAPTER XXXVI

Faint the din of battle bray'd  
Distant down the hollow wind ;  
War and terror fled before,  
Wounds and death were left behind.

PENROSE.

THE autumn of the year was well advanced, when the Earl of Morton one morning rather unexpectedly entered the ante-chamber of Murray, in which Halbert Glendinning was in waiting.

'Call your master, Halbert,' said the Earl; 'I have news for him from Teviotdale; and for you too, Glendinning. News! — news! my Lord of Murray!' he exclaimed at the door of the Earl's bedroom; 'come forth instantly.'

The Earl appeared, and greeted his ally, demanding eagerly his tidings.

'I have had a sure friend with me from the south,' said Morton; 'he has been at St. Mary's Monastery, and brings important tidings.'

'Of what complexion?' said Murray, 'and can you trust the bearer?'

'He is faithful, on my life,' said Morton; 'I wish all around your lordship may prove equally so.'

'At what, and whom, do you point?' demanded Murray.

'Here is the Egyptian of trusty Halbert Glendinning, our Southland Moses, come alive again, and flourishing, gay and bright as ever, in that Teviotdale Goshen, the halidome of Kennaquhair.'

'What mean you, my lord?' said Murray.

'Only that your new henchman has put a false tale upon you. Piercie Shafton is alive and well; by the same token that the gull is thought to be detained there by love to a miller's daughter, who roamed the country with him in disguise.'

'Glendinning,' said Murray, bending his brow into his darkest

frown, 'thou hast not, I trust, dared to bring me a lie in thy mouth, in order to win my confidence!'

'My lord,' said Halbert, 'I am; incapable of a lie. I should choke on one were my life to require that I pronounced it. I say, that this sword of my father was through the body: the point came out behind his back, the hilt pressed upon his breastbone. And I will plunge it as deep in the body of any one who shall dare to charge me with falsehood.'

'How, fellow!' said Morton, 'wouldst thou beard a nobleman?'

'Be silent, Halbert,' said Murray, 'and you, my Lord of Morton, forbear him. I see truth written on his brow.'

'I wish the inside of the manuscript may correspond with the superscription,' replied his more suspicious ally. 'Look to it, my lord, you will one day lose your life by too much confidence.'

'And you will lose your friends by being too readily suspicious,' answered Murray. 'Enough of this — let me hear thy tidings.'

'Sir John Foster,' said Morton, 'is about to send a party into Scotland to waste the halidome.'

'How! without waiting my presence and permission?' said Murray; 'he is mad. Will he come as an enemy into the Queen's country?'

'He has Elizabeth's express orders,' answered Morton, 'and they are not to be trifled with. Indeed, his march has been more than once projected and laid aside during the time we have been here, and has caused much alarm at Kennaquhair. Boniface, the old abbot, has resigned, and whom think you they have chosen in his place?'

'No one surely,' said Murray; 'they would presume to hold no election until the Queen's pleasure and mine were known?'

Morton shrugged his shoulders. 'They have chosen the pupil of old Cardinal Beatoun, that wily, determined champion of Rome, the bosom-friend of our busy Primate of St. Andrews. Eustace, late the sub-prior of Kennaquhair, is now its abbot, and, like a second Pope Julius, is levying men and making musters to fight with Foster if he comes forward.'

'We must prevent that meeting,' said Murray, hastily; 'whichever party wins the day, it were a fatal encounter for us. Who commands the troop of the abbot?'

'Our faithful old friend, Julian Avenel, nothing less,' answered Morton.

'Glendinning,' said Murray, 'sound trumpets to horse di-



rectly, and let all who love us get on horseback without delay. Yes, my lord, this were indeed a fatal dilemma. If we take part with our English friends, the country will cry shame on us — the very old wives will attack us with their rocks and spindles — the very stones of the street will rise up against us; we cannot set our face to such a deed of infamy. And my sister, whose confidence I already have such difficulty in preserving, will altogether withdraw it from me. Then, were we to oppose the English warden, Elizabeth would call it a protecting of her enemies and what not, and we should lose her.'

'The she-dragon,' said Morton, 'is the best card in our pack; and yet I would not willingly stand still and see English blades carve Scots' flesh. What say you to loitering by the way, marching fair and easy for fear of spoiling our horses? They might then fight dog fight bull, fight abbot fight archer, and no one could blame us for what chanced when we were not present.'

'All would blame us, James Douglas,' replied Murray; 'we should lose both sides. We had better advance with the utmost celerity, and do what we can to keep the peace betwixt them. I would the nag that brought Piercie Shafton hither had broken his neck over the highest heuch in Northumberland! He is a proper coxcomb to make all this bustle about, and to occasion perhaps a national war!'

'Had we known in time,' said Douglas, 'we might have had him privily waited upon as he entered the Borders; there are strapping lads enough would have rid us of him for the lucre of his spur-whang.<sup>1</sup> But to the saddle, James Stewart, since so the phrase goes. I hear your trumpets sound to horse and away; we shall soon see which nag is best breathed.'

Followed by a train of about three hundred well-mounted men-at-arms, these two powerful barons directed their course to Dumfries, and from thence eastward to Teviotdale, marching at a rate which, as Morton had foretold, soon disabled a good many of their horses, so that, when they approached the scene of expected action, there were not above two hundred of their train remaining in a body, and of these most were mounted on steeds which had been sorely jaded.

They had hitherto been amused and agitated by various reports concerning the advance of the English soldiers, and the degree of resistance which the abbot was able to oppose to them. But when they were six or seven miles from St. Mary's of Kennaquhair, a gentleman of the country, whom Murray had

<sup>1</sup> *Spur-whang* — spur-leather..

summoned to attend him, and on whose intelligence he knew he could rely, arrived at the head of two or three servants, 'bloody with spurring, fiery red with haste.' According to his report, Sir John Foster, after several times announcing, and as often delaying, his intended incursion, had at last been so stung with the news that Piercie Shafton was openly residing within the halidome that he determined to execute the commands of his mistress, which directed him, at every risk, to make himself master of the Euphuist's person. The abbot's unceasing exertions had collected a body of men almost equal in number to those of the English warden, but less practised in arms. They were united under the command of Julian Avenel, and it was apprehended they would join battle upon the banks of a small stream which forms the verge of the halidome.

'Who knows the place?' said Murray.

'I do, my lord,' answered Glendinning.

'Tis well,' said the Earl; 'take a score of the best-mounted horse; make what haste thou canst, and announce to them that I am coming up instantly with a strong power, and will cut to pieces, without mercy, whichever party strikes the first blow. Davidson,' said he to the gentleman who brought the intelligence, 'thou shalt be my guide. Hie thee on, Glendinning. Say to Foster, I conjure him, as he respects his mistress's service, that he will leave the matter in my hands. Say to the abbot, I will burn the monastery over his head, if he strikes a stroke till I come. Tell the dog, Julian Avenel, that he hath already one deep score to settle with me, I will set his head on the top of the highest pinnacle of St. Mary's if he presume to open another. Make haste, and spare not the spur for fear of spoiling horse-flesh.'

'Your bidding shall be obeyed, my lord,' said Glendinning; and choosing those whose horses were in best plight to be his attendants, he went off as fast as the jaded state of their cavalry permitted. Hill and hollow vanished from under the feet of the chargers.

They had not ridden half the way when they met stragglers coming off from the field, whose appearance announced that the conflict was begun. Two supported in their arms a third, their elder brother, who was pierced with an arrow through the body. Halbert, who knew them to belong to the halidome, called them by their names, and questioned them of the state of the affray; but just then, in spite of their efforts to retain him in the saddle, their brother dropped from the horse.

and they dismounted in haste to receive his last breath. From men thus engaged no information was to be obtained. Glendinning, therefore, pushed on with his little troop, the more anxiously as he perceived other stragglers, bearing St. Andrew's cross upon their caps and corslets, flying apparently from the field of battle. Most of these, when they were aware of a body of horsemen approaching on the road, held to the one hand or the other, at such a distance as precluded coming to speech of them. Others, whose fear was more intense, kept the onward road, galloping wildly as fast as their horses could carry them, and when questioned, only glared without reply on those who spoke to them, and rode on without drawing bridle. Several of these were also known to Halbert, who had therefore no doubt, from the circumstances in which he met them, that the men of the halidome were defeated. He became now unspeakably anxious concerning the fate of his brother, who, he could not doubt, must have been engaged in the affray. He therefore increased the speed of his horse, so that not above five or six of his followers could keep up with him. At length he reached a little hill, at the descent of which, surrounded by a semicircular sweep of a small stream, lay the plain which had been the scene of the skirmish.

It was a melancholy spectacle. War and terror, to use the expression of the poet, had rushed on to the field, and left only wounds and death behind them. The battle had been stoutly contested, as was almost always the case with these Border skirmishes, where ancient hatred and mutual injuries made men stubborn in maintaining the cause of their conflict. Towards the middle of the plain there lay the bodies of several men who had fallen in the very act of grappling with the enemy; and there were seen countenances which still bore the stern expression of unextinguishable hate and defiance, hands which clasped the hilt of the broken falchion, or strove in vain to pluck the deadly arrow from the wound. Some were wounded, and, cowed of the courage they had lately shown, were begging aid and craving water in a tone of melancholy depression, while others tried to teach the faltering tongue to pronounce some half-forgotten prayer, which, even when first learned, they had but half-understood. Halbert, uncertain what course he was next to pursue, rode through the plain to see if, among the dead or wounded, he could discover any traces of his brother Edward. He experienced no interruption from the English. A distant cloud of dust announced that they were still pursuing

the scattered fugitives, and he guessed that to approach them with his followers, until they were again under some command, would be to throw away his own life and that of his men, whom the victors would instantly confound with the Scots against whom they had been successful. He resolved, therefore, to pause until Murray came up with his forces, to which he was the more readily moved as he heard the trumpets of the English warden sounding the retreat, and recalling from the pursuit. He drew his men together, and made a stand in an advantageous spot of ground, which had been occupied by the Scots in the beginning of the action, and most fiercely disputed while the skirmish lasted.

While he stood here, Halbert's ear was assailed by the feeble moan of a woman, which he had not expected to hear amid that scene, until the retreat of the foes had permitted the relations of the slain to approach, for the purpose of paying them the last duties. He looked with anxiety, and at length observed that by the body of a knight in bright armour, whose crest, though soiled and broken, still showed the marks of rank and birth, there sat a female, wrapt in a horseman's cloak, and holding something pressed against her bosom, which he soon discovered to be a child. He glanced towards the English. They advanced not, and the continued and prolonged sound of their trumpets, with the shouts of the leaders, announced that their powers would not be instantly reassembled. He had, therefore, a moment to look after this unfortunate woman. He gave his horse to a spearman as he dismounted, and approaching the unhappy female, asked her, in the most soothing tone he could assume, whether he could assist her in her distress. The mourner made him no direct answer; but endeavouring, with a trembling and unskilful hand, to undo the springs of the visor and gorget, said, in a tone of impatient grief, 'O, he would recover instantly could I but give him air — land and living, life and honour, would I give for the power of undoing these cruel iron platings that suffocate him!' He that would soothe sorrow must not argue on the vanity of the most deceitful hopes. The body lay as that of one whose last draught of vital air had been drawn, and who must never more have concern with the nether sky. But Halbert Glendinning failed not to raise the visor and cast loose the gorget, when, to his great surprise, he recognised the pale face of Julian Avenel. His last fight was over: the fierce and turbid spirit had departed in the strife in which it had so long delighted.

'Alas! he is gone,' said Halbert, speaking to the young woman, in whom he had now no difficulty of knowing the unhappy Catherine.

'O, no, no, no!' she reiterated, 'do not say so; he is not dead, he is but in a swoon. I have lain as long in one myself; and then his voice would arouse me, when he spoke kindly, and said, "Catherine, look up for my sake." And look up, Julian, for mine!' she said, addressing the senseless corpse. 'I know you do but counterfeit to frighten me, but I am not frightened,' she added, with an hysterical attempt to laugh; and then instantly changing her tone, entreated him to 'Speak, were it but to curse my folly. O, the rudest word you ever said to me would now sound like the dearest you wasted on me before I gave you all. Lift him up,' she said — 'lift him up, for God's sake! — have you no compassion? He promised to wed me if I bore him a boy, and this child is so like to its father! How shall he keep his word, if you do not help me to awaken him? Christie of the Clinthill — Rowley — Hutcheon! ye were constant at his feast, but ye fled from him at the fray, false villains as ye are!'

'Not I, by Heaven!' said a dying man, who made some shift to raise himself on his elbow, and discovered to Halbert the well-known features of Christie; 'I fled not a foot, and a man can but fight while his breath lasts: mine is going fast. So, youngster,' said he, looking at Glendinning, and seeing his military dress, 'thou hast ta'en the basnet at last? It is a better cap to live in than die in. I would chance had sent thy brother here instead, there was good in him; but thou art as wild, and wilt soon be as wicked, as myself.'

'God forbid!' said Halbert, hastily.

'Marry, and amen, with all my heart,' said the wounded man; 'there will be company enow without thee where I am going. But God be praised I had no hand in that wickedness,' said he, looking to poor Catherine; and with some exclamation in his mouth that sounded betwixt a prayer and a curse, the soul of Christie of the Clinthill took wing to the last account.

Deeply wrapt in the painful interest which these shocking events had excited, Glendinning forgot for a moment his own situation and duties, and was first recalled to them by a trampling of horse, and the cry of 'St. George for England,' which the English soldiers still continued to use. His handful of men, for most of the stragglers had waited for Murray's coming

up, remained on horseback, holding their lances upright, having no command either to submit or resist.

'There stands our captain,' said [one of them, as a strong party of English came up, the vanguard of Foster's troop.

'Your captain! with his sword sheathed, and on foot in the presence of his enemy? a raw soldier, I warrant him,' said the English leader. 'So ho! young man, is your dream out, and will you now answer me if you will fight or fly?'

'Neither,' answered Halbert Glendinning, with great tranquillity.

'Then throw down thy sword and yield thee,' answered the Englishman.

'Not till I can help myself no otherwise,' said Halbert, with the same moderation of tone and manner.

'Art thou for thine own hand, friend, or to whom dost thou owe service?' demanded the English captain.

'To the noble Earl of Murray.'

'Then thou servest,' said the Southron, 'the most disloyal nobleman who breathes — false both to England and Scotland.'

'Thou liest!' said Glendinning, regardless of all consequences.

'Ha! art thou so hot now, and wert so cold but a minute since? I lie, do I? Wilt thou do battle with me on that quarrel?'

'With one to one — one to two — or two to five, as you list,' said Halbert Glendinning; 'grant me but a fair field.'

'That thou shalt have. Stand back, my mates,' said the brave Englishman. 'If I fall, give him fair play, and let him go off free with his people.'

'Long life to the noble captain!' cried the soldiers, as impatient to see the duel as if it had been a bull-baiting.

'He will have a short life of it, though,' said the sergeant, 'if he, an old man of sixty, is to fight for any reason, or for no reason, with every man he meets, and especially the young fellows he might be father to. And here comes the warden besides, to see the sword-play.'

In fact, Sir John Foster came up with a considerable body of his horsemen, just as his captain, whose age rendered him unequal to the combat with so strong and active a youth as Glendinning, was deprived of his sword.

'Take it up for shame, old Stawarth Bolton,' said the English warden; 'and thou, young man, tell me who and what thou art?'

'A follower of the Earl of Murray, who bore his will to your honour,' answered Glendinning; 'but here he comes to say it himself, I see the van of his horsemen come over the hills.'

'Get into order, my masters,' said Sir John Foster to his followers; 'you that have broken your spears, draw your swords. We are something unprovided for a second field, but if yonder dark cloud on the hill-edge bring us foul weather we must bear as bravely as our broken cloaks will bide it. Meanwhile, Stawarth, we have got the deer we have hunted for: here is Piercie Shafton hard and fast betwixt two troopers.'

'Who, that lad?' said Bolton; 'he is no more Piercie Shafton than I am. He hath his gay cloak indeed; but Piercie Shafton is a round dozen of years older than that slip of roguery. I have known him since he was thus high. Did you never see him in the tilt-yard or in the presence?'

'To the devil with such vanities!' said Sir John Foster; 'when had I leisure for them or anything else? During my whole life has she kept me to this hangman's office, chasing thieves one day and traitors another, in daily fear of my life; the lance never hung up in the hall, the foot never out of the stirrup, the saddles never off my nags' backs; and now, because I have been mistaken in the person of a man I never saw, I warrant me the next letters from the privy council will rate me as I were a dog. A man were better dead than thus slaved and harassed!'

A trumpet interrupted Foster's complaints, and a Scottish pursuivant who attended declared, 'That the noble Earl of Murray desired, in all honour and safety, a personal conference with Sir John Foster, midway between their parties, with six of company in each, and ten free minutes to come and go.'

'And now,' said the Englishman, 'comes another plague. I must go speak with yonder false Scot, and he knows how to frame his devices, to cast dust in the eyes of a plain man, as well as ever a knave in the north. I am no match for him in words, and for hard blows we are but too ill provided. Pursuivant, we grant the conference; and you, sir swordsman (speaking to young Glendinning), draw off with your troopers to your own party — march — attend your Earl's trumpet. Stawarth Bolton, put our troop in order, and be ready to move forward at the wagging of a finger. Get you gone to your own friends, I tell you, sir squire, and loiter not here.'

Notwithstanding this peremptory order, Halbert Glendinning could not help stopping to cast a look upon the unfortunate

Catherine, who lay insensible of the danger and of the trampling of so many horses around her — insensible, as the second glance assured him, of all and for ever. Glendinning almost rejoiced when he saw that the last misery of life was over, and that the hoofs of the war-horses, amongst which he was compelled to leave her, could only injure and deface a senseless corpse. He caught the infant from her arms, half-ashamed of the shout of laughter which rose on all sides at seeing an armed man in such a situation assume such an unwonted and inconvenient burden.

‘Shoulder your infant!’ cried a harquebusier.

‘Port your infant!’ said a pikeman.

‘Peace, ye brutes,’ said Stawarth Bolton, ‘and respect humanity in others, if you have none yourselves. I pardon the lad having done some discredit to my grey hairs, when I see him take care of that helpless creature, which ye would have trampled upon as if ye had been littered of bitch-wolves, not born of women.’

While this passed, the leaders on either side met in the neutral space betwixt the forces of either, and the Earl accosted the English warden: ‘Is this fair or honest usage, Sir John, or for whom do you hold the Earl of Morton and myself, that you ride in Scotland with arrayed banner, fight, slay, and make prisoners at your own pleasure? Is it well done, think you, to spoil our land and shed our blood, after the many proofs we have given to your mistress of our devotion due to her will, saving always the allegiance due to our own sovereign?’

‘My Lord of Murray,’ answered Foster, ‘all the world knows you to be a man of quick ingine and deep wisdom, and these several weeks have you held me in hand with promising to arrest my sovereign mistress’s rebel, this Piercie Shafton of Wilverton, and you have never kept your word, alleging turmoils in the west and I wot not what other causes of hindrance. Now, since he has had the insolence to return hither, and live openly within ten miles of England, I could no longer, in plain duty to my mistress and queen, tarry upon your successive delays, and therefore I have used her force to take her rebel, by the strong hand, wherever I can find him.’

‘And is Piercie Shafton in your hands, then?’ said the Earl of Murray. ‘Be aware that I may not, without my own great shame, suffer you to remove him hence without doing battle.’

‘Will you, Lord Earl, after all the advantages you have



received at the hands of the Queen of England, do battle in the cause of her rebel?' said Sir John Foster.

'Not so, Sir John,' answered the Earl, 'but I will fight to the death in defence of the liberties of our free kingdom of Scotland.'

'By my faith,' said Sir John Foster, 'I am well content; my sword is not blunted with all it has done yet this day.'

'By my honour, Sir John,' said Sir George Heron of Chipchase, 'there is but little reason we should fight these Scottish lords e'en now, for I hold opinion with old Stawarth Bolton, and believe yonder prisoner to be no more Piercie Shafton than he is the Earl of Northumberland; and you were but ill advised to break the peace betwixt the countries for a prisoner of less consequence than that gay mischief-maker.'

'Sir George,' replied Foster, 'I have often heard you herons are afraid of hawks. Nay, lay not hand on sword, man—I did but jest; and for this prisoner, let him be brought up hither, that we may see who or what he is—always under assurance, my lords,' he continued, addressing the Scots.

'Upon our word and honour,' said Morton, 'we will offer no violence.'

The laugh turned against Sir John Foster considerably when the prisoner, being brought up, proved not only a different person from Sir Piercie Shafton, but a female in man's attire.

'Pluck the mantle from the quean's face, and cast her to the horse-boys,' said Foster; 'she has kept such company ere now, I warrant.'

Even Murray was moved to laughter, no common thing with him, at the disappointment of the English warden; but he would not permit any violence to be offered to the fair Molinara, who had thus a second time rescued Sir Piercie Shafton at her own personal risk.

'You have already done more mischief than you can well answer,' said the Earl to the English warden; 'and it were dishonour to me should I permit you to harm a hair of this young woman's head.'

'My lord,' said Morton, 'if Sir John will ride apart with me but for one moment, I will show him such reasons as shall make him content to depart, and to refer this unhappy day's work to the judgment of the commissioners nominated to try offences on the Border.'

He then led Sir John Foster aside, and spoke to him in this manner: 'Sir John Foster, I much marvel that a man who

knows your Queen Elizabeth as you do should not know that, if you hope anything from her, it must be for doing her useful service, not for involving her in quarrels with her neighbours without any advantage. Sir knight, I will speak frankly what I know to be true. Had you seized the true Piercie Shafton by this ill-advised inroad; and had your deed threatened, as most likely it might, a breach betwixt the countries, your politic princess and her politic council would rather have disgraced Sir John Foster than entered into war in his behalf. But now that you have stricken short of your aim, you may rely on it you will have little thanks for carrying the matter farther. I will work thus far on the Earl of Murray that he will undertake to dismiss Sir Piercie Shafton from the realm of Scotland. Be well advised, and let the matter now pass off; you will gain nothing by farther violence, for if we fight, you, as the fewer and the weaker through your former action, will needs have the worse.'

Sir John Foster listened with his head declining on his breast-plate.

'It is a cursed chance,' he said, 'and I shall have little thanks for my day's work.'

He then rode up to Murray, and said that, in deference to his lordship's presence and that of my Lord of Morton, he had come to the resolution of withdrawing himself, with his power, without farther proceedings.

'Stop there, Sir John Foster,' said Murray, 'I cannot permit you to retire in safety, unless you leave some one who may be surety to Scotland that the injuries you have at present done us may be fully accounted for; you will reflect that, by permitting your retreat, I become accountable to my Sovereign, who will demand a reckoning of me for the blood of her subjects, if I suffer those who shed it to depart so easily.'

'It shall never be told in England,' said the warden, 'that John Foster gave pledges like a subdued man, and that on the very field on which he stands victorious. But,' he added, after a moment's pause, 'if Stawarth Bolton wills to abide with you on his own free choice, I will say nothing against it; and, as I bethink me, it were better he should stay to see the dismissal of this same Piercie Shafton.'

'I receive him as your hostage, nevertheless, and shall treat him as such,' said the Earl of Murray. But Foster, turning away as if to give directions to Bolton and his men, affected not to hear this observation.

'There rides a faithful servant of his most beautiful and sovereign lady,' said Murray aside to Morton. 'Happy man! he knows not whether the execution of her commands may not cost him his head; and yet he is most certain that to leave them unexecuted will bring disgrace and death without reprieve. Happy are they who are not only subjected to the caprices of Dame Fortune, but held bound to account and be responsible for them, and that to a sovereign as moody and fickle as her humorous ladyship herself!'

'We also have a female sovereign, my lord,' said Morton.

'We have so, Douglas,' said the Earl, with a suppressed sigh; 'but it remains to be seen how long a female hand can hold the reigns of power in a realm so wild as ours. We will now go on to St. Mary's, and see ourselves after the state of that house. Glendinning, look to that woman, and protect her. What the fiend, man, hast thou got in thine arms? An infant, as I live! Where couldst thou find such a charge, at such a place and moment?'

Halbert Glendinning briefly told the story. The Earl rode forward to the place where the body of Julian Avenel lay, with his unhappy companion's arms wrapt around him, like the trunk of an uprooted oak borne down by the tempest with all its ivy garlands. Both were cold dead. Murray was touched in an unwonted degree, remembering, perhaps, his own birth. 'What have they to answer for, Douglas,' he said, 'who thus abuse the sweetest gifts of affection?'

The Earl of Morton, unhappy in his marriage, was a libertine in his amours.

'You must ask that question of Henry Warden, my lord, or of John Knox: I am but a wild counsellor in women's matters.'

'Forward to St. Mary's,' said the Earl; 'pass the word on. Glendinning, give the infant to this same female cavalier, and let it be taken charge of. Let no dishonour be done to the dead bodies, and call on the country to bury or remove them. Forward, I say, my masters!'

## CHAPTER XXXVII

Gone to be married ? — Gone to swear a peace !

*King John.*

THE news of the lost battle, so quickly carried by the fugitives to the village and convent, had spread the greatest alarm among the inhabitants. The sacristan and other monks counselled flight; the treasurer recommended that the church plate should be offered as a tribute to bribe the English officer; the abbot alone was unmoved and undaunted. 'My brethren,' he said, 'since God has not given our people victory in the combat, it must be because He requires of us, His spiritual soldiers, to fight the good fight of martyrdom — a conflict in which nothing but our own faint-hearted cowardice can make us fail of victory. Let us assume, then, the armour of faith, and prepare, if it be necessary, to die under the ruin of these shrines, to the service of which we have devoted ourselves. Highly honoured are we all in this distinguished summons, from our dear brother Nicolas, whose grey hairs have been preserved until they should be surrounded by the crown of martyrdom, down to my beloved son Edward, who, arriving at the vineyard at the latest hour of the day, is yet permitted to share its toils with those who have laboured from the morning. Be of good courage, my children. I dare not, like my sainted predecessors, promise to you that you shall be preserved by miracle; I and you are alike unworthy of that especial interposition, which, in earlier times, turned the sword of sacrilege against the bosom of tyrants by whom it was wielded, daunted the hardened hearts of heretics with prodigies, and called down hosts of angels to defend the shrine of God and of the Virgin. Yet, by Heavenly aid, you shall this day see that your father and abbot will not disgrace the mitre which sits upon his brow. Go to your cells, my children, and exercise your private devotions. Array yourselves also in alb and cope, as for our most solemn festivals, and be ready, when the tolling of the

largest bell announces the approach of the enemy, to march forth to meet them in solemn procession. Let the church be opened to afford such refuge as may be to those of our vassals who, from their exertion in this day's unhappy battle or other cause, are particularly apprehensive of the rage of the enemy. Tell Sir Piercie Shafton, if he has escaped the fight ——'

'I am here, most venerable abbot,' replied Sir Piercie; 'and if it so seemeth meet to you, I will presently assemble such of the men as have escaped this escaramouche, and will renew the resistance, even unto the death. Certes, you will learn from all that I did my part in this unhappy matter. Had it pleased Julian Avenel to have attended to my counsel, especially in somewhat withdrawing of his main battle, even as you may have marked the heron eschew the stoop of the falcon, receiving him rather upon his beak than upon his wing, affairs, as I do conceive, might have had a different face, and we might then, in a more bellicose manner, have maintained that affray. Nevertheless, I would not be understood to speak anything in disregard of Julian Avenel, whom I saw fall fighting manfully with his face to his enemy, which hath banished from my memory the unseemly term of "meddling coxcomb," with which it pleased him something rashly to qualify my advice, and for which, had it pleased Heaven and the saints to have prolonged the life of that excellent person, I had it bound upon my soul to have put him to death with my own hand.'

'Sir Piercie,' said the abbot, at length interrupting him, 'our time allows brief leisure to speak what might have been.'

'You are right; most venerable lord and father,' replied the incorrigible Euphuist; 'the preterite, as grammarians have it, concerns frail mortality less than the future mood, and indeed our cogitations respect chiefly the present. In a word, I am willing to head all who will follow me, and offer such opposition as manhood and mortality may permit to the advance of the English, though they be my own countrymen; and be assured, Piercie Shafton will measure his length, being five feet ten inches, on the ground as he stands, rather than give two yards in retreat, according to the usual motion in which we retrograde.'

'I thank you, sir knight,' said the abbot, 'and I doubt not that you would make your words good; but it is not the will of Heaven that carnal weapons should rescue us. We are called to endure, not to resist, and may not waste the blood of our innocent commons in opposition becomes

not men of our profession : they have my commands to resign the sword and the spear. God and Our Lady have not blessed our banner.'

'Bethink you, reverend lord,' said Pierce Shafton, very eagerly, 'ere you resign the defence that is in your power. There are many posts near the entry of this village where brave men might live or die to the advantage ; and I have this additional motive to make defence — the safety, namely, of a fair friend, who, I hope, hath escaped the hands of the heretics.'

'I understand you, Sir Pierce,' said the abbot ; 'you mean the daughter of our convent's miller ?'

'Reverend my lord,' said Sir Pierce, not without hesitation, 'the fair Mysinda is, as may be in some sort alleged, the daughter of one who mechanically prepareth corn to be manipulated into bread, without which we could not exist, and which is therefore an employment in itself honourable, nay, necessary. Nevertheless, if the purest sentiments of a generous mind, streaming forth like the rays of the sun reflected by a diamond, may ennoble one who is in some sort the daughter of a molendinary mechanic —'

'I have no time for all this, sir knight,' said the abbot ; 'be it enough to answer, that with our will we war no longer with carnal weapons. We of the spirituality will teach you of the temporality how to die in cold blood, our hands not clenched for resistance, but folded for prayer ; our minds not filled with jealous hatred, but with Christian meekness and forgiveness ; our ears not deafened, nor our senses confused, by the sound of clamorous instruments of war ; but, on the contrary, our voices composed to Halleluiahs, Kyrie Eleison, and Salve Regina, and our blood temperate and cold, as those who think upon reconciling themselves with God, not of avenging themselves of their fellow-mortals.'

'Lord abbot,' said Sir Pierce, 'this is nothing to the fate of my Molinara, whom, I beseech you to observe, I will not abandon, while golden hilt and steel blade bide together on my falchion. I commanded her not to follow us to the field, and yet methought I saw her in her page's attire amongst the rear of the combatants.'

'You must seek elsewhere for the person in whose fate you are so deeply interested,' said the abbot ; 'and at present I will pray of your knighthood to inquire concerning her at the church, in which all our more defenceless vassals have taken refuge. It is my advice to you, that you also abide by the

horns of the altar ; and, Sir Piercie Shafton,' he added, 'be of one thing secure, that if you come to harm, it will involve the whole of this brotherhood ; for never, I trust, will the meanest of us buy safety at the expense of surrendering a friend or a guest. Leave us, my son, and may God be your aid !'

When Sir Piercie Shafton had departed, and the abbot was about to betake himself to his own cell, he was surprised by an unknown person anxiously requiring a conference, who, being admitted, proved to be no other than Henry Warden. The abbot started as he entered, and exclaimed angrily — 'Ha ! are the few hours that fate allows him who may last wear the mitre of this house not to be excused from the intrusion of heresy ? Dost thou come,' he said, 'to enjoy the hopes which fate holds out to thy demented and accursed sect, to see the besom of destruction sweep away the pride of old religion — to deface our shrines — to mutilate and lay waste the bodies of our benefactors, as well as their sepulchres — to destroy the pinnacles and carved work of God's house and Our Lady's ?'

'Peace, William Allan !' said the Protestant preacher, with dignified composure ; 'for none of these purposes do I come. I would have these stately shrines deprived of the idols which, no longer simply regarded as the effigies of the good and of the wise, have become the objects of foul idolatry. I would otherwise have its ornaments subsist, unless as they are, or may be, a snare to the souls of men ; and especially do I condemn those ravages which have been made by the heady fury of the people, stung into zeal against will-worship by bloody persecution. Against such wanton devastations I lift my testimony.'

'Idle distinguisher that thou art !' said the Abbot Eustace, interrupting him ; 'what signifies the pretext under which thou dost despoil the house of God ? and why at this present emergence wilt thou insult the master of it by thy ill-omened presence ?'

'Thou art unjust, William Allan,' said Warden ; 'but I am not the less settled in my resolution. Thou hast protected me some time since at the hazard of thy rank, and what I know thou holdest still dearer, at the risk of thy reputation with thine own sect. Our party is now uppermost, and, believe me, I have come down the valley, in which thou didst quarter me for sequestration's sake, simply with the wish to keep my engagements to thee.'

'Ay,' answered the abbot, 'and it may be that my listening

to that worldly and infirm compassion which pleaded with me for thy life is now avenged by this impending judgment. Heaven hath smitten, it may be, the erring shepherd and scattered the flock.'

'Think better of the Divine judgments,' said Warden. 'Not for thy sins, which are those of thy blinded education and circumstances — not for thine own sins, William Allan, art thou stricken, but for the accumulated guilt which thy misnamed church hath accumulated on her head, and those of her votaries, by the errors and corruptions of ages.'

'Now, by my sure belief in the Rock of Peter,' said the abbot, 'thou dost rekindle the last spark of human indignation for which my bosom has fuel! I thought I might not again have felt the impulse of earthly passion, and it is thy voice which once more calls me to the expression of human anger! — yes, it is thy voice that comest to insult me in my hour of sorrow, with these blasphemous accusations of that church which hath kept the light of Christianity alive from the times of the Apostles till now.'

'From the times of the Apostles?' said the preacher, eagerly. '*Negatur, Gulielme Allan*, the primitive church differed as much from that of Rome as did light from darkness, which, did time permit, I should speedily prove. And worse dost thou judge in saying I come to insult thee in thy hour of affliction, being here, God wot, with the Christian wish of fulfilling an engagement I had made to my host, and of rendering myself to thy will while it had yet power to exercise aught upon me, and, if it might so be, to mitigate in thy behalf the rage of the victors whom God hath sent as a scourge to thy obstinacy.'

'I will none of thy intercession,' said the abbot, sternly; 'the dignity to which the church has exalted me never should have swelled my bosom more proudly in the time of the highest prosperity than it doth at this crisis. I ask nothing of thee, but the assurance that my lenity to thee hath been the means of perverting no soul to Satan — that I have not given to the wolf any of the stray lambs whom the Great Shepherd of souls had entrusted to my charge.'

'William Allan,' answered the Protestant, 'I will be sincere with thee. What I promised I have kept: I have withheld my voice from speaking even good things. But it has pleased Heaven to call the maiden Mary Avenel to a better sense of faith than thou and all the disciples of Rome can teach. Her I have aided with my humble power: I have extricated her from



the machinations of evil spirits, to which she and her house were exposed during the blindness of their Romish superstition, and, praise be to my Master ! I have not reason to fear she will again be caught in thy snares.'

'Wretched man !' said the abbot, unable to suppress his rising indignation, 'is it to the abbot of St. Mary's that you boast having misled the soul of a dweller in Our Lady's hall-dome into the paths of foul error and damning heresy ? 'Thou dost urge me, Wellwood, beyond what it becomes me to bear, and movest me to employ the few moments of power I may yet possess in removing from the face of the earth one whose qualities, given by God, have been so utterly perverted as thine to the service of Satan.'

'Do thy pleasure,' said the preacher ; 'thy vain wrath shall not prevent my doing my duty to advantage thee, where it may be done without neglecting my higher call. I go to the Earl of Murray.'

Their conference, which was advancing fast into bitter disputation, was here interrupted by the deep and sullen toll of the largest and heaviest bell of the convent — a sound famous in the chronicles of the community for dispelling of tempests and putting to flight demons, but which now only announced danger, without affording any means of warding against it. Hastily repeating his orders that all the brethren should attend in the choir, arrayed for solemn procession, the abbot ascended to the battlements of the lofty monastery by his own private staircase, and there met the sacristan, who had been in the act of directing the tolling of the huge bell, which fell under his charge.

'It is the last time I shall discharge mine office, most venerable father and lord,' said he to the abbot, 'for yonder come the Philistines ; but I would not that the large bell of St. Mary's should sound for the last time otherwise than in true and full tone. I have been a sinful man for one of our holy profession,' added he, looking upward, 'yet may I presume to say, not a bell hath sounded out of tune from the tower of the house while Father Philip had the superintendence of the chime and the belfry.'

The abbot, without reply, cast his eyes towards the path which, winding around the mountain, descends upon Kennaquhair from the south-east. He beheld at a distance a cloud of dust, and heard the neighing of many horses, while the occasional sparkle of the long line of spears, as they came

downwards into the valley, announced that the band came thither in arms.

'Shame on my weakness!' said Abbot Eustace, dashing the tears from his eyes; 'my sight is too much dimmed to observe their motions. Look, my son Edward,' for his favourite novice had again joined him, 'and tell me what ensigns they bear.'

'They are Scottish men when all is done,' exclaimed Edward. 'I see the white crosses: it may be the Western Borderers, or Fernieherst and his clan.'

'Look at the banner,' said the abbot; 'tell me what are the blazonries?'

'The arms of Scotland,' said Edward — 'the lion and its tressure, quartered, as I think, with three cushions. Can it be the royal standard?'

'Alas! no,' said the abbot, 'it is that of the Earl of Murray. He hath assumed with his new conquest the badge of the valiant Randolph, and hath dropped from his hereditary coat the bend which indicates his own base birth: would to God he may not have blotted it also from his memory, and aim as well at possessing the name as the power of a king!'

'At least, my father,' said Edward, 'he will secure us from the violence of the Southron.'

'Ay, my son, as the shepherd secures a silly lamb from the wolf, which he destines in due time to his own banquet. Oh, my son, evil days are on us! A breach has been made in the walls of our sanctuary: thy brother hath fallen from the faith. Such news brought my last secret intelligence. Murray hath already spoken of rewarding his services with the hand of Mary Avenel.'

'Of Mary Avenel!' said the novice, tottering towards and grasping hold of one of the carved pinnacles which adorned the proud battlement.

'Ay, of Mary Avenel, my son, who has also abjured the faith of her fathers. Weep not, my Edward — weep not, my beloved son! or weep for their apostasy, and not for their union. Bless God, who hath called thee to Himself out of the tents of wickedness; but for the grace of Our Lady and St. Benedict, thou also hadst been a castaway.'

'I endeavour, my father,' said Edward — 'I endeavour to forget; but what I would now blot from my memory has been the thought of all my former life. Murray dare not forward a match so unequal in birth.'

'He dares do what suits his purpose. The Castle of Avenel'

is strong, and needs a good castellan, devoted to his service ; as for the difference of their birth, he will mind it no more than he would mind defacing the natural regularity of the ground, were it necessary he should erect upon it military lines and intrenchments. But do not droop for that : awaken thy soul within thee, my son. Think you part with a vain vision, an idle dream, nursed in solitude and inaction. I weep not, yet what am I now like to lose ? Look at these towers, where saints dwelt, and where heroes have been buried. Think that I, so briefly called to preside over the pious flock, which has dwelt here since the first light of Christianity, may be this day written down the last father of this holy community. Come, let us descend and meet our fate. I see them approach near to the village.'

The abbot descended. The novice cast a glance around him ; yet the sense of the danger impending over the stately structure, with which he was now united, was unable to banish the recollection of Mary Avenel. 'His brother's bride !' he pulled the cowl over his face, and followed his superior.

The whole bells of the abbey now added their peal to the death-toll of the largest, which had so long sounded. The monks wept and prayed as they got themselves into the order of their procession for the last time, as seemed but too probable.

'It is well our Father Boniface hath retired to the inland,' said Father Philip ; 'he could never have put over this day, it would have broken his heart !'

'God be with the soul of Abbot Ingelram !' said old Father Nicolas, 'there were no such doings in his days. They say we are to be put forth of the cloisters ; and how I am to live anywhere else than where I have lived for these seventy years, I wot not : the best is, that I have not long to live anywhere.'

A few moments after this the great gate of the abbey was flung open, and the procession moved slowly forward from beneath its huge and richly adorned gateway. Cross and banner, pix and chalice, shrines containing relics, and censers steaming with incense, preceded and were intermingled with the long and solemn array of the brotherhood, in their long black gowns and cowls, with their white scapularies hanging over them, the various officers of the convent each displaying his proper badge of office. In the centre of the procession came the abbot, surrounded and supported by his chief assistants. He was dressed in his habit of high solemnity, and appeared

as much unconcerned as if he had been taking his usual part in some ordinary ceremony. After him came the inferior persons of the convent—the novices in their albs or white dresses, and the lay brethren distinguished by their beards, which were seldom worn by the fathers. Women and children, mixed with a few men, came in the rear, bewailing the apprehended desolation of their ancient sanctuary. They moved, however, in order, and restrained the marks of their sorrow to a low wailing sound, which rather mingled with than interrupted the measured chant of the monks.

In this order the procession entered the market-place of the village of Kennaquhair, which was then, as now, distinguished by an ancient cross of curious workmanship, the gift of some former monarch of Scotland. Close by the cross, of much greater antiquity, and scarcely less honoured, was an immensely large oak-tree, which perhaps had witnessed the worship of the Druids, ere the stately monastery to which it adjoined had raised its spires in honour of the Christian faith. Like the bentang-tree of the African villages, or the Plaistow oak mentioned in White's *Natural History of Selborne*, this tree was the rendezvous of the villagers, and regarded with peculiar veneration; a feeling common to most nations, and which perhaps may be traced up to the remote period when the patriarch feasted the angels under the oak at Mamre.<sup>1</sup>

The monks formed themselves each in their due place around the cross, while under the ruins of the aged tree crowded the old and the feeble, with others who felt the common alarm. When they had thus arranged themselves, there was a deep and solemn pause. The monks stilled their chant, the lay populace hushed their lamentations, and all awaited in terror and silence the arrival of those heretical forces whom they had been so long taught to regard with fear and trembling.

A distant trampling was at length heard, and the glance of spears was seen to shine through the trees above the village. The sounds increased, and became more thick, one close continuous rushing sound, in which the tread of hoofs was mingled with the ringing of armour. The horsemen soon appeared at the principal entrance which leads into the irregular square or market-place which forms the centre of the village. They entered two by two, slowly, and in the greatest order. The van continued to move on, riding round the open space, until

<sup>1</sup> It is scarcely necessary to say that in Melrose, the prototype of Kennaquhair, no such oak ever existed.

they had attained the utmost point, and then turning their horses' heads to the street, stood fast; their companions followed in the same order, until the whole market-place was closely surrounded with soldiers; and the files who followed, making the same manœuvre, formed an inner line within those who had first arrived, until the place was begirt with a quadruple file of horsemen closely drawn up. There was now a pause, of which the abbot availed himself, by commanding the brotherhood to raise the solemn chant *De profundis clamavi*. He looked around the armed ranks, to see what impression the solemn sounds made on them. All were silent; but the brows of some had an expression of contempt, and almost all the rest bore a look of indifference: their course had been too long decided to permit past feelings of enthusiasm to be anew awakened by a procession or by a hymn.

'Their hearts are hardened,' said the abbot to himself in dejection, but not in despair; 'it remains to see whether those of their leaders are equally obdurate.'

The leaders, in the meanwhile, were advancing slowly, and Murray, with Morton, rode in deep conversation before a chosen band of their most distinguished followers, amongst whom came Halbert Glendinning. But the preacher, Henry Warden, who, upon leaving the monastery, had instantly joined them, was the only person admitted to their conference.

'You are determined then,' said Morton to Murray, 'to give the heiress of Avenel, with all her pretensions, to this nameless and obscure young man?'

'Hath not Warden told you,' said Murray, 'that they have been bred together, and are lovers from their youth upward?'

'And that they are both,' said Warden, 'by means which may be almost termed miraculous, rescued from the delusions of Rome, and brought within the pale of the true church. My residence at Glendearg hath made me well acquainted with these things. Ill would it beseem my habit and my calling to thrust myself into match-making and giving in marriage, but worse were it in me to see your lordships do needless wrong to the feelings which are proper to our nature, and which, being indulged honestly and under the restraints of religion, become a pledge of domestic quiet here and future happiness in a better world. I say, that you will do ill to rend those ties asunder, and to give this maiden to the kinsman of Lord Morton, though Lord Morton's kinsman he be.'

'These are fair reasons, my Lord of Murray,' said Morton,

'why you should refuse me so simple a boon as to bestow this silly damsel upon young Bennygask. Speak out plainly, my lord : say you would rather see the Castle of Avenel in the hands of one who owes his name and existence solely to your favour than in the power of a Douglas, and of my kinsman.'

'My Lord of Morton,' said Murray, 'I have done nothing in this matter which should aggrieve you. This young man Glendinning has done me good service, and may do me more. My promise was in some degree passed to him, and that while Julian Avenel was alive, when aught beside the maiden's lily hand would have been hard to come by ; whereas you never thought of such an alliance for your kinsman till you saw Julian lie dead yonder on the field, and knew his land to be a waif free to the first who could seize it. Come — come, my lord, you do less than justice to your gallant kinsman in wishing him a bride bred up under the milk-pail ; for this girl is a peasant wench in all but the accident of birth. I thought you had more deep respect for the honour of the Douglasses.'

'The honour of the Douglasses is safe in my keeping,' answered Morton, haughtily ; 'that of other ancient families may suffer as well as the name of Avenel if rustics are to be matched with the blood of our ancient barons.'

'This is but idle talking,' answered Lord Murray ; 'in times like these we must look to men and not to pedigrees. Hay was but a rustic before the battle of Luncarty : the bloody yoke actually dragged the plough ere it was blazoned on a crest by the herald. Times of action make princes into peasants, and boors into barons. All families have sprung from one mean man ; and it is well if they have never degenerated from his virtue who raised them first from obscurity.'

'My Lord of Murray will please to except the house of Douglas,' said Morton, haughtily : 'men have seen it in the tree, but never in the sapling ; have seen it in the stream, but never in the fountain.<sup>1</sup> In the earliest of our Scottish annals, the Black Douglas was powerful and distinguished as now.'

'I bend to the honours of the house of Douglas,' said Murray, somewhat ironically ; 'I am conscious we of the royal house have little right to compete with them in dignity. What though we have worn crowns and carried sceptres for a few generations, if our genealogy moves no farther back than to the humble *Alanus Dapifer* !'<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See Pedigree of the Douglas Family. Note 23.

<sup>2</sup> See Pedigree of the Stewart Family. Note 24.

Morton's cheek reddened as he was about to reply; but Henry Warden availed himself of the liberty which the Protestant clergy long possessed, and exerted it to interrupt a discussion which was becoming too eager and personal to be friendly.

'My lords,' he said, 'I must be bold in discharging the duty of my Master. It is a shame and scandal to hear two nobles, whose hands have been so forward in the work of reformation, fall into discord about such vain follies as now occupy your thoughts. Bethink you how long you have thought with one mind, seen with one eye, heard with one ear, confirmed by your union the congregation of the church, appalled by your joint authority the congregation of Anti-Christ; and will you now fall into discord about an old decayed castle and a few barren hills, about the loves and likings of a humble spearman and a damsel bred in the same obscurity, or about the still vainer questions of idle genealogy?'

'The good man hath spoken right, noble Douglas,' said Murray, reaching him his hand, 'our union is too essential to the good cause to be broken off upon such idle terms of dissension. I am fixed to gratify Glendinning in this matter: my promise is passed. The wars, in which I have had my share, have made many a family miserable; I will at least try if I may not make one happy. There are maids and manors enow in Scotland: I promise you, my noble ally, that young Benny-gask shall be richly wived.'

'My lord,' said Warden, 'you speak nobly, and like a Christian. Alas! this is a land of hatred and bloodshed; let us not chase from thence the few traces that remain of gentle and domestic love. And be not too eager for wealth to thy noble kinsman, my Lord of Morton, seeing contentment in the marriage state no way depends on it.'

'If you allude to my family misfortune,' said Morton, whose countess, wedded by him for her estate and honours, was insane in her mind, 'the habit you wear, and the liberty, or rather license, of your profession, protect you from my resentment.'

'Alas! my lord,' replied Warden, 'how quick and sensitive is our self-love! When, pressing forward in our high calling, we point out the errors of the sovereign, who praises our boldness more than the noble Morton? But touch we upon his own sore, which most needs lancing, and he shrinks from the faithful chirurgeon in fear and impatient anger!'

'Enough of this, good and reverend sir,' said Murray; 'you

transgress the prudence yourself recommended even now. We are now close upon the village, and the proud abbot is come forth at the head of his hive. Thou hast pleaded well for him, Warden, otherwise I had taken this occasion to pull down the nest and chase away the rooks.'

'Nay, but do not so,' said Warden; 'this William Allan, whom they call the Abbot Eustatius, is a man whose misfortunes would more prejudice our cause than his prosperity. You cannot inflict more than he will endure; and the more that he is made to bear, the higher will be the influence of his talents and his courage. In his conventual throne he will be but coldly looked on — disliked, it may be, and envied. But turn his crucifix of gold into a crucifix of wood; let him travel through the land, an oppressed and impoverished man, and his patience, his eloquence, and learning will win more hearts from the good cause than all the mitred abbots of Scotland have been able to make prey of during the last hundred years.'

'Tush! — tush! man,' said Morton, 'the revenues of the hali-dome will bring more men, spears, and horses into the field in one day than his preaching in a whole lifetime. These are not the days of Peter the Hermit, when monks could march armies from England to Jerusalem; but gold and good deeds will still do as much or more than ever. Had Julian Avenel had but a score or two more men this morning, Sir John Foster had not missed a worse welcome. I say, confiscating the monk's revenues is drawing his fang-teeth.'

'We will surely lay him under contribution,' said Murray; 'and, moreover, if he desires to remain in his abbey, he will do well to produce Piercie Shafton.'

As he thus spoke, they entered the market-place, distinguished by their complete armour and their lofty plumes, as well as by the number of followers bearing their colours and badges. Both these powerful nobles, but more especially Murray, so nearly allied to the crown, had at that time a retinue and household not much inferior to that of Scottish royalty. As they advanced into the market-place, a pursuivant, pressing forward from their train, addressed the monks in these words: 'The abbot of St. Mary's is commanded to appear before the Earl of Murray.'

'The abbot of St. Mary's,' said Eustace, 'is, in the patrimony of his convent, superior to every temporal lord. Let the Earl of Murray, if he seeks him, come himself to his presence.'

On receiving this answer, Murray smiled scornfully, and



dismounting from his lofty saddle, he advanced, accompanied by Morton, and followed by others, to the body of monks assembled around the cross. There was an appearance of shrinking among them at the approach of the heretic lord, so dreaded and so powerful. But the abbot, casting on them a glance of rebuke and encouragement, stepped forth from their ranks like a courageous leader, when he sees that his personal valour must be displayed to revive the drooping courage of his followers. 'Lord James Stewart,' he said, 'or Earl of Murray, if that be thy title, I, Eustatius, abbot of St. Mary's, demand by what right you have filled our peaceful village, and surrounded our brethren, with these bands of armed men? If hospitality is sought, we have never refused it to courteous asking; if violence be meant against peaceful churchmen, let us know at once the pretext and the object?'

'Sir abbot,' said Murray, 'your language would better have become another age, and a presence inferior to ours. We come not here to reply to your interrogations, but to demand of you why you have broken the peace, collecting your vassals in arms, and convoking the Queen's lieges, whereby many men have been slain, and much trouble, perchance breach of amity with England, is likely to arise?'

'*Lupus in fabula*,' answered the abbot, scornfully. 'The wolf accused the sheep of muddying the stream when he drank in it above her; but it served as a pretext for devouring her. Convocate the Queen's lieges? I did so to defend the Queen's land against foreigners. I did but my duty; and I regret I had not the means to do it more effectually.'

'And was it also a part of your duty to receive and harbour the Queen of England's rebel and traitor; and to inflame a war betwixt England and Scotland?' said Murray.

'In my younger days, my lord,' answered the abbot, with the same intrepidity, 'a war with England was no such dreaded matter; and not merely a mitred abbot, bound by his rule to show hospitality and afford sanctuary to all, but the poorest Scottish peasant, would have been ashamed to have pleaded fear of England as the reason for shutting his door against a persecuted exile. But in those olden days the English seldom saw the face of a Scottish nobleman, save through the bars of his visor.'

'Monk!' said the Earl of Morton, sternly, 'this insolence will little avail thee; the days are gone by when Rome's priests were permitted to brave noblemen with impunity. Give us up

this Pierce Shafton, or by my father's crest I will set thy abbey in a bright flame!'

'And if thou dost, Lord of Morton, its ruins will tumble above the tombs of thine own ancestors. Be the issue as God wills, the abbot of St. Mary's gives up no one whom he hath promised to protect.'

'Abbot,' said Murray, 'bethink thee ere we are driven to deal roughly. The hands of these men,' he said, pointing to the soldiers, 'will make wild work among shrines and cells, if we are compelled to undertake a search for this Englishman.'

'Ye shall not need,' said a voice from the crowd; and, advancing gracefully before the earls, the Euphuist flung from him the mantle in which he was muffled. '*Via* the cloud that shadowed Shafton!' said he: 'behold, my lords, the knight of Wilverton, who spares you the guilt of violence and sacrilege.'

'I protest before God and man against any infraction of the privileges of this house,' said the abbot, 'by an attempt to impose violent hands upon the person of this noble knight. If there be yet spirit in a Scottish Parliament, we will make you hear of this elsewhere, my lords!'

'Spare your threats,' said Murray; 'it may be my purpose with Sir Pierce Shafton is not such as thou dost suppose. Attach him, pursuivant, as our prisoner, rescue or no rescue.'

'I yield myself,' said the Euphuist, 'reserving my right to defy my Lord of Murray and my Lord of Morton to single duel, even as one gentleman may demand satisfaction of another.'

'You shall not want those who will answer your challenge, sir knight,' replied Morton, 'without aspiring to men above thine own degree.'

'And where am I to find these superlative champions,' said the English knight, 'whose blood runs more pure than that of Pierce Shafton?'

'Here is a flight for you, my lord!' said Murray.

'As ever was flown by a wild goose,' said Stawarth Bolton, who had now approached to the front of the party.

'Who dared to say that word?' said the Euphuist, his face crimson with rage.

'Tut! man,' said Bolton, 'make the best of it, thy mother's father was but a tailor, old Overstitch of Holderness. Why, what! because thou art a misproud bird, and despiseth thine own natural lineage, and rufflest in unpaid silks and velvets, and keepest company with gallants and cutters, must we lose our memory for that? Thy mother, Moll Overstitch, was the

prettiest wench in those parts ; she was wedded by wild Shafton of Wilverton, who, men say, was akin to the Piercie on the wrong side of the blanket.'

'Help the knight to some strong waters,' said Morton ; 'he hath fallen from such a height that he is stunned with the tumble.'

In fact, Sir Piercie Shafton looked like a man stricken by a thunderbolt, while, notwithstanding the seriousness of the scene hitherto, no one of those present, not even the abbot himself, could refrain from laughing at the rueful and mortified expression of his face.

'Laugh on,' he said at length — 'laugh on, my masters,' shrugging his shoulders ; 'it is not for me to be offended ; yet would I know full fain from that squire who is laughing with the loudest how he had discovered this unhappy blot in an otherwise spotless lineage, and for what purpose he hath made it known ?'

'I make it known ?' said Halbert Glendinning, in astonishment, for to him this pathetic appeal was made. 'I never heard the thing till this moment.'<sup>1</sup>

'Why, did not that old rude soldier learn it from thee ?' said the knight, in increasing amazement.

'Not I, by Heaven !' said Bolton ; 'I never saw the youth in my life before.'

'But you *have* seen him ere now, my worthy master,' said Dame Glendinning, bursting in her turn from the crowd. 'My son, this is Stawarth Bolton, he to whom we owe life and the means of preserving it ; if he be a prisoner, as seems most likely, use thine interest with these noble lords to be kind to the widow's friend.'

'What, my Dame of the Glen !' said Bolton, 'thy brow is more withered, as well as mine, since we met last, but thy tongue holds the touch better than my arm. This boy of thine gave me the foil sorely this morning. The brown varlet has turned as stout a trooper as I prophesied ; and where is white head ?'

'Alas !' said the mother, looking down, 'Edward has taken orders, and become a monk of this abbey.'

'A monk and a soldier ! Evil trades both, my good dame. Better have made one a good master fashioner, like old Overstitch of Holderness. I sighed when I envied you the two bonny children, but I sigh not now to call either the monk or

<sup>1</sup> See *The White Spirit*. Note 25.

the soldier mine own. The soldier dies in the field ; the monk scarce lives in the cloister.'

'My dearest mother,' said Halbert, 'where is Edward? Can I not speak with him?'

'He has just left us for the present,' said Father Philip; 'upon a message from the lord abbot.'

'And Mary, my dearest mother?' said Halbert. Mary Avenel was not far distant, and the three were soon withdrawn from the crowd, to hear and relate their various chances of fortune.

While the subordinate personages thus disposed of themselves, the abbot held serious discussion with the two earls, and, partly yielding to their demands, partly defending himself with skill and eloquence, was enabled to make a composition for his convent, which left it provisionally in no worse situation than before. The earls were the more reluctant to drive matters to extremity, since he protested that, if urged beyond what his conscience would comply with, he would throw the whole lands of the monastery into the Queen of Scotland's hands, to be disposed of at her pleasure. This would not have answered the views of the earls, who were contented, for the time, with a moderate sacrifice of money and lands. Matters being so far settled, the abbot became anxious for the fate of Sir Piercie Shafton, and implored mercy in his behalf.

'He is a coxcomb,' he said, 'my lords, but he is a generous, though a vain, fool; and it is my firm belief you have this day done him more pain than if you had run a poniard into him.'

'Run a needle into him you mean, abbot,' said the Earl of Morton; 'by mine honour, I thought this grandson of a fashioner of doublets was descended from a crowned head at least!'

'I hold with the abbot,' said Murray; 'there were little honour in surrendering him to Elizabeth, but he shall be sent where he can do her no injury. Our pursuivant and Bolton shall escort him to Dunbar, and ship him off for Flanders. But soft, here he comes, and leading a female, as I think.'

'Lords and others,' said the English knight, with great solemnity, 'make way for the lady of Piercie Shafton — a secret which I listed not to make known, till fate, which hath betrayed what I vainly strove to conceal, makes me less desirous to hide that which I now announce to you.'

'It is Mysie Happer, the miller's daughter, on my life!' said

Tibb Tacket. 'I thought the pride of these Piercies would have a fa'.'

'It is indeed the lovely Mysinda,' said the knight, 'whose merits towards her devoted servant deserved higher rank than he had to bestow.'

'I suspect, though,' said Murray, 'that we should not have heard of the miller's daughter being made a lady had not the knight proved to be the grandson of a tailor.'

'My lord,' said Piercie Shafton, 'it is poor valour to strike him that cannot smite again; and I hope you will consider what is due to a prisoner by the law of arms, and say nothing more on this odious subject. When I am once more mine own man, I will find a new road to dignity.'

'*Shape* one, I presume,' said the Earl of Morton.

'Nay, Douglas, you will drive him mad,' said Murray; 'besides, we have other matter in hand. I must see Warden wed Glendinning with Mary Avenel, and put him in possession of his wife's castle without delay. It will be best done ere our forces leave these parts.'

'And I,' said the miller, 'have the like grist to grind; for I hope some one of the good Fathers will wed my wench with her gay bridegroom.'

'It needs not,' said Shafton; 'the ceremonial hath been solemnly performed.'

'It will not be the worse of another bolting,' said the miller; 'it is always best to be sure, as I say when I chance to take multure twice from the same meal-sack.'

'Stave the miller off him,' said Murray, 'or he will worry him dead. The abbot, my lord, offers us the hospitality of the convent; I move we should repair hither, Sir Piercie and all of us. I must learn to know the Maid of Avenel; to-morrow I must act as her father. All Scotland shall see how Murray can reward a faithful servant.'

Mary Avenel and her lover avoided meeting the abbot, and took up their temporary abode in a house of the village, where next day their hands were united by the Protestant preacher in presence of the two earls. On the same day Piercie Shafton and his bride departed, under an escort which was to conduct him to the seaside, and see him embark for the Low Countries. Early on the following morning the bands of the earls were under march to the Castle of Avenel, to invest the young bridegroom with the property of his wife, which was surrendered to them without opposition.

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for transparency and accountability, particularly in financial matters.

2. The second part outlines the various methods and tools used to collect and analyze data. This includes both traditional manual methods and modern digital technologies, highlighting the advantages of each approach.

3. The third part focuses on the interpretation of results and the drawing of conclusions. It provides guidelines on how to effectively communicate findings to stakeholders and make informed decisions based on the data.

4. The final part discusses the ongoing nature of the process and the need for continuous improvement. It encourages regular review and updates to ensure that the system remains effective and relevant over time.

[illegible]

While she sung she seemed to look with sorrow on her golden zone, which was now diminished to the fineness of a silken thread.

'Fare thee well, thou holly green !  
Thou shalt seldom now be seen,  
With all thy glittering garlands bending  
As to greet my slow descending,  
Startling the bewilder'd hind,  
Who sees thee wave without a wind.

Farewell, fountain ! now not long  
Shalt thou murmur to my song,  
While thy crystal bubbles, glancing,  
Keep the time in mystic dancing,  
Rise and swell, are burst and lost,  
Like mortal schemes by fortune crost.

The knot of fate at length is tied,  
The churl is lord, the maid is bride.  
Vainly did my magic sleight  
Send the lover from her sight ;  
Wither bush, and perish well,  
Fall'n is lofty Avenel !'

The Vision seemed to weep while she sung ; and the words impressed on Edward a melancholy belief that the alliance of Mary with his brother might be fatal to them both.

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Here terminates the First Part of the Benedictine's Manuscript. I have in vain endeavoured to ascertain the precise period of the story, as the dates cannot be exactly reconciled with those of the most accredited histories. But it is astonishing how careless the writers of Utopia are upon these important subjects. I observe that the learned Mr. Laurence Templeton, in his late publication, entitled *Ivanhoe*, has not only blessed the bed of Edward the Confessor with an offspring unknown to history, with sundry other solecisms of the same kind, but has inverted the order of nature, and feasted his swine with acorns in the midst of summer. All that can be alleged by the warmest admirer of this Author amounts to this, that the circumstances objected to are just as true as the rest of the story ; which appears to me, more especially in the matter of the acorns, to be a very imperfect defence, and that the Author will do well to profit by Captain Absolute's advice to his servant, and never tell him more lies than are indispensably necessary.

## NOTES TO THE MONASTERY

### NOTE 1. — CHURCH TENANTS, p. 2

[FEUS are] small possessions conferred upon vassals and their heirs, held for a small quit-rent, or a moderate proportion of the produce. This was a favourite manner by which the churchmen peopled the patrimony of their convents; and many descendants of such 'feuars,' as they are called, are still to be found in possession of their family inheritances in the neighbourhood of the great monasteries of Scotland.

### NOTE 2. — GALLANTRY, p. 11

As gallantry of all times and nations has the same mode of thinking and acting, so it often expresses itself by the same symbols. In the civil war, 1745-6, a party of Highlanders, under a chieftain of rank, came to Rose Castle, the seat of the Bishop of Carlisle, but then occupied by the family of Squire Dacre of Cumberland. They demanded quarters, which of course were not to be refused to armed men of a strange attire and unknown language. But the domestic represented to the captain of the mountaineers that the lady of the mansion had been just delivered of a daughter, and expressed her hope that, under these circumstances, his party would give as little trouble as possible. 'God forbid,' said the gallant chief, 'that I or mine should be the means of adding to a lady's inconvenience at such a time. May I request to see the infant?' The child was brought, and the Highlander, taking his cockade out of his bonnet, and pinning it on the child's breast, 'That will be a token,' he said, 'to any of our people who may come hither that Donald M'Donald of Kinloch-Moldart has taken the family of Rose Castle under his protection.' The lady who received in infancy this gage of Highland protection is now Mary, Lady Clerk of Pennycuik; and on the 10th of June still wears the cockade which was pinned on her breast, with a white rose as a kindred decoration.

### NOTE 3. — GOOD NEIGHBOURS, p. 17

This superstition continues to prevail, though one would suppose it must now be antiquated. It is only a year or two since an itinerant puppet showman, who, disdaining to acknowledge the profession of Gines de Passamonté, called himself an artist from Vauxhall, brought a complaint of a singular nature before the Author, as sheriff of Selkirkshire. The singular dexterity with which the showman had exhibited the machinery of his little stage had, upon a Selkirk fair-day, excited the eager curiosity of some mechanics of Galashiels. These men, from no worse motive that could be discovered than a thirst after knowledge beyond their sphere, committed a burglary upon the barn in which the puppets had been consigned to repose, and carried them off in the nook of their plaids, when returning from Selkirk to their own village.

But with the morning cool reflection came.



The party found, however, they could not make Punch dance, and that the whole troop were equally intractable: they had also, perhaps, some apprehensions of the Rhadamanth of the district; and willing to be quit of their booty, they left the puppets seated in a grove by the side of the Ettrick, where they were sure to be touched by the first beams of the rising sun. Here a shepherd, who was on foot with sunrise to pen his master's sheep on a field of turnips, to his utter astonishment, saw this train, profusely gay, sitting in the little grotto. His examination proceeded thus:—

*Sheriff.* You saw these gay-looking things? what did you think they were?

*Shepherd.* Ou, I am no that free to say what I might think they were.

*Sheriff.* Come, lad, I must have a direct answer—who did you think they were?

*Shepherd.* Ou, sir, troth I am no that free to say that I mind wha I might think they were.

*Sheriff.* Come, come, sir! I ask you distinctly, did you think they were the fairies you saw?

*Shepherd.* Indeed, sir, and I winna say but I might think it was the good neighbours.

Thus unwillingly was he brought to allude to the irritable and capricious inhabitants of fairyland.

#### NOTE 4. — DRAWBRIDGE AT BRIDGE-END, p. 38

A bridge of the very peculiar construction described in the text actually existed at a small hamlet about a mile and a half above Melrose, called from the circumstance Bridge-end. It is thus noticed in Gordon's *Iter Septentrionale*:—

'In another journey through the south parts of Scotland, about a mile and a half from Melrose, in the shire of Tevlotdale, I saw the remains of a curious bridge over the river Tweed, consisting of three octangular pillars, or rather towers, standing within the water, without any arches to join them. The middle one, which is the most entire, has a door towards the north, and, I suppose, another opposite one towards the south, which I could not see without crossing the water. In the middle of this tower is a projection or cornice surrounding it: the whole is hollow from the door upwards, and now open at the top, near which is a small window. I was informed that not long ago a countryman and his family lived in this tower, and got his livelihood by laying out planks from pillar to pillar, and conveying passengers over the river. Whether this be ancient or modern, I know not; but as it is singular in its kind, I have thought fit to exhibit it.'

The vestiges of this uncommon species of bridge still exist, and the Author has often seen the foundations of the columns when drifting down the Tweed at night, for the purpose of killing salmon by torch-light. Mr. John Mercer of Bridge-end recollects that, about fifty years ago, the pillars were visible above water; and the late Mr. David Kyle of the George Inn, Melrose, told the Author that he saw a stone taken from the river bearing this inscription:—

I, Sir John Pringle of Palmer-stede,  
Give an hundred markis of gowd sae reid,  
To help to bigg my brigg ower Tweed.

Pringle of Galashiels, afterwards of Whytbank, was the baron to whom the bridge belonged.

#### NOTE 5. — TO SORNE, p. 72

To 'sorne,' in Scotland, is to exact free quarters against the will of the landlord. It is declared equivalent to theft, by a statute passed in the year

NOTE 11.—JOHN LEE, p. 120

Such and yet more extravagant are the compliments paid to this author by his editor Blount. Notwithstanding all exaggeration, Lyle was really a man of wit and imagination, though both were deformed by the most unnatural affectation that ever disgraced a printed page.

NOTE 12.—USAGE OF LETTERS, p. 132

There are many instances to be met with in the ancient dramas of this whimsical and conceited custom of persons who formed an intimacy distinguished each other by some quaint epithet. In *Every Man out of his Humour* there is a numerous debate upon names most fit to bind the relation between Sogliardo and Cavalheiro Shift, which ends by adopting those of Constance and Resolution. What is more to the point is in the speech of Hecdon, a voluptuary and a courtier in *Cynthia's Revels*. "You know that I call Madam Philanthia my honour, and she calls me her ambition. Now, when I meet her in the presence anon, I will come to her and say, "Sweet Honour, I have hitherto contented my sense with the lilies of your hand, and now I will taste the roses of your lip." . . . to which she cannot but blushing answer, "Nay, now you are too ambitious." And then do I reply, "I cannot be too ambitious of honour, sweet lady. Will not be good?" I think there is some remnant of this toperry preserved in masonic lodges, where each brother is distinguished by a name in the lodge signifying some abstract quality, as Discretion, or the like. See the poems of Gavin Wilson.

NOTE 13.—ATTAIN, p. 143

'Attain' was a term of tilting used to express the champion's having *attained* his mark, or, in other words, struck his lance straight and fair against the helmet or breast of his adversary. Whereas to break the lance across indicated a total failure in directing the point of the weapon on the object of his aim.

NOTE 14.—HOWLAND YORK AND STUKELY, p. 148

'Yorke,' says Camden, 'was a Londoner, a man of loose and dissolute behaviour, and desperately audacious; famous in his time amongst the common builes and swaggerers, as being the first that, to the great admiration of many at his boldness, brought into England the bold and dangerous way of fencing with the rapier in dwelling. Whereas, till that time, the English used to fight with long swords and bucklers, striking with the edge, and thought it no part of man either to push or strike beneath the girdle.' Having a command in the Low Countries, Yorke revolted to the Spaniards, and died miserably, poisoned, as was supposed, by his new allies. Three years afterwards, his bones were dug up and gibbeted by the command of the States of Holland.

Thomas Stukely, another distinguished gallant of the time, was bred a merchant, being the son of a rich clothier in the west. He wedded the daughter and heiress of a wealthy alderman of London, named Curtis, after whose death he squandered the riches he thus acquired in all manner of extravagance. His wife, whose fortune supplied his waste, repented to him that he ought to make more of her. Stukely replied, 'I will make as much of thee, believe me, as it is possible for any to do'; and he kept his word in one sense, having stripped her even of her wearing apparel, before he finally ran away from her.

Having fled to Italy, he contrived to impose upon the Pope, with a plan

of invading Ireland, for which he levied soldiers, and made some preparations; but ended by engaging himself and his troops in the service of King Sebastian of Portugal. He sailed with that prince on his fatal voyage to Barbary, and fell with him at the battle of Alcazar.

Stukely, as one of the first gallants of the time, has had the honour to be chronicled in song, in Evans' *Old Ballads*, vol. iii., edition 1810. His fate is also introduced in a tragedy by George Peele, as has been supposed, called the *Battle of Alcazar*, from which play Dryden is alleged to have taken the idea of Don Sebastian; if so, it is surprising he omitted a character so congenial to King Charles the Second's time as the witty, brave, and profligate Thomas Stukely.

NOTE 15. — TRUSSING POINTS, p. 150

The points were the strings of cord or ribbon—so called, because *pointed* with metal like the laces of women's stays—which attached the doublet to the hose. They were very numerous, and required assistance to tie them properly, which was called 'trussing.'

NOTE 16. — MISERICORD, p. 177

'Misericord,' according to the learned work of Fosbrooke on *British Monachism*, meant not only an indulgence, or exoneration from particular duties, but also a particular apartment in a convent, where the monks assembled to enjoy such indulgences or allowances as were granted beyond the rule.

NOTE 17. — CASTLE OF AVENEL, p. 213

It is in vain to search near Melrose for any such castle as is here described. The lakes at the head of the Yarrow, and those at the rise of the Water of Ale, present no object of the kind. But in Yetholm Loch (a romantic sheet of water, in the Dry March, as it is called) there are the remains of a fortress called Lochside Tower, which, like the supposed Castle of Avenel, is built upon an island, and connected with the land by a causeway. It is much smaller than the Castle of Avenel is described, consisting only of a single ruinous tower.

NOTE 18. — HANDFASTING, p. 228

This custom of handfasting actually prevailed in the upland days. It arose partly from the want of priests. While the convents subsisted, monks were detached on regular circuits through the wilder districts, to marry those who had lived in this species of connexion. A practice of the same kind existed in the Isle of Portland.

NOTE 19. — JULIAN AVENEL, p. 231

If it were necessary to name a prototype for this brutal, licentious, and cruel Border chief, in an age which showed but too many such, the Laird of Black Ormiston might be selected for that purpose. He was a friend and confidant of Bothwell, and an agent in Henry Darnley's murder. At his last stage he was, like other great offenders, a seeming penitent; and, as his confession bears, divers gentlemen and servants being in the chamber, he said, 'For God's sake, sit down and pray for me, for I have been a great sinner otherwise (that is, besides his share in Darnley's death), for the which God is this day punishing me; for of all men on the earth, I have been one of the proudest, and most high-minded, and most unclean of my body. But specially I have shed the innocent blood of one Michael Hunter with my

own hands. Alas! therefore, because the said Michael, having me lying on my back, having a fork in his hand, might have slain me if he had pleased, and did it not, which of all things grieves me most in conscience. Also, in a rage, I hanged a poor man for a horse; with many other wicked deeds, for which I ask my God mercy. It is not marvel I have been wicked, considering the wicked company that ever I have been in, but specially within the seven years by-past, in which I never saw two good men or one good deed, but all kind of wickedness, and yet God would not suffer me to be lost. See the whole confession in the *Stute Trials*.

Another worthy of the Borders, called Geordy Bourne, of somewhat subordinate rank, was a similar picture of profligacy. He had fallen into the hands of Sir Robert Carey, then warden of the English East Marches, who gives the following account of his prisoner's confession:—

'When all things were quiet, and the watch set at night, after supper, about ten of the clock, I took one of my men's liveries and put it about me, and took two other of my servants with me in their liveries; and we three, as the Warden's men, came to the Provost Marshals, where Bourne was, and were let into his chamber. We sate down by him, and told him that we were desirous to see him, because we heard he was stout and valiant, and true to his friend, and that we were sorry our master could not be moved to save his life. He voluntarily of himself said that he had lived long enough to do so many villainies as he had done; and withal told us that he had lain with above forty men's wives, what in England what in Scotland; and that he had killed seven Englishmen with his own hands, cruelly murdering them; and that he had spent his whole time in whoring, drinking, stealing, and taking deep revenge for slight offences. He seemed to be very penitent, and much desired a minister for the comfort of his soul. We promised him to let our master know his desire, who, we knew, would promptly grant it. We took leave of him; and presently I took order that Mr. Selby, a very honest preacher, should go to him, and not stir from him till his execution the next morning; for, after I had heard his own confession, I was resolved no conditions should save his life, and so took order that at the gates opening the next morning he should be carried to execution, which accordingly was performed.'—*Memoirs of Sir Robert Carey, Earl of Monmouth.*

NOTE 20.—POPERY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY, p. 258

Sir Pierce Shattons extreme love of dress was an attribute of the combs of this period. The display made by their forefathers was in the numbers of their retinue; but as the actual influence of the nobility began to be restrained both in France and England by the increasing power of the crown, the indulgence of vanity in personal display became more inordinate. There are many allusions to this change of custom in Shakespeare and other dramatic writers, where the reader may find mention made of

Bonds entered into  
For gay apparel against the triumph day.

Johnson informs us, that for the first entrance of a gallant, 'twere good you turned four or five hundred acres of your best land into two or three trunks of apparel.'—*Every Man out of his Humour*.

In the *Memorie of the Somerville Family*, a curious instance occurs of this fashionable species of extravagance. In the year 1537, when James V. brought over his short-lived bride from France, the Lord Somerville of the day was so profuse in the expense of his apparel that the money which he borrowed on the occasion was compensated by a perpetual annuity of three-score pounds Scottish, payable out of the barony of Carnwath till doomsday, which was assigned by the creditor to Saint Magdalen's Chapel. By this

deep expense the Lord Somerville had rendered himself so glorious in apparel that the King, who saw so brave a gallant enter the gate of Holyrood, followed by only two pages, called upon several of the courtiers to ascertain who it could be who was so richly dressed and so slightly attended, and he was not recognised until he entered the presence-chamber. 'You are very brave, my lord,' said the King, as he received his homage; 'but where are all your men and attendants?' The Lord Somerville readily answered, 'If it please your Majesty, here they are,' pointing to the lace that was on his own and his pages' clothes; whereat the King laughed heartily, and, having surveyed the finery more nearly, bade him have away with it all, and let him have his stout band of spears again.

There is a scene in Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour* (Act iv. Scene 6) in which a Euphuist of the time gives an account of the effects of a duel on the clothes of himself and his opponent, and never departs a syllable from the catalogue of his wardrobe. We shall insert it in evidence that the foppery of our ancestors was not inferior to that of our own time.

'*Fastidius*. Good faith, signior, now you speak of a quarrel, I'll acquaint you with a difference that happened between a gallant and myself, Sir Puntarvolo. You know him if I should name him — Signior Luculento.

'*Punt*. Luculento! What inauspicious chance interposed itself to your two loves?

'*Fast*. Nay, you shall hear, sir. With this, we both fell out and breathed, son; but let the canse escape, sir. He sent me a challenge, mixt with some few braves, which I restored; and, in fine, we met. Now indeed, sir, I must tell you, he did offer at first very desperately, but without judgment; for look you, sir, I cast myself into this figure; now he came violently on, and withal advancing his rapier to strike, I thought to have took his arm, for he had left his body to my election, and I was sure he could not recover his guard. Sir, I mist my purpose in his arm, rashed his doublet sleeves, ran him close by the left cheek and through his hair. He, again, light me here — I had on a gold cable hat-band, then new come up, about a murrey French hat I had — cuts my hat-band, and yet it was massy goldsmith's work, cuts my brim, which, by good fortune, being thick embroidered with gold twist and spangles, disappointed the force of the blow; nevertheless, it grazed on my shoulder, takes me away six purils of an Italian cut-work band I wore, cost me three pounds in the Exchange but three days before.

'*Punt*. This was a strange encounter.

'*Fast*. Nay, you shall hear, sir. With this, we both fell out and breathed. Now, upon the second sign of his assault, I betook me to my former manner of defence; he, on the other side, abandoned his body to the same danger as before, and follows me still with blows; but I, being loath to take the deadly advantage that lay before me of his left side, made a kind of stramazoun, ran him up to the hilt through the doublet, through the shirt, and yet missed the skin. He, making a reverse blow, falls upon my embossed girdle, — I had thrown off the hangers a little before, — strikes off a skirt of a thick-laced satin doublet I had, lined with four taffetas, cuts off two panes embroidered with pearl, rends through the drawings-out of tissue, enters the linings, and skips the flesh.

'*Car*. I wonder he speaks not of his wrought shirt.

'*Fast*. Here, in the opinion of mutual damage, we paused. But, ere I proceed, I must tell you, signior, that in the last encounter, not having leisure to put off my silver spurs, one of the rowels caught hold of the ruffles of my boot, and, being Spanish leather and subject to tear, overthrows me, rends me two pair of silk stockings that I put on, being somewhat of a raw morning, a peach colour and another, and strikes me some half-inch deep into the side of the calf. He, seeing the blood come, presently takes horse and away. I, having bound up my wound with a piece of my wrought shirt —

'*Car*. O, comes it in there?

'Fast. Ride after him, and, lighting at the court-gate both together, embarked, and marched hand in hand up into the presence. Was not this business well carried?'  
'Well! yes; and by this we can guess what apparel the gentleman wore.'  
'Faint. Fore valour! It was a despatchment begun with much resolution, maintained with as much prowess, and ended with more humanity.'

#### NOTE 21.—GOOD BARRIE OF THE BORDERERS, p. 320

As some atonement for their laxity of morals on most occasions, the Borderers were severe observers of the faith which they had pledged, even to an enemy. If any person broke his word so pledged, the individual to whom faith had not been observed used to bring to the next Border meeting a glove hung on the point of a spear, and proclaim to Scots and English the name of the defaulter. This was accounted so great a disgrace to all connected with him that his own clansmen sometimes destroyed him, to escape the infamy he had brought on them.  
Constantly, a spy engaged by Sir Ralph Sadler, talks of two Border thieves whom he used as his guides—'That they would not care to steal, and yet that they would not betray any man that trusts in them for all the gold in Scotland or in France. They are my guides and outlaws. If they would betray me they might get their pardons, and cause me to be hanged; but I have tried them ere this.'—Sadler's *Letters during the Northern Insurrection*.

#### NOTE 22.—INDULGENCES OF THE MONKS, p. 323

The *vibes*, *cavitas*, and boiled almonds of which Abbot Boniface speaks were special occasions for enjoying luxuries, afforded to the monks by grants from different sovereigns, or from other benefactors to the convent. There is one of these charters called *De Pitancia Centum Librarum*. By this charter, which is very curious, our Robert Bruce, on the 10th January, and in the twelfth year of his reign, assigns, out of the customs of Berwick, and falling them out of the customs of Edinburgh or Haddington, the sum of one hundred pounds, at the half-yearly terms of Pentecost and Saint Martin's in winter, to the abbot and community of the monks of Melrose. The precise purpose of this annuity is to furnish to each of the monks of the said monastery, while placed at food in the refectory, an extra mess of rice boiled with milk, or of almonds, or peas, or other pulse of that kind which could be procured in the country. This addition to their commons is to be entitled the King's Mess. And it is declared that, although any monk should, from some share should, nevertheless, be placed on the table with those of his brethren, and afterwards carried to the gate and given to the poor. Neither is it our pleasure, continues the bountiful sovereign, that the dinner, which is our ought to be served up to the said monks according to their ancient rule, should be diminished in quantity, or rendered inferior in quality, on account of this our mess, so furnished as aforesaid. It is, moreover, provided that the abbot, with the consent of the most sage of his brethren, shall name a prudent and decent monk for receiving, directing, and expending all matters concerning this annuity for the benefit of the community, agreeably to the royal desire and intention, rendering a faithful account thereof to the abbot and superiors of the same convent. And the same charter declares the king's farther pleasure, that the said men of religion should be bound yearly and for ever, in acknowledgment of the above donation, to clothe fifteen poor men at the feast of Saint Martin in winter, and to feed them on the same day, delivering to each of them four ells of large or broad, or six ells of narrow,

cloth, and to each also a new pair of shoes or sandals, according to their order; and if the said monks shall fail in their engagements, or any of them, it is the king's will that the fault shall be redeemed by a double performance of what has been omitted, to be executed at the sight of the chief forester of Ettrick, for the time being, and before the return of Saint Martin's day succeeding that on which the omission has taken place.

Of this charter respecting the pittance of £100 assigned to furnish the monks of Melrose with a daily mess of boiled rice, almonds, or other pulse, to mend their commons, the antiquarian reader will be pleased, doubtless, to see the original.

CARTA REGIS ROBERTI I. ABBATI ET CONVENTUI DE MELROSS  
*Carta de Pilancia Centum Librarum*

Robertus Dei gracia Rex Scottorum omnibus probis hominibus tocius terre sue Salutem. Sciatis nos pro salute anime nostre et pro salute animarum antecessorum et successorum nostrorum Regum Scocie Dedisse Concessisse et hac presenti Carta nostra confirmasse Deo et Beate Marie virgini et Religiosis viris Abbati et Conventui de Melross et eorum successoribus in perpetuum Centum Libras Sterlingorum Annuū Redditus singulis annis percipiendas de firmis nostris Burgi Berwici super Twedam ad terminos Pentecostis et Sancti Martini in hyeme pro equali portione vel de nova Custuma nostra Burgi predicti si firme nostre predictæ ad dictam summam pecunie sufficere non poterunt vel de nova Custuma nostra Burgorum nostrorum de Edenburg et de Hadington Si firme nostre et Custuma nostra ville Berwici aliquo casu contingente ad hoc forte non sufficiant. Ita quod dicta summa pecunie Centum Librarum eis annuatim integre et absque contradictione aliqua plenarie persolvatur pre cunctis aliis quibuscunque assignacionibus per nos factis seu faciendis ad inveniendum in perpetuum singulis diebus cuilibet monacho monasterii predicti comedenti in Refectorio unum sufficiens ferculum risarum factarum cum lacte, amigdalarum vel pisarum sive aliorum ciborum consimilis condicionis inventorum in patria et illud ferculum ferculum Regis vocabitur in eternum. Et si aliquis monachus ex aliqua causa honesta de dicto ferculo comedere noluerit vel refici non poterit non minus attamen sibi de dicto ferculo ministraretur et ad portam pro pauperibus deportetur. Nec volumus quod occasione ferculi nostri predicti prandium dicti Conventus de quo antiquitus communiter eis deserviri sive ministrari solebat in aliquo pejoretur seu diminuatur. Volumus insuper et ordinamus quod Abbas ejusdem monasterii qui pro tempore fuerit de consensu saniorum de Conventu specialiter constituat unum monachum providum et discretum ad recipiendum ordinandum et expendendum totam summam pecunie memorate pro utilitate conventus secundum votum et intencionem mentis nostre superius annotatum et ad reddendum fidele computum coram Abbate et Maioribus de Conventu singulis annis de pecunia sic recepta. Et volumus quod dicti religiosi teneantur annuatim in perpetuum pro predicta donacione nostra ad perpetuam nostram memoriam vestire quindecim pauperes ad festum Sancti Martini in hieme et eosdem cibare eodem die liberando eorum cuilibet quatuor ulnas panni grossi et lati vel sex ulnas panni stricti et eorum cuilibet unum novum par sotularium de ordine suo. Et si dicti religiosi in premissis vel aliquo premissorum aliquo anno defecerint volumus quod illud quod minus perimpletum fuerit duplicetur diebus magis necessariis per visum capitalis forestarii nostri de Selkirk, qui pro tempore fuerit. Et quod dicta duplicatio fiat ante natale domini proximo sequens festum Sancti Martini predictum. In cujus rei testimonium presenti Carte nostre sigillum nostrum precipimus apponi. Testibus venerabilibus in Christo patribus Willielmo, Johanne, Willielmo et David Sancti Andree, Glasguensis, Dunkeldensis et Moraviensis ecclesiarum dei gracia episcopis Bernardo Abbate de Abirbrothock Cancellario, Duncano, Malisio et Hugone de Fyf de Strathlin et de Ross, Comitibus Waltero Senescallo Scocie. Jacobo domino

de Douglas et Alexandro Fraser Camerario nostro Scotie vicesimo. Apud Abirbrothock, decimo die Januarii. Anno Regni nostri vicesimo.

NOTE 23. — PEDIGREE OF THE DOUGLAS FAMILY, p. 365

The late excellent and laborious antiquary, Mr. George Chalmers, has rebuked the want of the house of Douglas, or rather of Hume of Godscroft, their historian, but with less than his wonted accuracy. In the first volume of his *Caledonia*, he quotes the passage in Godscroft for the purpose of counting it.

The historian (of the Douglasses) cries out, 'We do not know them in the fountain, but in the stream; not in the root, but in the stem; for we know not which is the man that did rise above the vulgar.' This assumption Mr. Chalmers conveys ill-timed, and alleges that, if the historian had attended more to research than to declamation, he might easily have seen the first mean man of this renowned family. This he alleges to have been one Theobaldus Flammatus, or Theobald the Fleming, to whom Athold, Abbot of Kelso, between the year 1117 and 1160, granted certain lands on Douglas water, by a deed which Mr. Chalmers conveys to be the first link of the chain of title-deeds to Douglassdale. Hence, he says, the family must renounce their family domain, or acknowledge this obscure Fleming as their ancestor. Theobald the Fleming, it is acknowledged, did not himself assume the name of Douglas; 'but,' says the antiquary, 'his son William, who inherited his estate, called himself, and was named by others, De Douglas'; and he refers to the deeds in which he is so designated. Mr. Chalmers' full argument may be found in the first volume of his *Caledonia*, p. 579.

This proposition is one which a Scotsman will admit unwillingly, and only upon undeniable testimony; and as it is liable to strong grounds of challenge, the present Author, with all the respect to Mr. Chalmers which his zealous and effectual researches merit, is not unwilling to take this opportunity to state some plausible grounds for doubting that Theobaldus Flammatus was either the father of the first William de Douglas or in the slightest degree connected with the Douglas family.

It must first be observed, that there is no reason whatever for concluding Theobaldus Flammatus to be the father of William de Douglas, except that they both held lands upon the small river of Douglas; and that there are two strong presumptions to the contrary. For, first, the father being named Fleming, there seems no good reason why the son should have assumed a different designation; secondly, there does not occur a single instance of the name of Theobald during the long line of the Douglas pedigree — an omission very unlikely to take place had the original father of the race been so called. These are secondary considerations indeed; but they are important, in so far as they exclude any support of Mr. Chalmers' system, except from the point which he has rather assumed than proved, namely, that the lands granted to Theobald the Fleming were the same which were granted to William de Douglas, and which constituted the original domain of which we find this powerful family lords.

Now, it happens, singularly enough, that the lands granted by the Abbot of Kelso to Theobaldus Flammatus are not the same of which William de Douglas was in possession. Nay, it would appear, from comparing the charter granted to Theobaldus Flammatus, that, though situated on the water of Douglas, they never made a part of the barony of that name, and therefore cannot be the same with those held by William de Douglas in the succeeding generation. But if William de Douglas did not succeed Theobaldus Flammatus, there is no more reason for holding these two persons to be father and son than if they had lived in different provinces; and we are still as far from having discovered the first mean man of the Douglas family as Hume of Godscroft was in the 16th century. We leave the question to antiquaries and genealogists.



# NOTES TO THE MONASTERY

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## NOTE 21. — PEDIGREE OF THE STEWART FAMILY, P. 365

To atone to the memory of the learned and indefatigable Chalmers for having ventured to impeach his genealogical proposition concerning the descent of the Douglases, we are bound to render him our grateful thanks for the felicitous light which he has thrown on that of the house of Stewart, still more important to Scottish history.

The acute pen of Lord Hailes, which, like the spear of Ithuriel, conjured so many shadows from Scottish history, had dismissed among the rest those of Banquo and Fleance, the reflection of which fables left the illustrious family of Stewart without an ancestor beyond Walter the son of Allan, who is alluded to in the text. The researches of our late learned antiquary detected in this Walter, the descendant of Allan, the son of Flaald, who obtained from William the Conqueror the castle of Oswestry in Shropshire, and was the father of an illustrious line of English nobles, by his first son, William, and by his second son, Walter, the progenitor of the royal family of Stewart.

## NOTE 25. — THE WHITE SPIRIT, P. 370

The contrivance of provoking the irritable vanity of Sir Piercle Shafton by presenting him with a bodkin, indicative of his descent from a tailor, is borrowed from a German romance by the celebrated Tieck, called *Das Peter Mönchen*, i. e. *The Dwarf Peter*. The being who gives name to the tale is the *burg-geist*, or castle spectre, of a German family, whom he aids with his counsel, as he defends their castle by his supernatural power. But the Dwarf Peter is so unfortunate an adviser that all his counsels, though producing success in the immediate results, are in the issue attended with mishap and with guilt. The youthful baron, the owner of the haunted castle, falls in love with a maiden, the daughter of a neighbouring count, a man of great pride, who refuses him the hand of the young lady on account of his own superiority of descent. The lover, repulsed and affronted, returns to take counsel with the Dwarf Peter how he may silence the count and obtain the victory in the argument, the next time they enter on the topic of pedigree. The dwarf gives his patron or pupil a horse-shoe, instructing him to give it to the count, when he is next giving himself superior airs on the subject of his family. It has the effect accordingly; the count, understanding it as an allusion to a misalliance of one of his ancestors with the young lover, the consequences of which are the dreadful passion with the young lady and the slaughter of her father.

If we suppose the dwarf to represent the corrupt part of human nature — that 'law in our members which wars against the law of our minds' — the work forms an ingenious allegory.



# GLOSSARY

OF

## WORDS, PHRASES, AND ALLUSIONS

- A', all
- ABERROTHWICK, or. ABERBROTHOCK, Arbroath, in Forfarshire
- ABOULFOUARIS. See H. W. Weber, *Tales of the East* (1812), vol. ii. p. 463
- ABUNE, above
- ADVENTURES OF A GUINEA, *Chrysal*; or, *the Adventures of a Guinea* (1822), by Charles Johnson, ed. by Sir Walter Scott
- ADVENTURES OF AN ATOM, a political satire (1769) by Smollett, the novelist
- AE, a, one
- AEFAULD, honest, without duplicity
- AFFLICTÆ SPOUSÆ NE OBLIVISCARIS, Forget not the afflicted spouse
- AFRITE, an evil demon in Mohammedan mythology
- AGRIFFA, CORNELIUS, a German philosopher of the 16th century, who studied and wrote about the occult (cabalistical) sciences
- AIN, own
- ALANUS DAPIVER, Allan the steward
- AMADIS, the mediæval hero, Amadis of Gaul
- ANDREW FERRARA, a Highland broadsword
- ANE, ANCE, one, once
- ANTIPHONARS, canticles and other sentences sung by a choir
- ARGUTE, sharp, clever
- ARRIAGE AND CARRIAGE, a phrase in old Scotch leases, but bearing no precise meaning
- AYER, a cart-horse
- BAILIE, Scotch alderman, magistrate
- BAKER'S NYMPH or RAPHAEL D'URSINO, Raphael's painting known as 'La Fornarina,' the baker's wife or daughter
- BALLANT, ballad
- BALLON, a game played with a large leather ball, that was either struck with the arm or kicked
- BANE, bone
- BANNING, cursing, invoking curses upon
- BANNOCK, a flat round oatmeal cake
- BASNET, a steel head-piece
- BAULD, bold
- BEAR, or BIGG, a coarse kind of barley
- BEAU FEILDING, Robert Feilding, one of the rakes of Charles II.'s court, died 1712
- BEDRAL, beadle, sexton
- BEGOTTEN, exhausted with weeping
- BELL-WAVEE, to stray, straggle
- BELLY-TIMEE, victuals, food
- BENEDICTE, bless you; a blessing, grace
- BENEDICT THE THIRTEENTH, anti-pope, deposed in 1417, though Scotland recognised him down to his death (1424)
- BENISON, blessing
- BENT, TAKES THE. See Takes the bent
- BESOGNIO, or BESONIO, worthless fellow
- BEZA, THEODORE, celebrated Genevese Reformer, and supporter of Calvin
- BIBERES, permission to take wine, strong drink
- BICKERS, trickles, moves quickly
- BIDE THE BANG, bear the brunt, hold out
- BIELD, shelter
- BIGG, build
- BIRN. See Cut and birn
- BLINK, a moment
- BON, ROBERT, dance, danced
- BODIN, provided, furnished
- BODDLE, or BODLE, a copper coin of Scotland =  $\frac{1}{16}$ th penny English
- BOGLE, ghost, hobgoblin
- BOLL, a dry measure = 6 bushels
- BOLTING, separating the coarse from the fine flour by passing through a sieve or bolting-cloth
- BONNET-PIECE, a gold coin of James V., the most beautiful of the Scottish series; the effigy of the sovereign is represented wearing a bonnet
- BRANGLER, wrangler, brawler
- BROACH, roasting spit
- BROCHAN, thick oatmeal gruel
- BROGUZ, shoe
- BROKEN, outlawed, driven out
- BROWN MAN OF THE MOORS. See Introduction to *Black Dwarf*
- BUCHANAN, GEORGE, the greatest of Scottish scholars, tutor to Queen Mary and to James VI.
- BUIST, brand or mark on cattle
- BULLSEGG, gelded bull
- BURNIE, small brook
- BYRE, cow-shed, cow-house



- HOLOFERNES**, chief captain of the army of Nabuchodonosor, king of Assyria, who was slain by a patriotic Jewess. *See* Judith, chaps. ii.-xiii.
- HOLPED UP**, embarrassed, incommoded
- HORSE-COUPPER**, horse-dealer
- HOSPITIUM**, hospice, hospitable room
- HOSING**, assemblage, muster of troops
- HÔTEL DE RAMBOUILLET**, the gathering-place of the wits and poets of Paris in the first half of the 17th century
- HOUSEWIFESKEP**, house-keeping
- HOWKIT**, dug
- HUMANA PERFESSI SUMUS**, we have suffered the common ills of humanity
- HUMOROUS**, full of whims
- HUNSDON**, Henry Carey, Lord Hunsdon, first cousin to Queen Elizabeth, was made governor of Berwick and warden of the East Marches in 1568
- INCREDULUS ODI**, I hate the incredible
- INDULGENTIA**, indulgence
- INOIHE**, ingenuity
- INTRAVIT IN SECRETIS NOSTRIS**, He has entered into our secrets
- INVECTA ET ILLATA**, goods brought by the tenant to the property he rents
- ITALIAN NOVELIST** (p. xxxii), neither Boccaccio nor Bandello. The fabliau is *Le Porre Clerc*, printed in Montaignon and Raynaud, *Recueil Général des Fabliaux*, vol. v. (1883)
- ITHER**, other
- JARZ**, deceptions, mockeries
- JEDWOOD**, JEDDART, Jedburgh, in Roxburghshire; Jeddart means also the district of Jedburgh or Jedwood
- JOE**, a sweetheart
- JOHN THE ARMSTRANG**, or **JOHNIE ARMSTRONG**, a celebrated Borderer. *See* Scott's *Death of the Laird's Jack*, or *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, i. 392
- JUDAS MACCABEUS**, leader of the patriotic Jews against Antiochus, King of Syria, in the 2d century B.C.
- JUSTICE AIR**, or **EXRE**, the circuit court, assizes
- JUVENAL**, youth
- KAIM**, rent paid in kind, e.g. poultry, butter, eggs, cheese
- KEEING-GLASS**, looking-glass
- KELPY**, a water-spirit
- KEN**, know; **KENNA**, know not
- KENNEDIE**. *See* *Ivanhoe*, Note 12, p. 455
- KENSPECKLE**, easily recognised, conspicuous
- KIRK-TOWN**, village or hamlet where stands, or once stood, a parish church
- KIRN**, a churn
- KIST**, chest
- KNAVESHIP**, the perquisite of the miller's servant. *See* Note 8, p. 377
- KNOWE**, a little hill
- KYTZ**, stomach, belly
- LAITH**, loth
- LAMPING**, hurrying with long steps, gadding about
- LANERCOST ABBEY**, close to the Roman Wall in Cumberland
- LANO-CALE**, unshorn cow-words or greens
- LANGSYNE**, long ago
- LAP**, leaped, ran
- LAPIS OFFENSIONIS**, etc. (p. 214), a stone of offence and rock of stumbling
- LAWING**, the bill, account
- LEAOUER**, besieged
- LEDDY**, lady
- LEE**, lie
- LESLIE**, NORMAN, called Master of Rothes, an enemy to Cardinal Beaton, whom he slew partly in revenge for George Wishart's death
- LES VOYAGES IMAGINAIRES**, by Charles G. T. Garnier, in 39 vols. (1787)
- LEVIN-BOLT**, thunderbolt
- LIFTING**, removing, stealing
- LIMMAR**, or **LIMMER**, scoundrel
- LIPPY**,  $\frac{1}{2}$  of a peek
- LISBON**, a light-coloured Portuguese wine, shipped at Lisbon
- LISTER**, desired
- LITH**, a joint
- LOCHMAREN, CASTLE OF**, in Dunfriesshire, the ancestral home of the Bruces
- LOON**, fellow
- LORD JAMIE**, Queen Mary's illegitimate brother, the Earl of Murray of this novel
- LORDS OF THE CONGREGATION**, a title assumed in 1553 by the leaders of the Scottish Reformers
- LORETTO, OUR LADY OF**, a celebrated shrine of the Virgin Mary, at Loretto, on the Adriatic coast of Italy, 15 miles from Ancona
- LUCKIE**, mother, a generic title given to old dames
- LUNCARTY, BATTLE OF**, fought shortly before 994 between the Danes and Scots, near to Perth. The Scots, when on the point of being routed, were saved by a peasant named Hay, with the help of his sons
- LUPUS IN FABULA**, the wolf in the fable
- LYNDSAY, or LINDSAY, DAVID**, a popular 16th century Scottish poet, author of *Satire of the Three Estaitis* and numerous poems
- MACCABEE**. *See* 2 Maccabees xii. 16, an allusion to the capture of a strong town, Caspis, 'without rams or engines of war'
- MACDUFF'S PECULIARITY**. He was not born of woman. *See* *Macbeth*, Act v. sc. 7
- MAGICIAN IN THE PERSIAN TALE**. *See* H. W. Weber, *Tales of the East* (vol. ii. p. 452), the 'History of Avicene'
- MAIL, TRUNK-MAIL**, trunk for apparel, baggage
- MAILS**, rent charges
- MAIR**, MAIST, more, most; **MAIR BY TOKEN**, especially
- MARCH-TREASON**, treason against the recognised laws of a march or border district
- MARK, or MERK**, Scotch coin = 1s. 11d.
- MART**, ox killed in November for winter use
- MAUN**, must
- MAZER-DISH**, drinking-vessel or cup. *See* a note to the *Lord of the Isles*
- MEAL-GIRNEL**, meal-chest, granary
- MIRA PAUTERA REGNA**, my poor territories
- MEATING**, entertaining with food
- MELDER**, the quantity of meal ground at one time

**MELLERSTANE**, a part of Earleton parish, 6 miles from Kelso, in Roxburghshire  
**MEANSFUL**, mannerly, modest  
**MERIDIAN**, hour of repose at noon  
**MEER**. See Mark  
**MERE**, an old name for Berwickshire  
**MILE**, SCOTCH=nearly nine furlongs  
**MILLBURN PLAIN AND NETHERBY**, all along the Borders from east to west  
**MINION**, darling  
**MINTED**, aimed, hinted at  
**MISER**, a wretched old man  
**MISLEARD**, ill-taught, unmannerly  
**MOLENDINAR**, MOLENDINARY, of or belonging to a mill  
**MOLINARA**, maid of the mill. The miller's wench in *Don Quixote*, Pt. I. chap. iii., is called Molinera  
**MORAL TEACHER** ('I preach for ever,' etc., p. 262), George Crabbe, author of *The Borough*, *The Parish Register*, etc.  
**MORHAM**, should be Norham Castle, on the Tweed, 6 miles from Berwick  
**MORTREUX**, a kind of soup, a rare delicacy  
**MOSS**, bog, moor; **MOSS-HAG**, bog-pit  
**MOT**, may  
**MOUNTAIN FOLKS**, Cameronians, the sternest sect of the Presbyterians of Scotland  
**MUCKLE**, much, great  
**MUG KWE**, or **MUGG KWE**, a breed of sheep with long legs, long fine wool, and woolly faces  
**MULTURE**, mill fee; **DRY MULTURE**, a fine for not grinding at the mill of the lordship; **INTOWN MULTURE**, the dues paid by tenants bound to use a particular mill  
**MUMPSIMUS AND SUMP-SIMUS**, a saying of Henry VIII., borrowed from a story told by his secretary Pace, of an old priest, who, having for thirty years wrongly read his breviary, when the mistake was pointed out to him, refused to change 'his old mumpsimus for their new sump-simus' (Camden's *Remains*, ed. 1614, p. 286)  
**MURREY**, of a dark red colour

**NA, NAE**, no, not  
**NEGATUR**, GULIELME ALLAN, I deny it, William Allan  
**NEIST**, next  
**NE SIT ANCILLE**, etc. (p. xlvii), Be not ashamed of loving your own servant  
**NICANOR**, general of Antiochus, king of Syria. See 1 Maccabees, chap. vii.  
**NICKER**, neigh  
**NOBLE**, English gold coin=6s. 8d.  
**NOITED**, rapped, struck  
**NOMBLE**, the entrails of a deer  
**NO SONG**, NO SUTTER, a musical farce by Prince Hoare, music by Stephen Storace, first acted in April 1790  
**OBSCURATED**, beclouded, obscured  
**O ORAN FONTA**, etc. (p. 300), Oh! great the goodness of the ancient knights! they were enemies, and of different faith  
**OLD MANOR HOUSE**, by Charlotte Smith (1793)  
**OREMUS**, prayers  
**ORAILLOUS**, proud  
**OTUM CUM DIGNITATE**, dignified leisure  
**OUTRECCIDANCE**, arrogance  
**OUTSHOT**, a projection  
**OVERCAST**, got over  
**PALPRENIERS**, grooms  
**PARACELSUS**, a Swiss physician and philosopher of the 16th century, an adept in the Cabbala and similar mystical systems  
**PARONOMASIA**, a play upon words  
**PARTY PER PALE**, divided vertically into two equal parts  
**PASSAGE**, to walk sideways (a horse)  
**PATER**, the Lord's Prayer  
**PATIENCE**, patience  
**PATTLE**, or **PETTEL**, plough-staff, plough-spud  
**PAVIN**, or **PAVAN**, a slow, stately dance  
**PEARLINS**, a kind of lace  
**PEDDER-COFFE**, a pedlar, hawk  
**PEDER**, a famous preacher and prophet of the Covenanters. See *Old Mortality*, p. 429  
**PEMBROKE**, COUNTESS OF, for whom her brother, Sir Philip Sidney (Astrophel), expressly wrote his *Arcadia* (about 1578-80)

**PEREAT ISTE**, Let him perish  
**PERSIAN LETTERS**, by Montesquieu, the well-known French writer  
**PETER WILKINS**, hero of a fictitious book of travels by R. Paltock, or Pultock (1750)  
**PETRUS EREMITA**, Peter the Hermit, who led part of the first crusade  
**PHIDELE**, or **PHIDYLE**, to whom Horace addressed the 23d Ode of the Third Book of *Odes*  
**PIAFFE**, to step with a high, slow, showy action, said of a horse  
**PINNERS**, a lady's headdress  
**PLAY THE TURK WITH**, to treat without ceremony  
**PLAY**, frolic, entertainment  
**POCK-RUDDING**, a Scotchman's contemptuous name for an Englishman  
**POIGNET**, or corrected FOIGNET, handle  
**POINT-DEVICE**, or **DEVISE**, with the greatest exactitude  
**POLDROON**, or **PAULDRON**, the piece of armour that protected the shoulder  
**PONTAGE**, bridge-toll  
**PORCE JULIUS**, the second of the name, a man distinguished for his military and political abilities  
**PORTIONER**, one owning a portion of land, that has been divided amongst co-heirs  
**POTTINGER**, cook  
**POUNCE-BOX**, a box for holding perfume  
**POW**, head  
**PRESIDENT OF SPECTATOR'S CLUB**. See *Spectator*, No. 17  
**PRICKER**, a light horseman; **PRICKING**, making inroads, raiding  
**PRIME**, midnight service  
**PRINCIPES**, etc. (p. 324), The princes have conspired together against the Lord  
**PROMPTUARIUM PARVULORUM**, a Latin-English dictionary, used as a schoolbook from the early part of the 15th century  
**PRUDHOE CASTLE**, in Northumberland, 10 miles west of Newcastle  
**PUIR**, poor  
**PUND SCOTS**=1s. 8d. English  
**PYET**, ornate  
**QUÆ NUNC**, etc. (p. 166), which it would take too

- long to enumerate at present
- QUESTIONARI**, begging friars
- QUEEN-MOTHER**, Mary of Lorraine, mother of Mary Queen of Scots
- RAMSAY, ALLAN**, Scottish poet (1686-1758), and a great literary authority in Edinburgh, where he established (1755) the first circulating library in Scotland
- RANDOLPH, SIR THOMAS**, Queen Elizabeth's agent at the court of Scotland
- RAPE**, a rope
- RATIO ULTIMA ROMÆ**, the last expedient of Rome
- REDE**, counsel
- REIST**, stop, jib
- REM AGU (TREGISTI)**, You have touched it with a needle, i. e. hit the nail on the head
- REVESTIARY**, the apartment where the ecclesiastical vestments are kept
- RHADAMANTH**, in ancient Greek mythology, an incorruptible judge of the lower world
- RICHARD CŒUR-DE-LION**. The exploit of eating the carbonadoed Moor's head is described in an old ballad, printed as an Appendix to the Introduction to the *Talisman*
- RICKLE**, a heap
- RIDING BURN**, possibly Redden Burn, which enters the Tweed a little above Coldstream
- RIFLER**, a hawk that caught its prey by the feathers only
- ROCK**, distaff
- ROSE NOBLE**, or **ITAL**, an English gold coin, worth 10s., and bearing the representation of a rose, first coined by Edward IV.
- ROSICRUCIANS**, mystical philosophers who professed the transmutation of metals, alchemy, magic, and so forth; flourished in 17th and 18th centuries
- ROTTING**, bellowing
- ROWAN-TREE**, mountain ash, a talisman against witches
- ROWLEY**, monk of Bristol, the literary name of Thomas Chatterton, the boy poet
- RUDESEX**, a rude, turbulent fellow
- RULLION**, shoe of untanned leather
- RUSTIC WAG AND WHOLE DUTY OF MAN**, in No. 568 of *Spectator*, written by Addison
- SACK AND THE FORK**, an allusion to the feudal right of exercising capital punishment by hanging men (*furca*, fork, gallows) and drowning women (*fossa*, pit)
- SACKLESS**, innocent
- SAE**, so
- SAIN, or SANE**, to bless
- ST. BARNABY**, 11th June
- ST. JAMES OF COMPOSTELLA**, whose shrine at Santiago di Compostella, in Spanish Galicia, was a favourite place of pilgrimage for Englishmen in the Middle Ages
- ST. PACOMIUS, STONE COUCH** or *Pachomius*, one of the earliest Christian hermits of Egypt, lived in the 4th century, and for fifteen years never lay down, but rested by sitting on a stone
- SAIR**, SORE, sorrowful
- SALVAGE MAN**, a savage, wild forest-man
- SALVE REGINA**, hail, O queen
- SANS-CULOTTES**, the French Revolutionists
- SARABAND**, a lively Spanish dance; also the corresponding air
- SARSENET**, silken
- SAULT-FAT**, salting-tub
- SALMON**, salmon
- SAVIOLA, VINCENTIO**, one of the greatest of fencing-masters, wrote *V. Saviola, his Practice* (1595)
- SAY, or SEX**, home-made woollen cloth
- SCABELLA**, low stools
- SCALLOP-SHELL**, worn by pilgrims who had been in the Holy Land
- SEAIR**, precipitous earthen bank
- SEMPLE, LORD**, one of the leaders of the Reformation in Scotland
- SERGEANT KITE**, a character in George Farquhar's comedy, *The Recruiting Sergeant*
- SHAW**, a thicket, copse
- SHALING**, hut
- SHELL-WORK**, crocheting
- shell patterns in wool, cotton, etc.
- SHIELING HILL**, place where corn was winnowed by hand
- SHOT-WINDOW**, a small projecting window
- SIC**, such
- SIMMIE AND HIS BROTHER**, two begging friars, whose accoutrements and roguery make the subject of an old Scottish satirical poem—published in David Laing's *Select Remains of Ancient Popular Poetry* (1822)
- SINGULT**, sigh, sob
- SKELPING**, galloping
- SKIRL**, to cry, lament
- SLOPS**, sort of trouser
- SLOT**, scent
- SNATCHER**, a semi-military plunderer
- SNOOD**, the ribbon confining the hair of a Scottish maiden
- SOKE SAINT FOR THE CROWN**, is attributed to King James I., David's immediate successor
- SORT**, chastise; manage, attend to
- SOUGH, CALM**. See *Calm sough*
- SOUTHRILL**, a small aperture, shot-hole
- SPALD**, shoulder
- SPEERED**, asked
- SPENCE**, pantry; also the room where the family took their meals
- SPRINGALD**, a stripling
- SPUR-WHANG**, spur-leather, strap
- SPURTLE**, stick used for stirring porridge, broth, etc.
- STANDING-CUP**, a large drinking-vessel, usually ornamented, and kept on a sideboard or cupboard
- STAND OF CLATHES**, suit of clothes
- START AND OVERLOUP**, a sudden break away
- STECK OF CLATHES**, stitch of clothes
- STEER, or STIR**, molest, injure
- STOCCATA**, direct thrust
- STOCKING**, live stock
- STONE COUCH** of *St. Pacomius*. See *St. Pacomius*
- STONE-EATER**, a man who professed to swallow and digest stones. One exhibited himself in the Strand in 1788; another, a Spaniard, at the Richmond Theatre, London, in 1790

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